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Tom and Jerry's Giant Adventure

By Paul Dini

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Once upon a time...
...there was an enchanted land
called Storybook Town.
This wasn't a make-believe place.
It was for real...
...with full RV hook-ups too.
Just off old Route 33...
...or was it 66?
Anyhow,
everyone loved Storybook Town.
It had walk-through, fairy-tale sets...
...thrill rides and attractions...
...the best high-diving cow act
in three states...
...and a world-class petting zoo.
The park was the life-long passion
of Joe Bradley...
...a starry-eyed dreamer,
if there ever was one.
Soon after opening Storybook Town...
...Joe found a partner
to share his dream...
...his loving wife, Violet.
And it wasn't long
before they were joined...
...by their greatest dream of all...
...their son, Jack.
For a long time,
all was right with the world.
But life has a way of moving on.
And sometimes, the dreamers leave us...
...all too soon.
Violet and Jack did their best
to keep Joe's dream alive...
...but it was a big job
for just the two of them.
Once the crowds stopped coming...
...there wasn't money
to repair old attractions...
...or broken-down rides.
And soon their petting zoo...
...was down to its last two critters...
...a cat named Tom...

...and a mouse named Jerry.
Oh, no, not again.
Come here, knuckleheads.
What happened?
Thought so. Mom and I are trying
to save Storybook Town.
We don't need you guys
wrecking what's left.
Now, look, we're pals, right, Tom?
And, Jerry, you and me
are friends to the end, right?
So maybe you could try to get along
with each other?
Just for me?
Tom.
That's better.
I think.
All right, let's get the mess cleaned up
before Mom flips out.
You okay, Hermione?
I don't want anything happening
to our star attraction.
- Moo.
- Okay, only attraction.
Maybe we'll have
lots of customers today.
- Moo.
- Okay, one customer.
Hey, we got one.
Tom, Jerry, it's showtime.
Mom! Mom!
We have customers.
Customers? How exciting.
I will dust off the corn dogs.
- Excuse me, Mom.
- Oh, dear.
That's not a customer.
This won't take long.
Keep the motor running.
Welcome to Storybook Town.
The enchanted land
where dreams come true, if you believe.
Eh, okay.
I'm looking for the widow Bradley.

You mean my mother?

Ouch.

Uh, yeah. So where is she?

Around.

But right now,

you're just in time for our big show.

We still got a few seats right in front.

Okay. No. I don't have time for this. Hey!

Ahem. Ladies and gentlemen...

...Storybook Town is proud to present

our star attraction.

Hey, diddle, diddle,

the cat plays the fiddle...

...the little mouse toots a tune.

Now let's applaud for Hermione...

...the cow who jumps over the moon.

Phew.

What's wrong?

Oh, no.

You stall Hermione, I'll fill the tank.

Come on.

Oh, that ain't good.

Whoa!

All part of the act, sir.

What do you do for an encore, kid?

Blow up the park?

Wait, that's my job.

What?

Oh, I didn't expect you till tomorrow,

Mr. Bigley.

I know, Mrs. Bradley...

...but why delay the inevitable?

I still have an entire day...

-...to raise the mortgage money.

- Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

What's he talking about?

Jack, this is Mr. Bigley.

Of Bigley's Super Strip Malls.

Acres of big inventory,

big values, and big profits.

My malls are everywhere.

And tomorrow, one goes up,

heh, right here.

You can't do that.

My dad started Storybook Town.
It's part of our family forever.
That's touching.
But business is business, kiddo.
And as you could see...
...I bought the mortgage
on Storybook Town.
If you miss even one payment...
...the park goes to me
and you guys are kissing pavement...
...hitting the bricks, O-U-T, out.
We can't give up, Mom.
I know things will turn around
if we can just last another month.
Ticky-tock, kid.
You don't have another month.
The wrecking crew arrives
tomorrow morning.
Yep, come 9 a.m.,
Storybook Town is going down.
Hey. Rhyme. Tsk.
Get you later.
Nobody panic. I've already
made arrangements to sell Hermione...
...to Dinkle Bros. Circus.
That'll give us enough money
to keep going longer.
Sell Hermione?
She's our friend.
Jack, I believe Hermione
will love being a circus star.
And you remember Daddy's motto:
-"Dreams come true if you believe."
-"Dreams come true if you believe."
I believe.
Well, I'd better get Hermione
over to the fair grounds.
No, Mom. We'll take her.
Are you sure?
It's a big job for a little boy.
We wanna say goodbye.
Come on, Jer.
Cheer up, old pouting Thomas.
We'll all get through this mess,

I promise.
When life seems sad with no reprieve
Don't wear a frown upon your sleeve
Those happy times we can retrieve
If we truly do believe
Like the joy that kids receive
When reindeer fly on Christmas Eve
Miracles we will perceive
If we truly believe
So toss a penny in a well
Or wish upon a star
But if you can't believe with me
We won't get very far
So let's have a cheer for wishing wells
Lucky stars and jingle bells
Those happy days we will achieve
If we truly believe
If we truly believe
This can't be right.
The circus always sets up here.
Oh, no, they're leaving.
We gotta stop them.
Whoa!
Appears you boys are in a heap of trouble.
My name's O'Dell.
Farmer O'Dell.
Got a spread on the edge of the prairie
up yonder.
That's a mighty fine-looking heifer
you got there.
I can tell she gives tasty cheese...
...and grade A milk.
Well, she might be for sale
if we had the right offer.
I think she'd like my place just fine.
Are you a magician?
I know a trick or two,
but I ain't no wizard.
If I was, I could offer you more than these
for your cow.
- Beans?
- Magic beans.
Magic beans?
Okay. I think we're done here.

Just keep walking.
Don't make eye contact
with the crazy man.
Don't look like much,
but they'll do miracles...
...if you believe.
You traded our cow for beans.
Uh, magic beans.
It sounded better
when the farmer said it.
Jack, this isn't one
of our little bedtime fairy tales.
Storybook Town needed that money
to stay in business.
We needed it to save our home...
...your father's dream.
- I know, Mom, but--
- Tom.
Why didn't you talk him out of it?
I'm sorry, sweetie.
It's my fault.
I should have never sent a boy
to do a man's job.
I didn't think I could feel worse.
Surprise.
Even if the circus
had bought Hermione...
...it would take more than one
mortgage payment to save our home.
It would take a miracle.
Hmm.
I'm not exactly sure
how this is supposed to work.
Maybe we'll just get a big crop of beans.
Well, at least we'll have something
to eat...
...after Mr. Bigley throws us out.
The important thing is,
we all still believe, right?
Sweet dreams, my little dreamer.
Tom! Jerry!
Up here!
It's Storybook Town...
...except it's for real.

Help!
- Whoa!
- Whoa.
Whoa!
Gotcha, suckers.
Jerk. Must be a bad egg.
Welcome, welcome, welcome.
Welcome to Fairyland,
where dreams come true.
Ahoy, mateys.
Welcome to Fairyland.
Wow, he's much bigger in person.
Hey, that's the old lady
that lived in a shoe.
Hey, Peter.
Howdy, stranger.
Give my regards to the missus.
Whoa.
Excuse me, Miss Peep.
I mean, Miss Bo.
I mean, Miss Bo Peep.
Whoa!
Whoa!
- Somebody help!
- Hey, come back here!
Hey!
Oh!
Huh?
- Presenting the ruler of Fairyland...
- Presenting the ruler of Fairyland...
-...Old King Cole.
-...Old King Cole.
I'm a merry old soul.
And a merry old soul is me.
Greetings, Mother Hubbard.
Mwah.
And hello, Miss Peep.
You are looking lovely today.
Pies! Fresh Pies! Get them piping hot!
Look, Simple Simon met a pie man...
...going to the fair.
Said Simple Simon to the pie man...
Let me taste your ware.
Ha, ha. And what kind of ware

would that be, chum?
Hardware?
Ow!
Werewolf? Grr.
Hey, I got it. Underwear.
Now, look,
I only wanted one little wedge of pie.
One Wedgie, coming up.
Whoa, whoa!
Another satisfied customer.
Ooh. Fresh victims.
Uh, I mean, hungry strangers.
Hot apple pie?
A steal at only 900 gold pieces.
Huh?
Now, now, that's not very neighborly.
Feed our guests.
But, sire, the moola ain't for me.
You know my overhead is ginormous.
What's that?
My overhead.
Matter of fact, he's over everyone's head.
Run! Scram! Vamoose!
Pies!
Closeout sale! Pies!
Fee-fi-fo-fum,
bring out your gold because here I come.
And a happy fee-fi to you,
Mr. Ginormous, sir.
Well, Your Highness?
What insanely valuable tribute
are you going to pay to me today?
Diamonds? Emeralds?
Oh, royal treasurer.
Uh, we got something extra special
for you today, Mr. G.
A whole cart full of big...
- Yes?
-"mound".
- Yes?
-...golden...
Yes? Yes?
---pumpkins.
It's the first pick of the season.

Ripe and sweet and-- Aah!
Now, get this.
I don't eat pumpkins.
I eat peasants
who bring me pumpkins.
But, Mr. Ginormous, sir,
we've already given you all our valuables.
It's true.
All we have left are pumpkins.
Nice view.
Listen, Kingie...
...if you wanna keep your subjects happy,
you gotta start with the biggest one.
So pay attention, deadpan.
Let me show you how it's done.
Now, I'm a giant wonder
Who lives to loot and plunder
I turn on my schnozzola
And money, up she rolls-a
I grossly gross your income
When I growl "fee-fi-fo-fum"
When it comes to being bad
I'm Ginormous
You hide your dimes and nickels
Silver gives my nose the tickles
I'll take all your treasure
Trust me, it's my pleasure
A piggy bank tormentor
Fairyland's one-percenter
When it comes to big and greedy
I'm Ginormous
Any of this sinking in?
He plucked the tuffet from Miss Muffet
In his pocket he did stuff it
When he needed a new slipper
Out went every nipper
He stole bones from Mother Hubbard
Shut us doggies in the cupboard
When it comes to big and nasty
He's disgustipating, son.
Oh, that awful giant's back.
- Stop it.
- What's up, Red? Looking good.
I order you to leave these people alone.

Oh, you got it all wrong, sweets.
They're happy
to share their goodies with me, right?
Happy- Happy-
Ginormous, here's your wake-up call
You're headed for a great big fall
So says the ancient prophecy
A hero will rise to set us free
Fine with me, Red, bring him on
One swat from me and, bam, he's gone
When it comes to big and brutal
I'm Ginormous
So now you've got the breakdown
From the master of the shakedown
Pinching pennies from the needy
Being crass and cruel and greedy
Gross and crude and seedy
Not to mention rude and vile
I'm a rotten, evil deed-y
Cash me out. I'm coming home.
When it comes to being bad
I'm Ginormous, baby
Bye-bye.
Are you okay?
I think so. Thank you, strangers.
I'm the town's protector
and resident good fairy.
Though lately I haven't been doing
a very good job.
Can't you just zap that big bully?
I could,
if Ginormous hadn't stolen my magic harp.
What little power I have left...
...isn't enough to stop him.
There's gotta be a way
to get your harp back.
Oh, it won't be easy.
Hermione.
- Farmer O'Dell?
- Actually, I'm the Farmer in the Dell.
Like in the nursery rhyme?
I live here too.
Ginormous has been making life hard on us
for a long time.

Besides the Red Fairy's magic harp,
he stole my king-sized golden goose.
All the townsfolk's valuables.
Our entire life savings.
In bones, that is.

And he still shows up every day
to pick us clean.

An ancient prophecy said...
...that a giant would one day menace
Fairyland...

...and that a great hero named Jack
would appear to defeat him.

Hey, that's the old story
of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

It may be an old story to you, chum,
but it's breaking news to us.

Wait. You mean I'm the Jack
destined to fight the giant?

- Jack?

- Jack?

- Jack?

- He's here.

- Jack?

- Jack?

- Jack?

- He's the one?

- Jack?

- Jack?

Yes, Jack.

You and your brave friends.

Look, guys, I'm just a kid
from a run-down amusement park.

You need, I don't know,
someone bigger, stronger.

You need a hero.

What we need
is someone who believes in himself.

Well, in that case, I believe we can try.

We can't go inside, Jack.

The giant knows us all by smell.

We have an inside man ready to help.

You won't be going in alone, kid.

Tex sent me.

Don't be scared, Tom.

You'll like Tuffy.
He's a mouse, like Jerry.
Ah. Hello there, little, tiny kitty cat.
Shh. Hush, now.
We don't want the giant to hear.
Tuffy, these brave heroes are helping us
get my magic harp back.
Would you guide them
to the treasure room?
Would I? It's about time
someone took old Gi-nasty down a peg.
We'll never see those chumps again.
What are you doing here?
We thought we'd spare you the trip
into town tomorrow.
So you brought my tribute
a day early, huh?
But where's the loot?
Well...
Since the villagers
don't have any valuables left...
...they thought they'd bring their...
Their, uh, talents.
Our whatsits?
Talents.
Hey, must've got that mouse.
Hey, big guy, here's the deal.
They're offering to put on a show.
For your dining pleasure.
And there's no cover charge.
Okay, if I like your acts, you live.
If not, I'll grind your bones
to make my bread.
Hmm.
Running fast again.
This show better be good.
Start the show.
A recitation by the Farmer in the Dell.
Well, it's been a quiet week in Fairyland,
my hometown.
Just off the beanstalk
at the edge of the clouds.
This time of year,
there's lots of frost on the pumpkin.

Cinderella's been having a hard time...
...scraping the ice off her coach.
This cold weather's been wreaking havoc
on Old Mother Hubbard.
Old Woman in the Shoe
is having to lace it up tight.
Of course, the three pigs are laying in
extra firewood for winter.
Once it turns cold,
those hungry wolves...
...just keep on dropping
down the chimney.

Next.

Screwy, you're on.
Wait, I have no talent.
I'm Screwy, the pie man
And you won't believe your eyes
When you see how much glee
A squirrel can make with pies
Mm. Tasty.

Thirty-six, right.

Whoa. Whoa.

Thirty-six, right.

Twenty-four, left.

Twenty-four, left.

Thirty-five, right.

Thirty-five, right.

Thank you. Thank you.

I would like to perform
the world's fastest card trick.

Wanna see it again?

This better improve.

That's a lot of loot.

So, Tyke, you're in the first grade now.

How do you like school?

Closed.

That's a killer. Ha, ha.

- Ah! Mes amis, look.

- Ah!

The magic harp.

Say, I hear there's a oat next door
with no nose.

How does he smell?

Awful.

Whoa!
Stop playing around.
You better hold onto this, huh?
That must be the farmer's golden goose.
- Next.
- Hurry up, Jack.
Think you can crack it, Jerry?
You're welcome.
Now hurry.
Get out of here before the giant comes.
For us'?
She will even give you and your friends
a ride out of the castle.
Benny and I have worked up a medley
of Broadway favorites.
No! That's it.
Now, where did I put that bone-grinder?
It's around here somewhere.
I'll find it.
Oh, Mr. Giant,
I have a song I'd like to sing.
Finally. An act with possibilities.
I've got my blanket and my bear
I'm ready for my nappy
There's only one more thing I need
To make me happy
Tell me a bedtime story
And I'll dream about you
Magic, romance, fame and glory
Any fairy tale will do
Dishes with spoons and laughing dogs
Beauties and beasts and kissing frogs
Tell me a bedtime story
And I'll dream about you
Tell me a bedtime story
You narrator, you
Oh, I adore your oratory
Our nightly rendezvous
I don't wanna lie here counting sheep
I'd rather hear Goldilocks
Or Little Bo Peep
Tell me a bedtime story
And I'll dream about you
A happy ending's mandatory

To win my love for you
I'll be Snow White
To your Prince Charming
Tell me about a bedtime story
Tell me a bedtime story
And I'll dream about you
I don't mean nightmares
And I'll dream about you
Good night now.

Yeah!

- What? Hmm.

- Oh, dear.

Fee--io-fiat...

...I smell a boy, a mouse and a cat.

So you're the famous Jack.

Here after all this time...

...to slay the bad, old giant
and take his treasure.

You stole that treasure from them.

What are gonna do about it, peewee?

Heh. Wanna fight me for it?

Well, come on, tough guy.

Let's see what you got.

- How about this?

- No!

Still wanna fight, peewee?

Now, take it easy.

Stay away from me!

Hey!

The bigger they are,
the harder they bawl.

Stop it, Tom. He's had enough.

Oh, no. You broke the shrinking string.

Oh, no, you don't.

Huh?

Head for the beanstalk.

I'll smash you!

Come on.

Ugh. Come on.

I hate pumpkins!

Gotcha.

There she blows.

Catch this, you big bully.

Whoa! Oof!

Aah! Whoa.

Phew.

Red, catch!

Ooh.

Beanstalk, by my magic grow

Bind Ginormous, head to toe

You'll suffer for this!

Hurry. Those vines won't hold him long.

About the egg...

Take it, Jack...

-...with our thanks.

- Ha, ha.

Mm.

Oh, come on.

You'd have kissed her too.

Bye. Thanks.

- Yeah.

- Bye.

- Bye now.

- Bye.

I'll get you, Jack!

No one steals my gold!

Wicked giant, I do banish

Strum this harp and you shall vanish

Are you gonna shape up?

Or am I gonna start baking some bread
around here?

- Hey, Ginormous.

- Huh?

You want the egg? Come and get it.

How dare you try to steal my egg.

I'm coming for you, boy.

Here, kitty, kitty, kitty.

Tom!

Ha!

Ginormous, if you let Tom go,

I won't chop down this beanstalk.

Don't threaten me, boy.

I know where you come from, Jack.

Just scurry along home.

If you cross me, I'll grind your bones.

I'll make some cat bread.

And maybe

some cute little mouse bread too.

I'll grind the bones
of everyone you ever cared about, Jack.
Let's do it. Tom!
Dragon-coaster drop!
Whoa, whoa!
Pheh.
Tom, let go of the egg!
Oop.
No!
Gotcha.
We did it!
Pheh.
Whoa!
Magic harp, final tone
Guide these heroes safely home
Whoa, guys,
I just had the craziest dream.
You too?
Okay, somebody's getting sued.
Mr. Bigley?
I wanted to get an early start
on the demolition.
Only you left something in your parking lot
that jacked up my car.
That'll cost you.
And that looks like...
It is.
Solid gold.
There's gold on my property.
Huh?
Your property Mr. Bigley?
Says here you can't take ownership
until 9 a.m...
...and never, if we pay off the mortgage.
Oh, we still have five minutes.
Allow us to present you
with this lump of pure gold.
It will pay off the mortgage,
and cover the damage to your car.
And the doctor bill for your foot.
Jack, honey, what's going on?
Mom, you know how Dad always said
dreams come true if you believe?
Well, we planted those beans

and you'll never guess what happened.

NARRATOR".

You can probably guess the rest.

Jack and his morn saved Storybook Town
and made it bigger and better than ever.

You know the place.

Just off old Route 66.

Or is it 33? And as for Tom and Jerry?

NARRATOR".

Well, they went right back

...to being Tom and Jerry.

But that, folks, is another story.