

The pilot starts like a traditional Disney Short, only with Mickey and Oswald's faces gracing the initial frame. The introduction panels go through some of the opening credits and stop on a panel with this:

**The New Disney Brothers
Mickey Mouse and Oswald the Lucky Rabbit
Present this Feature Presentation.**

The panel fades out and fades into

MAGIC KINGDOM—MAIN STREET USA—EXTERNAL NIGHT

The camera starts on the iconic Mickey Mouse Flower arrangement seen at the ticket booth, then pans over the train bridge and back down into Main Street USA.

Caption: Weeks from Now.

As the camera moves up Main Street with a crowd presumably watching fireworks, Mickey Mouse begins his narration:

MICKEY

(Narrating, V.O.)

Amazing what could happen in two months time. Gosh, First thing I knew I was getting my older brother up to speed and becoming my partner running Walt's world, and the next, I'm seeing what could be the future of this world fighting for his life!

The fireworks give way to the metal on metal clangs of a sword fight as the camera finds Mickey in the crowd.

MICKEY

Let me go, Oz! That guy's gonna kill him!

OSWALD

Can't let you do it, Mick, you're too important.

The camera pans to Oswald holding Mickey back.

OSWALD

I've seen a lot of scenes like this. I know when it's necessary to just let them fight...

The camera pans away to see a slender man with a business suit and shades holding a broom.

OSWALD

...and this is Johnny's fight!

The camera rotates around the business suit and stops over his shoulder, to find Johnny facing him with a keyblade.

JOHNNY

A broom. How typical. I bet you swat Mickey with that just for kicks.

The bis suit growls and swings with his broom.

Johnny leaps out of the way of the downward swing and backflips three paces back, he then throws his keyblade in a Strike Raid, which connects the suit on the chin. A tooth flies out.

JOHNNY

Yeah! I bet you didn't expect a cartoon character to do that, don't it?
(Catches the Keyblade as it returns to him.)

BIS SUIT

You Insubordinate RAT!
(Spits out spittle mixed with blood)
I'll make you regret not showing me respect!

The Bis Suit makes some more wide swings with the broom for Johnny to leap over.

JOHNNY

How can I respect
(leap)
someone who just comes out of the blue
(leap)
and just says that he's the boss of me?
(leap)

Johnny bounds to a light pole, wall runs up the pole, springboards off the top and delivers a tornado kick to the Bis Suits head.

JOHNNY

Especially with your animation record--

The Bis Suit takes one more swing with the broom and connects.

Johnny is sent flying down Main street, rolling at the landing to the concrete and sliding on three point to a stop. He leaves a series of red splotches in his face. If this is deemed unsuitable to the audience, it can be stylized in any way, but it is not intended to be gratuitous anyway. It just shows that Johnny is flesh and blood and the bis suit did, in the professional wrestling lingo, 'bladed' him.

Johnny chuckles as he stands up, blood tricking down one side of his face.

JOHNNY

Oh, that's all right. I'm not afraid to bleed for my dreams. What about you?

The camera cuts to a close up of Johnny's face, the streak of blood looking like war paint. Then CUT TO BLACK

JOHNNY

What would you bleed for?

Title Frame:
The Disney Bros.
Present
The Ballad of Johnny Briz.

A pause as the caption cuts out, and a second one fades in and out

Caption: **Now**

FADE IN

EXT. AERIAL VIEW EVENING

The Aerial View is of some office buildings 'on property.' On Property being within Walt Disney World. This is part of the corporate headquarters for The Walt Disney Company.

MICKEY

(Narrating, V.O.)

The story begins, not with Johnny, but with me and my brother. Er, if you don't know who I am by now, heh, I'm afraid that your childhood's been deprived, a bit. The rabbit who was holding me back by then, he's Oswald the Lucky Rabbit. If you don't know him, you might be surprised by me calling him my older brother. It's, huh hah, complicated.

(beat)

You might consider the two of us purists when it comes to cartoons. We favor the classics, not the ones you see on Cable today. I'm talking the cartoons with Bugs Bunny and Woody Woodpecker and myself and the like. I've been clamoring the Walt Disney Company for a return to these shorts ever since the 1980s, and I had some success with House of Mouse, Mickey Mouse Works, and to a certain degree, Mickey Mouse Clubhouse.

(beat)

And with my brother returning, that desire for me to return to my, heh, glory days just went into another gear. Not just for me, I made a promise to Ossie to get him back into the spotlight.

(an audible sigh)

...but I have to deal with a bunch of corporate stiffed suits with their collective heads all up their butts.

CUT TO

INT. OFFICE

Mickey Mouse is sitting in the office of one such bis suit from the previous scene; Max Lantz--Executive Vice President of Talent Relations. He's pretending to listen to an executive talking long and eloquent about the animation industry. There was some words heard, 'Marketing,' 'Educational Value,' 'Merchandising,' and other business terms, but the rest was just mere drivel to the point where Simlish is used as the exec's voice.

Finally, Mickey could take no more and pounded on the desk.

MICKEY

You're telling me absolutely nothing! You might know how to run a business, but you don't know butkis about making a cartoon. It's no wonder why everything on the networks is nothing but utter garbage.

Max Lantz, in his cookie cutter-like business suit and tie—almost drab in comparison to Amber's Business Casual attire—almost looks surprised by her reaction.

MAX LANTZ

Mr. Mouse, you by now should know how the industry works. Children love cartoons and everything about them. That's why we make them that cater to our common demographic.

MICKY

Your common demographic is a bunch of morons so stupid, special ed students are giving them the "Dee Dee Dee." Almost everything you've been putting out are cheap computer graphics that someone would whip up after a crash course in Flash and a triple espresso. Even I'm Not Immune! They've been bad since the 80s, when people actually had to make decent art.

MAX LANTZ

Are you aware how much animators cost? And it's not like they're in decent demand.

MICKY

The public want to see good cartoons! They want to see cartoons that their grandparents seen in the classic time. They want to see wonder and magic and humor. Stuff that your company—of all industries—has founded on!

Max Lantz actually looks annoyed. The two started to argue. The volume fades as Mickey continues his narration.

MICKY

(v.o.)

It's times like this when I really feel the generational gap. I've been saying the same thing to some of these execs and it's almost like I'm talking in a foreign tongue. What TV Tropes say about this Animation Ghetto is too true for some of those running the animation studios. Not even Disney's immune to such idiots. To people like Max Lantz, The best one's about a sickly-yellow skinned family that's as dysfunctional as all get out. And don't get me started about that sponge living in the sea.

The audio fades back into the argument.

MICKY

A Zombie Biker? In a Romance Flick? Excuse me? *That* is your top notch project for the year? Was Twilight too smart for you that you have to make a collage with it and George Romero?

MAX LANTZ

That series will make the company billions. And besides, who wants to see an old-timer cartoon more associated with an amusement park on the big...

Mickey's forehead nearly blew a vessel. As he stood half-stunned half-irate, the camera FREEZES. The effect is similar to hitting pause on a video file. The pause sign can be seen as well.

MICKY

(Narrating, v.o.)

Okay, here's where I tell you the big difference between me and Oswald. I'd bail you out of jail and scold you on what you did. Oswald will be in the cell with you saying how much fun you had. And I'm about to see a telling image of such a difference in three...two...one...NOW!

The camera UN-FREEZES. There is an audible crunch, and Mickey winces.

MICKEY

(a bit incensed toward Oswald.)

Oswald!!

Max Lantz is crumpled into a fetal position favoring a sensitive part of his body, while Oswald uses a handkerchief to wipe off a removed right leg.

MICKEY

I hope you didn't hurt your knee on his absent cup, Os. Let's get outta there before you do any...real damage.

Mickey heads into the hall. Oswald humps and follows him into a nearby supply closet. During the next conversation, he pulls out an ice bag and a bottle of Icy Hot (shown in close view) from around the corner. He's pouring the Icy Hot into the ice while He and Mickey talk.

MICKEY

Look, Oswald, I gotta apologize to you.

OSWALD

(surprised)

You're apologizing? I'm the one who kicked someone between the legs.

MICKEY

If you didn't do it, I would've. Sometimes the corporate stiff's just rub me the wrong way.

Oswald just smiles and tosses the rigged ice bag into the office room.

OSWALD

You're not the first one to feel that way, believe me.

MICKEY

(sighs)

Those kinda fellas, like him, they're getting away with more and more these days. I've seen the TV Tropes article on this Animation Age Ghetto, and they're all just mired in it. I can't find another character here who's into that My Little Pony show who's running circles around everyone here, and all they're talking about is this Zombie Twilight wanna be, ugh! How are we going to work that into the parks?

The camera bans back to Ian getting the rigged ice pack into his pants. There was a pause, and then his eyes bulge out wide.

MICKEY

At least not everyone's like that. Bob Iger, first thing he did was get you back from Universal and into Epic Mickey. Add the Internet and before you can say Zip-pi-di-do-da, you're back in the real with with a heart of your own.

(Rolls his eyes)

And the most you've been doing lately is punking corporate executives right and left.

OSWALD

Humph! You could have done that yourself, Mick. Just because of your squeaky clean image.

MICKEY

And mess up all your fun, Big Brother? I'm just glad you're not punking *me*.

OSWALD

All in good time, Mick.

(pause)

But that Internet got me thinking. Every one of my cartoons made by Walt was in there all along. It's almost as if I didn't go away. I was wondering...maybe we should skip all these brain-dead bis suits and start making shorts online.

Suddenly an ear-shattering blood-curdling scream echos through the walls.

OSWALD

Heh, maybe we can put *that* in the parks.

Mickey couldn't keep herself from giggling.

CUT TO

EXTERIOR OFFICE BUILDING NIGHT

The sun has set to the comparatively non-descript (There is a "Walt Disney Comapny-Corporate Headquarters Florida" lit sign on it) building where the two brothers walk up to Mickey's red convertible car.

MICKEY

How could every one of the major players in animation—even Disney—get everything all wacko? If it wasn't the all computerized-and-cheezy graphics, it's that talking down bit that thinks all animation is strictly for kids. It's like I was just talking to a child myself.

OSWALD

It isn't new, Mickey. They were saying the exact same things over at Universal, when the execs there stole me from Walt. Then he found you and made history.

(sighs)

But to think that the world has forgotten all that.

MICKEY

For some odd reason, I remembered how Uncle Walt found Me. He was on a train. He had his heart broken by those jerk offs, Os. He probably saw that first star in the evening and wished for something to turn his career and his life around. He had a flash of insight that he let jump from his brain to a sheet of paper, and that's how he found me.

(Mickey walks up to the looks up to an overcast sky, and sees a star blinking through the clouds)

I wish there was something like that for us...

MICKEY

(Narrating, V.O.)

It seems so cliché in the 2010s, wishing on a star becoming true. But I speak from experience, this stuff actually happens. Walt wished on a star on that train, and by some means I still don't know how, I ended up on Walt's lap.

There was some scuffling, and panting, and squeaking, off to one side, and all three, one at a time, heard it and approached.

MICKEY

(Narrating, V.O.)

And that's how Johnny Briz came into our world.

They approach the bushes to see something scuffling underneath. It was a giant toon-like gray mouse, with green eyes looking at them almost in a panic.

Mickey gasped, while Oswald covered his mouth.

Mickey walked up in front of the two. He calls out to the rodent face.

MICKEY

Hey there, pal. Are you all right. Come on over here.

Mickey crouches down and starts sniffing. A nose below those green eyes sniff back.

MICKEY

It's all right, pal. Come closer. We won't hurt ya.

Amber looks down in surprise to see who it was. It was a half-naked gray field mouse as tall as Mickey, with one ear dark, and two spots on his left sholder and right side. He was in a three point stance, as if to bolt somewhere.

MICKEY

Don't be scared, pal. We're friends, huh hah, right?

As the mouse moved up, his footing becomes wobbly, and his eyes looked a bit glazed over.

Mickey catches him before he could collapse.

The camera switches to Johnny's point of view as he see's Mickey's face with two black blurs coming up to him, the rest of the scene begins to blur and then fade to black.

OSWALD

(v.o.)

You just *had* to put him in that red pants of yours. The white gloves and yellow shoes too?

MICKEY

(v.o.)

Oswald, the poor guy was practically in the buff! I had to cover him up with something. Though I had to admit, the gloves are a nice touch.

OSWALD

(v.o.)

And you always keep a spare set of clothes in the trunk of your car. And don't say...

MICKEY

(v.o.)

...you should always have clean underwear in case you ever get into an accident.

OSWALD

(v.o., groans)

The camera fades back in and focuses to show...

INT NURSE STATION

The room was a combination of Disney-related posters and important medical signage, not to mention the occasional anti-drug and safety pamphlet.

The mouse finds himself on a cot lined with a sheet of paper with a pillow for his head. He tried to roll over, revealing a pair of red shorts with white buttons, yellow foot covers, and white gloves.

He hears voices from outside of his field of vision.

OSWALD

"Do you think he'll be okay, Mickey?"

MICKEY

Aw, sure he will, Os. I'll bet that young mouse got more kick in 'im than he's willing to let on. He'll be back on his feet in no time."

The field mouse scratches his head. He found a tube stuck in his other arm and he follows it up to a drip bag Labeled “Emergency Plasma—Effective for Universal Transfusions.” There was a breather mask over his mouth which he pulls at. He hears a gasp and he sees the two cartoon characters come into his field of vision.

OSWALD

Oh, you’re awake? Easy there, kiddo.

MICKEY

See? What’d’a’ya tell ya, he’s up and about already.

FIELD MOUSE

Wha...where am I?

OSWALD

He can talk. That’s a good sign.

The field mouse gave a weak smile. He tries to sit up. Mickey moves over to him.

MICKEY

It’s okay, it’s okay. You’re gonna be all right, kiddo. You had quite a spill there. We took you to...

(he turns to Oswald and whispers)

I don’t think I should say ‘doctor’ to him.

The field mouse’s face almost lit up as he saw who wanted to talk to him.

FIELD MOUSE

M-Mickey Mouse?

MICKEY

As always pal. Huh-hah. Found ya nearly passed out. I was worried about ya, er, I don’t think I got your name.

FIELD MOUSE (JOHNNY BRIZ)

Johnny. Johnny Briz. A...Am I in Heaven?”

MICKEY

Hmmm. Let’s see now.

(Holds Johnny’s wrist)

Pulse, check.

(He then gave Johnny’s knee a tap and saw the connected foot twitch.)

Reflexes, check.

(He then moved up to Johnny’s head and looked into his eyes.)

Eyes, check.

(He sniffed)

Cheese breath, check. Nah, yer pretty much alive. You think ya can tell me what happened to ya?

Johnny closed his eyes, shook his head, and tried to remember.

JOHNNY BRIZ

Everythin’s a blur. I remember falling into some beam, and the next thing I...

Johnny starts feeling dizzy, his head dips a little.

MICKEY

(Places an hand on Johnny’s shoulder)

Take it easy there, pal. You'll be a bit like that for a while, but with some friends of mine, I'm sure you'll pull through. We'll talk later, when you get your strength back. Okay?

Johnny let out a squeak as he settled back down.

OSWALD

You sure he's going to be okay, Mick.

MICKY

Sure thing. Fanny'll keep an eye on him. Ah, here she is.

A female classic¹ rabbit Toon with shoulder-length hair that creates a tuft between her long rabbit ears. She wears a blouse, skirt, and a doctor's jacket. She is Dr. Francie "Fanny" Cottontail.

FRANCIE

I heard that our little fuzzy face is up. That boy gave me a bit of a scare.

MICKY

He's right here, Doctor.

Francie pats Johnny on the forehead and checks his pulse.

FRANCIE

There, there, cutie. Let me check up something. Johnny, right?

Johnny nods.

FRANCIE

I'm Francie, or Fanny to my friends. I've been working on pulling you through and from the looks of things I did a good job. For once.

Francie checks Johnny's drip bag and slips the oxygen mask back on him. She then finds an blood oxygen sensor and clips it on his ear.

MICKY

Is he going to be okay?

FRANCIE

(To Mickey)

As long as he doesn't just hop off this bed, do cartwheels in the halls and then do the Boston Marathon.

(To Johnny)

You're going to be okay, Johnny. Do you remember what happened.

JOHNNY

(nods)

Y..yeah...a little...ev'rything's a fog...something about a...growth ray.

Mickey scratched his chin. His brow furled. The screen PAUSE.

MICKY

(Narrating, V.O.)

A little explanation here. Remember "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids?" We have a secret experimental beam that works like that, shrinks things and blows them up. Imagineering got it working almost perfectly for inanimate objects, which would be perfect to store all the extra and seasonal stuff you'll find in the parks. But organic living beings? Out of the question. I had to verify it later, but I thought that the poor

¹ By 'classic,' I mean an old-school black and white cartoon character. Their faces can be skintoned and have modern eyes, but they're still have ink black bodies, and white gloves.

guy fell into that beam by accident. I'll get to that later, though.

UNPAUSE.

FRANCIE

Well, whatever happened to you made you weak for a bit. So weak that we needed to give you a blood transfusion. Good thing we've got all-purpose medical stuff.

(Reaches for the needle in Johnny's arm from the drip bag.)

We won't be needing that anymore. My apologies in advance, this might suck a little.

Francie takes out the needle.

JOHNNY

Heh, not at bad as I thought with needles. But then they used to be bigger too.

Francie chuckles again. She pats Johnny's head.

FRANCIE

I'm sure you'll have a lot of questions about what happened to you. We'll try our best to answer them, but for now you need to rest, and get yourself used to being this big.

JOHNNY

Fer how...long...uuuh...

Johnny starts feeling faint again, and seems to fall asleep. Francie makes sure the heart monitor is clipped on his ear.

FRANCIE

I'm sure you'll be fine in the morning. Just get a good night's rest. I'll be back for you.

(She turns to Mickey, and Oswald.)

I'll need to monitor him for a day, but he'll pull through now that the worst is past. I might need more on whatever he got hit with.

MICKEY

I'll be sure you have it, Fanny.

FRANCIE

After that, though. I don't know what to do with him. After all, just this morning, he was a common field mouse.

OSWALD

We'll think of some—hold on there. You said common field mouse. As in hiding in holes in the walls and scaring Ortensia to death?

She reaches up to Johnny's limb sleeping body, and scratches his head. He even starts to murr.

MICKEY

One thing at a time, people, I need to think.

FADE OUT AND FADE IN TO

EXT CELEBRATION MORNING

MICKEY

(Narrating, V.O.)

Celebration started off, believe it or not, as a small community where Walt and his family can have a place to stay, as well as many other important folk, which of course includes myself of course. Over time the place resembled more of the comic book towns you might have read: Duckburg, Mouseton, St. Cannard...

(beat)

During the ninties, Michael Eisner thought it would be a good idea to expand our community into a small town. It was touch and go, but in the end, this is one of the things Michael got right.

The camera pans to one of the townhouses there. If the paint and paneling making it resemble a cartoon house didn't give the viewers any idea over who lives there, Mickey's name on the mailbox in front of his candy apple red two-seater car would.

MICKEY

(Narrating, V.O.)

Nobody expected Johnny to show up, or else we'd prepare a room for him. Fortunately my place has a guest house for visitors.

(beat)

I mean come on, the lawyers might not like it, but I'm good pals with characters from other companies. Last month Oswald gave both me and Bugs a run for our money keeping him from tormenting Warner Brother's ambulance chasers.

CUT TO

INT BEDROOM MORNING:

The morning sun enters a shaded window and shines on Johnny's head. His nose twitches and his eyes blink half awake. He finds himself in a plush bed. He sits up, yawns, then stretches. He looks around to see the pastel colors of the guest house bedroom with a desk with a computer and plenty of Disney-related posters, most of them antique movie posters from the classic years.

He looks to his left to see a Classic Cartoon cat asleep on the floor next to him, wearing only a skirt and a brimmed hat with a flower on top. This is Ortensia, Oswald's wife.

Johnny sees Ortensia's head dip a bit as she sleeps. And he inches up ahead to touch her cheek with his nose. Her eyes snap awake.

Johnny retreats a little bit as she looks at him.

ORTENSIA

Oh! Oh, you're awake. Johnny, right.

Johnny smiles and nods a bit.

ORTENSIA

You sure look a lot better after that nap.

She reaches over to the heart monitor clipped on Johnny's ear. At first he shrinks. But then she strokes him under his chin, which makes him churr almost cat-like.

ORTENSIA

(Giggles)

Aw, that is just too cute. I wouldn't want to hurt ya.

She takes the monitor and finds that the heart rate and blood saturation levels are nominal.

JOHNNY

Mouse Survival Tactic Number One: When in doubt, act cute. It don't always work though.

Ortensia giggled some more about that.

ORTENSIA

I won't argue with you on that. From what I heard, you were a field mouse from the wild. But I didn't know you could talk.

JOHNNY

(shrugs)

Can't you?

Ortensia moves up to her knees nearer to Johnny, who stands his ground where he's at. His nose wiggles as he sniffs her. She just smiles bright as she strokes his shoulder.

ORTENSIA

I just didn't know that field mice can talk.

JOHNNY

I didn't know that cats could be this nice.

ORTENSIA

Oh, right. By the way, my name's Ortensia. I'm Oswald's husband. You've probably seen him.

JOHNNY

Well, it's a pleasure meeting you, Ortensia. Would Oswald be that rabbit with Mickey Mouse, where is...

(blinks, gasps and rubs his chin.)

That was Mickey, right?

Ortensia nods.

JOHNNY

The. Mickey Mouse. The one I saw in all those cartoons.

(Johnny looked almost awestruck)

Whoa. He's my hero and stuff. I never thought I'd see him in person.

"Mickey Mouse March" started playing in a nearby cell phone.

ORTENSIA

You'll be seeing him again. That's Mickey calling me.

(Picks up the phone. Johnny looks at it out of curiosity)

Hello, Mickey. Yes, he's up and about. He'll be here when you show up. And no, he didn't freak when he saw me. I just hope that the rumor mill hasn't yet...

Suddenly, the door opened, and Clarabelle Cow barges in. She didn't notice Johnny standing in front of her as she talks to Ortensia.

CLARABELLE

Ortensia! Have you seen Oswald or Mickey?

ORTENSIA

(just blinks)

They'll be here in a minute. What's gotten your tail in a bunch?

CLARABELLE

You wouldn't guess what happened yesterday! You know that shrinking beam we're beta testing? Somehow a field mouse ended up in the expanding beam and blew him up by accident. We spent all night casing him, but the little fella gave us all the slip. I'm sure he's still out and about somewhere...

Leon pauses, looks down, and sees Johnny.

CLARABELLE

(covers her mouth)

Oh my stars.

There was a three second pause.

JOHNNY

Oh great, I just screwed up. I was supposed to flop onto the bed all limp and smiling and not blinkin' and stuff, like a stuffed animal right? Does anyone have a plan B?

CUT TO

INT BATHROOM DAY

Francie is drawing Johnny's blood. Close-up is up to discretion. Leon stands by.

FRANCIE

I'm surprised that you're taking this so well.

JOHNNY

It'll take a lot more than that little needle to hurt me. It's much too small.

FRANCIE

You'd probably didn't expect to hold a decent conversation with scientists as well.

Francie pulls the needle out, yanks out the blood vial, and tosses the needle into a "For Sharps" disposal tin. Her plastic gloved hand reaches out for Leon to hand her a band-aid.

CLARABELLE

I don't think he'd expect a cartoon character to be a competent doctor.

FRANCIE

Well, I had to find something to do while I was in the Wasteland.

(She sees Johnny's puzzled expression)

I wanted to be a doctor anyway. Good thing I managed to get through medical school before Oswald, Ortensia and myself were screwed out of the public eye.

Francie picks up a device that appeared pastel-painted, toon like, but it was elaborate enough to allow the organic blood-filled vial to be slipped in.

FRANCIE

At least the gremlins there keep me up with the latest technology. They're quite useful.

There were a couple bleeps, and then a fanfare sound.

She gives a victorious pose as she shows the display to everyone.

FRANCIE

Blood Cell count, Blood Sugar, and Oxygen levels are normal. You're all better, Johnny Briz!

JOHNNY

That's great...so what happens now?

FRANCIE

Now, we eat! The delivery boy just came with the boys and that pizza smells delish...

Her nose twitches at the smell and she almost drifts her way out of the room.

CUT TO

INT KITCHEN DAY

Mickey and Oswald, in more business casual attire, was relaying almost a dozen pizzas into the kitchen.

OSWALD

I think you overdid it again on the order, bro.

MICKEY

Aw, come on, Oz. It wasn't as much as I've ordered for our reunion, remember.

OSWALD

But you were ordering for five hundred, including all of my kids. We're only got eight people here tops. I doubt we'd pack away all these pies.

MICKEY

Your kids can eat the leftovers, can't they?

Minnie and Ortensia sets the pizzas on the kitchen table.

ORTENSIA

He's got a point, you know, hunny bunny.

MINNIE

One thing I learned, not to encourage Mickey.

(Turns to the arriving Francie)

How is he, Doctor.

FRANCIE

(almost sings it out)

Clean bill of health.

(heads to the pizzas on the table)

Now to get myself to a clean bill of health. Dr. Francie Cottontail M.D. can't save lives on caffeine alone.

(looks at all the pizzas on the table)

Mickey! Did you overdo it again?

MICKEY

(arrives with the last pizza)

Uh-oh.

FRANCIE

Now we know that Johnny Briz might be a growing boy and all just barely...

(turns to Johnny, who was sniffing at all the pizza)

...sorry about this, JB, but how old are you?

JOHNNY

(blinks)

About four summers, I think.

Francie takes a finger and opens Johnny's mouth, she looks in.

FRANCIE

Let me check there.

Minnie gasps.

ORTENSIA

(gasps)

Fanny!

FRANCIE

I need to figure out his age!

(Looks further in, counting his teeth.)

Looks like you got all of your baby teeth out. Wisdom teeth might need to be looked after. I think you're in your mid-teens. But I might need to study how you age at this height.

(Turns around showing that she still has her plastic gloves on. She slips them off.)

What? You think I'm going to stick my hand in someone's mouth before I eat...okay I'll wash up.

Francie rolls her eyes and walks off.

Mickey comes up to Johnny and pats him on the shoulder.

MICKEY

Glad to see you're feeling better, pal. Uh, I didn't know what pizza you liked, so I pretty much ordered the whole menu. Again.

JOHNNY

In all honesty, I don't think I know myself.

(Reaches up for a slice or two.)

We don't get pizza joints where I come from.

MICKEY

Heh, that's what I was thinking. Oh, I don't think you've been introduced.

(waves Oswald over)

This is Oswald the Lucky Rabbit. You can say he's my partner running all things Disney and all.

OSWALD

Pleasure.

Oswald and Johnny shake hands.

JOHNNY

Nice to know I'm not the only new guy here.

OSWALD

New?

(raises an eyebrow, than moves closer to Johnny)

Son, I'm Mickey's *older* brother.

Johnny's jaw fell as much as possible.

OSWALD

It's a long story, I'll fill you in later. But I'd like to know your story right now.

MINNIE

We all do.

Johnny munches down a slice with some soda, and then grabs a napkin to wipe his mouth.

Francie returns to pick up some slices.

FRANCIE

From my best guess, I don't think he lived too far from that place you told me about,

Mickey, with that shrink and grow ray.

JOHNNY

Was that what you call it? That beam I got hit with.

OSWALD

That's what Mickey calls it. That story's even longer. I just hope your tale's not War and Peace, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(chuckles and rubs his head.)

Everything was a blur up to when I woke up and saw Mickey. Thought I was dreaming for a moment. As for where I came from.

(nods)

I think I can...

Johnny clears his throat. As he does, the room darkens and there is a gradual fade to the next scene.

JOHNNY

I should start with the colony I grew up in. It's an out of the way place behind one of the amusement parks known as Reedy Creek.

OSWALD

Reedy Creek. Where did I hear that from?

MICKEY

Reedy Creek Improvement District. It's what they called this area before it became Walt Disney World...And Celebration as well.

OSWALD

Oh, that explains it.

FADE TO

EXT. AERIAL MOUSE COLONY DAY

The Reedy Creek Mouse Colony appears in panoramic view, resembling an assortment of model buildings half-covered or bound by weeds and plants. There are some small screens, such as a Playstation Portable or Laptop, showing various films. Mice and Rats scurry about like four-footed humans going through their day. Even the background music would be a busy fast-paced tune.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

Reedy Creek's been around a long time before Disney has ever heard of the place. Rumors say that the place was founded during the WWII era, your calendar, when a bunch of mice broke out of some research lab because the experiments they did to them gave them super smarts, or something.

(beat)

I wouldn't know either or, that's like centuries to us mice. But most of us know about what happened to the world around us...

The scene blurs to signify a backwards jump in time to a Reedy Creek colony that was more agricultural in nature, with miniature farms and plants abounding.

A caption appeared: **50 Years Ago**

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

It happened during the late 60s, when most of us were farming for grain. We found a bunch of humans looking about on the outskirts.

A survey team is seen in the background, while a team of mice overlooked through the tall grass in the foreground. With the team is an elderly man with a mustache and graying hair.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

They're still humans, mind you. We've always have our concerns over them. We'd stand a better chance going against natural predators than a single human, no lie.

(beat)

But this one guy, he was different.

While the survey crew looked over a patch of land and talk about where would be a best spot for an amusement park, The old man looked off to one side and saw the mice.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

It's a rare guy who'll just go up to one of us micefolk and just pet us. It's either rarer when that guy actually hears what we say.

The man knelt down to pick up one of the mice, marveling over how toon-like it looked. The camera catches his face and reveals him as Walt Disney

PAUSE

MICKEY

(V.O.)

Yeah, I knew it was Walt when this flashback began.

UNPAUSE

OLD MAN

You actually live near here?

(He looks off in the distance, sees the wooden logs gathered about, and nods.)

Well, in that case, I'll make sure you're let be.

Another man forty years younger up to him.

YOUNGER MAN

Mr. Disney, are you talking to barnyard animals again?

The old man turns to the younger man and raises an eyebrow. He snorts.

The others in the group just roll his eyes. A couple of them whisper to each other.

GROUP MEMBER #1

(whisper)

You wanna tell him that Walt doesn't like people calling him by his last name?

GROUP MEMBER #2

(whisper)

I'd be doing that for almost everyone who meets him.

The old man, Walt Disney, stands up.

WALT

Let me have my quirks, will ya? I just saw some wildlife habitats nearby and I wanted to make sure we don't bulldoze that over.

He looks at the others in the group.

WALT

So, Don, heard anything from the Survey Team?

The group just point to that young man.

Walt just groans and pulls out a cigarette.

YOUNG MAN

They found the perfect spot East of this location, Mr. Disney, if it weren't almost all swampland.

WALT

(Takes out a cigarette and lights up)

We're going to drain that swamp anyway, it's part of the plan from the get go. And don't you bitch to me about me lighting up, we're outside.

YOUNG MAN

(Mutters)

Yeah, whatever, it's your lungs.

(He sees Walt's eyebrow and speaks up.)

They don't know about this EPCOT project of yours though. They're still looking around for a more appropriate spot...

Walt hacks and coughs.

PAUSE

MICKY

(Narrating, V.O.)

And *that*, boys and girls, is why I'm *adamant* against smoking. At least I relented a little bit with the electronic cigars. I got tired of arguing with Jose Carciola.

UNPAUSE

GROUP MEMBER 1

Man, it's getting worse, I'm really concerned for the boss. You think we should...

GROUP MEMBER 2

You'd think everything's been tried before. And it ain't like things're all rosy for him.

WALT

(Coughs a little more)

Yeah. I picked a bad week to quit these things. You know, I heard rumors about a mouse cluster around here, about some science lab rats who broke out because they got too smart. Only a rumor.

(he looks back to the colony, and sees the mouse he held earlier scamper into it.)

Well, that mouse I talked too seemed quite intelligent.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

MICKY

Waitasec, we're talking about Uncle Walt right? I remember this part.

OSWALD

(looks at Mickey)

Really?

Mickey pulls out his iPhone and taps at it.

MICKEY

You reminded me of something he told me about a certain colony of mice on Property. He had it cordoned off as protected wilderness what we honor even today.

(turns to Oswald)

He always had an conservationist streak in him.

Oswald nods and turns to Johnny

OSWALD

You don't want to know what Universal dug over when making Islands of Adventure. You'd be just as mad at them as I am.

Johnny wondered what Oswald was talking about but Mickey held up his iPhone in front of Johnny. It showed a bit of a map with the location of the mentioned colony.

MICKEY

This the place, pal?

JOHNNY

Y-Yeah, that's it. What is that thing?

MICKEY

A smart phone, I'll get you one later, but that's not important right now. So that explains how you came from...and how you look like a cartoon character already.

OSWALD

I don't follow, Mick.

MICKEY

Johnny, do you remember anything about how your colony was founded?

Johnny blinked at this.

JOHNNY

Is that important?

MICKEY

(nods)

I did some rummaging around in our records overnight, and I remember seeing a project with the biology department from the University of Central Florida. They visit a habitat east of the Animal Kingdom.

Johnny blinks and then nods.

JOHNNY

Y-yeah, I know of a couple humans who drop by. They occasionally pick one of us up and look us over, but they let us go afterward.

(He pauses, tapping his snout.)

Most of us just consider them wacky environmental nuts studying an unusual natural habitat. Or that's what I get out of it. Do you think it's related to the stories about my colonies' origin?

MICKEY

Would there be any laboratory experiments involved?

Johnny shakes his head.

JOHNNY

I don't know much about it. All I know is that the forefathers escaped from a lab. Some experiment that made them smarter, or something.

(he rolls his eyes)

It just sounds too corny in my book. Almost like a cartoon in itself.

MICKEY

I take it you've seen *The Secret of NIMH*.

JOHNNY

Oh, what these eyes have seen.

CUT TO

INT. REEDY CREEK COLONY NIGHT

It is during the late 80s, and a used video tape player was tinkered back to health (more like jury rigged, when the inner workings are shown) and the movie in question was played on a Commodore monitor.

The scene shown is when Ms. Brisby meets Nicodemus and he has the amulet in his hand

The mice and rats watching it were busting their guts laughing.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

Corniest movie we've ever seen. I almost expect some dude and his two robot pals to be in the corner, talk about missing the point. Or at least that's what the older folks who know the legends say.

(beat)

Not only did they put in all that pomp and circumstances about that magic rock and all, but they've totally got the part about not wanting to steal all wrong.

CUT TO

EXT BACK ALLEY NIGHT

A rat was near a trash dumpster and sees someone dump some used and broken equipment next to the dumpster.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

We rodents figured one thing out a long time ago, humans can be wasteful.

(beat)

They throw away perfectly good stuff or what just needs a little fixing, or even a piece of string or tape, to get it to work again. And I'm not even going to start on the food scraps; Yes, we do know that most restaurants pitch a good chunk of the food they cook, and that some of them have no shame over what they're cooking.

The camera zooms closer to a presumably broken laptop where six rats circle around the laptop and pick it up to carry it away.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

We have a rule of thumb: If you pitch it away and we pick it up, it don't count as stealing.

(V.O.)

Dumpster diving is never a spectator sport for us.

MICKEY

(V.O.)

Talk about your need to reduce, reuse, and recycle, huh.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

That's what I say, but I'm gettin' away from myself.

CUT TO

ENT. REEDY CREEK COLONY DAY

The scene is a cinder block that is an orphanage, where there was a basket made out of a cap in front of a door.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

In fact, we would've dismissed that movie--and it's gosh awful sequel...

MICKEY

(V.O.)

I'm really starting to like you, Johnny.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

Well, that movie would have been forgotten outright until I showed up in some orphanage.

The door opens to see a mouse with a cape resembling a Square-Enix white mage and glasses, and looks down at the baby; the baby Johnny Briz.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

People always said that I look like Jonathan Brisby from that movie, especially when I was a pup.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM AFTERNOON

Johnny points to his left shoulder and right side. Without a shirt, his brown spots in his otherwise gray fur are visible

JOHNNY

It's the spots. I also got one on my left leg.

OSWALD

(raises a hand in defense)

We don't need to know that.

ORTENSIA

Well, I think it makes you all the cuter, Johnny. Wait. Did they name you after that character.

JOHNNY

(Rolls Eyes)

Yeah. They actually snipped it to Johnny Briz because it rolls off the tongue better.

MINNIE

I'd consider it to be an honor to be named after one of those characters.

MICKY

Yeah, and I know Don Bluth. He'd be tickled pink at you.

FRANCIE

You also look more human than mouse, Johnny. I could tell when I was watching over you. Are all mice in your colony like that?

MINNIE

Yeah. How was life in your colony like for you?

CUT TO

EXT. REEDY CREEK COLONY DAY

Back to Modern Day, or at the most, a calendar year ago. A younger Johnny is seen scampering among the alleyways.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

As compared to the human world? I wouldn't know. I guess there are some similarities. School and classes and all that. I consider my life to be pretty average if you think about it. I wasn't exceptional in my classes, and I've spent most of my evenings checking out movies that the search crew finds.

The scene fades to the evening, and Johnny is seen reclining on a roof top--actually a slanted roof shingle--watching a video from the laptop from earlier.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

It was a lot easier when we discovered the internet. I'd like to see your lawyers try to sue us.

Johnny watches a cartoon from the Mickey Mouse Works/House of Mouse era.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

I've been a fan of you all my life, Mickey. I even dreamed that I could head over to your world and be a Modern Day version of you. Make people laugh, do some heroics. Shoot off comets. All that fun stuff.

(beat, Mickey hmms in the backyard)

Can't a kid like me dream a little? I've even got some talent to use.

The scene cuts to the next late morning, where Johnny runs through an obstacle course resembling the one in Sasuke/Ninja Warrior. His performance could rival that of one of the All-stars.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

Outside of the book knowledge and fundamentals, school also focuses on the physical stuff, which can be fun. We learned something that's called Par Kour, which is an expert kind of running away. I've seen humans do it, and I think a mouse from France picked it up and taught us.

MINNIE

(V.O.)

Par Kour...you mean Parkour? Free Running.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

That's what you call it? I know I've butchered that word.

Johnny did a wall run off a milk carton, cat vaulted over a twig, did a spread eagle flying leap over a creek bed and rolled with the landing until he found a large cat. Actually a puppet-like cat done by several rats pulling strings and bars.

PUPPETEER MOUSE 1

You're moving him too far! Move his arms!

PUPPETEER MOUSE 2

This isn't an animatronic from the Hall of Presidents, you know!!

Johnny then stands up and assumes a fighting stance.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

And when I really have to fight, we have some rat from Korea move over here who was into Tae Kwan Do. Just got a black belt two weeks ago.

Johnny runs up and does a series of kicks and punches straight up the cat puppet, finalizing with a tornado kick that the puppeteer mouse on top had to duck away from.

PUPPETEER MOUSE 1

Dammit, Johnny! We lose more cats that way.

Johnny lands on the ground, letting himself to land on all fours to lessen the impact, and stands back up. He shakes his fist at the puppeteer mouse.

JOHNNY

Then get me a cat who knows how to fight, you dummy.

FADE TO

EXT. AERIAL MOUSE COLONY EVENING

It is the day before Amber would find Johnny. Johnny climbed his way to the top of a tree.

Night is falling, and three of the Disney World parks—Magic Kingdom, Epcot, and Hollywood Studios—are doing their fireworks displays, and they created a panoramic 360-degree fireworks display around and above Johnny.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

Everybody keeps telling me that I'm made to make something great. It's something I've been thinking about a lot as of late. Probably some teenage thing. Some existential angst that I'd better off without, but I've had this nagging feeling that there is more for me than what's in my hometown. That there is more for me than even my dreams of being some living cartoon character. He might be right, but exactly what? I just couldn't figure it out for the life of me, as if something's missing.

MINNIE

(V.O.)

It's nice to hear that you grew up with some of our classic cartoons, Johnny. With times changing, not many individuals turn to our older cartoons as a source of entertainment.

(beat)

This is an very interesting story you're telling. I'd love hearing it.

JOHNNY

I was mulling that over for the upteenth eleventh time when I saw the science crew

move by.

CUT TO

EXT. BUILDING MORNING

A plain white van rolls into an abandoned building. The door slid open, and humans in white coats were taking out various computers and cabinets into the building, followed by a large beam-like device that looked like something from a science fiction movie. Sharp eyes would recognize the device from “Honey I Shrunk the Kids”.

JOHNNY

(V.O.)

We didn't need any cheesy cartoon movies to tell us all about science labs. We tend to sit around the fireplace in stormy nights telling horror stories about what goes on in there. So when we discovered a bunch of scientists setting up shop just on the outskirts of our territory, we were naturally concerned.

CUT TO

INT. REEDY CREEK COLONY MEETING ROOM AFTERNOON

The Council Hall is packed with rodents arguing with each other. There were some mentioning of what scientist are known to do to them in the past and voiced their concern about their lives. Others wanted to know just what kind of experiments they're doing and maybe they'd won't be needing animals. Another group just said that they'll just bulldoze the whole forest down for another one of those parks—and rip up the colony in the process. Or maybe even something worse. Would they need to fight back? How do you fight humans anyway?

Yadda Yadda Yadda, Blah Blah Blah.

Eventually the whole room degraded to a bunch of mice and rats arguing in language that devolved to squeaks.

And all this time, Johnny was in the rafters, leaning against a banister. Getting bored.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

Ain't it like a committee? All talk, no action.

Johnny gets up from his banister and starts to leave

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

Somebody's gotta find out what that lab is all about.

Johnny is stopped by another young mouse.

They look at each other and say something unheard.

After a long pause, Johnny nods.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

And when something happens around me, I just have to see it through to the end. I just hate dropping things this important.

FADE TO

EXT. REEDY CREEK COLONY AFTERNOON.

Johnny ran at a good pace from the colony and into the grass toward the lab. The scene pans to Johnny cresting a hill overlooking the colony as a whole in the setting sun. He had on a backpack with various jury-rigged equipment,

including a flattened needle for a sword, thick string for rope, and a high-powered LED bulb wired to a button battery.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

If I knew what was going to happen to me, I would have looked back home, gave it one last look goodbye, burned it into my memory. It's the only regret I have in life.
Hindsight and all that.

And with that, Johnny jogs his way through the thickets, his pack is light enough for him to still pull off some vaults and move at a fast clip.

FADE OUT AND IN TO

EXT. RESEARCH LAB LATE EVENING.

The building is a featureless concrete and steel construction with wood and plastic piles surrounding it. There were a van parked on a gravel road leading up to it.

Johnny appears out of the tall glass and climbs up a pyramid stack of wood planks.

He stops halfway up when his ears twitch; having heard someone approach. He leans up against the planks, all but unseen under the colossal-like human's eyes.

He then shimmies over around a corner to get a better look at who he's facing.

The two scientist walking past him looked like they came out of the set of Mythbusters, only in coats. They wouldn't be concerned less about rodents but rather the larger animals nearby.

SCIENTIST #1

They keep the borders patrolled over at Animal Kingdom. But anyway I doubt that any animals would want to break out of there. They've got it better there than in any zoo in the world.

SCIENTIST #2

Just nervous I suppose. It'll take a while for me to get the jitters out.

SCIENTIST #1

Think about the new toy we're going to be playing with, that'll help. An actual matter expanding and compressing ray. Just like in 'Honey I Shrunk the Kids!'

SCIENTIST #2

I'm surprised that Disney actually earned enough to make one of those.

(beat)

But what would they need such a device for, anyway?

SCIENTIST #1

(shrugs)

How would I know? You think I'm an expert in knowing what makes a corporation tick? I just do what I'm told, get my paycheck, and shut the [beep] up.

They pass by Johnny, not even noticing his presence from behind the planks.

SCIENTIST #2

Can't argue with that. What are we going to test this ray on? I don't think it's safe for living people yet.

SCIENTIST #1

(shakes his head)

Probably not. We're just doing inanimate objects right now. We'll need more tests before I feel okay about testing it on somebody.

SCIENTIST #2

I hear you there. I don't want to see...

The two scientists walk around the corner and through a door inside, as their voices fade.

Johnny pulls himself up from his perch and sniffs the air. He picks up a lot of faint scents coming from the Animal Kingdom upwind, but none from the immediate area.

He bounds his way down the pile of planks and rolls on his final landing to the dirt ground. He traverses the distance across the path to the side of the road and into a drainage pipe.

The exit end of the pipe flashes a bright white glow.

CUT TO

INT DRAINAGE PIPE

Johnny enters the pipe and turns on the LED bulb, bathing the immediate area in a soft white glow; plenty of light for a mouse to work with.

He examines the material of the drain pipe to see what he's dealing with. PCP Plastic.

He reaches into his pack and grabs a couple push pins with the plastic end scraped into mouse-sized hand holds. He took each one and with a strong thrust, jabs the pins inside the plastic, just enough for it to stick in place. He then pulled his back pack off and took the string, which he looked around each of the pins, and then himself through a harness that held the LED light in place.

With everything strapped on, he gave his arms a good shake, loosening them up for what's to come.

He grabbed the pins and propped his feet up against the vertical pipe. He then starts climbing the pipe like it was a rock cliff, using the push pins as rock picks to pull himself up.

Johnny manages to pass the camera, which pans up to follow him up the pipe.

MICKY

(v.o.)

Whoa. I've seen that building, it's about 20 feet tall. I'm just guessing here, but I think in scale terms, you scaled up El Capitan.

OSWALD

(v.o.)

El Capitan doesn't consist of a flat plastic surface. You must've been strong for a mouse to pull that off, kid.

CUT TO

EXT LAB BUILDING ROOF EVENING

Johnny exists the top of the pipe and pulls up the backpack with the string.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

Meh. So I made sure I worked out enough to have a decent pair of arms. I also didn't weigh as much too.

There was nobody else around outside the building, so the white light from the LED wasn't even noticed until Johnny made his way to the larger vent grate.

This time he took a washer-shaped magnet and tied it to the string. Once that's in place, he climbed up the grating with the magnet in his teeth.

Once on top, he placed the magnet on the top of the grate until it's good and stuck and turned to the sliding latch. With

enough leverage he was able to slide it open.

He caught the string before the grate fell down with a crash, and lowered it down so that it didn't make as much noise when it landed the roof.

CUT TO

INT VENT SHAFT

Having looped the string around the latch, he was able to rappel his way back to solid ground, and with the string in hand, he progressed further inside.

With the LED, he was about to see a running fan five feet straight down, with a grate to keep debris, and rodents, from banging into the blades of the fan and killing both fan and themselves.

He sighed his relief about that, and also noticed a horizontal shaft just below it.

The current caused by the turning fan was enough to mess with his hair and fur, but not enough to bother him or the string. He rappelled down to the grating, crossed it to that he would be at the same side as the horizontal shaft, and then used the flattened needle to pry up a panel leading inside the fan.

The fan is deafening this close to it, but Johnny was able to concentrate enough to stay on the corner out of the fan's way and kick out the second paneling leading further down.

And with another magnet to keep the string in place, he was able to move further on foot with just the LED harness.

CUT TO

INT LAB CEILING

Johnny made his way to a grating that looked straight down to the room where the two scientists he saw before were at. Johnny turned off the LED bulb and jimmied the grate to give him a better look.

Below him was the mentioned ray device, looking as Sci Fi as ever. Before it, directly down from Johnny's vantage point, was a pedestal where one of the scientist was placing a large orange.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

I was so in awe over what those coats were doing, I didn't remember that I was on something that wasn't exactly supporting my weight.

The view SPLIT SCREENS between Johnny's panel slipping down it's place in the ceiling and the humans below. On the Human's screen, everything is ready.

SCIENTIST #1

The device is warmed up and ready to fire.

SCIENTIST #2

All right, let's light this candle.

The ray device starts to hum louder as Scientist #1 taps on a laptop.

SCIENTIST #1

Expanding Ray experiment #1: Ray to fire in three...

In Johnny's screen, the panel starts sliding all the more, being past the point of no return.

SCIENTIST #1

...two...

JOHNNY

OH [BEEP]!

SCIENTIST #1

...one...

The panel falls away from its perch.

The Split switches back to the Scientist's scene, where the panel, and an unseen Johnny, drops behind the ray device. The panel hits a stacked crate, which spins, hits Johnny, and sends him sailing ahead. The panel continues to fall onto a cord powering the device.

SCIENTIST #1

...FIRE...

The panel hits the cord the instant FIRE was said, the impact moves the device up toward the scientists.

BOTH SCIENTISTS

HOLY [BEEP]!

The device fires a beam with a spiraling glow.

The two scientist duck out of the way, allowing the beam to pass over them.

The beam hits a mirror and bounces back into the room...and strikes Johnny in mid fall.

The room is flooded with a blinding flash, and when it ends, Johnny is now two foot five, and falling into the floor where he lands like a cat. Whatever clothes he has on was shredded by his enlarging.

Johnny looks around the room, more startled than anything else, wondering what exactly just happened.

The two scientists look up from where they hid, knowing that the device's beam has been dissipated and the device was shut off, and saw the now-giant mouse in the room. They too wondered what was going on.

Johnny sees the two lab coats, made a slight chuckle, and then bolted.

JOHNNY

(v.o.)

I didn't know what those two wanted to do if they caught me, and I pretty much didn't want to find out...

As he talked, the scene FADES TO

INT. LIVING ROOM EVENING

Back in Mickey's house, where Johnny finishes his story.

JOHNNY

They probably had some other folks in there. I wouldn't know. My head was spinning. Next thing I knew I was catapulted by some plank or something...I don't know, I was just airborne...You know the rest.

MICKEY

I think I know what happened. Let me explain the beam that got you. It's an experiment we use to store their floats and seasonal equipment so we can use and salvage them later.

(looks over to Johnny)

You see, pal, you're not the only one trying to reduce, reuse, and recycle, huh-hah. I wouldn't use it against organic beings, though. Fanny, I think you might know why by now.

Francie nods.

FRANCIE

The beam can only expand and contract the cells of a person, but not reduce or increase the number. What happened to you Johnny, is that you retained the same

number of red blood cells—for the uninitiated, that's what's bringing energy and oxygen throughout your body—but with your now larger body, the number is woefully inadequate. That's why you fainted once you ran out of adrenaline.

(she sighs)

I wouldn't want to make him any bigger at that point, he might have died.

(back to Johnny)

But at your size, with enough rest, you pulled through. You might be getting an occasional dizzy spell for a couple more days, but otherwise, you're perfectly healthy...for a two foot five sixty pound walking talking mouse that is.

Johnny just rocked on his feet, still in those yellow shoes.

FRANCIE

But at this point, I don't think we can use that beam to reverse what that beam is done. Think of the process in reverse, now he'll have way too much red blood cells. That would just about make him explode.

Johnny gulped for a second.

OSWALD

So that means, he's stuck here? He can't go home.

FRANCIE

(nods)

I'm afraid so.

JOHNNY

Meh, and I didn't look back. Tsk, at least I'm glad I lived through that. So what now?

There was a long pause. Minnie looked out a window.

MINNIE

This whole experience must be quite shocking to you, Johnny. Two days isn't a lot of time to adjust to a completely different life. You're a very brave mouse. Reminds me a lot like Mickey.

(She spun around)

You're going to love it here. Every day seems like a new start. You can be whoever you want to be, do whatever you want to do.

(soft laugh)

Within reason, of course. I believe that anyone can do anything if you put your mind to it. If your dream is to become a cartoon star, by all means, follow it through. Dreams are the source of all ambition. You'll find out soon enough.

MICKEY

Like you said Mins, perfect Mousketeer. This might be an opportunity for me to try something that's been rolling in my head for some time.

OSWALD

That wouldn't be that bad acid trip video you showed me once on the internet, where your whole face...

MICKEY

Not that, Ozzy. Let me get my thoughts together first, and have you get used to life here, Johnny. Then we'll talk about it.

FRANCIE

(Almost talks with a mouth full of pizza with a slice in each hand)

I'd suggest take things slow with Johnny here. I don't know if he'd get faint again.

(looks toward Johnny)

Like getting up too fast and have all that blood rush down from your head. I don't think you'd want to do that for a couple more days. Just suggesting.

(beat)

And then there's also the need for him to get used to the human world. Don't put him in there all at once.

Everyone agreed, and nodded.

Minnie just looked Johnny up and down, still wearing Mickey's hand-me-downs.

MINNIE

Is that all you have to wear, Johnny?

(Sees Mickey and Oswald backing away, she frowns. Meanwhile, Ortensia walks out to get something)

What are you two implying?

OSWALD

No offense, Mins. But I was a victim of one of your fashion shows. It wasn't pretty

MINNIE

(humphs)

Well, we can't have him walking around looking like that, can we? He's going to pass himself off as one of us, he needs a better look. And Ortensia agrees with me, doesn't she.

(looks over to Ortensia as she was pushing a steamer trunk three times her size.)

Oh, let me help you with that girl!

Minnie and Ortensia opens the trunk and rummages through the various costumes, as well as a curtain that Ortensia sets in place while Minnie puts a Capt. Jack Sparrow costume on him.

MICKEY

Huh-hah, you didn't want him to wear my shorts all the time, but here you are cleaning out my old costume collection.

There was another spin and Johnny reappears as the Sorcerer's Apprentice.

MINNIE

Well, when I heard that your shorts fit him, I figured that he's got your size, I didn't need to tailor anything.

Another spin. Johnny's now in Mickey's Band Leader costume from the original Mickey Mouse Club.

MINNIE

I always felt that Walt put the most care and devotion into us.

(Gives a sheepish smile.)

I suppose I'm a little biased.

While Johnny reappears as The Brave Tailor, Oswald writes down a note to himself. "Keep Johnny away from Universal."

But when Oswald looks up, she sees Johnny trying to hold Minnie steady.

JOHNNY

Hold it!

(beat)

No offense, but I don't think I'm ready for Rule 63 right now.

Johnny is dressed in Minnie Mouse's dress. With his hair in the bow and heels! Minnie's wearing a t-shirt and panties.

MINNIE

Ooops!

(blushes and covers herself)

Good thing I wear neglige for such an emergency.

Mickey inhales back a nosebleed, while Oswald bonks him on the head.

Minnie humps and smiles at the same time. And there was one more spin.

Minnie has her dress back, but Johnny reappears in an outfit that he actually likes: a striped undershirt and pants, a plain white shirt, a black and white vest, matching black and white bottoms and shoes.

MINNIE

(wipes her forehead)

I don't know why but when I came across them in the closet, it just seemed to suit you.

Minnie examined the new outfit from head to toe, making small comments about the fitting every once and a while. Meanwhile, Ortsenia stuffed all the rejected outfits back into the closet.

After a few moments, she tapped her finger on her chin and broke into a large smile.

MINNIE

Yes, that's it. That's the perfect outfit for you.

(she fixes Johnny's collar and then pushes the corners of his mouth into a smile.)

You look rather handsome, if I do say so myself. I don't know what it is but it looks like it was made for you.

Johnny gave Minnie a tip of an invisible hat, in a gentlemanly bow.

MINNIE

(She smiled and clapped her hands.)

You look absolutely dashing in that.

FRANCIE

He sure does. You're pretty exceptional as a mouse, Johnny. Never saw one with opposable thumbs and can stand on his hind legs. If you don't mind. I'd like to study you for a while. Nothing like cutting you open or injecting stuff into you, I promise. You've probably had the worse parts over with when Fanny was checking you.

Johnny smiles and nods, but then he starts feeling dizzy, he swoons a bit. He favors his head.

Minnie and Ortsenia gasps as they hold him.

ORTENSIA

Must've been all that spinning around, triggered that dizzy spell.

MINNIE

I'm sorry, Johnny, I didn't know.

Johnny smiles at Minnie as they laid him down on a sofa.

JOHNNY

Not your fault, Minnie. I didn't know it would come. Nothing that a moment's rest can't cure.

(Looks up to Mickey)

I hate to ask you if there's a place I can...

Mickey waved his hands and chuckled at Johnny.

MICKEY

Luckily I have a guest house for such an occasion. That'll do for a while until we can get you a place to stay. All I'd want is for you to be a part of our family. You wanted to be under my wing anyway, and I'm due for having a new Mousketeer. You'll be perfect for that, Johnny, huh-hah, you've got the ears for it already.

Oswald went up to Mickey with his hands to his sides, his brow furled.

OSWALD

Mick, he's only been here a day, and already, you've got plans for him! Jeez, Mouse! Give him some time to settle in.

Mickey holds up his hands.

MICKEY

You heard him yourself, Oz. Johnny's been one of my fans all his life. And he did say he'd wish he'd be a cartoon character himself. Look at him, he got his wish.

OSWALD

And why do you say *mousketeer*, anyway? He might side more with me!

(Winks at Johnny)

Wait til you see my cartoons, kid. They're all on this internet place called You Tube.

ORTENSIA

YouTube is one word, honey.

OSWALD

Whatever, they have all of them in there. It's almost like I've never left.

(Crooks to Mickey)

You'll see how much he misses in his character.

MICKEY

Oswald, if you didn't punted that executive for three points yesterday, I would have.

OSWALD

You do, and you'll get thousands of people crying foul on you.

JOHNNY

(sitting up, leaning against the side of the sofa, grinning)

They're obviously brothers who like each other, by the way they argue.

Minnie and Ortensia giggle.

JOHNNY

But there's something I can't figure out.

(points to Oswald)

JOHNNY

'Older' brother?

OSWALD

(scratches his foot on one leg.)

Yeah, I need to tell ya about it, do I. I've been drawn up about two years before Mickey. My shorts were as famous as his was now. In fact, if the stars were different, all this would've started with me, instead of Mick.

Mickey nods and frowns at that.

JOHNNY

What happened?

OSWALD

(sighs)

Something I hope you never had to experience. A bunch of idiot humans that ran Universal...

(cringes)

MINNIE

Best not to mention that company to him.

OSWALD

...thought they could do Walt's job and threw him out to the curb. What they did with me bombed before the shorts reached the theaters, and I was left all but forgotten on a dark alley. What happened next I wouldn't wish on anybody.

Oswald actually shivers. Johnny looks concerned and sad over what happened to him.

MINNIE

There's two main ways for us toons to get hurt: Paint Thinner and Obscurity. And I'd rather take a swan dive at the leftover Dip from the Roger Rabbit movie...

JOHNNY

Ugh.

OSWALD

I'd rather be dipped than be forgotten. You basically become a ghost without dying and then see the world go on without you, not a good way to go. If it weren't for that wizard making a special Wasteland place for us forgotten toons to live in peace, that would've been my fate.

(sighs)

JOHNNY

Man, that's harsh.

(looks down...and then over to Mickey.)

OSWALD

Now you wanna know if I'm jealous of my brother.

(beat, then shakes his head)

Not anymore. Never was his fault, and when we did meet, he did whatever he could to bring me back to this world. Pushed Bob Iger to get me back to Disney and then that video game you heard about. He's currently trying to get me back into doing shorts but he's hit a snag. Idiot humans.

Mickey taps his snout

MICKY

Maybe I can help both of you with that.

(points to Oswald)

You talked to me earlier about us making shorts to put on the Internet. It might be done cheap at first, but I know some kids who can help out, and then edit it to resemble an old-school short to put on Youtube. Maybe we can start off with some improv scenes, maybe even a couple of you showing off that Parkour skills, Johnny, but it can lead into scripted shorts.

OSWALD

Internet cartoons, eh? That's what they call them? Sounds like a plan to me?

(pats Johnny on the shoulder again)

Stick with us, kid. We won't treat you wrong. It'll be a lot better than what Mickey

has planned for ya. Prancing around the parades along with the other Catmember dregs, dolled up in some Mousketeer outfit singing like a sheeple.

MICKEY

(gets Oswald's attention with a Humph!)

I was not considering that, Oswald. I thought having him roam around here will be a good way to get him used to humans, and then work from there. See what he can do.

(turns around to face Johnny, giving Oswald the chance to razz him from behind his back.)

I don't think Johnny'll be your rank-and-file CM.

(He pulls out a Castmember Handbook and runs through the pages)

About half of the rules they run by won't even apply to him, especially the parts about him being in character. Especially if he's going to be a character all his own, huh-hah.

(snaps it shut and pockets it, and pulls out a nametag.)

I just want him to be himself while he's in here...here ya go, Johnny Briz. Welcome to the Disney Family.

(Mickey worries a bit if there is something that will happen to Johnny similar to what happened to Oswald)

CUT TO:

INT DARKENED ROOM

A door opens behind one of the scientists from the experiment in the background. One of his tech assistants walks up. The camera focuses on the scientist's face.

LAB ASSISTANT

Dr. Hopper, I've traced the mouse's whereabouts, and it's got more complicated than we thought. Mickey now has him under his wing. And we've got a name for him already: Johnny Briz

DOCTOR HOPPER

(chuckles)

You can't be serious.

(pause)

Wait, you *are* serious. He's actually with Mickey?

The Lab Assistant just nodded.

Doctor Hopper just turned around and then panned over to a pile of papers in a manila folder. The folder had on the logo of the University of Central Florida, with the label "Reedy Creek Rodent Habitat Study"

LAB ASSISTANT

Do you have any suggestions on what we can do with...

DOCTOR HOPPER

We can't do jack bleep right now, not with Mickey Mouse looking over him. Besides, I doubt we'll be able to shrink Johnny back down.

(He opens the folder and flips over some papers, some of them dated in the 1940s and later.)

Mickey doesn't have a clue over what he's got.

Doctor Hopper lifts up a stapled paper with a header "PROJECT: REBIRTH—Animal Experiment Results" The camera focuses on that paper.

DOCTOR HOPPER

No idea at all.

FADE TO BLACK