

DANGER MOUSE

"Initial D.M. for Danger Mouse!"

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FINAL DRAFT

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**EXT. DANGER HQ -- DAY**

Establishing shot of Danger HQ.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The peaceful city of London.

A rocket flies out a window nearly nailing a pedestrian. She cowers. The shell opens, revealing a puppy inside. The puppy is evil. It chases after her, nipping at her heels.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
That can't be good.

**INT. DANGER HQ -- SECRET LAB -- DAY**

Debris litter the lab including a dazed Professor Squawkencluck and Danger Mouse. Penfold hangs from the ceiling. The Danger Car joyfully tap dances.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Is today the day the machines rise up  
against us in a giant dance number?

DM snaps out of his daze, leaping onto the car. He rides it like a rodeo bull. It bucks him off. Hurlled to the ground DM does a backwards roll to spin off his inertia and springs right back at the car.

He lands on the driver's seat, the headrest digging in his gut. He reaches for the keys in the ignition. The ejector seat launches, pinning him against the wall. Ouch.

DM finds a custodial bucket. He removes the broom and hits the car with it. The broom breaks. He shrugs, then kicks over the bucket. After a valiant attempt to keep dancing it falls forward.

DANGER MOUSE  
Huh, those were supposed to be all-  
weather tires.

DM leaps in and removes the keys.

DANGER MOUSE (CONT'D)  
And once again the day is saved,  
thanks to Danger Mouse.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Hold on a minute. I know I had a bit  
of trouble getting to work on time,  
but I didn't think I'd miss the whole  
thing. Quiet, Narrator, just pretend  
you were here the whole time.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Really? You saved the day?

DANGER MOUSE  
I stopped the Danger Car from running  
amok saving perhaps trillions. So yes,  
I'd say I saved the day quite well.  
Thank you very much.

Penfold falls from the ceiling.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
But it only ran amok because you  
pressed all the buttons at the same  
time. You can't say that you've saved  
the day when you nearly doomed us all!

Professor exits in a huff.

**INT. DANGER HQ -- ANOTHER LAB -- CONTINUOUS**

Professor enters followed by Penfold and DM.

DANGER MOUSE  
Well, maybe you shouldn't have put in  
so many buttons.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
It doesn't matter how many buttons I  
put. You'll just find some other way  
to break it.

PENFOLD  
Cor, Professor, don't be so hard on  
the chief. You know he's sensitive.

Penfold pats DM on the back. DM dabs a tear from under his  
eye patch with a tissue.

DANGER MOUSE  
I try to be the best me I can be, and  
that's all anyone can expect of me.

DM snaps back, throwing away his tissue.

DANGER MOUSE (CONT'D)  
Besides not like I'm the only one to  
nearly destroy all of civilization.  
You must have almost destroyed the  
Earth at some point or another.  
Manchester at the very least.

Professor works at a control panel, trying to ignore DM.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
My inventions don't endanger anyone  
because I put everything through  
extensive testing.

A button push causes an explosion. Oops.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK (CONT'D)  
Um, that was a test.

DANGER MOUSE  
Didn't your Danger Car just run amok?

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Because of you!

DANGER MOUSE  
I remember you had some kind of Welsh  
plant that grew all over London.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
That was also because of you. Do you  
see a pattern here?

DANGER MOUSE  
Give sentience to Japanese toilets?

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
That was because of Penfold.

PENFOLD  
Hey, I think it's time that we all  
calmed down and realized that there's  
nothing to be gained by sitting here  
blaming each other all day. Besides we  
all know the Professor made an the  
artificial intelligence that  
imprisoned us all!

Professor cringes.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
I don't seem to remember that  
happening.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Actually that happened twice.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Oh, so you can remember that, but you  
can't remember how to get to work on  
time?

DANGER MOUSE  
You can take shots at me or Penfold,  
but to attack our narrator is too  
much. All because you can't accept  
failure.

Professor exits in a huff.

**INT. DANGER HQ -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

Professor enters. DM and Penfold follow behind her.

DANGER MOUSE  
Honestly, Professor, The Narrator  
isn't a morning person. I thought we  
all understood that.

NARRATOR  
Thank you, DM.

DANGER MOUSE  
Don't mention it.

Colonel K's Hologram appears.

K'S HOLOGRAM  
Stop whatever it is you're bickering  
about. The world is in great peril! I  
can't find my hologram!

A beat.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
You mean the hologram you're talking  
to us with right now?

The hologram pats itself down, then walks through a wall and  
back.

K'S HOLOGRAM  
Oh, thank heavens, this is my  
hologram. Now that that's settled, I  
can tell you about your mission.

**HOLOGRAM OF SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE**

A racer drifts through the tight, twisty streets of Japan's  
Mt. Haruna.

K'S HOLOGRAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
A Japanese street racer has been  
drifting so hard that his race times  
are tearing a hole in time itself!

The racer disappears. A computer model shows a portal-like rip "in time" where the street racer was.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Professor and DM ponder their briefing. Penfold throws his arms up in protest.

PENFOLD  
But that's impossible!

DANGER MOUSE  
Quiet, Penfold, surely there's some technobable whatzit to sort this out.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Yes, of course! The kinetic energy transferred along such intense sideways vectors are likely to cause a temporal rift.

DANGER MOUSE  
Ah, yes, there it is.

Penfold almost interjects, but K's Hologram starts...

K'S HOLOGRAM  
Japan has asked us to assist as their top agent, Peril Mouse, is busy dealing with other problems...

**EXT. JAPANESE BEACH -- DAY**

Godzilla roars. She wipes away a tear. She's having a picnic on the beach with Peril Mouse. She roars some more.

GODZILLA (SUBTITLE)  
I feel like I shouldn't have to destroy Tokyo just for people to pay attention to me, you know?

Peril Mouse nods compassionately, patting her hand.

**INT. DANGER HQ -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

Colonel K's Hologram continues the briefing.

K'S HOLOGRAM  
If this illegal street racer isn't stopped, he'll destroy time itself.

DANGER MOUSE  
Oh, is that all? I've never been too much of a fan of time. As long as space is okay, we'll be all right.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
But space and time are intrinsically  
linked as a thing called "spacetime!"

Danger Mouse ponders this. He realizes.

DANGER MOUSE  
By the queen's beard he must be  
stopped! Come, Penfold!

DM speed vaults over the couch to exit.

**EXT. SKY OVER OCEAN -- SUNSET**

DM, Penfold, and the professor soar through clouds in the  
Danger Car.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And with that some of the most  
thoughtful co-workers who understand  
that a workplace is about the people  
and not just...

Professor folds her arms. Danger Mouse gives him a look.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Right. Our heroes arrive at The Land  
of the Rising Sun.

The Danger Car descends to the Japanese archipelago below.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
To Mt. Haruna where even the delivery  
drivers are world class racers.

**EXT. MT. HARUNA PASS -- EVENING**

A paint delivery truck putters along.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
I am not having a good day.

**EXT. MT. HARUNA SUMMIT -- EVENING**

Tricked out race cars line up. A man works under the hood of  
his car. The Danger Car descends for a landing, clipping the  
hood and slamming it down on the man below. D.M. springs out  
the car, ready for action.

In the background Penfold and Professor exit the car.  
Professor has a GEIGER COUNTER. She takes invasive readings  
of individuals standing near by.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Careful, Danger Mouse, he could be any  
one of these racers. We don't want to  
spook him before we're sure.

PENFOLD  
Could he be the one who looks just  
like the guy in the hologram, driving  
the car that was also in the hologram?

They look over. A Mystery Racer covered from head to toe in  
black racing gear steps out of an all black original Acura  
NSX inspired convertible.

Professor waves a GEIGER COUNTER WAND over the Mystery Racer.  
He passively follows it left to right and top to bottom. The  
Geiger counter makes very loud SQUEALS as she moves it.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
This is our guy. He's just oozing with  
transdimensional radiation.

PENFOLD  
Should we be standing next to him?

A beat while Professor studies the Geiger counter.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
No.

DM stretches.

DANGER MOUSE  
Then let's get going before that nasty  
time business gives Penfold jetlag.

Penfold yawns. DM launches a flying kick at the Mystery  
Racer. DM's foot cracks on impact. DM falls to the floor. The  
Mystery Racer just watches him silently. Penfold yawns.

PENFOLD  
Why are we always going straight to  
violence? Maybe we should try acting  
like civilized people first.  
(to Mystery Racer)  
Hello. We'd like you to stop racing so  
fast that you rip time itself.

The Mystery Racer stares at Penfold.

PENFOLD (CONT'D)  
Just dial it back enough to not  
destroy the universe.

The Mystery Racer continues to stare.



PENFOLD (CONT'D)

I know, I didn't believe it either at first, but I'm assured by expert authorities that...

The Mystery Racer stares more. Penfold dashes behind DM.

PENFOLD (CONT'D)

...It's like I'm talking to a cold heartless void!

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK

He probably doesn't speak English.  
(in Japanese)  
*Good evening. Can you stop racing please?*

The Mystery Racer tilts his head like a confused dog.

DANGER MOUSE

Enough. He's a racer. The only thing he understands is the thrill of tires tearing at the road and the look of his rival in the rearview mirror.

(to Mystery Racer)

We challenge you. We win, you give up racing. You win, you get to keep the Danger Car Mark Four.

DM holds up the keys. The reflection of the keys glimmer off the Mystery Racer's helmet visor. Professor butts in.

PROF. SQUAKENCLUCK

Hey, wait just a minute!

DANGER MOUSE

Deal?

Mystery Racer nods. He and DM shake on it.

**EXT. STARTING LINE -- SOON AFTER**

The Danger Car lines up by the Mystery Racer's NSX-like car.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Danger Mouse lines up against a racer whose skill and precision actually break physics. Does he stand a chance? How will they get home if he fails?

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK

Now Danger Mou-- Is that Penfold?

Penfold sleeps in the passenger seat.

DANGER MOUSE  
I didn't have the heart to wake  
him. He's jetlagged.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
He's weighing you down.

DANGER MOUSE  
Now see here. Penfold's a crucial part  
of this team. Oh, you mean literally.

Professor opens the door and lets out a sleepy Penfold.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
This is serious. You can't just  
shenanigan your way out of this one.

DANGER MOUSE  
And why not?

Professor hands him a WALKIE TALKIE RADIO.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Just do what I say, and you'll win.

DANGER MOUSE  
Did you put the all weather tires on?  
I think I heard thunder earlier.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
It's not going to rain, Danger Mouse.

Professor exits. A man stands between the cars. He counts  
down in Japanese from ten (subtitled in English).

RACER 1  
*Juu...Kyu...Hachi...Nana...Roku...Go*

DM takes off leaving behind a puff of smoke and the sound of  
BURNING RUBBER. The Mystery Racer stays put, helmet following  
DM as he races OS. DM reverses back to his original position.

DANGER MOUSE  
Sorry. I forgot the Japanese word for  
the number five was "go." I'm English.  
I'm just used to starting a race when  
I hear the word "go." I'm not trying  
to cheat. Simple mistake. As the  
Americans say, "My bad." Continue.

RACER 1  
*Yon...San...Ni...Ichi...HAJIME!*

They take off in a blast of smoke.



PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
I suppose I have to since...  
                                 (yelling into radio)  
...he never listens to me!

The NSX glides through the hairpin with a gentle drift angle, coming out of the corner like a bat out of hell. He speeds up on the Danger Car, ramming it from behind.

                                 DANGER MOUSE  
Well, that's not very sporting.

DM tracks his opponent's movement in the rearview mirror. The NSX swerves from left to right trying to find enough road to overtake. The Danger Car cuts it off with each attempt.

                                 DANGER MOUSE (CONT'D)  
See, I don't have to be faster than him. I just have to make him slower than me.

                                 PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
You can't block him forever. The road widens up in the next section.

The road widens up to four lanes. The NSX goes for the overtake.

                                 DANGER MOUSE  
Don't worry, I can handle it.

DM pushes a button. The WINGS on the Danger Car expand blocking the whole road!

**EXT. FARTHER DOWN -- NIGHT**

INTERCUT between THE RACE, INSIDE THE DANGER CAR, and THE LOOKOUT.

The paint delivery truck from before putters up the mountain pass. Two distant pairs of headlights approach, it's...

...The Danger Car and the NSX barreling down the road. DM sees the car. The paint delivery driver screams.

Professor and Penfold look on.

                                 PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Retract the wings, Danger Mouse!

                                 PENFOLD  
But if he does, he'll lose the race.

The Danger Car and the NSX don't let up on their collision course. DM presses a button.

The right wing retracts back into the Danger Car. DM leaves just enough room to squeak by the paint truck.

The left wing still extended, scrapes a long pronounced dent around the side. Having passed paint truck, DM expands both wings, covering the road again.

Penfold takes the RADIO.

PENFOLD (CONT'D)  
Way to wing it, Chief!

DM looks behind him. The NSX is still there. Suddenly a THUNDER CLAP! The NSX has vanished. The NSX reappears in front of the Danger Car. DM stares slack jawed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
With a flash of lightning the Mystery Racer somehow passed our hero.

Professor opens a laptop.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
I was afraid of this. He isn't so fast he's breaking time. He's breaking time so he can go fast!

The Danger Car closes in on the bumper of the NSX. THUNDER CLAP! The NSX teleports into the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Now he hops through time to skip most of the race!

Professor types frantically.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
We can still win, but you have to listen to me.

DM retracts the WINGS and shifts gears with determination.

DANGER MOUSE  
I'm all ears, Professor.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
(rapidly)  
Hit the next corner in third gear, use your heel and toe to hit the gas and brake at the same time. Exit the apex in second.

DM blinks at the information overload.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK (CONT'D)

Do it now!

DM follows her directions. The Danger Car drifts through the turn smoothly.

DANGER MOUSE

Hmmm, this whole listening to other people thing does have its advantages.

The Danger Car blazes through road until it's on the tail of the NSX. A headlight to headlight struggle for victory.

**EXT. JAPANESE HOME -- NIGHT**

Two girls, one in a dress, one with red hair and pigtails.

GIRL IN DRESS (SUBTITLE)

*You dummy!*

The girl in the dress hurls the water at the pigtailed girl. The pigtailed girl hops out of the way. The road is soaked.

The Danger Car takes the lead! It drives over the wet road, spinning out of control, crashing OS.

**EXT. FINISH LINE -- NIGHT**

The Mystery Racer crosses the finish line, winning the race! DM emerges from the wrecked Danger Car. The Mystery Racer stares at him with his hand extended. DM surrenders the keys.

DANGER MOUSE

You don't suppose you could give me a lift could you?

**EXT. MT. HARUNA SUMMIT -- NIGHT**

Mystery Racer and DM enter on the NSX. DM exits the car.

DANGER MOUSE

Thanks, mate.

Professor and Penfold rush to greet DM.

PENFOLD

Crumbs, Chief, that was a close one.

DANGER MOUSE

Don't worry. Next time we won't make any mistakes.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
"We?" I didn't make any mistakes. If you'd have listened to me from the start, we would've won. But no, you have to do things your own way.

DANGER MOUSE  
I would have beaten him if I had all-weather tires like I had asked.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
It wasn't raining.

DANGER MOUSE  
All weather tires work in all weathers.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
They slow down the car.

DANGER MOUSE  
I'd rather have a slower car than one that gets wrecked by a splash of water!

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Well, I'd rather work with an agent who would listen to me.

DANGER MOUSE  
Well, why don't you go and...  
(searches)  
...invent yourself one then?

Professor gets an idea.

**EXT. MT. HARUNA SUMMIT -- DAY**

Professor stands proudly next to an exact copy of the Mystery Racer except this version is all white with a white car.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Meet the Racer 900. I've made him to exactly match the specifications of the Mystery Racer. I added a temporal hopper, so he can jump through time too. And I added all weather tires so you can't blame me if things go wrong.

The TERMPORAL HOPPER looks like a tangled ball of Christmas lights. Racer 900 gets into the car, turns it on. Penfold and DM exchange a look.

PENFOLD

Professor, is it possible that this robot will go back in time and become the Mystery Racer?

DANGER MOUSE

Being metal would explain my trouble kicking him earlier. When I kick people it usually goes in my favor.

Professor rolls her eyes.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK

No, because I specifically made sure that my version was white so they don't get confused. Now to send him back to when this all started so that it will never happen.

Professor types some things on a tablet. The PAINT TRUCK hobbles past. A leak springs from the dent DM had made. Black paint covers the NSX and the Racer 900. He is the Mystery Racer. He drives off, disappearing with a THUNDER CLAP.

DM gives Professor a look.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK (CONT'D)

That doesn't prove anything. For all we know he just went to the future.

(breaks into tears)

I made a mistake, and it's going to end the universe! My mother said this would happen!

PENFOLD

Don't worry, Professor. If anyone can break a Squawkencluck invention, it's Danger Mouse!

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK

But time is dangerously weakened. And we can't stop it with a bucket of water. And we still don't have a car.

PERIL MOUSE (O.S.)

I have a car.

REVEAL Peril Mouse twirling his keys in front of his car, a car like the TRUENO from Initial D.

PENFOLD

It's Peril Mouse! I thought you were tied up with giant monster problems.



PERIL MOUSE  
I finished a little early.

**EXT. JAPANESE CITY -- DAY**

Godzilla twirls through the streets like Julie Andrews in "The Sound of Music," blissfully ignorant of all things she's crushing below. Godzilla ROARS.

GODZILLA (SUBTITLE)  
I am the best me I can be, and that's  
all anyone can expect of me.

Her tail knocks over a skyscraper.

**EXT. MT. HARUNA SUMMIT -- DAY**

DM grabs Peril Mouse.

DANGER MOUSE  
Come, we haven't a moment to lose.

The Mystery Racer heads down the pass against an opponent. Peril Mouse takes the wheel. DM rides shotgun.

**INT./EXT. TRUENO/MT. HARUNA PASS -- DAY**

The Trueno drifts through the mountain corners. They come up on the NSX.

DANGER MOUSE  
There's the racer, but where's his  
opponent?

**EXT. MT. HARUNA PASS -- TREE -- DAY**

Auto parts litter the tree like fruit. The dazed driver sits in his seat with his hands still on a disconnected steering wheel. He bounces, suspended from a branch by his seat belt.

**INT./EXT. TRUENO/MT. HARUNA PASS -- DAY**

The two cars drift smoothly through a corner. Danger Mouse unbuckles his seat belt and opens the door.

DANGER MOUSE  
Do try to keep it steady, will you?

DM opens the door and swings himself onto the roof of the Trueno. He rides it like a surfboard.

NARRATOR  
Don't try this at home, kids or adults  
without health insurance.

DM readies to jump to the NSX. The NSX brakes hard. DM looks ahead. A hairpin is coming up.

Peril Mouse eases the brake. He turns in and pulls the handbrake. DM struggles to keep his footing.

The NSX creeps up on the Trueno. DM leaps across mid-drift.

**INT./EXT. NSX -- CONTINUOUS**

DM makes it! He rips away a panel off the back revealing complex computer chips. The Mystery Racer glances at him, then ignores him. DM rips out a bunch of them. No effect.

DM pushes all the buttons. The windshield wipers SCREECH back and forth. He rips out the dash and pitches it.

Ahead the TRUENO gets closer and closer. The NSX starts to glow, ready to time jump. DM searches, the TEMPORAL HOPPER. He tries to rip it off. No good. He tries to break the glass. He hurts his hand. He thinks.

MONTAGE

LIVING ROOM -- DM drops a RAY GUN in cereal. It explodes.

LAB -- DM spills a cup of water on a JET PACK. It explodes.

BEACH -- DM in SCUBA GEAR jumps into water. It explodes.

END MONTAGE

DM pulls a bottle of water from nowhere.

DANGER MOUSE  
Sorry about this, mate. Fate of the  
world and all that.

DM pours the water on the TEMPORAL HOPPER. The car erupts in SPARKS. DM leaps from the car nearly escaping the explosion.

Car keys rain down from the explosion, including KEYS with a DM KEYCHAIN. DM catches them.

**EXT. SKY OVER OCEAN -- SUNSET**

DM, Professor, and Penfold putter through the skies in a ruined Danger Car.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
I can't believe how big of a mess I  
made. I'm sorry I yelled at you  
earlier. I guess we all nearly destroy  
the world at some point or another.

DANGER MOUSE  
Don't worry about it. Besides, in a  
way you saved the day!

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
Really?

DANGER MOUSE  
Yeah, in the end your shoddy  
engineering really came through.

PROF. SQUAWKENCLUCK  
You know what? Never mind. I'm  
pretending this didn't happen.

They fly off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
I guess the lesson here is that you  
can learn new lessons, but you don't  
have to apply them? Be kind to people  
who have trouble waking up in the  
morning? Or maybe there was never a  
lesson at all.

**END OF EPISODE**