

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

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EXT. BILGERAT BAY - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

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.

INT. IZZY'S SHACK - BILGERAT BAY - MORNING

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, spunky, light grey fur and frizzy black hair). The second sunlight shines across her face, her eyes pop open.

IZZY

It's a new day! Which means...

She rips off a calendar page showing that it's February 29th, her first day as a full pirate.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Today's the day that I, Isabella T.
Rat become a pirate!

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

No more swabbing decks unless I
feel like it! Which I might, cause
it's really meditative!

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

Time for my first pillaging! I hope
it's as fun as it sounds!

EXT. BILGERAT BAY - MORNING

Izzy bursts out of her front door, ready to greet the day. Unknown to her, PINKIE the baby mouse is just outside her door and gets smacked aside.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 AVAST YE AND FEAR ME, FOR I AM- Oh
 no!! Pinkie, are you okay?!

Pinkie sits up, coughing. She smiles at Izzy, clearly in a bit of pain.

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

IZZY
 Don't worry, Pinkie.

Izzy looks around suspiciously before turning back to her.

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

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

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

Izzy winks and begins walking away.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 We all have to look out for each
 other, mouse or rat!

Izzy runs off towards the harbor.

PINKIE
 Bless you, Miss Izzy!
 (BEAT)
 Oh, right. The hunger.

Pinkie's stomach gurgles and she frowns.

EXT. BILGERAT BAY - HARBOR - MORNING

Rats work at the harbor, tending to ships and fishing for what little fish and material they can scrounge up from the waters. The massive trash ship, THE STINKING BISHOP approaches to dock. It makes a rough entry and grinds up against the harbor. Rats run for their lives. Two rats jump off and begin unloading cargo.

The tall, skinny rat is SQUEAKY JEAN (20's, sarcastic, genius, coward) and the short, muscular one is WENSLEYDALE (20's, himbo). They see Izzy running down the harbor, barreling towards them.

SQUEAKY JEAN

Right on cue, here comes Izzy. Who should tell her 'no' this time?

WENSLEYDALE

I did it the last three times, it's your turn!

Before Jean can react, Izzy appears before them.

IZZY

Ahoy, Squeaky Jean!

SQUEAKY JEAN

It's *just* Jean.

WENSLEYDALE

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

Enough, Wensleydale!

(BEAT)

Look Izzy, you know how this goes.

IZZY

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

Izzy hands Wensleydale a scrap of paper.

WENSLEYDALE

Ah... Mmhhh... Just as I thought. I can't read.

Jean snatches the paper out of his hand.

SQUEAKY JEAN

Give me that.

(BEAT)

You said she could join on February 29th?!

WENSLEYDALE

(QUIETLY)

Yeah, see, it works cause that's not a real day!

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

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

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

IZZY
Amazing? Inspiring?! EXHILARATING?!

SQUEAKY JEAN
A bum.

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

WENSLEYDALE
I remember that day! He even stole
a gluten-free slice for the celiac
rats!

Izzy looks longingly out to the sea.

IZZY
I've always aspired to be like him.

SQUEAKY JEAN
That's the saddest thing I've ever
heard.

IZZY
Please! I'll swab the decks, scrape
off barnacles, anything! There's
nothing for me here...

Jean feels a bit sorry for Izzy.

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

SQUEAKY JEAN
Fine! But we don't get dental, I
hope you know that!

EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - MORNING

Aboard the Stinking Bishop, Squeaky Jean knocks on the door to the only cabin on the ship, belonging to the captain. Izzy bounces excitedly outside the door.

SQUEAKY JEAN

Captain?

(KNOCKS AGAIN)

Captain...?

(BEAT)

GREASE!!

We hear inaudible grunting coming from inside.

SQUEAKY JEAN (CONT'D)

We have a new crewmate.

(BEAT)

Yeah, she's the mouse that cleans our ship when we're in town.

IZZY

Rat.

More inaudible grunts.

SQUEAKY JEAN

It's your ship, why don't you make that call?

(BEAT)

Just come out and meet her, okay?!

(BEAT)

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, buttoning up a pair of pants he clearly just put on. Izzy rushes up to him and salutes him.

IZZY

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

Grease looks her up and down, still waking up.

GREASE

She knows I don't give you all dental, right?

WENSLEYDALE

It's pretty obvious.

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

GREASE

No.

Izzy begins to jump with joy.

IZZY

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

GREASE

Aye, that's what I said.

(TO THE CREW)

Let's get some breakfast, lads.

Grease walks by Izzy. Wensleydale and Squeaky Jean give Izzy an uncomfortable look and follow him. 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.

IZZY

Please!! I'll swab the deck!

GREASE

No.

IZZY

I'll scrape barnacles off the hull!!

GREASE

Not happening

IZZY

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.

GREASE

THAT'S ENOUGH!

They notice a large crowd of rats gathering by the harbor.

IZZY

What's going on?

GREASE

Nothing good, I'm sure.

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

SHELLIOT

Gather 'round, rats, gather 'round!
It would seem that there are a few
of you who think it funny to pull a
turtles shell down, exposing
their... nether regions.

Two rats snicker and high five.

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

There's nothing funny about seeing
a grown man cry like a baby. But
nevertheless, your previous
Governor is in no position to
lead... so I, Shelliot von
Turtletan will be taking over as
your new Governor and
representative of the Royal
Reptilian Navy!

IZZY

Ugh, not the RRN...

WENSLEYDALE

(SNIFFING)

Wait... Wait, what's that?!

Rats in the crowd start sniffing.

SHELLIOT

You must be smelling the lovely
pizza we found. It seems that some
of you rats 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, sailing off with the pizza. The crowd of rats is left devastated. Pinkie starts to sob.

LARGE RAT

That was our only food.

PINKIE

Are we gonna starve?

LARGE RAT

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

The father hugs his daughter with reassurance, but his face tells that he's just as worried.

GREASE

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

IZZY

Pizza you could steal back, right?!

GREASE

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

IZZY

Yeah?

GREASE

We sneak aboard that navy ship-

IZZY

YEAH??

GREASE

Take that pizza-

IZZY

UH-HUH?!?

GREASE

And feast on it ourselves!!

Izzy looks mortified.

IZZY

Oh.

Grease turns to Wensleydale.

GREASE

Mr. Wensleydale! What time is it?

Wensleydale looks towards the pocket watch that's on the ship.

WENSLEYDALE

Noon, captain!

GREASE

We have three hours to steal the
pizza right from under their noses.
Follow that gator!

Grease boards the ship, before turning back to Izzy. He does his best to sound sympathetic, but fails tremendously

GREASE (CONT'D)

My condolences about the pizza. I
hope you don't starve.

He turns away and yells excitedly. Izzy gets an angry, determined look on her face.

EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - DAY

At the wheel, Grease steers the Stinking Bishop with bravado. It's clear he hasn't felt this alive in a long time. Wensleydale works around him.

GREASE

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
him 'em! Yarr, I hope it's got the
garlic crust!

WENSLEYDALE

With the cheese in the middle? I
love that.

GREASE

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.

IZZY

PHEW!! It stinks in there!!

WENSLEYDALE

Izzy?!

GREASE

I told you, lass! No means *NO!!*

IZZY

Just hear me out! I have a plan! A
pizza plan!

GREASE

Oh? Well, I'm sure this plan of
yours is much better than ours,
backed by years of experienced
piracy. Come on, let's hear it!

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

IZZY

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

GREASE

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

Cut to Wensleydale, who looks perfectly fine.

WENSLEYDALE

It's true.

GREASE

Besides, they wouldn't appreciate
it, not like we would.

IZZY

It's not about that! A good pirate
always gives their treasure to
those in need!

Grease stops steering for a moment.

GREASE

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

IZZY

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

GREASE

Yeah, I was a *bad* pirate.

IZZY

I just always looked up to you.

GREASE

Look, kid. I've been doing this for a long time. After a while you find out that thinking like that only hurts yourself.

IZZY

Then... Then maybe I'll go steal that pizza back *myself*!

GREASE

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

IZZY

I'll take the dingy!

GREASE

We don't have a dingy!

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

IZZY

I brought my own!

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

You're nothing like the Grease Gorgonzola I grew up hearing stories about. You stink, captain. And it's not the cheese.

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

GREASE

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

Grease turns to Wensleydale and Squeaky Jean.

GREASE (CONT'D)

Right mates?

The two look away uncomfortably.

WENSLEYDALE

To be fair...

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

WENSLEYDALE (CONT'D)

Things have been a bit different since-

GREASE

Don't say it.

WENSLEYDALE

Sassparilla.

GREASE

Don't say that name!

WENSLEYDALE

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

GREASE

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.

WENSLEYDALE

Izzy's right, captain. You *do* stink. And it's not the cheese.

(SNIFFING)

Okay, maybe it is the cheese.

(SNIFFING)

Actually, it might be me. But my point stands! I'm going with her!

Wensleydale rips off his patch signifying he's a member of the crew and jumps off the ship. Grease is dumbstruck. He and Squeaky Jean stare at each other for a brief moment.

SQUEAKY JEAN

Guess you lost your crew again. Congrats.

They also jump off the boat. Grease pauses before shaking off his feelings.

GREASE

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

Nothing happens.

GREASE (CONT'D)

...Oh, right.

EXT. THE DUCK - AFTERNOON

Izzy rocks back and forth on the rubber duck as she sails away from The Stinking Bishop. She's bursts into ugly crying tears.

IZZY

Did I just tell *the Grease*
Gorgonzola that he stinks?! What's
wrong with me?!

Wensleydale suddenly emerges from the water, startling Izzy.

WENSLEYDALE

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

IZZY

Wensleydale!

Squeaky Jean floats by, looking like a drowned rat.
Wensleydale pulls them up as they cough.

SQUEAKY JEAN

(COUGHING)

I can't swim...

IZZY

But why?

SQUEAKY JEAN

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

WENSLEYDALE

What? I couldn't hear you!

Squeaky Jean punches Wensleydale in the chest. He doesn't even feel it. Izzy smiles, but it quickly fades to nervousness.

IZZY

We're getting pretty close to the
Gator ship... 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.

WENSLEYDALE

Hey, careful! You almost fell off!

IZZY

This is too much! What if the turtles spot us?!

WENSLEYDALE

We'll be fine! Turtles have terrible eyesight!

TURTLE SAILOR

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

The Gator catches word of this and turns around to look, its massive tail causing waves to crash into the duck, submerging it completely underwater.

TURTLE SAILOR (CONT'D)

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.

IZZY

I thought you said turtles had terrible eyesight!

WENSLEYDALE

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

(BEAT)

Or do they...?

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

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, while also performing various other tasks. The ship ends up just rotating around in circles before Grease collapses on the deck, exhausted.

GREASE

Thanks a lot, ye mutinous bunch!
Thanks for NOTHING! Ya rat ba-

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. For a locker room meant for reptiles, it's fairly clean and ornate.

WENSLEYDALE

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

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

IZZY

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.

IZZY (CONT'D)

There! Now we can blend in
seamlessly!

SQUEAKY JEAN

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

IZZY

I'll be the first to admit it's not
perfect, but-

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

TURTLE SAILOR

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.

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

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

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

TURTLE SAILOR
 Suit yourself.

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

WENSLEYDALE
 They do! Maybe he's just stupid?

Another turtle runs into the room.

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

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

FRANTIC TURTLE
 Curse that union.
 (TO SQUEAKY JEAN)
 Alright, look alive turtle, you're
 with me.

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

IZZY
 (MOUTHING)
 We'll find you, I promise!!

WENSLEYDALE
 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 as they're briefed on the feast table set up. The turtle caterer, who speaks very much like a drill sergeant, approaches.

TURTLE CATERER

Alright, listen up you good for nothing cabbage munchers! There's a lot riding on this pizza feast for Governor Shelliot, and it's our job to make sure it goes off without a hitch! If I so much as see an ounce of pineapple still on that pizza, it'll be your SHELL!

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

TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D)

Well now, aren't you a jittery one! What's the matter, your union mandated break wasn't good enough?

SQUEAKY JEAN

(VOICE SQUEAKING)

I-I-I-

TURTLE CATERER

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

He turns back to the rest of the crew.

TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D)

Now let's craft a fine dining experience! MOVE!

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.

IZZY

(OPENS DOOR)

Pizza? No.

(OPENS DOOR)

Pizza? No.

(OPENS DOOR)

Pizza?

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

Izzy slams the door shut.

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

She sits down and puts her head in her hands.

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

WENSLEYDALE
How come you don't?

IZZY
My mom was a mouse and my dad was a
rat, but he didn't raise us as
rats. Food was hard to come by, but
one day a rat came to town. He was
a pirate captain, and he gave us
pizza.

Izzy contemplates for a moment.

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

WENSLEYDALE
Say no more.

Wensleydale stands firm, closes his eyes and takes in a deep
sniff. He opens his eyes with determination.

WENSLEYDALE (CONT'D)
The pizza is this way!

IZZY
Huh?

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

Izzy gets a big smile on her face.

IZZY
Yeah! Let's get this cheesy bread!

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.

TURTLE CATERER

I could punch that rat-like face of yours 'till Sunday morning, you know that, squealy?

SQUEAKY JEAN

(VOICE SQUEAKING)

Y-Y-Y-Yes sir!

TURTLE CATERER

And guess what, rat squealer? Today's Monday. That's a whole week of punchin'.

They stare at each other in silence for a moment.

TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D)

Well. 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, their eyes closed the whole time. They open their eyes to see that the fork is still there.

TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D)

Very good, squeakers, that's the salad fork!

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

TURTLE CATERER (CONT'D)

Except we're having pizza, so what good is a salad fork?!

SQUEAKY JEAN

(SILENTLY)

Izzy... Wensleydale... For ratsake, hurry!

INT. THE GATOR SHIP - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

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

WENSLEYDALE

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

IZZY

Is plastic-y a good thing?

WENSLEYDALE

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.

WENSLEYDALE

Cheese and crackers...

IZZY

Yes!!

They look slightly to the left to see Shelliot.

IZZY (CONT'D)

No!!

SHELLIOT

Finally!! Where have you two been, we've been waiting hours!

TURTLE SAILOR

Sir, it's been 10 minutes.

SHELLIOT

Well it's *felt* like hours, and that's what's important!

IZZY

U-Um...

SHELLIOT

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

Shelliot looks Izzy up and down.

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

This one's pretty scrawny... but the big one will make up for her lack of strength.

IZZY

Scrawny?!

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

WENSLEYDALE

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

SHELLIOT

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

Izzy and Wensleydale carry the pizza, with Izzy really struggling.

IZZY

(WHEEZING)

H-How much cheese is on this thing?! This is excessive!

WENSLEYDALE

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

IZZY

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.

WENSLEYDALE

I've died and gone to heaven.

IZZY

Remember the mission, Wensleydale!

WENSLEYDALE

I won't let this saucy succubus get to me!!

(BEAT)

Maybe just a little bite?

IZZY

No!!

Wensleydale opens his mouth to say something else.

IZZY (CONT'D)

And no big bites either!!

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

WENSLEYDALE

Well then, what's the plan?

IZZY

Right. Plan. I have one of those!

WENSLEYDALE

I'm excited to hear it!

IZZY

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!

WENSLEYDALE

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

They take the pizza through the doors to the upper deck.

EXT. THE GATOR SHIP - AFTERNOON

As they walk through the doors to the upper deck, they see they are surrounded by dozens of turtles. Izzy's eyes widen.

IZZY

That's... a lot of turtles...

Shelliott pulls out a fancy spyglass and looks towards the harbor of Bilgerat Bay. Rats have begun gathering.

SHELLIOTT

Oh, they follow instructions so well. They say rats are some of the smartest mammals. But what's a-

TURTLE SAILOR

What's a mammal to a reptile, eh Govnuh?

A couple turtles apprehend the sailor that spoke up.

TURTLE BODYGUARD

You know the rules, no stealing quips from the Governor.

They toss him overboard. He shrugs and begins swimming away.

WENSLEYDALE

They can swim?! I don't know what to believe anymore.

Squeaky Jean begins walking alongside Izzy and Wensleydale as they carry the pizza towards the table.

SQUEAKY JEAN

Wensleydale... Psst, Wensleydale!

WENSLEYDALE

I'm going as fast as I can, get off my shell!!

SQUEAKY JEAN

It's me, you idiot!!

WENSLEYDALE

Oh, hey! What's up! What have you been up to?

SQUEAKY JEAN

I've been getting tortured, Wensleydale! And I'd like to get off this boat now!

WENSLEYDALE

Don't worry, we have a plan!

SQUEAKY JEAN

...Okay, what's the plan?

WENSLEYDALE

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

IZZY

(STRUGGLING)

Still thinking about it, Wensleydale!

WENSLEYDALE

She's still thinking about it.

SQUEAKY JEAN

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

TURTLE CATERER

HEY! Rat-face Mcgee! 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. Shelliots takes in a deep whiff.

SHELLIOT

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?

Shelliots nudges Izzy, who stands by his side.

IZZY

A-Aye aye, sir.

SHELLIOT

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.

IZZY

Crush their hope?

SHELLIOT

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

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

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

IZZY

I don't know! Something stupid!

Izzy pulls off the shell.

SHELLIOT

A rat?!

She puts on her pirate hat.

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

A pi-rat-e?!? Turtles, get her!!

The turtles surround Izzy, who pulls out her toothpick rapier.

She successfully fences off a turtle who comes at her with her sword, but finds herself overwhelmed quickly afterwards.

WENSLEYDALE

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.

TURTLE CATERER

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. They then kick them off the boat, and join Wensleydale and Izzy in their assault. Wensleydale and Jean are apprehended, leaving Izzy alone. Her stomach roars with hunger. Shelliot looks towards the rats by the harbor, who are watching with hope. A devious smile grows on his face.

SHELLIOT

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

Shelliot holds out a beautiful, cheesy glob of pizza right under Izzy's nose. Sweat beads form on her forehead as drool spills out of her mouth.

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

Be a rat. Be selfish.

IZZY

Clearly you don't know us very well!!

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

SHELLIOT

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

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

So... What happened to that plan, Izzy?

IZZY

This is the worst first day as a pirate ever.

EXT. THE STINKING BISHOP - AFTERNOON

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.

GREASE

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 another rat, as well as a crew. They look happy as they give a calzone to a group of malnourished rats.

GREASE (CONT'D)

Isabella was right... I do stink. I should check up on them.

Grease pulls out a telescope and begins looking around until he zones in on the three of them about to be fed to the Gator.

GREASE (CONT'D)

Rats! My crew's about to be gator food!!

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

GREASE (CONT'D)

A crew deserves a real captain!

Grease begins climbing around the mast, grabbing various ropes. We cut to Grease at the wheel, one rope in each hand. He's looped them through various railings and such to be able to control the sails. As he pulls the ropes, he uses his tail to steer the ship towards the Gator.

GREASE (CONT'D)

Full sail ahead, Mr. Gorgonzola!!

The Stinking Bishop begins to move forward... faster than Grease realized! As it sails forward at a high speed, Shelliot and the turtles look out to see the ship coming.

TURTLE SAILOR

Governor Shelliot! Enemy ship approaching at an alarming rate!!

SHELLIOT

What in the...?

IZZY

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

Looks like he's coming for us at a pretty high speed!

The Gator notices The Stinking Bishop approaching and panics. It starts swimming away towards Bilgerat Bay. Grease shows no sign of stopping.

GREASE

I'm comin' for ya, mateys!!

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 crowd of rats runs for their lives. The Stinking Bishop rear ends the Gator, launching Grease forward onto the Gator ship. He lands in front of Shelliott. The Gator tumbles over, mouth wide open. Shelliott and the pizza tumble towards the edge of the ship, right above the Gator's mouth.

GREASE

Well now, ain't this a surprise.

SHELLIOT

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

Shelliott licks it.

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

See? It's my property now!

Grease pulls out his cutlass.

SHELLIOT (CONT'D)

I'll give you anything! Want my crew? My ship? They're yours!!

GREASE

Go on, give us the pizza, then.

SHELLIOT

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. The Gator swallows him whole. Everyone looks shocked.

IZZY

Whoa!!

GREASE

Oof...

WENSLEYDALE

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.

TURTLE SAILOR

Hey, um... Let's just let this whole thing slide and call it a day.

TURTLE SAILOR 2

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

IZZY

You don't want it for yourselves?

TURTLE SAILOR 2

Not really, we're herbivores. Shelliot was just kind of a freak.

IZZY

Oh! Um... thank you?

TURTLE SAILOR

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

And what if we do?

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

SQUEAKY JEAN (CONT'D)

A-Ah!! Okay! We won't tell 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.

IZZY

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

GREASE

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

IZZY

But-

GREASE

But nothing!

Grease stares back and forth between the pizza and the hungry rats down at the harbor. He hesitates for a moment, almost as if he's going to cut the pizza onto his ship and sail away.

GREASE (CONT'D)

I-

He looks towards Izzy and sighs. He kicks the beam of wood, pushing it towards the harbor. He cuts the rope, and the pizza falls to the rats of Bilgerat Bay.

GREASE (CONT'D)

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 at him.

IZZY

Thank you, captain.

GREASE

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

GREASE (CONT'D)

Well? This pizza ain't gonna hand itself out, are ye helpin' me or not? You are on me crew, aren't ya?

IZZY

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

Let's form an orderly line! A polite rat is a fed rat!!

Grease side-eyes Wensleydale and Squeaky Jean.

GREASE

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

WENSLEYDALE

Aw man, I was really hoping you would.

GREASE

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

SQUEAKY JEAN

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

GREASE

...Just help 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 gets a flashback and sees a younger version of himself in her spot, handing a glob of pizza to a very young Izzy. He was the one that helped her all those years ago. He snaps out of it.

SQUEAKY JEAN

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

GREASE

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. Approaching the cell is Shelliot, covered in drool. He shakes it off as he stops in front of the cell.

SHELLIOT

My sincerest apologies for my tardiness! I ran into a bit of a... sticky situation.

Silence. Shelliott laughs nervously.

SHELLIOTT (CONT'D)

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.

SHELLIOTT (CONT'D)

B-But I have some good news! I ran into an old friend of yours! He's got himself a new crew too. He may have gotten you locked up... But together, we can do something much worse to him.

The figure comes into the light. It's a massive black snake missing an eye, SASSPARILLA. She speaks with a low, devilish hiss and a French accent.

SASSPARILLA

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

THE END