

INT. BASEMENT - TOP OF STAIRS - DAY

CLICK.

SUZY, 4, stands on the top step, her hand rests on the light switch. An orange glow pulsates below. Suzy sits. Step by step she creeps down the stairs on her bottom.

Shadows dance around the room. Suzy's eyes are wide open, she shivers. THUMP. THUMP. She places one hand on her chest.

A strange, squeaky noise. Suzy jumps, scurries up the stairs, pushes open the door, and SLAMS it shut behind her.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Suzy stands, eyes closed, back against the door. Her small body trembled.

SUPER: "A few days later."

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Suzy takes a deep breath and puffs out her chest. Slow and steady, she moves about the basement. Her eyes search here and there. She freezes.

MICE (O.S.)
Squeak, squeak, squeak

Suzy stretches as tall as she can. She grits her teeth, clenches her fists, and moves toward the sound. She gets down on her knees behind some wood and peeks over the top. Suzy smiles.

Two little mice fight over a piece of cheese. One grabs it and runs. The other pounces, stealing it away. Suzy laughs. The mice, frightened, scurry into a nearby hole.

INT. MOUSEHOLE - DAY

TOBY MOUSE, 15, looks as tough as a teenage mouse can who had just been frightened by a human. DOBY MOUSE, 7, goofy and adorable, crouches beside him, trembling.

INT. BASEMENT - OUTSIDE OF MOUSEHOLE - DAY

Suzy crawls over, bends down, puts her eye up to the opening, and peers into the hole.

INT. MOUSEHOLE - DAY

The mice, arms around each other, stumble back into the dark shadows as a large eye zooms in and blocks the opening.

SUZY

Little mice, little mice, I'm
sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.
Please come out.

The mice don't show. Suzy begins to cry.

INT. MOUSEHOLE - DAY

A strange sound, SOBBING. The mice look at each other, then
ease toward the hole. Toby Mouse stays in front of Doby, his
hand holds him back. They peek out.

INT. BASEMENT - OUTSIDE MOUSEHOLE - DAY

Suzy sits on her knees; her tiny feet poke out beneath her
dress. Her face buried in her hands.

The mice step out from the safety of their hole. In small
leaps, they approach Suzy and look up at her.

MICE

Squeak, squeak.

Suzy peeks out from between her fingers. Tears run down her
cheeks. She wipes at them. Suzy sees the mice and smiles.

SUZY

Hello.

MICE

Squeak.

SUZY

I didn't mean to frighten you.

MICE

Squeak, squeak.

SUZY

You looked so funny fighting over
that yucky old cheese. I had to
laugh.

Toby and Doby look at each other. Then fall back onto the
floor, their tiny paws holding their bellies and laugh.

MICE

Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak.
Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak.

Suzy starts to laugh. Soon, all three roll on the floor
laughing.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's going on down there?

SUZY
Nothing.

The mice frightened, run back to their hole. Suzy crawls over, presses her eye up to the opening, and whispers.

SUZY (CONT'D)
It's okay. You can come out. That was just my mommy.

Two wriggling noses poke back out from the hole.

DOBY
Mommy? Humans have mommies, too?

TOBY
I guess so.

Suzy falls back, surprised.

SUZY
You can talk.

DOBY
Of course, we can talk. We talk all the ---

Toby reaches out and pokes Doby in the ribs.

TOBY
Hey, she can understand us.

DOBY
How'd that happen?

TOBY
I don't know.

SUZY
You don't squeak anymore. You talk like me.

DOBY
It must be magic.

TOBY
(scratches his head)
Magic, yeah, that's it. Magic.

The three jump up and down. Suzy claps her hands and sings.

SUZY

You can talk, you can talk. It must
be magic. It must be magic.

The three sit in a circle and talk.

SUZY (CONT'D)

My name is Suzy. What's yours?

TOBY

My name's Toby. This here's my kid
brother, Doby.

Doby pokes his head out from behind Toby.

TOBY (CONT'D)

He's not usually this shy. Then
again, you are our first human.

Suzy chuckles.

SUZY

And you're my first mice.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lunch, Suzy.

DOBY

What's lunch?

SUZY

What's lunch? Don't you know what
lunch is?

The mice shake their heads.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Lunch is when you sit at the table
with your mommy, eat a peanut
butter and jelly sandwich, have a
cookie and drink a glass of milk
before you take your nap.

Suzy nods with pride.

SUZY (CONT'D)

That's lunch!

The two mice stand scratch their heads.

MICE

Ohhhhhhh.

SUZY

I'll save you some and bring it
down after my nap.

Suzy dashes up the stairs and SLAMS the door behind her.

TOBY

Lunch, what an interesting idea. I
think I understand.

DOBY

Me too! But, what's nap, or
sandwich, or milk?

Toby shrugs his shoulders.

DOBY (CONT'D)

What's cookie?

TOBY

I guess we'll find out when Suzy
comes back.

DOBY

How long do you think nap is?

Toby shrugs.

TOBY

I don't know little brother.

The two mice curl up on the floor outside their hole and
close their eyes.