

THE PIRATE'S!  
(*Emphasis on "Rat"*)

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Morning light dawns across the Manhattan Bay. Towards the concrete jungle lies an open sewer grate leading into the bay, the very edge of said grate housing a rough and rugged little port town with a lot of charm known as BILGERAT BAY. The camera zooms in towards the harbor, specifically a small shack made out of an old NOODLES CARTON.

The interior of the noodle shack is cramped, yet humble. There are treasure maps and pirate ship schematics covering the walls, with books, ropes and a large RUBBER DUCKY taking over the floor space. Sleeping in a makeshift hammock is ISABELLA T. RAT, or IZZY for short (15, she/her, spunky, light grey fur and frizzy black hair). The second sunlight shines across her face, her eyes pop open.

She rips off a calendar page showing that it's February 29th. There's a cute drawing of herself as a pirate on the date!

She rips off her pajamas revealing her full pirate outfit underneath.

Izzy quickly combs her frizzy hair which immediately SPRINGS back up. She looks in the mirror and squeals with glee.

Outside Izzy's front door, baby mouse PINKIE (she/her) waddles past. <SMACK> The door swings wide open! Izzy waves her TOOTHPICK RAPIER, completely oblivious.

5 IZZY (CONT'D) 5  
AVAST YE AND FEAR ME, FOR I AM-

Pinkie lets out a pathetic little <SQUEAK>.

6 IZZY (CONT'D) 6  
Oh no!! Pinkie, are you okay?!

Pinkie smiles at Izzy, though clearly in a bit of pain.

7 PINKIE 7  
<COUGHING> I'm okay! It made me  
forget about how so very hungry I  
am, thank you for that Miss Izzy!

8 IZZY 8  
Don't worry, Pinkie.

Izzy looks around suspiciously before turning back to her.

9 IZZY (CONT'D) 9  
There's word going around that the  
rats in town secured a *pizza*!

10 PINKIE 10  
A pizza?! D-Do you think they'd  
share it with mice like us?

11 IZZY 11  
Of course they'll share! And if  
they don't, just leave the talking  
to me, I'm half rat after all!

Izzy winks and begins walking away.

12 IZZY (CONT'D) 12  
We're all rodents at the end of the  
day, and we gotta look out for each  
other!

Izzy runs off towards the harbor.

13 PINKIE 13  
Bless you, Miss Izzy! ...Oh, right.  
The hunger.

Pinkie's stomach <GURGLES> and she frowns.

#### **EXT. BILGERAT BAY - HARBOR - MORNING**

While rats work at the harbor, the massive (rat-sized) trash ship, THE STINKING BISHOP approaches to dock. It makes a rough entry and grinds up against the harbor.

A tall, skinny rat, SQUEAKY JEAN (20's, they/them, sarcastic, genius) jumps onto the harbor. A short, muscular rat stays atop the ship. This is WENSLEYDALE (20's, he/him, himbo).

14 SQUEAKY JEAN 14  
Would you hurry up and send the rope down? I'm starving.

15 WENSLEYDALE 15  
Make sure you're ready! Every time I toss it you get smushed...

Squeaky Jean rolls their eyes. They turn and see Izzy running down the harbor, barreling towards them.

16 SQUEAKY JEAN 16  
Oh great, here we go again... it's Iz- <OOF>!

Wensleydale throws the rope down, which slams on top of Squeaky Jean like a sack of bricks.

17 WENSLEYDALE 17  
You weren't ready.

Squeaky Jean pokes their head out of the ropes and is met with Izzy's overeager face.

18 IZZY 18  
Ahoy, Squeaky Jean!

19 SQUEAKY JEAN 19  
It's *just* Jean.

20 WENSLEYDALE 20  
What about when you get nervous and start squeaking like a-

21 SQUEAKY JEAN 21  
(squeaks) Enough, Wensleydale!  
(clears throat) Look Izzy, you know how this goes.

22 IZZY 22  
But this time it's different! I believe you'll find everything in order here.

Izzy hands Wensleydale a scrap of paper.

23 WENSLEYDALE 23  
Ah... Mmmmm... Just as I thought. I can't read.

Jean snatches the paper out of his hand.

24 SQUEAKY JEAN 24  
Give me that! ...You said she could  
join on February 29th?!

25 WENSLEYDALE 25  
(whispers) Yeah, see, it works  
cause that's not a real day!

26 SQUEAKY JEAN 26  
Wensleydale. Today is February  
29th. It's a leap year, you moron.

The two of them look over to a very eager Izzy.

27 SQUEAKY JEAN (CONT'D) 27  
Listen, you really don't want to  
join. Our captain, Grease is, well-

28 IZZY 28  
Amazing? Inspiring?! EXHILARATING?!

29 SQUEAKY JEAN 29  
A bum.

30 IZZY 30  
(GASP)  
What?! It's GREASE GORGONZOLA!!  
He's the pirate who swiped an  
entire pizza right from under the  
human's noses, saving a town of  
rats from the brink of starvation!

31 WENSLEYDALE 31  
I remember that day! He even stole  
a gluten-free slice for the celiac  
rats! He used to be so cool...

Izzy looks longingly out to the sea.

32 IZZY 32  
I've always aspired to be like him.

33 SQUEAKY JEAN 33  
Whoever you aspired to be like,  
that rat is loooong gone.

34 IZZY 34  
Please! I'll do anything! There's  
nothing for me here...

Jean's face softens a bit.

35 WENSLEYDALE 35

Maybe we should introduce her to  
the captain? Just give her a  
chance?

36 SQUEAKY JEAN 36  
*Fine!* But just so you know, we  
 don't get dental!

**EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - MORNING**

Aboard the Stinking Bishop, Squeaky Jean knocks on the captain's cabin door. Izzy bounces excitedly outside the door.

37 SQUEAKY JEAN 37  
Captain? (knocks again)  
Captain...? <SIGH> GREASE!!

38 GREASE 38  
<INAUDIBLE GRUNTING>

39 SQUEAKY JEAN 39  
We have a new applicant... Yeah,  
she's the mouse that always hangs  
around our ship when we're in town.

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40                                IZZY                                40
                                (correcting) Rat.

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41 GREASE 41  
<INAUDIBLE GRUNTING>

42                                 SQUEAKY JEAN                                 42

It's your ship, why don't you make  
that call? ...Just come out and  
meet her, okay?! ...Yes. You have  
to put on pants.

The door begins to creak open. Izzy's eyes light up with excitement. GREASE GORGONZOLA (50's, brown fur that looks like it hasn't been groomed in years) exits the cabin. Izzy rushes up to him and salutes him.

43 IZZY 43  
Captain Gorgonzola!! It's an honor  
to be aboard your ship, sir!!

Grease looks her up and down, still waking up.

44 GREASE 44  
She knows I don't be givin' you all  
dental, right?

45 WENSLEYDALE 45  
It's pretty obvious.

Wensleydale shows his jagged, nasty teeth. Grease looks to Izzy, who is beaming.

46	GREASE	46
No.		

47 IZZY 47  
Thank you, Captain!! I- Wait, no??

48 GREASE 48  
(to the crew) Breakfast time, lads.  
This old sea rat is starvin'!

Grease walks by Izzy. She stares in disbelief for a second before shaking it off and following them as well.

**EXT. BILGERAT BAY - HARBOR - MORNING**

As the crew exits the ship, Izzy follows Grease, pestering him.

49 IZZY 49  
Please!! I'll wash the grease  
stains off your coat!

50 No. GREASE 50

51 IZZY 51  
I'll taste test all your cheese, to  
check for poison!

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52                                     GREASE                                     52
    Not happening.
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53 IZZY 53  
I'll uh... I'll help you do  
something about that smell of  
yours?

Wensleydale is giving Izzy the "stop talking" face as Squeaky Jean facepalms.

54 GREASE 54  
I DON'T HAVE A 'SMELL'!

Wensleydale and Squeaky Jean exchange a look. He totally does. Then, they notice a large crowd of rats gathering by the harbor.

55 IZZY 55  
What's going on?

56 GREASE 56  
Nothing good, I'm sure.

At the center of the crowd is a crew of TURTLE SAILORS, along with their captain SHELLIOT (40's, he/him, incredibly posh).

57 SHELLIOT 57  
Gather 'round, rats, gather 'round!  
For your illustrious governor,  
Shelliot von Turtleton of the Royal  
Reptilian Navy, has an announcement  
to make!

58 IZZY 58  
Ugh, the RRN... ever since those  
shellheads showed up here, they've  
been acting like they own the  
place!

59 SHELLIOT 59  
As you know, the RRN has been  
cleaning up ports across the Seven  
Sewers of all rodent-related  
villainy. We've been quite  
successful! But it seems this town  
isn't quite ready to give up its  
'stink' yet.

60 WENSLEYDALE 60  
(SNIFFING)  
Wait... Wait, what's that?!

Rats in the crowd start sniffing.

61 SHELLIOT 61  
You must be smelling the lovely  
pizza we found.

A group of three turtles bring out a massive PIZZA SLICE, dripping with cheese. They plop it down in front of Shelliot. A look of shock rushes over the rats in the crowd.

62 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 62  
It seems that some of you naughty  
rodents were planning on passing it  
out, despite the fact that human  
food is outlawed in Bilgerat Bay.  
Don't worry, you can see it  
properly disposed right here in the  
bay at 3 PM. Until then, ta!



Shelliot and the turtles board the GATOR SHIP (a living ship, with a wooden shell built around a live gator), sailing off with the pizza.

63                               LARGE MOUSE                               63  
That was our only food.

64                               PINKIE                               64  
Are we gonna starve?

65                               LARGE MOUSE                               65  
No... No, of course not, little  
one. We'll find a way. We always  
do.

The father hugs his daughter with reassurance. SMASH CUT to an ecstatic Grease.

66                               GREASE                               66  
You hear that, lads? Pizza! Melted,  
cheesy gold!

67                               IZZY                               67  
Pizza you could steal back, right?!

68                               GREASE                               68  
Aye, you're right on the money,  
little rat! I propose-

69                               IZZY                               69  
Yeah?

70                               GREASE                               70  
We sneak aboard that navy ship-

71                               IZZY                               71  
YEAH??

72                               GREASE                               72  
Take that pizza-

73                               IZZY                               73  
UH-HUH?!?

74                               GREASE                               74  
And feast on it ourselves!!

Izzy looks mortified.

75                               IZZY                               75  
Wait, huh??

Grease turns to Wensleydale.

76 GREASE 76  
Mr. Wensleydale! What time is it?

Wensleydale pulls out a pocket watch.

77 WENSLEYDALE 77  
Noon, captain!

78 GREASE 78  
We have three hours to steal the  
pizza right from under their noses.  
Follow that gator! Fare thee well,  
Miss Isabella. Don't follow us.

Grease boards the ship excitedly. Izzy gets an angry,  
determined look on her face. Her eyes land on a nearby  
barrel. <HMMM>...

**EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - DAY**

At the wheel, Grease steers the Stinking Bishop with bravado.

79 GREASE 79  
We'll gain some distance, and when  
the time is right we'll bring a  
spring upon her cable from behind!  
Those shellheads won't know what  
hit 'em! Yarr, I hope it's got the  
garlic crust!

80 WENSLEYDALE 80  
With the cheese in the middle? I  
love that.

81 GREASE 81  
Aye, Mr. Wensleydale, you know how  
to pick 'em! Grab the Parmesan  
barrel, I want to make sure it's  
ready to go for later!

Wensleydale opens one of the barrels, only for Izzy to pop  
out.

82 IZZY 82  
PHEW!! That's some strong  
Parmesan!!

83 WENSLEYDALE 83  
Izzy?!

84 GREASE 84  
Go off an' boil yer head, lassie!  
Yer wastin' precious pizza time!

85 IZZY 85  
Hear me out! I have a plan! A *pizza*  
plan!

86 GREASE 86  
Oh? Well, I'm sure this plan o'  
yers is much better than ours,  
backed by years o' experienced  
piracy. Come on, let's 'ear it!

She nervously sweats, but shakes it off and looks Grease  
directly in the eye.

87 IZZY 87  
I just think maybe you should try  
something old-fashioned and give  
the pizza back to the rats and mice  
who need it! You know... like you  
used to?

88 GREASE 88  
We're starving, Isabella! Look at  
poor Wensleydale, he's wasting  
away!

Cut to Wensleydale, who looks perfectly fine.

89 WENSLEYDALE 89  
It's true.

90 IZZY 90  
But... a good pirate always gives  
their treasure to those in need!

Grease stops steering for a moment.

91 GREASE 91  
No they don't! That's the *opposite*  
of a good pirate!

92 IZZY 92  
But... that's the kind of pirate  
you used to be.

93 GREASE 93  
Yeah, I was a *bad* pirate.

94 IZZY 94  
But... that's the pirate I wanted  
to be like.

Grease looks away, almost as if he feels a hint of remorse  
for what he's about to say.

95 GREASE 95  
Lassie. I've been doing this for a  
long while. And I've come to  
realize... the only one ye can  
trust is yerself.

96 IZZY 96  
Then... then you're not the Grease  
Gorgonzola I grew up hearing about.

97 GREASE 97  
And now we're on the same page!

98 IZZY 98  
Well, maybe I'll go steal that  
pizza back *myself*!

99 GREASE 99  
You? Har! That's cute, and how do  
you expect to get there?

100 IZZY 100  
I'll take the dinghy!

101 GREASE 101  
We don't have a dinghy!

Izzy pulls out a rubber duck with sunglasses from behind a  
pile of crates.

102 IZZY 102  
I brought my own!

Izzy drops it in the water. She turns to Grease.

103 IZZY (CONT'D) 103  
You stink, captain. And it's not  
the cheese.

Izzy jumps off the ship onto the duck, sailing away.

104 GREASE 104  
Fine! Go! We didn't even want you  
on the crew!

Grease turns to Wensleydale and Squeaky Jean.

105 GREASE (CONT'D) 105  
Right mates?

The two look away uncomfortably.

106 WENSLEYDALE 106  
To be fair...

Jean gives Wensleydale a "what are you doing?" look.

107                                   WENSLEYDALE (CONT'D)                                   107  
Things have been a bit different  
since-

108                                   GREASE                                   108  
Don't say it.

109                                   WENSLEYDALE                                   109  
Sassparilla.

110                                   GREASE                                   110  
Don't say that name!

111                                   WENSLEYDALE                                   111  
Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to  
go back to the old ways?

112                                   GREASE                                   112  
The old ways caused me to lose my  
entire crew, leaving me alone with  
you two good-for-nothings!

Wensleydale and Jean are clearly offended.

113                                   WENSLEYDALE                                   113  
Izzy's right, captain. You *do*  
stink. And it's not the cheese.  
(sniffs) Okay, maybe it is the  
cheese. (sniffs again) Actually, it  
might be me. But my point stands!  
I'm going with her!

Wensleydale jumps off the ship. Grease and Squeaky Jean stare  
at each other for a beat before they also jump off the boat.  
Grease pauses before shaking off his feelings.

114                                   GREASE                                   114  
Who needs 'em! I can procure that  
pizza on me own! Mr. Wensleydale,  
man the helm!

Nothing happens.

115                                   GREASE (CONT'D)                                   115  
...Oh, right.

**EXT. THE DUCK - AFTERNOON**

Izzy rocks back and forth on the rubber duck. She's holding  
onto the duck for comfort as she bursts into ugly crying.

116 IZZY 116  
Oh Ducky... Did I just tell *the*  
Grease Gorgonzola that he stinks?!  
What's wrong with me?!

Wensleydale suddenly emerges from the water, startling Izzy.

117 WENSLEYDALE 117  
Nothing! That's why we're coming  
with ya!

118 IZZY 118  
Wensleydale!

Squeaky Jean floats by, face down in the water, looking like  
a drowned rat. Wensleydale pulls them up as they cough.

119 SQUEAKY JEAN 119  
(COUGHING)  
I can't swim...

120 IZZY 120  
Why are you coming with me?

121 SQUEAKY JEAN 121  
The captain needs a wake-up call.  
And your speech was... Kind of  
cool...

122 WENSLEYDALE 122  
What? I couldn't hear you!

Squeaky Jean punches Wensleydale in the chest. He doesn't  
even feel it. Izzy smiles confidently.

123 IZZY 123  
Thanks mateys. We're gonna steal  
that pizza back! With or without  
Grease Gorgonzola!

They quickly approach the intimidating Gator ship, and Izzy's  
smile fades.

124 IZZY (CONT'D) 124  
Anybody getting seasick? I'm  
getting seasick, let's head back to  
the ship and apologize to the  
captain while we're at it!

Izzy jumps off the duck attempting to swim back, but  
Wensleydale grabs her and puts her back on board.

125 IZZY (CONT'D) 125  
This is too much! What if the  
turtles spot us?!

126 WENSLEYDALE 126  
We'll be fine! Turtles have  
terrible eyesight!

127 TURTLE SAILOR 127  
Enemy ship approaching! Three rats  
on a duck... with sunglasses!

The Gator turns around to look, its tail causing waves to  
crash into the duck, submerging it completely underwater.

128 TURTLE SAILOR (CONT'D) 128  
Where'd they go? All sailors, be on  
the look out for any stowaways!

The gator turns around remains idle. The rats surface above  
water.

129 IZZY 129  
I thought you said turtles had  
terrible eyesight!

130 WENSLEYDALE 130  
Wait... It's rats that have  
terrible eyesight!

Squeaky Jean is contemplating strangling Wensleydale behind  
his back, but takes a deep breath instead.

131 SQUEAKY JEAN 131  
Let's just get on board while we  
can!

The three of them swim to the Gator, climbing aboard a small  
platform near the tail.

#### **EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - MIDDAY**

Grease is at the wheel attempting to steer, while  
simultaneously running towards the mast to pull down the  
sails. The ship ends up just rotating around in circles.

132 GREASE 132  
Thanks a lot, ye mutinous bunch!  
Thanks for NOTHING! I've had  
cavities that were more loyal than  
you good for nothin' cheese  
moochin'-

The ship tilts as a few barrels roll towards Grease, knocking him off the ship.

**INT. THE GATOR SHIP - LOCKER ROOM - MIDDAY**

The rats make their way into the locker room below deck on the Gator Ship.

133 WENSLEYDALE 133

This isn't what I expected the  
inside of a gator to look like.

134                                 SQUEAKY JEAN                                 134

We're not literally inside it. They  
built a ship on top of it, almost  
like a shell.

135 IZZY 135  
Speaking of shells...

They eye a couple of empty turtle shells. The three of them slowly look at each other. CUT TO the three of them wearing the shells.

136 IZZY (CONT'D) 136  
There! Now we can blend in  
seamlessly!

137                         SQUEAKY JEAN                         137  
Okay, well now we just look like  
rats with shells. This won't fool  
*anybody.*

They stop talking as they notice a turtle standing in the doorway.

138                   TURTLE SAILOR                   138  
Hey, don't let me ruin your  
conversation. I'm not even here!

The turtle walks into the room and takes off his shell. He begins fanning himself.

139                   TURTLE SAILOR (CONT'D)                   139  
Hey, word to the wise from one  
turtle to another. You guys don't  
have to wear your shells in here.

140                                 IZZY                                 140  
U-Um, no, that's okay!

141 WENSLEYDALE 141  
Yeah, it's a good shape for me.



142                                   TURTLE SAILOR                                   142  
Suit yourself.

143                                   SQUEAKY JEAN                                   143  
(QUIETLY)  
I thought you said they had good  
eyesight?!

144                                   WENSLEYDALE                                   144  
They do! Maybe he's just stupid?

145                                   IZZY                                   145  
Let's just stick to the plan! We'll  
blend in with the turtles and find  
the pizza before they destroy it at  
3PM. And remember, stay together!

Another turtle runs into the room.

146                                   FRANTIC TURTLE                                   146  
Who said you could take your  
break?! We need one more turtle to  
help set up the feast table above  
deck!

147                                   TURTLE SAILOR                                   147  
Reptile Union rules, mate, I'm  
entitled to a five minute break  
every eight hours!

148                                   FRANTIC TURTLE                                   148  
Curse that union. (to Jean)  
Alright, look alive turtle, you're  
with me.

The frantic turtle grabs Squeaky Jean and pulls them away.  
They look mortified.

149                                   IZZY                                   149  
We'll find you, I promise!!

150                                   WENSLEYDALE                                   150  
Oh no... We need to find that pizza  
and rescue Squeaky Jean *quick*!  
Because when they get nervous...  
well, we don't call them Squeaky  
Jean for nothing.

**EXT. THE GATOR SHIP - ABOVE DECK - AFTERNOON**

Above deck, Squeaky Jean nervously stands amongst other  
turtles. The TURTLE CATERER, who speaks very much like a  
drill sergeant, approaches.

151 TURTLE CATERER 151

Alright, listen up you good for  
nothing cabbage munchers! Governor  
Shelliot has the chance to finally  
crush the spirits of those  
rebellious rodents today. We need  
to make sure that pizza makes it  
directly into his mouth! If I so  
much as see an ounce of pineapple  
still on that pie, it'll be your  
SHELL!

As he walks by the line of turtles, he stops in front of Squeaky Jean, who's sweating bullets.

152 TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D) 152  
Well now, aren't you a jittery one!  
What's the matter, your union  
mandated break wasn't good enough?

153                                 SQUEAKY JEAN                                 153  
                             (squeaking) I-I-I-

154                   TURTLE CATERER                   154  
Whoa, I didn't ask for your life  
story! I don't like chatterboxes...  
I'm gonna keep my eye on you.

He turns back to the rest of the crew.

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155                                TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D)                                155
Now let's craft a fine dining
experience! MOVE!

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**INT. THE GATOR SHIP - HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON**

Izzy and Wensleydale run through the halls of the Gator Ship, opening doors left and right looking for the pizza.

156 IZZY 156  
(OPENS DOOR)  
Pizza? No.  
(OPENS DOOR)  
Pizza? No.  
(OPENS DOOR)  
Pizza?

157 TURTLE SAILOR (O.S.) 157  
No, I didn't order any.

Izzy slams the door shut.

158 IZZY 158  
Ugh, we're never going to find the  
pizza in time!

She sits down and puts her head in her hands.

159 IZZY (CONT'D) 159  
Maybe the captain was right... I  
should have just looked out for  
myself.

160 WENSLEYDALE 160  
How come you don't?

161 IZZY 161  
Growing up half mouse and half rat  
wasn't easy, and food was hard to  
come by. But one day a rat came to  
town. He was a pirate captain, and  
he gave us pizza. Didn't care  
whether we were rats or mice.

Izzy contemplates for a moment.

162 IZZY (CONT'D) 162  
Rats help each other. I want to be  
a rat that helps others too.

Suddenly, a waft drifts by. Wensleydale sniffs.

163 WENSLEYDALE 163  
The pizza is this way!

164 IZZY 164  
Huh?

165 WENSLEYDALE 165  
We're gonna find that pizza no  
matter what. So you can be that  
rat.

Izzy gets a big smile on her face.

#### **EXT. THE GATOR SHIP - AFTERNOON**

Squeaky Jean is nervously setting up a plate and set of forks  
on the dining table. They slowly look up and see the turtle  
caterer right in front of them, staring them down.

They stare at each other in silence for a moment.

166 SQUEAKY JEAN 166  
(squeaking) Y-Y-Y-Yes sir?

167                               TURTLE CATERER                               167  
Don't let me get in the way. Place  
the salad fork.

Squeaky Jean slowly grabs one fork. The turtle caterer smacks it out of their hand. They pick up another. Smack. Another. Smack. Squeaky Jean fearfully grabs the last one and places it by the plate.

168 TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D) 168  
Very good, squealy, that's the  
salad fork!

After a brief moment of relief for Jean, the turtle caterer knocks the whole silverware set off.

169 TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D) 169  
Except we're having pizza, so what  
good is a salad fork?!

170                   SQUEAKY JEAN                   170  
                    (SILENTLY)  
Izzy... Wensleydale... For ratsake,  
*where are you?!*

INT. THE GATOR SHIP - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Izzy follows a determined Wensleydale through the winding hallways of the Gator Ship, being led by his nose.

171 WENSLEYDALE 171

Just a little bit further! Oh, I  
can smell that delicious, cheap  
plastic-y cheese!!

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172             IZZY
172             Is plastic-y a good thing?

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173 WENSLEYDALE 173  
You've got a *lot* to learn about  
quality pizza, Izzy!

**INT. THE GATOR SHIP - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

They reach a door at the end of the hall and burst through it, leading them into the kitchen, where the pizza is in full display. (It's a massive, cheesy slice.)

174 WENSLEYDALE 174

Cheese and crackers...

175 IZZY 175  
Yes!!

They look slightly to the left to see Shelliot and some sailors.

176 IZZY (CONT'D) 176  
No!!

177 SHELLIOT 177  
Finally!! Where have you two been,  
we've been waiting literal minutes!

178 IZZY 178  
U-Um...

179 SHELLIOT 179  
Enough dillydallying! It's your job  
to carry the pizza above deck!

Shelliot looks Izzy up and down. He turns to a sailor.

180 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 180  
This one's pretty scrawny... but  
the big one will make up for her  
lack of strength.

181 IZZY 181  
Scrawny?!

Shelliot turns around as Izzy itches for a fight. Wensleydale holds her back.

182 WENSLEYDALE 182  
We'd be more than happy to carry  
the pizza!!

183 SHELLIOT 183  
I don't care if you're happy or  
not, just do it! I'm getting  
hungry!

As Shelliot and the sailors leave, Izzy and Wensleydale carry the pizza. Izzy struggles under the weight.

184 IZZY 184  
(WHEEZING)  
H-How much cheese is on this  
thing?! This is excessive!

185 WENSLEYDALE 185  
Whatever's on here, it's not  
enough!

186 IZZY 186  
Watch out for this step!

The two lift the pizza a bit higher as they go up a step.  
Some melted cheese seeps down Wensleydale's back. He shivers  
with glee.

187 WENSLEYDALE 187  
I've died and gone to heaven.

188 IZZY 188  
Remember the mission, Wensleydale!

189 WENSLEYDALE 189  
I won't let this saucy succubus get  
to me!!  
(BEAT)  
Maybe just a little bite?

190 IZZY 190  
No!!

Wensleydale opens his mouth to say something else.

191 IZZY (CONT'D) 191  
And no big bites either!!

He shuts his mouth in disappointment. Izzy's stomach  
grumbles, but she shakes it off.

192 WENSLEYDALE 192  
Well then, what's the plan?

193 IZZY 193  
Right. Plan. I have one of those!

194 WENSLEYDALE 194  
I'm excited to hear it!

195 IZZY 195  
Um... Okay... When we get above  
deck let's just make a break for  
it! The pizza might be a little  
soggy, but it'll still be good!

196 WENSLEYDALE 196  
Yeah, and turtles are famously bad  
swimmers, this can work!

Izzy gets a 'seriously?' look on her face. They take the  
pizza through the doors to the upper deck.



207 WENSLEYDALE 207  
Don't worry, we have a plan!

208 SQUEAKY JEAN 208  
...Okay, what's the plan?

209 WENSLEYDALE 209  
Oh, uh, Izzy? What's the new plan?  
Now that we've determined that  
turtles can swim.

210 IZZY 210  
(STRUGGLING)  
Still thinking about it,  
Wensleydale!

211 WENSLEYDALE 211  
She's still thinking about it.

212 SQUEAKY JEAN 212  
Can we please think about it  
faster? This shell is giving me a  
rash.

213 TURTLE CATERER 213  
HEY! Salad fork! You're not on the  
pizza crew, get your shell over  
here!

Squeaky Jean lets out a nervous <SQUEAK> and walks away. Izzy  
and Wensleydale finally plop the massive pizza on the table.  
Shelliot takes in a deep whiff.

214 SHELLIOT 214  
There's nothing quite like a good  
pizza! But you know what makes it  
better? Crushing the spirits of  
those last few rebellious rats!  
Right, sailor?

Shelliot nudges Izzy, who stands by his side.

215 IZZY 215  
A-Aye aye, sir.

216 SHELLIOT 216  
Rats are community creatures. If  
there's hope, they'll always try to  
help each other out. That's why in  
order to rule the Seven Sewers, we  
need to crush that hope.

217 IZZY 217  
Crush their hope?



218 SHELLIOT 218  
Like crushed red pepper on a hot  
slice of pizza... I can't take it  
anymore! Make sure those rats in  
town are watching!

Shelliot goes to take a big bite of the pizza. Izzy grabs his  
shell, holding him back.

219 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 219  
What are you doing?!

220 IZZY 220  
I don't know! Something stupid!

Izzy pulls off her shell.

221 SHELLIOT 221  
A rat?!

She puts on her pirate hat.

222 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 222  
A pi-rat-e?!? Turtles, get her!!

The turtles surround Izzy, who pulls out her toothpick  
rapier. She fences off a turtle who comes at her with her  
sword, but finds herself overwhelmed quickly afterwards.

223 WENSLEYDALE 223  
The time for action is *now*!!

Wensleydale flexes his muscles, breaking the shell off and  
jumps into the action. Forks and plates are flying  
everywhere.

224 TURTLE CATERER 224  
Pick that up! These plates are  
expensive!! These plastic forks are  
from the finest hoagie shop in  
Manhattan!!

Squeaky Jean takes off their shell and shoves it on the  
turtle caterer's head, kicking them off the boat.

But Wensleydale and Jean are apprehended, leaving Izzy alone.  
Her stomach roars with hunger. An idea forms as Shelliot  
looks towards the rats in the harbor, watching.

225 SHELLIOT 225  
It's got to be hungry work, being a  
pirate. You must be starving, why  
not share this pizza with me?

Shelliott holds out a beautiful, cheesy glob of pizza right under Izzy's nose. Sweat beads form on her forehead.

226 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 226  
Be a rat. Be selfish.

Upon hearing that, Izzy shuts her mouth with determination. She stares angrily up at Shelliot.

227                    IZZY                    227

Clearly you don't know us very  
well!! I'm a rat that helps others!

Izzy smacks the glob out of Shelliot's hand. It goes flying towards the Gator, who quickly gobbles it up and then goes back to sleep.

228 SHELLIOT 228  
A pity. I'll still let you be part  
of the meal, though.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE GATOR SHIP - MOMENTS LATER**

Izzy, Wensleydale, and Squeaky Jean tied up with rope, dangling above the Gator's wide open mouth.

229                                 SQUEAKY JEAN                                 229  
So... What happened to that plan,  
Izzy?

230 IZZY 230  
This is the worst first day as a  
pirate ever.

**EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Grease, soaking wet, pulls one of the ropes causing the boom of the ship to swing by and hit him in the back of the head.

231 GREASE 231  
Yarr... It's a lot quieter around  
here.

Grease walks over to an old framed photograph hanging by his quarters. It shows a much younger Grease alongside his old crew, giving food to a hungry rat.

232 GREASE (CONT'D) 232  
Isabella was right... I do stink. I  
should check up on them.

Grease pulls out a telescope and looks around until he zones in on the three of them about to be fed to the Gator. **<GASP>!**

Grease looks at the mast and back at the wheel. He becomes determined and rolls up his sleeves.

**EXT. THE GATOR SHIP - CONTINUOUS**

A turtle sailor, peering through a looking glass, spots the Stinking Bishop. It's coming right at them!

233 TURTLE SAILOR 233  
Governor Shelliot! Enemy ship  
approaching at an alarming rate!!

```
234                                SHELLIOT                                234
                                What in the...?
```

235 IZZY 235  
Is that...? It is! The captain came  
for us!!

Squeaky Jean's eyes widen as they realize what's about to happen.

236	SQUEAKY JEAN	236
	Oh rats.	

The Gator notices The Stinking Bishop approaching and panics. It starts swimming away towards Bilgerat Bay. Grease shows no sign of stopping as he <LAUGHS> maniacally!

**EXT. BILGERAT BAY - AFTERNOON**

Just as a few rats finish making the repairs to the harbor from earlier that morning, the Gator ship rams into the docks, ripping them apart again.

The Stinking Bishop rear ends the Gator, launching Grease forward onto the Gator ship and in front of Shelliot. The Gator tumbles over, mouth open. Shelliot and the pizza tumble towards the edge of the ship, right above the Gator's mouth.

```
237                                SHELLIOT                                237
G-Get away from the pizza!! It's
mine, all mine!!
```

Shelliot licks it.

238 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 238  
See? It's my property now!

Grease pulls out his cutlass.

239 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 239  
I'll give you anything! Want my  
crew? My ship? They're yours!!

240 GREASE 240  
What a pathetic git you are.

241 SHELLIOT 241  
I'll go down with this ship before  
I surrender the pizza!!

As Shelliot continues backing up, he steps onto a puddle of  
grease and slips, falling backward and into the Gators mouth.

242 IZZY 242  
Whoa!!

243 WENSLEYDALE 243  
Even with all the eyesight in the  
world, he couldn't see the grease  
for the trees. Poetic, isn't it?

Jean slowly looks at Wensleydale, annoyed.

CUT TO Izzy, Wensleydale, and Squeaky Jean being let down by  
the turtles.

244 TURTLE SAILOR 244  
So... Let's just let this whole  
thing slide and call it a day.

245 TURTLE SAILOR 2 245  
Yeah, not really up for avenging  
the guy that just tried to trade us  
for pizza.

246 IZZY 246  
You don't want it for yourselves?

247 TURTLE SAILOR 2 247  
Not really, we're herbivores.  
Shelliot was just kind of a freak.

248 IZZY 248  
Oh! Um... thank you?

249 TURTLE SAILOR 249  
Yeah, no problem. We loaded it up  
on your ship. Just uh... don't tell  
the navy about this.

250                         SQUEAKY JEAN                         250  
And what if we do?

The turtle caterer climbs back on board and stares angrily at Squeaky Jean.

251 SQUEAKY JEAN (CONT'D) 251  
A-Ah!! Okay! We won't tell a-  
anybody!!

CUT TO the turtles sailing off on a very full looking Gator. The pizza, now rolled up, hangs on a rope attached to a beam on the Stinking Bishop. Izzy turns to Grease.

252	IZZY	252
	Great, now we can just drop this	
	pizza off and-	

253 GREASE 253

And who says we'll be doing that,  
Isabella? I procured this here  
pizza... It's mine to do with as I  
please.

254 But— IZZY 254

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255             GREASE
255             But nothing!

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Grease stares back and forth between the pizza and the hungry rats down at the harbor.

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256                                GREASE (CONT'D)                                256
I...

```

He looks towards Izzy and <SIGHS>. He cuts the rope, and the pizza PLOPS on the harbor in front of the town.

257 GREASE (CONT'D) 257  
Well? What are ya waitin' for?! The  
pizza is yours.

The rats of the harbor cheer and dive into the pizza. Grease gives a solemn smile and turns around to see Izzy staring.

258 IZZY 258  
Thank you, captain.

259 GREASE 259  
Well... you know, it had pineapple  
on it. Not my cup o' tea.

The two share a smile.

260 GREASE (CONT'D) 260  
Well? This pizza ain't gonna hand  
itself out, are ye helpin' me or  
not? You are on me crew, aren't ya?

261 IZZY 261  
I am...? I am!!! Aye aye, captain!!

Izzy ecstatically dives into the pizza and pokes her head  
out, covered in cheese.

262 IZZY (CONT'D) 262  
Let's form an orderly line! A  
polite rat is a fed rat!!

Grease side-eyes Wensleydale and Squeaky Jean.

263 GREASE 263  
Don't think I've forgotten about  
you mutinous lot.

264 WENSLEYDALE 264  
Aw man, I was really hoping you  
would.

265 GREASE 265  
If we all agree to never bring this  
up again, ye can join the crew  
again.

266 SQUEAKY JEAN 266  
You have no idea how to steer the  
ship without us, do you?

267 GREASE 267  
...Just hand out pizza.

Squeaky Jean and Wensleydale begin to help Izzy. Grease looks  
over to see her handing a glob of pizza to Pinkie. He begins  
to reminisce.

**EXT. BILGERAT BAY - FLASHBACK**

He gets a flashback and sees a younger version of himself in  
her spot, handing a glob of pizza to a very young Izzy. He  
snaps out of it.

**EXT. BILGERAT BAY - AFTERNOON**

Squeaky Jean approaches Grease.

268 SQUEAKY JEAN 268  
She's not a very good pirate, is  
she?

269 GREASE 269  
No. But she's a fine rat.

**INT. DANK PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

In a dank, dark prison cell deep within the sewers, a shadowy figure stirs inside. Shelliot approaches the cell, shaking drool off of himself, as he adjusts his powdered wig.

270 SHELLIOT 270  
Bonjour, my beautiful slithery  
darling! My sincerest apologies for  
my tardiness! I ran into a bit of  
a... sticky situation.

Silence. Shelliot laughs nervously.

271 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 271  
So, there may have been a bit of a  
rebellion in Bilgerat Bay, and the  
rats are... now in control.

Angry hissing comes from within the cell. The shadowy figure stands upright.

272 SHELLIOT (CONT'D) 272  
B-But I have some good news! I ran  
into an old friend of yours! He may  
have gotten you locked up... But  
together, we can do something much  
worse to him. Would that be  
okay...? Sassparilla...?

The figure comes into the light. It's a massive black snake missing an eye, SASSPARILLA.

273 SASSPARILLA 273  
Greassssse Gorgonzola.... I've been  
waiting for you to sssshow your  
sssstupid face again....

**THE END**