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An American Tail: Fievel Goes West

By Flint Dille

[Fievel]
And then the hero, Wylie Burp,
squinted across
the dusty street.
Hopelessly surrounded by the Cactus Cat
gang, he stood his ground,
refusing to back down.

[Laughing]
Have no fear,
Billy the Kid is here.
It's too tough, kid.
Get out while you can.
If you're biting the dust,
I'm going down with ya.

[Gunshots]
[Yelling]
[Wylie Burp] You saved my life.
I'll never forget this, kid.
Here, son, I want you
to have one of these.
Look out behind you.

[Female]
Fievel, your supper's ready.

[Echoing]
Ready, ready, ready.

Ouch!

Fievel!

Fievel!

#Somewhere out there #

Beneath the
pale moonlight #

Someone's
thinking of me #

#And loving me... #

[Splattering]

#And loving me... #

[Splattering]

#And loving me... #

[Man] Shut up!

Papa, they're throwing fruit
and vegetables at me again.

Keep singing. Maybe they will
throw some fruit for dessert.

Another night

without cheese.
Yee-haa!
Howdy, Mama.
I come to rustle
me up some grub.
Where have you been,
Fievel? You're late.
I had to rescue
Sheriff Wylie Burp.
He was surrounded
by the Cactus Cat gang.
Oh, such a
tall tale, Fievel.
And dirty hands too?
Go. Wash.
Oh, Mama, I just washed...
yesterday.
I thought things would be
better in America.
In Russia, my violins were
famous. We never went hungry.
Maybe Tanya should sing again.
Very funny.
You'll see.
Someday I'll be a big star.
People will come
from miles around.
Yeah, to eat.
Mama!
Fievel...
[Gaspings]
[Grunting]
[Papa] They call America
the land of opportunity.
Opportunity
for what?
For children to play in the filthy streets?
To never see the sunshine?
Fievel's birthday
is coming...
and we don't have
enough money for presents.
Oh, Papa,
I don't care.

I could sing in front
of the gift shop.
- Maybe they'll throw presents.
- [Laughing]
How blessed I am to have
such fine children.
Maybe things will get better.
[Crash]
Tiger?
Tiger!
Can we have an espresso
and talk this over?
Listen, Tiger. You're an alley cat.
Pretty please.
Born and bred.
How true.
I got a ticket to sunshine
and I'm going west.
There's a town that
promises a new frontier...
and a brand-new
breed of cat.
Is there anything
wrong with my breed?
City cats got too much
purr in their fur.
Not enough growl
in their howl.
Look at you.
You catnap, cat around.
Heck, I don't mean
to be mean,
but you're even
a bit of a fraidy cat.
Who told
you that?
I'm no fraidy cat.
I'll show you.
I'll show them. I'm no fraidy cat.
Tiger.
I don't want a tomcat,
top cat or a tough tabby.
I just want...
How do I say this?

I just want a cat
who's more like a dog.
[Neighing]
That's my ride out West.
Show me you're tough.
Don't make a fuss, okay?
[Purring]
You don't mean...
this is good-bye?
There are no good-byes
between you and me.
After all, we'll always
have the Bronx.
Here's looking
at you, kid.
The Bronx,
that's right.
The Bronx, right.
I won't make a fuss.
I can handle it.
I can...
[Purring]
I can, uh... I can, uh...
[Sobbing]
[Trombone]
Cat attack!
Cat attack!
[Yelling And Screaming]
Pay attention.
Keep it clean and tidy;
plenty of violence,
but no eating.
Right.
Carry on, chaps.
[Crying]
[Mama]
Fievel! Fievel!
Get in here
with the family!
Oh, no! The mice!
Aw, gee!
[Cackling]
Peekaboo.
[Laughing]

Oh, I got...
I gotta do something.
I will be tough.
I will be brave.
[Tiger]
It's a spy... a spee... a spide... de...
de... de...
an arachnid!
Aaah!
Why, those no-good ornery varmints.
Fievel, my son.
Come back!
- Oh!
- [Thundering]
- Oh, thank heavens.
- I forgot my hat.
[Wicked Laughter]
[Papa] Fievel, come back.
Hee-ya.
[Papa] Fievel!
Fievel, my son,
come back!
[Yelling]
Da...
Da-da!
- Huh?
- [Gasping]
Heh-heh-heh!
Hee-heh-heh!
[Fievel] I see you're missing an eye.
- This makes it a fair fight.
- Yeah?
That's right.
I'm talking to you, fur head.
[Growling]
Fur head?
[Gasping]
I don't care what the boss says.
This mouse is lunch.
Heh-heh-heh- heh!
Run! Run, Fievel!
- Oh, no.
- [Thundering]
[Screeching]

For your life, Fievel,
run!
Mama, Tanya,
get in!
Fievel!
Papa,
get in!
Everybody, together,
run!
Run!
Jolly, jolly good.
Now for my part.
Look!
[Screaming]
Aaah!
[Splashing]
[Coughing]
- Let's go on that ride again.
- Where did I get such a son?
[Male]
Why, howdy, fine mice.
I'm in
desperate need of help.
I've come into possession
of railway tickets to the West.
Tickets to sunshine
that I will be unable to use.
Surely there are
some of y'all...
looking for a little
elbow room, y'all.
Now, I ain't gonna lie.
There are problems out West.
There's a lot of bright sunshine
and fresh air.
But after these opulent,
aromatic sewers, that might be...
upsetting for you all,
you all, y'all,
sorry.
I'll take one.
I'll take 15.
Hold your horses
one minute, y'all.

There's plenty for
everyone, yes, sirree.
Are there
any cats out West?
There certainly are.
If you have prejudices...
against cats
you better stay put.
On the frontier
cats and mice help each other.
The anointed leader of cats,
Mr. Cat R. Waul,
is the most enlightened,
intelligent, sophisticated,
charming, non-narcissistic,
debonair, suave,
dashing, renaissance cats
you could...
ever wish to meet.
Uh, ah, the fact is,
cats even get along
with the dogs out there.
Sheriff Wylie Burp
is probably the finest...
law-dog in the West,
actually, y'all.
Wylie Burp, wow!
Too bad there aren't any desperadoes
left to round up. Hee- hee- hee!
- I'll take a ticket.
- Three tickets, please.
Don't push, please.
Plenty for all.
- Three tickets.
- Three for you, jolly good.
Come on, Papa.
Let's go.
There is opportunity
out West.
Maybe they have a better
appreciation of singers.
So what are we fiddling
around here for?
Let's go west!

Jolly, jolly good.
Anybody still like
some tickets, y'all?
[Meowing]
[Crash]
[Groaning]
Oh, those nine lives
come in handy. Fiev.
[Tiger]
Fievel.
Hello.
Wow, it's empty.
Oh, no.
What's this?
Oh, no!
"Dear Tiger,
We left New York.
"We're taking the train to a town
out West called Green River.
"I tried to find you to tell you, but I
guess you were somewhere with Miss Kitty.
"I miss you and I hope
I see you again sometime.
Your best friend,
Fievel."
Train, the train!
They're taking the train.
[Mumbling]
[Papa]
Hurry, Mama.
The train won't wait.
I'm sure we forgot something.
Let us see.
We have your violin tools,
pots and pans,
your pipe,
the tail curler,
whisker comb...
and grandpa's
cheese knife.
I hope we have everything.
Don't worry.
It will be wonderful.
[Train Whistle]

[Female]

Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him well.

- [Opera Singing]

- Look, Mama,

an actor and a singer.

Tanya, stop that. You shouldn't

stare at the less fortunate.

Last call, all passengers

bound for Altuna,

Akron, Elkhart,

Oskaloosa and Green River.

Fievel,

what is wrong with you?

You should be happy.

We are going west.

I was hoping Tiger

would come say good- bye.

Will I ever see him again, Papa?

Who am I to know?

Tiger was a wonderful cat,

but he was still a cat.

Someday you will understand.

When, Papa?

When will I

understand?

If growing up were easy,

would it take so long?

Bye, Tiger,

wherever you are.

You're the best cat

I ever met.

[Tiger]

I gotta catch up with that train.

Fievel, wait for me.

Wait for me, please. [Barking]

Oh, dogs, I hate those guys.

[Barking]

[Purring,

Yelling]

[Train Whistle]

Oh, good.

Fievel's train hasn't left yet.

[Growling]

- [Barking]

- I want my mommy.
Uh-oh.
[Yelling]
- Grr!
- [Blowing]
[Pinball Machine Sounds]
[Growling]
[Tiger]
Listen, you guys, be nice.
[Barking]
Oh!
[Barking]
Ah-ha-ha!
Oops!
[Yelling]
[Growling]
Cat got your tongue?
Wait!
That's definitely...
That's my train!
I want it.
Ah-ha-ha!
Please, I'll be good.
I'll always lick.
I'll always cover my...
[Stammering]
I made it.
What a stupid dog.
Na-na-na-na-na-na. Your
mother was never housebroken.
Ha-ha-ha-ha!
Toodle- oo!
[Growling] Hello.
[Yelling]
[Train Whistle]
[Tiger]
Oh, no, not again.
[Barking, Growling]
Dogfish.
[Train Whistle]
Way out West, way out West,
way out West, way out West.
[Train]
Way out West, way out West.

[Fievel]

Are we out West yet?

WestJersey,

maybe.

Life in New York City

it's full of dread and fuss #

Our dreams are waiting west

there's room for all of us #

#The streets are paved nuggets

all of purest gold #

Soon we'll be millionaires...

Boy, have I been told

[Train Whistle]

No garbage and no landlord

foulin' up the air #

No crooks or politicians

to strip our cupboards bare #

We'll ride roaring rivers

Turn wilderness to towns #

Our dreams will take us up

and never let us down #

Way out West

there's room for dreamin' #

There's wide open spaces

to see #

Way out West

the sun's always beamin' #

We'll be everything

we can be #

#The nights are filled with

dancing lasting 'til the day #

Days are filled with singing

Work is just like play #

#We'll banjo, fiddle

We'll guitar, spoon #

Everywhere we go out there

we'll play this rousing tune #

'Cause way out West

we'll build a new nation #

We'll grow all the way

to the sky #

Way out West

there's all of creation #

We'll do and we'll never

say die, yeehaw #
Way out West
we'll build a new nation #
We'll go all the way
to the sky #
Way out West
there's all of creation #
#We'll do
and we'll never say die #
Way out West, way out West,
way out West, way out West.
[Whimpering]
- Ahh, shut up.
- [Yelling]
Mother always wanted me
to be on the stage.
Excuse me, sir.
Mr. Cowboy.
You wouldn't be going
to Green River, would you?
[Growling]
[Tiger Groaning]
[Train Whistle]
[Mooing]
I know you.
You sold us the tickets.
Hi, my name is Fievel Mousekewitz.
[Gasping]
Heh-heh-heh-heh!
I win again, fathead.
[Male] I say you cheatin'.
You plays your last hand, Chula.
I don't think so.
I got seven more, dog chow.
Why, you dirty, rotten,
low-down, double dealing...
I don't get it, boss. How come
we're not munching those mice?
Oui. "Zees" fraternity "wiz" mice
does run counter to nature.
Which would you rather have,
the crouton or the salad?
Of course
we will eat the mice,

but only after we have
exploited their labors.

[Cat R. Waul]

We are nice to the mice...
because it is intelligent
to be so.

If we talk sweetly,
they will come in droves.
If we hiss, they will run
and we will have to chase them,
an unnecessary expenditure
of calories.

So when do we take
the big bite, boss?
When do we get to eat them?
When, when, when?

When my empire at Green River
is complete...
and when we have
a better mousetrap.

Mouseburgers!

Mouseburgers!

Yes, mouseburgers indeed.

Music... to aid the digestion.

Help!

[Humming]

#[Violin]

Next stop:

throat, stomach,
intestine and, you guessed it,
Green River.

Whoa, oh!

Whoa, whoa, oh!

Uh-oh.

What do we
have here?

It appears to be
a young pioneer.

The feline in me would like
to devour this tender morsel,
but the businessman
in me knows if I do,
the other mice will miss

him and come looking.
But the gourmet in me
quivers at the thought...
of mouse tartar.
But the entrepreneur prefers
not to be inundated...
by suspicious mice that
could jeopardize my plan.
So I must exercise...
both willpower
and finesse.
Scamper back to your
parents, little mouse.
Do be careful.
It's hazardous out there.
- Bye.
- Give him the flying "ahh."
- Make it good.
- I love the flying "ahh"!
[Wicked Laughing]
Mouse overboard!
Where?
What?
I just love
the flying "ahh."
- Ahh!
- Fievel!
Fievel, my son.
Don't be a fool,
Mousekewitz!
[Groaning]
[Tiger]
Excuse me. You got a minute?
Are there any
rest stops on this trip?
Hey, wait for me.
You can't leave me here.
I burn easily.
I'm...
lost, all alone in
a million-acre cat box.
Phoo!
[Train Whistle]
[Mama]

My son, Fievel.

[Sniffling]

[Moaning]

You know something?

I think we got snookered.

No, Mama, this is what the land
of opportunity looks like... I think.

It feels empty and lonely.

Over here,

over here.

Hey, you,

this is my place.

This is my place.

Wanna buy it?

[Mama] Papa, quick.

[Papa] All right, we may be slower,
but we are smarter.

All these speedy mice
are fighting over the land.

In this dusty country you
want to be near the water.

So this is what we
left New York for.

This is what we
lost Fievel for.

Chula, do this.

Chula, do that.

I'm a good-looking
spider, no?

There's lots of women
like to marry me.

Mama, Fievel will come.

He's a Mousekewitz.

If we work hard, Green River
will be everything we dreamed.

The water, for instance.

In days it will be
a beautiful waterfall.

That patch of mud will be
a rich field covered with grain.

Prairie dogs will graze on that land,
and the city will prosper.

The water.

Without water...

how can we survive?
Please, there's no need for such a
bleak assessment of your situation.
After all,
what are neighbors for?
A cup of sugar,
a saucer of cream.
A pail of water,
perhaps.
Water? I'll give 'em water.
[Spitting]
I'd like to share
a vision.
A vision of a better world.
My eyes!
A world where cats and mice
live and work side by side.
A world where mothers raise
their mouselings without fear.
Where musicians receive
their proper due.
Where young mousettes
fulfill their every, dream.
Will you help me build this world?
[Cheering]
Water,
I need water.
Fievel.
I'm right here.
Mama, I'm coming.
Mama, I'm right here.
Fievel.
Mama, I'm coming.
Mama.
[Echoing]
Fievel.
[Echoing]
Fievel.
Mama! Papa!
Mama.
Yeo-o-o-o-ow!
This is the worst
moment of my life.
I wouldn't wish

this on a dog.
Maybe a dog.
Oh, my darling
Oh, my darling #
[Female] Who?
Oh, my darling... #
Oh, my darling #
Who?
It's Tiger, your darling.
Don't you recognize me?
- Who?
- It's me, Tiger.
Your darling baby
buppie-bunga-boo.
Hey, you're not
my darling.
I just kissed
an owl.
[Fievel Echoing]
Tiger!
- Fievel?
- Tiger!
Fievel, I've been
searching all over for you.
Tiger, is that you?
[Tiger Echoing] Fievel.
Nope, bet it's
another mirage.
Fievel, I can't
tell you how much...
I wish you weren't
a mirage.
Hi, mirage of Tiger.
Hi, mirage of Fievel.
Don't they ever
dust this place?
A guy could make
a fortune selling...
vacuum cleaners.
Dancing buffalo bones.
Naw.
[War Cries]
[Chanting]
Come on, fellows.

I'm a mangy, old cat.
I don't taste good
without ketchup.
Ummm. No. No, ma'am.
I'm not your color.
Could we have an espresso
and talk this over, please?
How...
do you do?
[Speaking In
Mousehican Dialect]
Huh?
Ah.
Hee-hee-hee.
[Gasping]
[Screeching]
[Groaning]
[Hawk Screeching]
Mama!
[Echoing]
Papa!
[Chanting]
[Laughing]
They think I'm their Tiger god.
How lucky
can you get?
I mean, how did they
know I was a vegetarian?
Mm-mm-mm.
[Burping]
It's funny how your appetite
perks up when you find out...
that you're gonna eat dinner
instead of be dinner.
Innkeeper,
more wine.
[War Cries]
[Mousehican Dialect]
Shhh!
[Fievel] I said put me down,
you ugly furball.
I won't stand for this.
Put me down.
[Clucking]

Uh-oh.

Help!

Water!

Oh, no, I'm in a mouth.

[Screams]

[Coughing,

Gulping]

A little endive

went down the wrong tube.

I hope he doesn't

throw up.

- Get me out of here!

- Who said that?

[Fievel] Me.

Me, he says.

- Say "ah."

- Ah.

- Tiger!

- Fievel!

I thought I'd never see you.

We waited for you at the station.

Believe me,

I tried to get there,

but I was dogged

every step of the way.

Oh, Tiger,

you're my best friend.

C'mon on, let's go

to Green River.

There's something

I forgot to mention.

The only reason I'm not

a moccasin right now...

is because they think

I'm a god.

This conversation is making

me look very ungodlike.

Tiger, listen.

I have to warn my family.

The cats are gonna turn

them into mouse... shh!

These folks get offended

if you eat and run.

I'll join you as soon as I can.

You promise?
I promise.
Cross my heart and hope to cry.
Oh, Tiger.
I almost forgot.
How do you get to Green River?
Grab a passing sagecoach.
See you later.
Adios.
Sagecoach, get it?
Sage.
Oh, never mind.
#Rollin', rollin'
rollin'#
#Rollin', rollin'
rollin'#
#Rollin', rollin'
rollin'#
#Rollin', rollin'
rollin'#
#Rawhide #
Move 'em on, head 'em up
Head 'em up, move 'em on #
Move 'em on, head 'em up
Rawhide #
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in
Ride 'em in, cut 'em out #
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in
Rawhide #
#Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'#
Excuse me,
Mr. Dog.
I was wondering if you
could give me some help.
[Sputtering]
Oh, another tumbleweed
asking me for help.
Oh, no, not again.
[Snoring]
Not again.
[Burping]
[Cuckoo Clock]
Mama! Papa! Tanya!

Our Fievel,
he's alive.
Fievel, my baby.
He's come back to us.
Mousekewitz, don't let go!
Oh, Fievel.
What happened to you?
I got lost in this desert.
This giant hawk picked me up
and dropped me...
right on the Mousehican village
where Tiger is a god.
Papa,
I have to warn you.
The cats, they're gonna
build this giant mousetrap.
They're gonna turn us
into mouseburgers!
A giant mousetrap
and Tiger is a god?
Fievel's been out in the sun too long.
Mousekewitz!
But Tiger is a god and they
are building a giant mousetrap.
Fievel, the only thing
that has grown...
faster than you
are your tall tales.
You will see that out West
cats are good.
- [Gasping]
- [Cheering]
- Huh?
- [Muttering]
[Muttering]
So, what's
your problem?
Being nice to these mice.
It's driving me nuts!
Get on with it,
you morons!
After the saloon
is finished tomorrow,
we announce that we are going

to have a special ceremony.
We invite all
of the mice...
"und" seat them
in the stands.
"Und" when the sun goes down...
[Cat R. Waul] Snappo!
- Mouseburgers.
- Mouseburgers!
Let me hear that again.
Mouseburgers!
Let the saliva flow!
Mouseburgers!
[Female]
#La la-la- la-la #
La la-la-la-la #
La, la, la, la #
Next.
[Yelling]
Terrible, terrible.
Truly, utterly appalling.
I must have a voice to match
the opulence of this saloon.
Ooh!
Pussy, pussy,
pussy, pussy.
Pussy, pussy,
oh, pussy.
Humans, yech!
So shiny and bleah!
Right, I want
the subversive...
who attempted to
assassinate me found.
I love finding subversives.
[Spitting]
What's a subversive?
Someone who doesn't have long to live.
[Music]
If it isn't my friend
from the train.
I heard what you said about mouseburgers.
I'm gonna tell everyone.
I'm gonna get Wylie Burp

'cause he's the law. Wylie Burp?

[Laughing]

That quaint
historical figure.

Put simply,
I am the law here.

You're a mere
hors d'oeuvre.

[Tanya]

#Dreams to dream #
#In the dark of the night #
It's dinnertime.
When the world goes wrong #
What's wrong with the boss?
#I can still make it right #
#I can see so far #
#In my dreams #
#I'll follow my dreams #
Until they come true #
Come with me #
#You will see
what I mean #
#There's a world inside #
No one else ever sees #
#You will go #
So far in my dreams #
Somewhere in my dreams #
#Your dreams
will come true #
#There is a star #
#Waiting to guide us #
Shining inside us #
#When we close our eyes #
Don't let go #
If you stay close
to me #
In my dreams tonight #
#You will see
what I see #
Dreams to dream #
#As near as can be #
Inside you #
#And me #
Well, well, well.

#They always #
Look what the cat dragged in.
Come true #
A mouse, that's a first.
Not just any mouse.
This is a diva.
Diva, schmever.
Put a mouse on the stage...
and your saloon's gonna be
as empty as Death Valley...
on a cold day in June
when the snow don't fall.
What?
They'll love her, adore her.
Those who don't
will answer to me.
Anything you say,
pussypoos.
I have mentioned I dislike being
referred to as pussypoos.
Yeah? I'm not so happy
about being dumped...
in nature's ashtray 500 miles
from a pastrami sandwich.
Pussypoos.
I just mentioned, didn't I,
that I dislike being
referred to as pussypoos.
As for the mousette, I'll
get her on the stage for ya.
See that you do.
Farewell, my diva.
- Now then...
- [Gasping]
Don't worry, mousey.
You're safe now.
So you're really not tough
and mean like you were acting?
Who, me?
Naw.
I'm soft as this powder puff
and twice as gentle.
But living out here around
characters like that...

What's your name,
honey?
Tanya.
Tanya Mousekewitz.
And you want to be
a great singer.
Oh, yes, yes,
yes, yes, yes.
What's the matter?
You're shaking like a rattlesnake tail.
I'm scared. I've never sang
in front of a real audience.
[Crash,
Laughing]
Sweetie, you wouldn't
be an artiste...
if you weren't
nervous.
I'm not pretty.
Says who?
You can be whatever you want
if you believe in yourself.
Show me some grit and guts.
Come on, honey.
Give me a smile.
Oh, no, no.
Sweetheart, you can
do better than that.
Think of something
real nice.
I want you to reach
deep down...
and find the most beautiful
thought that's in your heart.
Oh, beautiful.
Um.
Tonight, Tanya,
forget you're in this cowpie
hole-of- an-olive-pit town.
You're with your fella
at the El Purrocco club.
You're on that stage,
and he has a front row seat.
You're singing your heart out

just for him.
There are things there
I miss so much.
[Kiss Sound]
I've forgotten why I left.
So much for regrets.
- So, do you like yourself?
- I look like a real lady.
Remember, the real lady
is what's under the mask.
Now go
knock 'em dead.
[Chula] Oh, dear, oh, dear.
He's not cookin'evenly.
[Humming]
Yeow!
[Cat R. Waul]
Gentle creatures, I have arranged...
for a special preview
of the artistic virtuosity...
that will become of
commonplace on this stage.
Allow me to present
the divine diva,
Miss Tanya!
[Clapping]
[Cat Laughing]
- I can't do this.
- Sure you can.
If anyone throws so much
as a radish at you,
I'll slap 'em so hard
their meow'll fall off.
[Fanfare]
Huh?
Oh.
A mouse!
Throw the mouse out of the house!
Do you ever miss... #
[Booing]
The boss has hit the catnip again.
What's wrong with the boss?
Do you ever
miss the girl #

You left behind #
Gosh!
Gosh!
Gosh!
Is the girl you left behind
out there tonight romancin' #
Makin' eyes at someone else and singin'
Is she dancin' #
[Chula] Come back mouse!
You wouldn't want me to miss dinner!
Puts teardrops in your eyes
from secrets she is keepin' #
I'm blind!
Help, Tanya!
Have the fiddlers play a
tune and dance the night away #
I'm not here,
you pointed head.
You know you'll always
miss her #
Lonely is the lover's heart if only you
could kiss her kiss her, kiss her #
Come here!
Come here! Aah!
[Cowboy]
Durn mouse!
Bugger face!
#Just don't leave 'em too darn long,
I think I oughta warn ya #
#Absence makes the heart grow cold
and makes a heart to wander #
If you stay by their side
you'll feel their hearts grow fonder #
Hope you see her someday
Hope I find my way #
Back to the girl
I left behind #
#Tell me you will never roam #
#We swear we won't go roamin' #
#You'll be by your fireside #
#We'll all be home sweet homin' #
Kiss her
miss her, kiss her #
Inky-dinky spider

caught a mouse in his web #
#The inky-dinky spider
bit off the mouse's head #
Hee-hee-hee!
Ow! I'm in pain!
#Where's the girl you left behind #
She's waitin' for her sister #
#We won't stop until we're home
We'll hug and kiss her #
I'll find the girl
I'll find the girl #
I'll find the girl
I'll find the girl I left behind #
#Tonight, tonight, tonight
That's right, all right #
[Applause And Cheering]
Encore, encore!
[Sneezes]
[Cheering]
Tanya, let's
get out of here.
I must stay.
My public needs me.
I can't leave you.
It's dangerous.
"Thank you for your...
a-du-lation."
Tanya.
[Wylie]
What's the matter, son?
Did you ever know something
important but nobody will believe ya?
Boy, I wish
Wylie Burp was here.
You do?
Well, then,
he... he... he's right here.
Where?
The old dog's right under your whiskers.
[Snoring]
Read the badge, son.
"Wylie Burp, Sheriff."
Wow!
We need you, Sheriff Burp.

The cats are gonna turn us into
mouseburgers. You gotta help us now!

Let this

sleepin' dog lie, son.

Doggone it, I'm dog tired. I'm
tired of leadin' a dog's life...

and fighting like cats and dogs

against cats and dogs,

and young pups doggin'

my trail trying to become top dog.

I'm goin' to the dogs

in a dog-eat-dog world, son.

I'm so far over the hill,

I'm on the bottom

of the other side.

[Snoring]

But you know,

I think I might

be able to help ya.

How? We've only got

'til sundown tomorrow.

Gotta find me a dog.

I'll teach him the stuff.

I'll make a hero

out of him.

I don't know

any dogs...

but I do know

a god!

Oh, no, I can't.

You got the wrong cat.

I am a god of eternal peace

and cosmic love, my friend.

But why argue?

I'm here, you're here.

We're all here.

But we're going to Green River.

You're going to Green River.

I'm gonna stay right here.

So, you know, give my

regards to everybody.

[Purring]

Too bad...

because there's a very, very

pretty cat there you might remember.

My darling baby

bubby-bunka- boo.

[Purring]

Oh.

You convinced me!

What do I gotta do?

Ah, it ain't nothin' much.

You just gotta pretend to be a dog!

A dog!

You got it.

A dog!

Tiger...

anyone can be a god, but...

it takes grit to be a dog!

So you're the frivolous feline

I've got to whip into shape?

I've got my work

cut out for me.

I don't have to listen to this.

I... am a god!

Yeah?

Yeah!

- Yeah? Yeah?

- Yeah! Yeah!

I don't have to listen

to this. I'm a god!

Fetch, dog.

- Moi?

- [Snarls]

Aah!

[Humming]

[Giggling]

Hmm.

No, no.

All wrong.

What did I do wrong?

You want me to dribble all over it?

You wanna act like a dog,

you gotta think like a dog...

'til you smell

like a dog.

No self-respecting dog

fetches anything,

unless he's good
and feels like it.
You wanna intimidate someone,
give 'em the la-a-zy eye.
Gee, I'm afraid to ask.
Okay, what's the la- a-zy eye?
The la-a-zy eye!
Wah!
Woof.
Now you do it.
[Grunting]
[Yelling]
Hopeless.
[Grunting]
Now, lemme
see you walk.
You're wiggling
like a French poodle.
Get down on all fours and get
a snoot full of mother earth.
Yuck! That goes
against my grain.
Yech!
Roll, you varmint. Roll.
Give yourself
a dirt bath.
Now you're gettin' it.
C'mon. We're rootin' for ya.
Get up. Suck in
your paunch, boy.
Saunter on out there,
one leg in front of the other,
slow and easy.
Woosh!
I hurt myself.
If you're gonna act like a dog,
you gotta sound like a dog.
Let's hear you bark.
[Sputters]
Well, go ahead.
Bow-wow.
Bow-wow?
It's more like... bark!
Bark.

No, again.
Woof.
Again.
Woof! Rawf!
Raft! Racket!
Rap! Rapsallion!
Rumpelstiltskin!
Redincta gracio, amore!
Oh, this is
embarrassing.
Try growling.
Grr!
Grr-rrr.
[Growling]
[Fievel] C'mon, Tiger.
We're running out of time.
Now...
[Roars]
Bark!
[Echoes]
Woof, woof!
[Echoing]
Woof, woof!
Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow.
Ha-ha-ha- ha.
Woof-woof-woof!
Grr!
Grr! Bark, bark!
Bow-wow!
Bark-bark,
bark-bark-bark.
Woof-woof-woof.
Bark-bark-bark.
Bark-bark-bark.
Woof-woof-woof.
[Barking Noises]
Woof!
Ten-hut!
Grr.
- [Gasps]
- Who?
[Cat R. Waul]
Jolly good. Now pay attention.
Cats and gentle mice,

lend me your ears.
It is my distinguished pleasure
to invite all of you...
to share our
dinner... triumph!
To share our triumph!
Today we herald in
a momentous...
new feast... ival.
"Feastival..." festival.
To mark this brilliant and
illustrious snack occasion,
I will, with these
golden scissors,
hereby cut the
red... ribbon.
[Applause]
Bravo!
[Cheering]
Cat R. Waul, we've come
to close you down.
Okay, chaps, it's become
necessary to put these dogs...
through obedience school.
Kill.
Oh, look out
behind you, kid.
Aaah!
Oh, who's that dog down there with Wylie?
He's got some stuff!
Hee-hee-hee-hee!
Ha-ha.
That's Fievel?
It's too tough, kid.
Get out while you still can.
Okay. Toodle-oo.
Hey, Tiger.
Give 'em
the la- a-zy eye!
Run for your lives!
Morons.
Trigger the mousetrap!
It's a giant mousetrap!
It's a giant mousetrap!

They're gonna squash the mice!
Now!
[Tanya] # Oh, say, can you see #
- # You're on a mousetrap #
- Stop!
You'll crush the diva!
Flee! Run, run.
Run, every, body.
Run for your lives!
Freeze,
you miserable vermin!
[Gunshots]
Run for your lives!
- Yee-haw!
- Aah! Aah!
Now you freeze,
cat R. Waul.
Don't pull it, kid, or you've
seen the last of Miss Kitty.
Get your
hands off me!
Grr... owl!
Help! Help!
[Barking]
- Take that!
- Oh, ho-ho-ho!
I never taught him
that one.
[Huffing]
You harm one patch of fur
on her and I'll tear you apart,
one leg at a time.
[Yelling And
Whimpering]
Aaah!
Ooo.
Okay, Wylie.
- Let 'em rip, kid.
- Yes, sir, Mr. Burp, sir.
[Grunting]
[Screaming]
[Yelling]
And now...
[Growling]

revenge!

[Woman]

Oh, pussypoos! Oh, no!

Come to Mommy,
darling.

Mommy's going to take care
of you for ever and ever... and ever!

[Mice

Indistinct Chatter]

[Cheering]

Papa, Mama!

Fievel, my baby!

Ha-ha! Our Fievel
is not so little anymore.

And a regular
Western hero.

Now it's time for music.

Let's celebrate!

[Square Dance]

[Grunts]

Tiger!

Oh, Tiger.

I never taught him that one.

[Gasps]

Wylie.

[Howling]

Here, son.

I want you to have one of these.

I can't. I'm not
a hero like you...
well, not really.

Well, maybe not.

Maybe a real hero's the
last one to hear about it.

But you pulled me out
of a gutter...
and for that

I owe you some thanks.

Just remember, Fievel,
one man's sunset is
another man's dawn.

I don't know
what's out there...
beyond those hills,

but if you ride yonder,
head up, eyes steady,
heart open,
I think one day
you'll find...
that you're the hero
you've been lookin'for.