# Animaniacs Return

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# Animaniacs Return

by Serena_Walken

Summary

Animaniacs is coming back to TV, with a twist. Things look up at first as the gang come together, but interruptions and kidnapping put more than just the show at risk.

# Chapter 1: Ratings

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Animaniacs Return

Chapter One: Ratings

Phil Porter sat in his black cushioned chairman seat. He had enough of his so-called 'team' speaking of the rating weakness.

"Comedy Central has the smash hit South Park." One of his team members—maybe Jerry-reminded him. "Cartoon Network has a solid block of a thing called Adult Swim. The animation is aimed at a larger crowd."

Jerry or John, who was he speaking too? Not important enough to remember. "Yes, I know." Phil grumbled as he brought a coffee mug to his lips. The black coffee tar the secretary made did nothing to ease his mood. Movies by Warner Brothers were doing a satisfactory job, animation was okay, but they were getting creamed by something else: The new hip genre.

"Animation for adults is really the trend right now." One of his team members said again. This time it was one of those girls with clumpy looking glasses, he wouldn't even bother half-

guessing a name. "Even clay animation, that show Robot Chicken-"

"Well, yippee for them." Phil slammed his mug onto the meeting table, the contents spilling out. As of yet, Warner Brothers hadn't had a smash animation hit for adults. "More options. Now."

"We've used all our ideas," Some other team member said, "but sir, this is a trend and it'll pass."

"It's been steady and rising." Phil disagreed with the nameless drone. "Trends drive ratings. I want an animation show for adults that is a breakaway hit."

A woman on the team groaned, soft, but Phil heard it. As revenge, he put all his attention upon her. One of the few names he remembered, it was too simple to forget. "Yes Ms. Cart? Do you have something you want to say?" He leaned back in his chair more and pressed his fingers next to each other. He tried not to let an inside grin out as the woman fidgeted with the pencil, clearly nervous. "Well? You've been given the floor." Phil watched the woman stand up and touching papers in front of the large meeting table with a nervous hand.

"Animation is turning to adults, I agree, but children this day and age need role models too." The nervous ninny said as she brought up some of the papers from the desk. "Shows like Blues Clues and Hamtaro don't reach a high level for many children these days. The anime market rakes it all in because they censor their shows."

Hm. Maybe Cart knew something after all. Phil stopped leaning against his chair and placed his elbows on the desk.. "Go on Ms. Cart."

"Robot Chicken drives adults to it and isn't supposed to be watched by viewers too young, same as South Park," Cart blabbered on, "and shows like Rolie Polie Olie reach children and don't cater to adults. There's that awkward between age for children, where they don't know where they fit."

Phil blinked. What was Cart driving at? He stood up from his chair and moved over to the woman. Ugh, her perfume invaded his senses, he should ban that at the next meeting. "Please, continue." Cart sat down as he stood by her, immediately stuttering and looking through more papers.

"W-what if we make a hit for everyone, sir? Young and old?" Cart asked. "Record an episode and cut it accordingly?"

Phil's eyes lit up, one of his lousy team members had a brain after all! "A great show for kids? Then, during prime time more aimed at teenagers." He could see the potential and dollar signs appeared in his eyes. "at the midnight striking hour the whole thing, uncut, for adults. Genius. We'll begin right away."

"Ummm...Mr. Porter?" Someone else spoke up to Porter. "We don't have anything."

Mr. Porter lowered his eyes into a deadly glare. "We need something, pronto."

"Most of our cartoons are too tame though." Another member of his team mentioned. "Everytime we try to make a more adult cartoon, it usually ends up being a flop."

"Inexcusable." It was an excellent idea, would make tons of money, and it would put them on top. Phil calmed down, another idea that would never see itself realized. He left Cart and sat back in his chair. "Fine, next issue. Reality TV."

"Kid Surprise is still in the making, but it's not doing too well." A random male said. He didn't know, he hadn't bothered to look at him. "Most of our testing groups don't think a single women going through the usual group of guys, choosing one, and then telling him she's having someone else's baby is entertaining."

"Well everything's been done," Phil yelled, "What else? How is 'We're Not Really Your Parents' going?"

"Not over well, sir." The same voice came from before. "Even worse than Kid Surprise actually."

"Many people are getting sick of the usual reality concepts Mr. Porter." Ms. Cart spoke up again. "They want something new, not the same shows recycled in different ways."

"Damn." Phil leaned back in his chair and groaned. He turned his chair around to face behind and saw the portrait of Thaddeus Plotz, hung in the conference room in his honor. "His ratings were always great. Everyone followed him; he had everyone under his thumb. He didn't have to tag along behind a Chicken."

Phil turned back around and stared at Kathy. "Ms. Cart, I want gold one more time. Give me gold and I'll triple your usual bonus." He watched as her eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. Sometimes money made them think better. He waited for Cart's reply.

"Uhhh...Animaniacs?"

Phil gave her a disgusted look. "Animaniacs? I should fire you for that recommendation!" He stood up and pointed his finger toward the door. "Get out of this office, I can't believe you want me to hire those whack jobs! Why I heard rumors they were vile and rude and-?" he stopped yelling, his pointing finger became relaxed. "They could barely be controlled? They even got away with putting some very adult innuendo's into a child's show." He grinned from ear to ear. "Ms. Cart, you're a genius. I'll triple your salary if you find everyone for me again." He placed his finger down and hit his desk, palms outward. "I want the Warners, the cat and dog. I want Minerva, definitely that mink. I even want the crazy disguising chicken. Make it happen."

"But sir, many of the cartoons grew older," Kathy said, a quick reminder when he realized how much older everyone was. "Mindy's talking now, Skippy's a teenager, not to mention the Warner issue."

"I want everyone back," Phil demanded, "It'll bring the adults of today who watched it when they were kids back. I want all of them back, and don't forget the pigeons."

"S-sir?" The member of his team who kept dashing his hopes had to do it one more time. He needed to remember to lower his bonus. "We can't get the Warners."

"What?" Phil sat back down. "What do you mean we can't get the Warners?"

"Back in 2000 they went to trial in a cartoon courthouse," the hope dasher informed him. "The sentence was to split them up forever. Yakko Warner is somewhere on the West Coast, Dot Warner is on the East Coast and Wakko Warner's in Mid America. They can only go so far before a little buzzer on their foot goes off. When they cross the line, they have to go back to jail. It would become worse each time they tried to outwit it."

"..." Phil's dreams of a hit had become crushed. "What would the show be without the Warners? Who was the judge? I want to appeal this decision."

"Sir. The Warners grew up and they are even worse than they were," Mr. Hope dasher said again. "If you bring them all together again, there's no telling-"

"That's what makes it a hit," Phil said, "call up the Judge. Call up all the Warners. This deal is not going to fall through!" He looked at each member of his team. "I want every one of you to make sure all the old characters are retrieved, every one of them. This meeting is dismissed."

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