



Scripts.com

Tom and Jerry: A Nutcracker Tale

By Spike Brandt

Once upon a Christmas Eve...
... the Nutcracker ballet was performed
to everyone's delight.
And while this ballet
had many admirers...
... in this theater, it had no greater fan
than little Jerry Mouse.
Meanwhile, outside the theater...
King of the cats
That's what he is
Takin ' all our sustenance
Like it was really his
Greedy to a fault
Bully to us all
He'll only be your friend
So you can take the fall
But he's really something special
Something you just can 't deny
Everybody raise a cheer
Mainly 'cause we know he's here
Everybody raise a cheer
To the king of the cats
King of the cats
That's what I am
Pushing 'em around
Because I know I can
Greedy to a fault
Bully to 'em all
- He'll only be your friend
- So you can take the fall
But he's really something special
Something you just can 't deny
Everybody raise a cheer
Mainly 'cause we know he's here
Everybody raise a cheer
To the king of the cats
Now he must sadly wait...
... another long year
until the next performance.
Nothing for Jerry in this empty place...
... except his love of the ballet.
If only he could dance.
What's the use of pretending?
These things never change.

Why, that would take a miracle.
Bravo! Bravo!
But wait! A mouse needs more.
And a mouse king needs his royal court.
No worries. You can't hurt a quality toy.
And a ballet needs a ballerina.
A lovely couple, no? Sorry.
Come to think of it,
a mouse king needs a kingdom too.
Even if it's built on fragile magic.
But of course,
magic affects both friend and foe alike.
Boys, round up them worthless toys.
I'm taking over this kingdom.
Oh, Jerry, what shall we do?
Cease and desist, pussycat.
This is Monsieur Jerry's wish.
All he wanted was to dance.
And this kingdom
sprang from those desires.
We must respect his dream, no?
Oh, Mr. Cat, I have a present for you.
Me?
Thanks. It's what I've always wanted.
Isn't that a bomb?
A bomb?!
Somebody, do something.
Slacker. Stop those toys.
Get moving!
Whoa, Nelly!
Prime Minister Lackey!
So, what's the state of my kingdom?
I have some grave misgivings
about the treatment of the toys.
Enough. You're bringing me down.
So where's that little dancing doll?
Prepare to be amused.
Oh, goody. Take a hike, Tim.
Now, how about a little dance?
Oh, I get it. You need music.
Not a big fan of the banjo, huh?
I will never dance for you.
You've ruined everything.
Everybody seems pretty happy

around here to me.
It doesn't matter. There's nothing
you or anybody can do about it.
You forget about Jerry.
Your little mouse king? That's a riot.
Don't underestimate him.
He will never give up.
You can't give up yet.
Why, alls we need is a great idea.
Sorry, I can only talk
if someone gives my string a pull.
I was thinking,
we need someone to aid us.
And?
And I have this tag
that reads "The Toymaker."
Well, I got one too. Kind of itches.
So you think
we should find the Toymaker?
If he even exists.
Of course he does.
Somebody made us
and his name is Toymaker.
Yes, but where can we find him?
Well, maybe you can
contribute something here.
Follow the star?
I guess that's worked before.
You know, I've been thinking...
...maybe it wouldn't hurt
to finish off that mouse.
Just to be on the safe side.
So whom should we send?
- How about Tim?
- I think you mean Tom.
Very well, Tim it is.
Tom, sir.
Tim, take all the men you need
and make sure...
...that mouse never comes back.
Get it?
So, by the command of the cat king...
... Tom gathered his troops
and set off to catch a mouse.

We're marching off to fight
We'll catch that mouse
And do what's right
We're marching off to fight
To go and get that mouse
Hey, ho, away we go
One, two, three, in a row
We're marching round and round
To go and crush that mouse.
We're heading off to fight
We'll march and march
All through the night
We're heading off to fight
To go and beat that mouse
Hey, ho, off we go
Hit him high and hit him low
We're heading off to fight
To go and mince that mouse.
We're marching off to fight
We'll fight our foe with all our might
We're marching off to fight
To go and break that mouse
Hey, ho, away we go
Loaded down with guns in tow
We're marching off to fight
To go and squash that mouse
Maybe we should send the chicken.
Mademoiselle Ballerina Lady!
I am coming to rescue you.
- Tuffy?
- Yes, it is I.
And I will set you free.
Oh, Tuffy, the cats are heading out
to destroy Jerry.
Time is of the essence.
You must warn him.
Then take these keys and free yourself.
Hurry, Tuffy. Hurry!
I shall not fail you.
Hold it. What's this?
Looks like Tom is carving a path
straight to Jerry.
That little mouse is gonna need
all the luck he can get.

Are you sure this is it?
A toy wouldn't head through
that scary place.
A river.
All right, I've got a confession to make.
I'm not really a toy.
I'm only a decoration, an ornament,
not suitable for play.
If I get wet, I'm liable
to start falling apart.
Well, it is frozen solid.
Hey. Looks like fun...
I got it. Thanks.
Hey, look at me.
I'm skating.
Oh, no. I think he's stuck.
Come on, Jer, you can do it.
No. Don't give up, buddy.
Please, we need you.
Help me, Nelly.
Oh, boy.
You scared the stuffings out of us.
We gotta get you someplace warm.
Hey, little lady, what's going on here?
A string attached to keys...
...can only mean one thing:
Playtime.
Your majesty, I have some...
What is going on here?
Me and the little ballerina
are playing keys.
You should really try it sometime.
Yes, it sounds fascinating.
I know what you're trying to do.
You're attempting
to distract the king from his duties.
Well, it won't work.
Here, I haven't got all day.
She's got more keys than I do.
Clever. But we'll have
no more of this nonsense.
I hope I make myself clear.
Send up the telescope.
- The telescope.

- The telescope.
The telescope.
Do not harm Monsieur Jerry.
Be kind and gentle.
This is your conscience speaking.
The little voice
that tells you right from wrong.
The quality of mercy is not strained.
It dropeth as a gentle rain from heaven.
Look, there he is.
Why do you listen to that little fool?
I say do the mouse in.
No. I appeal to your better nature.
Do not listen to this ruffian.
Well, at least I'm not wearing a dress.
Time to rub out the rodent.
Please, I beseech you to...
Well, think it over.
Sleep on it, won't you?
Sometimes a conscience
must take drastic measures.
Feeling better, Jerry?
I'm coming undone. I knew it.
The water must have melted my glue.
Oh, we have to put a stop to that.
I had an aunt who started to unravel.
Not a pretty picture, huh?
What? Oh, of course, the Toymaker.
He'll be able to fix you right up.
Sure, no worries.
Bonjour, Monsieur Jerry. It is I.
- What are you doing here, Tuffy?
- The ballerina lady sent me to warn you.
Warn us about what?
- The cats.
- The cats?
They are coming to do away with you.
They are probably surrounding us
even as we speak.
That doesn't sound
much like a mouse to me.
It's more of a... No, it sounds like...
Oh, I can't put my finger on it.
You know, that sounds like a cat.

- You sure?
- Well, not a hundred percent.
Oh, yeah, definitely a cat.
That brings your batting average to .340
There it is, Jerry, bright as day.
The Toymaker must be
right over this ridge.
Has Monsieur Paulie lost his head again?
I'm not lost. I'm in here.
You know,
I like you better without your head.
So good of you to bridge the gap.
There's nothing to fear.
We just need to find Monsieur Paulie's
head and be on our way.
Did I mention
that I prefer him without it?
Hey, fellows. I'm over here.
I see you managed to hang on
to one of those keys.
But if you wanna make it work...
...you gotta tie it to a string.
Asleep, finally.
Oh, Monsieur Jerry, how can we
ever reach the Toymaker from here?
Do you have any idea
what we're celebrating?
Don't worry. I'll hang on
to you like a fat man to a doughnut.
Oh, boy.
Careful, Tuffy.
Whoa, Nelly!
Talk about holding on by a thread.
Tuffy, set her down someplace, quick.
I told you I wouldn't let go.
I can't. I'm just too scared.
I guess I'm just not cut out
to save the day.
We've gotta find out
where they're headed.
But how are we gonna get her to talk?
I think I can help you with that.
Let me see the tongue-tied patient.
I have special methods

for restoring speech.
So tell me, my dear,
where are your friends headed?
They're off to see the Toymaker.
Did you hear? The Toymaker!
Why, a guy like that's liable
to cause big trouble for us.
And just how can we find this Toymaker?
Follow the star. It will lead you to him.
See? That didn't hurt a bit.
At least not physically.
She's a traitor now.
She can't go back to her friends.
They'll hate her.
And I thought I was cruel.
I can't believe it. Finally.
You were right, Monsieur Jerry.
All we had to do was follow the star.
A little help here.
Can you imagine?
I got snagged on a branch.
Sure hope the Toymaker's got
some knitting needles.
We've done it.
Nothing can stop us now.
Sorry, boys,
but this is the end of the line.
- How'd you know we were coming here?
- Your little horsey friend told us.
I shall pummel you vigorously
if you hurt but a single hair in her mane.
Hurt her? Alls we did was pull her string
and we couldn't shut her up.
Monsieur Jerry, we have come so far.
Monsieur Jerry, we have come so far.
Are you fine fellows here to see me?
We are, sir, if you are the Toymaker.
At your service, lads.
You're also a toy repairer right?
Don't you worry.
I've fixed a toy or two in my time.
I suppose I should tell you,
I'm not really a toy.
Yes, I remember. You're a decoration.

Not suitable for play.
But you have the heart of a toy.
And so you shall be one, my son.
Sir, we've come a great distance
to ask for your help.
I know why you've come.
In fact, I know a lot about you.
I've been following your adventures
for longer than you know.
You need a solution to your cat problem.
Well, I think I've got the answer.
Do you know
what has become of our friend?
Nelly?
I'm afraid she's become discouraged.
She feels she's betrayed you...
...and that you'd never want
to see her again.
I knew I was right about you.
Little mice with big hearts.
- Are you ready?
- Ready for what?
Presenting the new
and improved Paulie Pixie.
Thanks, T.M. Guess what.
I'm a real toy.
Suitable for aggressive play patterns.
- Oh, Paulie, may I?
- Be my guest.
Go ahead, pull harder. Harder.
It's okay.
I used a lot more glue this time.
But there's something you must know.
When the sun rises, the magic that
created your kingdom will begin to fade.
And if you fail to reclaim your throne...
...by the time the sun has climbed
into the sky...
...it will remain
the domain of the cats forever.
But there is a way
to recapture your kingdom.
And this, my little friend, is the key.
I wish I could stay

to see what's in store for you...
...but I have some important errands
I must run.
Merci beaucoup, Monsieur Toymaker,
for everything.
What did he mean by "in store"
and what is that key do?
Sir, what are you doing?
Well...
...certainly not playing with keys.
Keys?
Oh, dear.
Don't worry. She left this.
Guards! Guards!
Find that ballerina!
Do you mind?
We're right in the middle of a doll crisis.
Oh, boy. Do something.
Don't just stand there. Do something!
Lower the drawbridge!
Lower the drawbridge!
It seems we've found her.
Toys, for freedom!
Move it!
Is this the end?
Oh, it can't be. It can't be!
Go, Nelly!
Retreat!
Oh, Jerry!
I never doubted you.
Is she...?
She was the bravest one of us all.
I'm alive.
And I can talk. Without a string.
Look at them.
Now that's what I call a happy ending.