

Screenplay

By

Enrique Osvaldo Mayers

FADE IN

EXT. INDEPENDENCE HILL LAKE - NIGHT

The north shoreline is dotted with families sitting comfortably on picnic blankets, all staring up at the clear night sky.

Along the far horizon, the opulent structures of ARCH CITY is faintly illuminated. The buildings shimmer with fine marble, steel and glass. A testament to global, economic power.

The emblematic statue of LADY CASH adorns CASH ISLAND just in front of the city.

For the first time in the history Of Public transit, The Arch City Subway is powered by a hydrogen battery. Therefore, the device is not only cheap, but also cost-efficient.

BOOM! POP! BOOM!

An array of fireworks explode overhead, all the colors of happiness but predominantly green and silver. The explosions fade to the ooh's and aah's of the crowd.

Suddenly, what's looks to be a wild finale, turns into an melee of fire and explosions. The crowd takes a second to react.

This is no longer a show, but an attack. Small MISSILES scream through the air, EXPLODING all around the now scrambling crowd.

Citizens are blown into the air. The injured lay helpless on the ground as the chaos goes off around them, trampled by those trying to escape.

WILLIAM VANCASH, a strong, statuesque man in his early 40's gathers his wife LISA, (30'S), who looks a little frail for her age, and their son BILLY (10) to a safe spot just outside the danger.

WILLIAM
(to Lisa)
Stay put. I'll be back. Billy,
protect your mother.

BILLY
Dad! No!

(CONTINUED)

Lisa forcibly holds her son back from running after William as he disappears into the crowd toward a group of running PARAMEDICS.

In the moonlit horizon, a tall silhouette of a MAN watches over the carnage.

TAXMAN(V.O.)

Let me do the missile jump again!
Stars and Stripes forever.

Billy wriggles in his mother's arms.

BILLY

Let me go! I want to help my
father! What happened?

LISA

I don't know, son. It's a horrible
accident. I am not allowing to go
out there. Wait here for your
father.

Another BOOM goes off in the distance behind them, startling her just enough that her grip on him loosens. He takes off toward his father.

EXT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

William is helping to bandage the leg of a CONCESSION WORKER (20'S) that is badly injured when Billy pushes his way through the crowd with a bottle of water for Man.

WILLIAM

Billy! What are you doing here?
Where's your mother?

BILLY

She's fine, dad. I'm here to help
you.

William glances around the chaos, eyes the fireworks launching platform. His eye steel in focus.

BILLY

Father?

William turns to PARAMEDIC #1 with a nod toward Billy.

WILLIAM

Billy! Where's your mother?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
She's fine, father.

William cradles his son's face.

WILLIAM
Son, your mother's heart is not
very strong. The doctor told us to
look after her, don't you remember?

Billy nods.

Paramedic #1 nods, ushers Billy to the front of the
ambulance.

BILLY
Father! I want to come with you!

William speeds his way through the injured crowd and is out
of sight in a flash.

EXT. LAUNCHING PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

William breaks through a thin line of trees at the edge of
the platform to see a dark figure hunched over an array
MISSILES, furiously punching codes into KEYPADS.

WILLIAM
Hold it right there, ugly creep!

The man rises into a vane of moonlight. It's the notorious
Taxman (unknown age), hidden by his signature two face mask
in the form of young and old, that constantly dripping slime
from the face, and donned in all black.

William lunges at Taxman, tackling him away from the
missiles before the last number could be punched in. The two
roll off the platform, onto the shore of the lake.

William lands many precise punches to Taxman's face, pins
his arms behind him.

With Taxman restrained, William turns to alert the
authorities.

WILLIAM
Help! Over--

He's hammered in the jaw with a massive roundhouse punch
from a burly FOOT SOLDIER wearing all black battle gear. Two
others stand behind him.

William flies off Taxman, rolling closer to the lake. As he fades into unconsciousness, he watches the Foot Soldiers help Taxman off the ground and disappear into the shadows.

EXT. VANCASH MANSION - MANY WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

The happy family piles out of their posh, luxury sedan in front of a behemoth of a house; pillars, three stories, intricate landscaping. The neighborhood is quiet.

WILLIAM

Billy, you'll remember everything
I've taught you? This world is not
a stable as it may seem.

Billy rubs his tired eyes.

BILLY

Yes, father. Honor and courage rise
above any amount of riches. I will
defend our flag in the name of
peace and justice. I will always
remember that. It's in my blood.

LISA

(to William)

Isn't that a bit serious of a talk
to be having with a ten year old?

William smacks his son on the butt, rushes him into the house. He takes his wife in an embrace.

WILLIAM

I was younger than him when I
learned that same lesson.

He pulls her in close.

WILLIAM

And just over twice his age when I
fell in love, forever.

She almost melts in his arms, looks deep into his eyes. They kiss.

EXT. REPUBLIC OF OILTON - DAY?

A thick smog blankets the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Towering spires of cement spitting noxious pollution into the already gray skies. Huge drills pull and pump the oil from the earth at an amazing rate. The crude, black liquid seeps out of storage containers into the ground. The landscape is dying.

It's a canvas of smog and colorless emissions.

From a walkway, near the top of one of the spires, a dark SILHOUETTE proudly stands, surveying the atrocities below.

LISA(O.S.)

But, William, you've done your
time...

The silhouette turns quick, disappears around the back of the tower.

The scene of environmental nightmare morphs into a digital matrix of greens and blacks.

Pixelating through a tunnel of sharp, digital corners.

Compressing, it flies down a tunnel, walled with flurries of more digital information.

It stops abruptly as a flat image on the underside...

INT. VANCASH MANSION - MORNING

... of a tablet screen; William staring down at it. A look of sadness but understanding washes his face. He doesn't look up to his wife.

WILLIAM

(to Lisa)

I didn't say it's a sure thing,
Lisa. I just have that feeling, you
know? I will be needed to serve my
country again.

Lisa puts some dishes in the cabinet, slams the door.

LISA

I hate when you have those
feelings.

He clicks off the tablet, finally looks up at her with a smile laced with regret.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

What will become of me if you go?
And Billy?

WILLIAM

I do not wish to go, but I have the
utmost confidence that you will be
fine and our son will be in good
hands.

The house phone RINGS

William snatches it before the ring is finished; a hurried
pace to his movements.

WILLIAM

(into phone)
VanCash residence.

Billy, 17 years old now, enters the kitchen. He glances at
his father who gives him a weak smile.

WILLIAM

(into phone)
Yes. This is he.

William heads out of the room. Curious, Billy walks to his
mother's side.

BILLY

Where's dad going? I heard you guys
talking.

She tries to talk through held back tears, fearing she knows
what that phone call is about.

LISA

Duty. Service again, son. But
please do not cry if that happens.
He loves us very much and that's
why he does what he does.

Billy stares out of the room toward William's muffled voice.

BILLY

And his country. He loves his
country, too.

EXT. VANCASH MANSION - EARLY MORNING

A black, unmarked car has been sent for William. As it idles in the driveway, the DRIVER stoic and unflinching, William throws the last of his bags into the trunk.

Lisa watches him, face wet with tears; waiting for the moment to hug him.

Billy stands firm, a strong young man not allowing himself to cry.

WILLIAM
(to family)
I will return home as soon as I
possibly can.

Lisa smiles at him, Billy shakes his head and flatly salutes his father.

William returns the gesture.

BILLY
Father, I am going to miss you.

William looks his son in the eyes.

WILLIAM
And I, you, my son. Please take
care of your mother.

Lisa giggles at this, the sadness breaking from her for a second. William rises to her.

LISA
One piece, you hear me? You return
to me in one piece. I already can't
wait for you to return home.

They kiss passionately.

The Driver BEEPS the horn.

LISA
I'll give you until next Hero's Day
to come home.

WILLIAM
Take care, my love.

LISA
I love you. You better go.

(CONTINUED)

William steps one foot inside the car, then turns back to his family and smiles wide. They mouth words of farewell to each other.

The car pulls out of the driveway and off into the horizon.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MINUTES LATER

William is alone in the plush backseat. The dark divider separates him from the front of the car. He pulls out his cellphone, hits a number on speed dial.

WILLIAM
(into phone)
It's William.

MALE VOICE
(from phone)
My friend! I was not expecting a
phone call from you, was I?

WILLIAM
No. Listen, I have a favor to ask
of you.

MALE VOICE
Your son?

WILLIAM
Yes, friend. Billy is ready. I have
more to teach him, but I'm afraid I
may not see him again.

MALE VOICE
I made a promise to you, long ago,
did I not?

Finally, William starts to tear up.

MALE VOICE
You will be successful in your
mission. Don't be so pessimistic.
When you return home, your son will
be a new man... a hero.

William pauses

WILLIAM
Thank you.

He hangs up.

EXT. LIBERTY PALACE - NIGHT

William stands at the foot of a long staircase leading to the main entrance of the palace. Its ivory doors are a beacon to opulent politicians that roam the ground during the day. Any and money that flows through Arch City, makes a stop here first.

He stares out over a reflecting lake so long that its far end cannot be seen.

Even during the quiet, night time hours, this area has exudes power and wealth.

William is lost in thoughts of his family when a booming voice yanks him into the moment.

JOHN(O.S.)

William. Thank you for meeting me
at this hour.

William doesn't turn around yet, relishing the last few moments of thought about his son.

WILLIAM

President Boot.

JOHN

For you, it's just 'John'.

PRESIDENT JOHN BOOT (50'S) is an enormous man of six and half feet tall or more. His wide shoulders nearly double Williams own and his sharp chin always at a 90 degree angle to the ground.

He shakes Williams hand, joins him in looking out over the lake.

WILLIAM

Oilton.

John lets out a heavy sigh.

JOHN

Indeed. Oilton.

WILLIAM

I thought that are was under
protection.

JOHN

It was. Elite soldiers - insurgents
- have moved in, claimed it as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)
their own. That place was always a
blemish on our land, but now it's
becoming a deep scar.

WILLIAM
What do you need of me?

JOHN
I need a full report of the
situation, William; the wells, the
pumps, the...

WILLIAM
... insurgents?

JOHN
Yes, William.

WILLIAM
Why me? Why not an army?

John inhales deep, straightens his posture.

JOHN
You'll have a troop of our
strongest. You're the best we've
got, William. And, more
importantly, you're the quickest
and quietest.

WILLIAM
Risk?

JOHN
Low, but present.

WILLIAM
I understand, Mr. President.

John finally smiles, turns to William.

JOHN
'President'. I'm still not used to
being called that.

WILLIAM
When do I leave.

JOHN
Immediately. Your troops are in
route as we speak. You will return,
William.

WILLIAM
I hope to.

JOHN
I order you to!

The two friends share an uncomfortable laugh.

WILLIAM
Yes, sir.

With that, Williams walks away, disappearing into the night.

John kicks some loose gravel into the lake. The break the still waters, causing ripples that distort the President's reflection.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - NIGHT

Approaching the Gulf of Oilton shoreline, the ugly glow of Oilton is seen on the horizon through the chopper's windshield.

William double-checks his equipment and parachute harness.

A SOLDIER slides the side door open, ushers William to get step up.

William doesn't hesitate. One final check of his harness, he jumps!

EXT. GULF SHORES - MINUTES LATER

William makes a smooth landing on the dark shores. A handful of red laser dots in a line in front of him.

He stops. The dots collect on his chest like a target.

William slowly reaches for his weapon.

A U.S. SOLDIER steps up to William. The laser dot piercing out from a fixture on his helmet.

SOLDIER #1
Sir. Let me help you with that.

He steps into the moonlight and William can finally see him.

His black on black camouflage and black face paint make him and his troop blend right into the night.

William breathes a sigh of relief, drops his weapon.

(CONTINUED)

Soldier motions for the rest of the MEN, starts pulling in William's parachute.

WILLIAM

Could have given me some warning,
soldier.

SOLDIER #1

Sir?

WILLIAM

That's how you get yourself hurt,
sneaking up on someone like that.

SOLDIER #1

Apologies, sir. We are under strict
silence-orders from President Boot.

William motions to his parachute.

WILLIAM

Leave it, soldiers. We need to make
base camp before the wolves start
to hunt. It's getting late.

SOLDIER #1

Sir. What exactly is our mission
here, sir?

WILLIAM

Covert inspections. It's clear this
place is in violation of the
international pollution laws.

WILLIAM

Sounds more like a job for a
bureaucrat, but President Boot sent
us. Should be relatively simple.
You fellas are my 'just in case'
crew.

Williams pulls out a pair of nightvision binoculars, scan
the gulf shoreline.

SOLDIER #1

Just in case of what, sir?

WILLIAM

Unknown threats. Insurgents.

Through the binoculars, William is caught by a bubbling in
just out in the water.

(CONTINUED)

His ears pick up on the quiet movement of approaching footsteps in the sand behind him.

He slowly slides on hand down to a cargo-pocket in his pants.

SOLDIER #1
Unknown threats, sir?

William focuses on the disturbance in the water. It's moving toward the shore; toward them!

WILLIAM
Yes.

SOLDIER #1
You're wrong, sir. The threats here
are very well known.

Loud CLICK-CLACK-CLICK from behind William. The familiar sound of guns being loaded.

WILLIAM
Soldier?

Through the binoculars, William watches two more SOLDIERS burst out of the water in front of him, large guns pointed right at him!

William spins around to he troop

WILLIAM
Men!

They all have him in the sights of their weapons. William's hand slides out of his pocket, clutching something.

The soldiers from the water approaching closer from behind.

SOLDIER #1
Don't make this the hard way, sir.
We're just following orders.

WILLIAM
Orders?! Orders by who?

SOLDIER #1
(to troop)
Net!

Soldier #2 steps up next to him with a net-launching gun aimed at William.

WILLIAM
Traitors! Who's orders?! Answer me!

SOLDIER #1
I can't do that, sir.

The soldiers from the water nearly have the barrel of their guns in William's back.

SOLDIER #1
(to Soldier #2)
Capture him.

William SLAMS something to the ground! A BANG and white cloud of smoke erupt! In the same motion, he dives away, under the cover of smoke.

SOLDIER #1
Where'd he go?! Get him!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAAAAT

Machine guns firing through the smoke into the darkness.

William stays low, hurries into the cover of a nearby outcrop of forest.

He ducks behind a fallen tree, listening to the soldiers scramble and call out orders to each other. Quickly pulls out a satellite phone.

Dialing, he pulls it to his ear.

WILLIAM
(into phone)
Doris! Doris, listen to me. It's a trap--

Gunfire erupts. Bullets whiz over his head.

WILLIAM
-- just listen! I won't be returning home. I need you to take care of my family.

More bullets spray the ground around him.

WILLIAM
-- Tell them I love--

The phone is smacked out of his hand, lands in a puddle of mud. William looks up, reaching for his gun.

(CONTINUED)

A large man stands before him. A very Creepy, mask covers his face and the small army of soldiers form a line behind him.

William stares hard at all the guns pointed at him, then at the hulking man for a moment.

WILLIAM

Taxman.

The large man - TAXMAN - leans down into William's face, almost inspecting his features.

TAXMAN

(to soldiers)

It seems that Mr. VanCash has not paid his taxes.

The soldiers take one march forward.

TAXMAN

(to soldiers)

Arrest him until his debts are settled.

SOLDIERS

(in unison)

Yes, Commander.

INT. OILTON PRISON CELL - LATER

Close up on William's face as take a hard PUNCH to the jaw.

He's tied to a chair in the empty cell. Taxman steps out of the shadows, pushes the PUNCHER out of his way.

William focuses his swollen, bruised eyes on him as rats scurry across his the hefty ball-and-chain that shackles his feet to the floor.

WILLIAM

What do you think you're going to get out of me?

TAXMAN

Your shares and your patent. Just those two things.

WILLIAM

Never.

(CONTINUED)

TAXMAN

Your family. You want to see them again, you will hand them over.

WILLIAM

I'll never give you my company or my invention. Do what you must to me until I'm rescued.

Taxman stands up straight, almost chuckles from behind his mask.

TAXMAN

Rescued? Nobody knows you're here, Mr. VanCash.

William pulls a thin smile across his face.

WILLIAM

My son will know and he will save me.

TAXMAN

Oh, that's Billy! If you just sign a few papers for me, you're free to go. I need your money, Mr. VanCash, and lots of it.

WILLIAM

I'll sign nothing. He will be here to fight this injustice you're putting me through and you're the one who will end up behind bars.

TAXMAN

Give me what I want!

WILLIAM

Nobody is above the law, Taxman.

The cell door squeaks open.

RICKY CACTUS (50's) strolls in. He a spindly man of on real threat, but his clothes are impeccable and he dons a million dollar smile or arrogance.

Taxman bows as Ricky walks past him.

William looks afraid for the first time, struggles against his bonds.

Ricky grabs a fistful of dollar bills from his pocket, throws them in William's face, and laughs!

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

Oh, you will sign these paper,
William or that son of yours will
be in here with you.

WILLIAM

You leave him alone. Damn you,
Ricky Cactus! Your days are
numbered!

RICKY

You can watch as we torture him
until you give us what we want.

He SLAPS William, spits on him.

RICKY

He's such a nice, little boy.
Billy? That's his name, right?

Williams tries to rip himself out of the chair and lunge at
Ricky.

RICKY

Maybe I should pay little Billy a
visit. Maybe even tonight... while
he's asleep! Yes! That would work.

WILLIAM

You monster!

RICKY

In the most attentive way, I ask
you to shut up, amigo. Should I see
what Billy is up to this evening?

All of William's muscles fall limp, relenting.

RICKY

Men! I need you to do something for
me tonight.

WILLIAM

No!

Ricky stops.

William's voice is weak, scared.

WILLIAM

I'll sign. I'll sign.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY
Splendid you're such a pansy
Mr.Vancash .

He pushes Taxman nearly to the ground.

RICKY
(to Taxman)
See? How hard was that?

WILLIAM
(sotto)
The law will always prevail. Billy,
please hear my words.

EXT. ARCH CITY STOCK EXCHANGE - MORNING

SUPER: *3 years later*

This is one of the largest buildings in the whole city. The aura of money surrounds the place. It's carved-steel beams and tall windows stretch into the heavens.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Ricky is sitting behind a massive, wooden desk. A wall of windows behind him show the cityscape from his 20th story office.

The office is completely decorated with anything that even resembles money or a dollar symbol.

John pours himself a drink from a small bar at the opposite corner of the room. He takes a sip, lets out a content sigh.

JOHN
You spare no expense, Ricky.

RICKY
And why should I?

A very attractive SECRETARY (20's) opens the large double-doors into the office. She leads a older MAN (60's) in, offers him a chair in front of Ricky's desk.

He's in very plain clothing and looks instantly annoyed at being there. This white-whiskered man wouldn't know a 3-piece suit if it smacked him in the face.

Secretary doesn't make eye contact with Ricky or John, just bows and exits, closing the doors behind her.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY
(to Man)
My friend. Here you are.

The old man fidgets in the seat, trying to get comfortable.
He's grumbling and complaining like a man many decades older than he is.

MAN
Let's get this over with.

RICKY
Right then. John... a moment.

Ricky rises, puts an arm on John's shoulder and walks him to the old man.

RICKY
Uncle Bob--

UNCLE BOB
-- 'Mayor' to you, Richard.

RICKY
Oh, right. Where are my manners.
Mayor Uncle Bob, I'd like to
introduce you to President John
Boot.

Still sitting, UNCLE BOB seems unimpressed.

UNCLE BOB
I know who he is. What I don't know
is why I'm here.

RICKY
Oh, right then. Let me introduce
you to President John Boot - AKA
The Taxman.

Bob's eyes sparkle at the mention of that name.

UNCLE BOB
Is that right?

He finally stands to shake John's hand.

UNCLE BOB
Yep. That's got to be right. You
got to be him. I can feel it in
your grip.

Ricky hands his uncle a drink.

UNCLE BOB
Not thirsty, nephew. The chase...
cut to it.

John strides to the windows, looking longingly over his city; his land.

UNCLE BOB
(to John)
Lot of people unhappy with you,
Prez. Not me, though.

RICKY
Uncle Bob--

JOHN
-- Ricky. I've got this.

Ricky takes his spot back behind his desk.

JOHN
(to Bob)
The 'chase', Uncle Mayor Bob, is
that I need votes and Ricky here
says you can help me with that.

Before John can say anymore, Bob already has a written check in hand.

UNCLE BOB
I know the drill.

JOHN
Excuse me?

Bob forces the check into John's hand.

UNCLE BOB
How many votes will two million
dollars buy you?

John stares at the check, not believing it at first. Ricky smiles at the cunning plan.

UNCLE BOB
That'll help out your presidential
campaign, amigo-gringo.

He bellows a deep laugh. It takes an awkward second for John and Ricky to join in.

All three men shake hands, Uncle Bob bids his farewell.

Ricky watches the door closes, then turns to John.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

You've got your votes, now. Soon,
VanCash's company will be ours.

JOHN

Indeed.

RICKY

I think it's been too long since
our friend has had his punishment.

Ricky chuckles. John neatly folds the check, puts it in his pocket.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

On the ceiling, a tiny, black recording devices stares down at the men. It broadcasts its contents across the city to...

INT. HOUSE - SAME

...a laptop sitting in front of a PERSON hidden by shadows. Satisfied with the results, Person clicks a few buttons, then pulls a flash drive out of the computer.

INT. OILTON PRISON CELL - NIGHT

A different cell than before. William is now shackled to the stone wall. It leaks water from the many cracks. Across from him hang two skeletons of former prisoners. He's all but given up.

The door opens and John walks in. William can barely lift his head, but when he sees his old friend, a spark of life glints in his baggy eyes and he almost smiles.

Before he can say a word, John wraps a belt tightly around his clenched fist with the buckle hanging down.

He SMACKS William across his mouth and buttocks! A string of blood flies across the room, rats scurry to the fresh liquid for a quick meal.

WILLIAM

President Boot! What are you doing?

JOHN

Shut up, dummy! That's right, I am
your president.

He smacks William again.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Why?!

JOHN

But, I am also Taxman!

WILLIAM

No! I don't believe it.

John loops his belt back through his pants, straightens his hair.

JOHN

Believe it, William.

John fixes his tie.

JOHN

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got some more votes to buy.

A guard unlocks the door for him as he starts to leave.

WILLIAM

You are a traitor, John! A traitor to this nation, to its people and to yourself! Scumbag!

John stops at the door, thinking for a moment before turning back to William.

JOHN

William, dear friend.

William cringes now at the thought of that.

JOHN

We have known each other a long time, but you only know John Boot, the politician, the baby-kisser, the puppet for this lousy population. Things happen to a man that changes him. Do you remember that ball I invited you to; the Senator's Ball?

WILLIAM

That was years ago, John.

JOHN

Ah, yes it was, but...

FLASHBACK: 8 years before.

INT. SENATOR'S GRAND ROOM - NIGHT

A lavish estate set in the forested hills overlooking a large city. Dignitaries, officials, politicians mill about, sipping champagne, nibbling hors d'oeuvres.

A jazz band plays quietly in against the far wall.

JOHN(V.O.)(CONTD)

...I was a measly
pavement-thumping, office-jockey.
It was that night that I found my
true path.

Surrounded by group of broad-shouldered and well decorated MILITARY OFFICERS, William holds an intense conversation.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - SAME

The room is pitch dark until a small desk lamp clicks on. In the light, John sits across the wide desk from SENATOR PEARLING (60's), silver hair and a stiff jawline. He eyes John for a long moment before speaking.

PEARLING

I like you, John.

JOHN

Thank you, sir.

PEARLING

Theodor.

JOHN

Theodor.

PEARLING

We've been watching you for a long
time now, John.

John gulps loud, nervously. He glances around the room to see a half dozen sets of EYES staring at him from the shadows.

PEARLING(CONT)

You're the next generation. You're
the future of this nation. With our
help, you will have your hands on
every red cent in this country and
we will have the world under our
thumb.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I don't understand, Theodor.

PEARLING

You don't need to, as of yet. Just know that you are ours now and your grooming begins when you walk out that door.

He shakes John's hand, shows him to the door. All the while, the EYES watch them.

JOHN

Thank you, Senator.

PEARLING

No, John. Thank you. Oh, and by the way, keep your little buddy, VanCash, blind to these matters.

John simply nods understanding.

INT. SENATOR'S GRAND ROOM - MINUTES LATER

John, smiling wider than ever, approaches William, shakes his hand. He grabs them both another flute of champagne.

Cheers.

BACK TO SCENE

WILLIAM

You've been lying to me this entire time! Our friendship was a lie? You son of a--

JOHN

--Now, now, Billy boy. There were no lies. You provided me with a certain amount of cover - the perfect amount of *reputation*. Being best friends with this country's strongest, most patriotic hero... I would never be suspected of anything. For that, friend, I have to say '*thank you*'.

William spits on John's feet.

EXT. LIBERTY PALACE - MORNING

Thousands of people gathered at the foot of the palace and around the reflecting lake to hear the first presidential debate of the campaign year between President John Boot and Governor Joe Green a portly, humble Midwesterner in his mid-50's.

A large stage setup in front of the entry palace doors, draped with banners, large head shots of the candidates and each man stands behind tall podiums.

JOHN

(mid-speech)

-- environmental pollution is a mere hoax! It's a down-right scam manufactured to put good, hard working people out of their jobs.

Surprisingly, many in the crowd boo at his ideas.

JOE GREEN

(to crowd)

My friends, I implore you to vote for me.

JOE GREEN

Each and every vote is one step closer to developing a global solution to the ever-growing pollution problem. And, it is a problem, regardless of how my opponent wants to say that it isn't. The Tube Filter is our key to a cleaner, brighter and safer future. We have the plans now, but on a small scale. We need your help to produce this on a global scale and rid the planet of men like your current president once and for all!

The entire crowd erupts with cheers and applause.

JOE GREEN

Your vote means an end to this economic crisis and a cleaner world for everyone!

More and growing applause. John scrambles to find a rebuttal.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(to crowd)
Vote for me and your reward will be
free health care... for life!

The crowds shuts up, listening to the promising idea.

JOE GREEN
Don't be fooled by his empty words,
people! Listen!

JOHN
And... ten-thousand dollars per
vote! How does that sound?!

The crowd nearly explodes with excitement! Regardless of the consequences, they love this plan. They move as one entity toward John's side of the stage, reaching for him, crying, laughing, applauding, and loving every word of his lies.

JOE GREEN
The president is out of control!

He looks away in disappointment, then reaches into his jacket pocket.

JOE GREEN
(sotto)
Everybody has their secrets.

Pulling out the flash drive, he turns back to the cheering crowd.

JOE GREEN
My people! Listen to me! In my
hand, I have the proof to who the
real person is behind the mask of
your 'president'!

John and his men look to Joe, concerned and angry. His eyes focus on the flash drive.

Ricky applauds the president from backstage.

John turns to his men, then nods at Joe.

RICKY
Excellent speech, President Boot!
Bravo! Goodbye, Governor Joe!

JOE GREEN
I will prove that John Boot is
nothing but the treacherous--

(CONTINUED)

OOMMPH! He's tackled to the ground by two Foot Soldiers.

FOOT SOLDIER #1
(to Joe)
You're coming with us.

The roaring crowd gather at John's feet like he's a rock star.

VOTER #1
(to another voter)
What are you gonna do with your vote money?!

VOTER #2
President Boot for life!

Joe turns to see a black-clad soldier starting to drag him off the stage. Three more heavily armed, foot soldiers stand behind him.

JOE GREEN
(to foot soldier)
You're taking orders from a criminal! Where are you taking me?!

FOOT SOLDIER #1(O.S.)
We have orders to take you to prison. You can continue your charming speech from inside a dank cell.

All the foot soldiers chuckle. They drag Governor Joe out of sight without even noticing. The crowd is ultimately distracted by John.

WILLIAM(V.O.)
I swear on the grave of my mother that John Boot will never be president again. Trust me, Governor, my son will come to rescue us. Your destiny has yet to be fulfilled.

EXT. LIBERTY PALACE - NIGHT

John exits the front doors, smiling and happy. He skips down the steps, past his usual limousine. DRIVER greets him.

DRIVER
Where to tonight, Mr. President?

John barely stops to acknowledge him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Not tonight. I need a little quiet time. Gonna go for a drive.

Driver waves him off as John turns the corner.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

John slides into the driver's seat. A wide smile on his face as he gets settled in.

He grabs the Taxman mask from the glove box, puts it down over his face and pushes a button on the dashboard.

The standard, metal gear shifter transforms in the a tall black hat on a boot, the windows automatically tint, and the factory displays turn into a super-sophisticated digital read out showing intricate satellite images, readouts, gauges, and a large "T" slides up and over the steering wheel.

JOHN

(to car)

Let's roll.

The engines fires up on command, the car takes off.

EXT. VANCASH MANSION - LATER

The Tax Car pulls up in front of the house. The driver's window rolls halfway down. John's black-gloved hand puts a letter into their mailbox.

The tires SCREECH and the car takes off!

EXT. STORE FRONT - MORNING

A wall of TV's show out on to the street. A small crowd of people on the sidewalk are watching the TV's broadcast a news interview.

A very attractive female INTERVIEWER (30'), sits across a desk from President Boot in a proper TV studio.

INTERVIEWER

(from tv)

Governor Joe Green has been kidnapped. How will you proceed, Mr. President?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

(from tv)

Unfortunately, there has been a very terrifying attack on democracy today. As of right now, Election Day has been suspended until we find the Governor. Therefore, I am still your president!

He laughs uncontrollably and uncomfortably. There's something maniacal in his voice. It's a laugh that seems to go on for a little longer than what would've been acceptable. The laugh of a dictator.

The people watching from the street begin to yell boos and jeers at the TV screens.

JOHN

(from tv)

Today was a horrible day, but tomorrow will be brighter, my compatriots. Goodbye.

INT. VANCASH MANSION - BEDROOM - MORNING

Billy, 20 now, is consoling his mother who is weeping heavily, absent of motivation to even get out of bed. He strokes her hair with love.

She holds a letter in her hand as she wipes tears with the other.

BILLY

Don't cry, mother. Even if father is not here, he will always be linked to us by blood and that is our strength. He will be with us again.

LISA

Yes, son. I hope that he will.

BILLY

It has been a very long time. What happened to father?

She finally sits up. A proud smile on her face but for a second.

LISA

My dear son, this letter came today from the Government.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

What does it say? Does it speak of
father?

Her hands start to tremble, more tears flow down her face.

LISA

(reading)

...prisoner... of war...

She collapses back on to the bed. The letter falls to the
floor. Billy jumps to help her.

BILLY

Mother! Mother, what's wrong? Did
you take your medications?

Grabs her by the shoulders, shakes her. She's falling deeper
into unconsciousness. Her eyes barely focus on him.

BILLY

Answer me!

Her eyes rolling back, cold sweats, body shaking hard.

LISA

Billy, I don't feel well. Please...
please help me.

She falls limp in his arms.

BILLY

Hold on, mother! I'm taking you to
the hospital. Please don't die on
me! Keep fighting! Everything is
going to be okay. I can't lose you.

He lifts her from the bed and out of the house.

EXT. ARCH CITY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The VanCash car SCREECHES to a stop at the entrance to the
ER.

He throws her door open, nearly has to drag her out of the
car.

BILLY

Come on, mother! It's going to be
okay. You'll see. Stay with me!

He just leaves the car running, doors open and rushes her
inside.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy falls to his knees just inside the door, holding his mother tight.

BILLY
Help me! Somebody help me!

A NURSE (30'S) hurries to his side.

BILLY
(to Nurse)
She needs medical attention now!

Nurse gently takes Lisa from his arms and onto a waiting gurney.

NURSE
(to Billy)
We will do everything possible to
save her.

Nurse and multiple ORDERLIES whisk Lisa down a far hall, shouting urgently about her condition.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Barely able to hold his tired head up, Billy sits with devotion next to his mother's bed. An array of wires, tubes weave in and out of her body.

Machines BEEP-BEEP behind him, machines WHOOSH air into her lungs.

His eyes are red and swollen from hours of crying.

BILLY
Come back to me, mother.

He drops his head back into his hands.

LISA
Billy...

He nearly jumps out of his chair.

BILLY
Mother! Mother, you're awake! Thank
god!

She shushes him, her weak voice just above a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

LISA
...Billy. I need you to listen.

He stops immediately, leans into hear her better.

LISA
Promise me that you'll find your
father. My son, promise me that. I
knew in my heart that he was still
alive, but he needs your help.

Billy turns to call for a nurse, but she stops him.

LISA
I miss him daily. Promise me,
Billy. Find your father.

BEEP

BILLY
Yes, mother. I will find him. I
promise on everything that I am

BILLY
that I will bring him back home to
us.

BEEP

LISA
My heart hurts.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

BILLY
Mother?

LISA
I love you...

Silence as her last breath leaves her body.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Abundant sunshine, but few MOURNERS.

Billy is crying like never before, standing next to his
mother's tombstone.

A few of the Mourners shake his hand, give me hugs and give
him their well-wishes as they leave.

(CONTINUED)

He watches the last one drive away, finally lets himself fall to the ground. Grief has taken his strength. He mumbles apologies to his buried mother.

BILLY

You will always be in my heart.

A shadow, stretched long by the setting sun, engulfs Billy.

He pays no attention to it at first.

DORIS(O.S.)

Nephew.

Billy finally looks up to see his aunt Doris, a confident, chiseled woman in her 50's, standing over him with a warm hand outstretched to him.

DORIS

It's time, Billy. You can come with me.

He takes her hand, rises and brushes dirt from his suit.

DORIS

The next choice is yours, dear nephew.

He takes a long look out at the horizon, then a shorter look back to where his mother lies.

BILLY

Mother's last wish for me to find my father. I want to fulfill that.

Doris smiles, wraps a comforting arm around him, leads him to her car.

DORIS

With my help, that will happen. As you are to grant your mother's wish, I am to grant your father's.

He stops walking.

BILLY

His wish?

She kneels down to his height.

DORIS

Yes, Billy. I am going to help you become the hero your father always

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DORIS (cont'd)
knew you'd become. Now is the time.
Are you ready?

BILLY
Absolutely, I'm ready!

She ushers him toward her car again.

DORIS
Good. Your destiny awaits.

BILLY
Where are we going?

DORIS
Training.

EXT. TOP INTELLIGENCE ACADEMY - DAY

An sprawling campus of buildings and features hidden under massive tarps.

DORIS(O.S.)
Billy, it is my pleasure to
introduce you to Professor Eyeball.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL(O.S.)
Ahem... Professor Willy Eyeball.
And, it's a pleasure to meet you
too, Billy. I've heard about you
since the day you were born and now
here you are.

INT. TOP INTELLIGENCE ACADEMY - CONTINUOUS

Billy, Doris and the professor conversing in an endless hallway lined with large doors on each side. The walls are quite plain, but there's activity behind almost every door.

BILLY
Pleasure to me you, Professor.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL
Let me be the first to welcome you
to Top Intelligence Academy, Billy.

Professor Willy Eyeball, long-haired, casual fellow in his 30's. If not for the title, you'd never know he was a genius.

He leads them down the long hallway.

(CONTINUED)

An EXPLOSION behind the first door they pass. He doesn't seem to care.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

Here, at the Academy, you will find that we've spared no resource in providing the highest levels technology and--

RA-A-AT--RAA-RAA-RA-A-AT gunfire behind the next door they pass.

Billy can't believe his ears. His eyes show fear, shock but his movements show that he's having trouble controlling his excitement.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

--sophistication to provide our trainees an encompassing facility for which their skills can grow. It's all about potential, Billy, and you have that in spades.

Billy is speechless, in awe, standing a few steps behind them and staring in an open door.

From within, a flurry of fists and feet fly across the room as a MASTER MARTIAL ARTIST teaches a group of young STUDENTS.

DORIS

Billy. Billy!

He jumps.

BILLY

Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. I just--

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

--in time, my son. You've got honor and determination; two things you will need if you wish to become a superhero.

BILLY

I am honored.

Doris smiles at him, knowing that William and Lisa would be so proud.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

Excellent. We'll start right away. I understand we haven't a moment to waste?

(CONTINUED)

DORIS
That's correct.

BILLY
Magnificent!

Doris kisses him on the head.

DORIS
I know you'll do amazing, Billy.

He returns her gesture with the tightest hug.

BILLY
Yes, Aunt Doris. Thank you for your support and love. Goodbye.

INT/EXT. ACADEMY - DAY/NIGHT - VARIOUS SHOTS

- Billy slowly landing blow after blow, rights and lefts, on a heavy bag. He's sweating, tiring quickly. Professor narrows his eyes at him, studying, from a far corner.

- A jump rope flies around Billy as he jumps with ferocity until the rope tangles around his legs, he falls. OOPH!

Professor cocks his head, writes something on a clipboard.

- Push-ups. Billy can only make through 10 before falling to the floor, exhausted. Professor walks out of the room.

- Shooting range. Target practice with a high-tech CASH GUN.

A gun specifically designed for the VanCash family. It shoots gold bullets. Billy misses every target badly.

- Billy pumping a barbell loaded with plates. After only a few does he give up. He looks up at the professor, disappointed in himself.

- His punches, faster now, on the heavy bag. Professor steps closer to him, impressed at his growing skill.

- Billy flawlessly jumping rope at a blinding speed.

Professor writes something down.

- Rapid push-ups, one-handed. Billy is barely breaking a sweat.

- The barbell is thrust into the air, over and over. Billy's muscles pumping, growing.

(CONTINUED)

- Back to the range. Billy fires a rapid succession of ammo from the Cash Gun. Targets EXPLODE across the field. He rushes a string of dummies, SMACKS them with the MONEY SACK!

They nearly break in half.

He drops the Money Sack to the ground, jumps up and down in celebration.

BILLY

Power cash! Perfect shot! Bingo.

He turns around to see the professor's approving smile.

BILLY

With my Cash Gun and Money Sack, I cannot fail! It is a difficult task, but I have to conquer any obstacle in my way--

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

--to become the hero you were born to be; SUPER CASH... THE CRIME BUSTER.

BILLY

Totally cool!

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

For a long beat, we are lost in an empty, dark room.

Soft footsteps approach from off-screen.

A clicking, rattling lock and a door opens, letting a streak of light into the room. It shines on a heavy protected storage locker the length of the room.

BILLY(O.S.)

What is this place, professor?

The professor brings up his large KEY RING, inserting the longest key into the lock. It opens almost automatically.

He swings the large door open revealing a stark black, red, gold and green SUPERHERO SUIT. It's chiseled edges and green cape look magnificent.

Hanging on the wall next to it is the POWER KEY, an oddly round item with a over sized dollar symbol in the middle of it. The shape of it makes it seem like it fits inside of something.

(CONTINUED)

Professor steps aside to let Billy get a full look at it all.

BILLY
Is this... all for me?

PROFESSOR EYEBALL
You are ready, Billy. You excellently finished your training and--

Billy feels the fine fabric of the suit.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL
--from now on, you will be Super Cash...

BILLY
...The Crime Buster! Yeah! Totally awesome!

PROFESSOR EYEBALL
(re: suit)

PROFESSOR EYEBALL
This your armor, Super Cash. It was designed exclusively by your father.

BILLY
I am ready to fight against the injustice and corruption that plagues our country.

Professor holds open Super Cash's money bag.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL
(re: equipment)
Go ahead, Billy. It all fits in here.

Billy grabs everything from the locker in one swoop, shoves it in the money bag.

BILLY
Dedication and hard work are rewarded through perseverance.

He starts to tear up as the flurry of success and sadness wash over him.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Today, I am officially a hero like my beloved father.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

Billy, here is the Power Key.

Billy takes it gently, staring at it in amazement.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

It is a multipurpose device. Use it for the FAST CASH BIKE and FAST CASH MOBILE.

BILLY

Fast Cash Mobile?

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

I can only say that your father has had a surprise waiting for you for a very long time.

He leans in close to Billy, shakes his hand.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

Now go. Go, my son... I mean Super Cash.

BILLY

I can't wait any longer for my surprise, professor!

Billy places the key in the Money Sack, looks up at the professor.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

It's waiting for you outside.

Billy turns to rush out, but stops himself, turns back to his now dear friend.

BILLY

Goodbye, Professor. Everything I will become is because of my father and you.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

Remember, think, perform and obtain.

SUPER CONT'D

Now, I'm Super Cash! Totally amazing!

With that, Billy hurries out of the room.

EXT. ACADEMY - MINUTES LATER

A streak of black, green and gold bursts into the sky from behind the buildings. It shoots high into the air, soaring.

BILLY(O.S.)
 Now, I will fight against the
 forces of evil. I will never give
 up.

The speeding blur of colors rush towards the ground. It's Super Cash! He lands on his feet in front of the Esplanade Academy.

His suit fits him perfectly and he's getting quite used to it already.

Before him sits a glimmering motorcycle, the color of money.

A large engine spills out from under the seat and a powerful dollar sign on the front clip.

He takes a few steps towards it...

SUPER CASH CONT'D
 The Fast Cash Motorbike.

He then remembers the Power Key. He yanks it out, pushing the first button.

The bike's engine fires to life, flames the shoot out of the dual tailpipes.

SUPER CASH CONT'D
 Totally Amazing!

EXT. FAST CASH BIKE - TRAVELING - LATER

Super cash squeezes the throttle, the bike accelerates down an empty road.

SUPER CASH(O.S.)
 (sotto)
 Unbelievable! Fast Cash bike! Thank
 you, father.

Only a second later, he see a barricade on the road far ahead of him. Four FOOT SOLDIERS stand behind a spike strip, waiting for Super Cash to arrive.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH (O.S.)
(sotto)
Curious.

He drifts the bike to a stop a few feet in front of the spike strip. The Foot Soldiers take a step toward him as he gets off the bike.

FOOT SOLDIER#1
Super Cash!

SUPER CASH

That's my name. What is this about, ugly?

FOOT SOLDIER #1
You are under arrest for exceeding the speed limit of ten miles per hour.

All the Soldiers laugh hard.

FOOT SOLDIER #1
I am now forced to take you to jail for violating the law.

Super Cash stretches his muscles, preparing for a fight.

SUPER CASH
Please do not say incoherent things, loser. I'm quite heavy-handed.

FOOT SOLDIER #1
Are you disrespecting a representative of the law?! That's another offense. Double jail time! Super CASH Shut your Big mouth, goofball.

He laughs hard at himself, irritating the Soldiers.

Soldier#1 takes another step toward him.

Super Cash's left hand starts to tremble, seeming to grow in size. It's getting bigger and stronger! He glances down at it, impressed.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D
Would you look at that! Power Slap in your face!

(CONTINUED)

He barely SMACKS Soldier#1, but he flied all the way over the others, landing on his butt.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D)
How do you like me now?

He only flinches at taking another move toward the other Soldiers and they take off running!

FOOT SOLDIERS
Curse you, numbskull! Revenge will
be ours!

They haul their slapped partner, high-tail it out of there.

Super cash laughs at them, hops back on the Fast Cash bike.

He fires up the throttle, popping a wheelie as he speeds away.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D)
Yee-haw! Totally amazing!

INT. VANCASH MANSION - GARAGE - LATER

The large door opens, Super cash pulls up the driveway, parks inside.

He pushes a button on the Power Key and a the wall slides open revealing hidden, glass-front STORAGE SHOWCASES. He takes off his helmet, suit.

BILLY
Excellent. Totally cool!

Hooks and shelves in the showcases look specifically made to hold his equipment. He stores it away carefully, with respect.

BILLY
Thank you, father. I will defend
our city. I will not disappoint the
inhabitants of this planet.

He uses the Power Key to close the wall.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

A huge AQUARIUM fills an entire wall. It's filled with all of Billy's favorites: octopi and fish of colors white and green with small dollar symbols along their bodies.

He stands in front of the glass, watching his beloved pets.

BILLY

Finally in my own bedroom with my
pets. I've missed you guys.

It takes no time for him to fall into bed.

BILLY

Good night, sweet fish. Time for
dreams; happy dreams.

DING-DING-DONG of the doorbell off-screen.

INT. VANCASH MANSION - FRONT DOOR

Tired and in his pajamas, Billy opens the front door to see Doris.

DORIS

Hello, nephew. Congratulations on
finishing your training! Everyone
is so proud of you.

BILLY

Thank you, Aunt Doris, but couldn't
this wait until tomorrow?

DORIS

It is almost time to exert your new
powers and find your father. I know
that my brother is still alive. I
can feel it.

Just then, an adorable girl, JOY BROWN (late teen's)
approached Doris from the walkway.

JOY BROWN

Doris?

Doris steps aside to let Joy and Billy fully see each other.

DORIS

Billy, I introduce you to my
assistant, Joy Brown.

(CONTINUED)

Billy's cheeks flush red, his voice quivers. Love at first sight.

BILLY

Miss Brown, I am delighted to meet you. Welcome into our home.

JOY BROWN

Mr. VanCash, it's my pleasure to meet you, as well.

He ushers the ladies inside.

JOY BROWN

Thank you.

DORIS

Thank you, nephew.

JOY BROWN

We are ready to proceed.

They walk into the

LIVING ROOM

and take seats on the fine furniture.

BILLY

Proceed?

JOY BROWN

Your aunt is going to give you the will and letter from your father.

DORIS

It's what you've been wanting, Billy.

BILLY

Answers? Finally some answers?

DORIS

(to Joy)

The documents, please.

Billy scoots himself deep into the cushions, steadying himself for whatever news may be coming.

DORIS

First of all, Billy, these are the papers detailing your inheritance.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Inheritance?

DORIS
Correct.

He wipes a bead of sweat from his head.

DORIS
With the passing of your mother,
the VanCash fortune is solely
yours, Billy. You're now a very
rich young man.

His face goes pale. He shifts from smiles to sadness back to
smiles.

DORIS
You are now the wealthiest
individual in Arch City. In all of
the Prosperity Union, for that
matter.

Billy tries to drink from a glass of water, but his shaking
hands spill it all over himself. Joy giggles at him, clearly
smitten.

JOY BROWN
Yes, Mr. VanCash--

BILLY
--uh... Billy. Call me Billy, Joy.
May I call you Joy?

JOY BROWN
Of course. Anyway, starting at the
reading of these forms, you are
C.E.O. of Advance Power Enterprise.

Doris holds tight to another paper.

BILLY
That sounds like a big deal, but if
this was my father's bidding, so it
will be.

Joy folds the documents, puts them away.

BILLY
What is that you have in your hand,
Aunt Doris?

DORIS

A letter from your father. It's for you. Read it very carefully.

She rises, motioning for Joy to join her. They head toward the front door.

DORIS

I hope this will have the answers you seek, nephew.

BILLY

Goodbye, dear Aunt. And goodbye, Joy. I hope to see you soon.

Joy answers him with a smile. He closes the door behind them.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small desk lamp lights only the area of the bed where Billy is laying, his father's letter open in his lap. He begins to read.

WILLIAM(V.O.)

Dear son, I found a solution to the current pollution problems across our mighty planet. My invention is called 'The Tube Filter'. It purifies gasoline and cleans contaminated air. It is a more efficient fuel and when you go to the gas station, you get a fuel with which you can help the environment. It is pure gas and does not pollute the atmosphere or damage the ozone layer. This will vastly improve the quality of life on Earth now and for future generations. The company, Advanced Power Enterprise, controls fifty-percent of the market worldwide and you now control ninety-percent of the shares. I assume, by now, that your training is complete and you have received the Fast Cash bike. What you haven't seen yet is the power room. Go there and find the shield on the wall. Press the button that is encircled with a money sign. When the door opens, you will find the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM(V.O.) (cont'd)
Fast Cash Mobile. These weapons and vehicles are now yours for which to fight crime. I trust you will do the right thing. Now, I tell you that Ricky Cactus has ten-percent of the A.P.E, works on the Arch City stock exchange and is your enemy! His accomplice is Taxman and they will do everything possible to collapse the global economy with intentions focused solely on a hostile takeover of what is now your company. Sincerely, your father.

Billy wipes away tears of sadness and anger, puts the letter away.

BILLY

Father, I promise that your word will be fulfilled. I will finish this! I will prevent the world from suffering our enemies.

INT. VANCASH MANSION - OFFICE - LATER

Intricately carved, mahogany walls surround the stately office where William conducted all his business. Floor to ceiling bookshelves spilling out numerous books and family pictures.

Billy standing before a vase decorated with money signs underneath a framed dollar bill. It hangs proudly on the wall. The first dollar Advanced Power Enterprise ever made.

INT. VANCASH MANSION - GARAGE - LATER

The Power Key dangles from Billy's hand. He raises it up, anxious, excited. Pushes a different button and all the walls slide apart revealing his Super Cash suit, equipment.

He turns to another hidden area behind him. The glorious POWER SHIELD hangs on the wall. The money sign sits predominantly in the center of it.

BILLY

I am aware of the truth. My duty is to protect the nation from Ricky Cactus and Taxman.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, super cash pushes the button. Another wall grinds open revealing the FAST CASH MOBILE. It sits there, waiting for him to take the wheel. It matches the Fast Cash bike perfectly in color, a long front end hold a massive engine under its hood.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D)
 Today, I will use my Fast Cash
 Mobile to fight crime! Totally
 astonishing.

Super cash puts on his helmet; Super Cash's helmet.

He opens the driver's door.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D)
 My dear father, sooner or later, we
 will be together as once before!
 Don't give up on me.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D)
 I will rescue you as I promised. I
 feel in my heart that you are
 alive.

He fires up the powerful engine, peels out of the garage.

SUPER CASH(V.O.)
 I now have the duty to catch Ricky
 Cactus and Taxman and to protect
 the world because no one is above
 the law.

The Fast Cash mobile disappears over the horizon.

SUPER CASH(V.O.)
 Republic of Oilton, here I come.
 Father, here I come! Power turbo,
 on! Always remember to buckle up!
 Don't play with your life.

EXT. ARCH CITY - LATER

Super Cash slows the Fast Cash Mobile to a stop in front of a large crowd of protesters. All their signs read about how to *Impeach John Boot, Remove Him From Power, Economic Crisis, etc.*

He opens the sunroof, pulls out his Money Sack.

The crowd gathers around his vehicle, pleading, begging for them to help!

(CONTINUED)

PROTESTER#1

Super Cash! We need you now!
President Boot is corrupt and soon
we will all be in trouble. The
world needs you!

PROTESTER#2

Corrupted politicians! They're just
criminals!

Super cash pulls out wads of CASH from his bag, throws it
out to the crowd.

PROTESTER#3

Super cash Healthcare is too
expensive! I barely have money left
to eat!

SUPER CASH

My dear, Earthlings. I have
banknotes for everybody!

SUPER CASH

It should help you out for the
remainder of this year. It will
help you survive this brutal
crisis.

The money sack seems bottomless at the rate he's dishing out
cash to the crowd.

In an uproar, they cheer his name!

SUPER CASH(CONT'D

Don't worry. I will apprehend the
vile criminals responsible for the
blight. Ricky Cactus and Taxman are
the ones responsible for all of
your troubles.

He spreads out a few more handfuls of cash

PROTESTERS

Thank you, Super Cash!

SUPER CASH

Goodbye and take care of
yourselves. This will end soon! I
can promise you that.

INT. FAST CASH MOBILE - TRAVELING - LATER

The car is on auto-pilot, cruising down an empty road. Super cash looks up to see a sign: REPUBLIC OF OILTON - 5km.

He looks back to the road. The Arch Bridge that crosses into Oilton is just off in the distance.

A thin plume of smoke rises from the bridge and as if from no where, a group of ROBOTIC SOLDIERS occupy the road ahead of him. Two of them have thrusters on their feet, using them to fly around. They are guarding any access to the bridge!

Super cash slides the sunroof open...

EXT. FAST CASH MOBILE - SAME

...draws the Cash Gun. Getting closer to them by the moment.

SUPER CASH

Tell me where are the partners of corruption!

ROBOT SOLDIER#1

We have orders to end your miserable life! We do not answer to the likes of you.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D

It seems that they don't want to cooperate peacefully.

He puts the gun's sights on the nearest Soldier.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D

You leave me no choice, metal head!
Power Cash pistol!

BANG! BANG! Golden bullets screech through the air toward the Soldiers.

Before the Soldiers can return fire, each bullet hits their mark with an explosion! Fragmented metal rains down on the road.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D

Totally cool! Now, to the junkyard.
You guys are scrap metal. Always recycle! Totally thumbs-up, yea!

The bridge is half destroyed and nearly impassible!

Super cash pulls to the head of the bridge, looking for he safest way to cross...

(CONTINUED)

A FAMILY IS STUCK IN THEIR CRASHED CAR! It's wedged between broken metal and slabs of concrete.

As soon as he makes a move for them, their car catches fire!

MOM

Help us!

A BABY BOY cries from the backseat

Super cash pulls out a handful of powder from the Money Sack, spreads it all over the fire. As soon as it hits the flames, it turns to a thick foam, extinguishing the fire!

SUPER CASH

Power cash!

He pulls the mother and child from the car, puts a pacifier in the baby's mouth.

SUPER CASH(CONT'D

Here you go, baby boy.

Mom and DAD run up to him, a great big hug.

MOM/DAD

Thank you! Oh, thank you!

Super cash looks down at the baby in his arms.

SUPER CASH

(sotto)

Am I experiencing fatherhood right now? What a wonderful feeling.

DAD

Who are you?

Super cash hands the happy baby back to his parents, looks at Dad.

SUPER CASH

My name is Super Cash... the Crime Buster. i am in the business of combating crime!

MOM

Wow! You are awesome! SUPER CASH Speaking of crime, I have to go now.

MOM/DAD

Good luck, Super Cash!

SUPER CASH

Goodbye, Earthlings, and remember,
don't ever play with fire!

INT. FAST CASH MOBILE - TRAVELING - LATER

With the bridge and saved family far behind him, Super Cash's focus is on the road ahead of him; the road to his father.

He enters the Arch Tunnel, just on border of Oilton, when he has to SKID the Fast Cash mobile to a sideways stop!

Another group of Robotic Soldiers blocks his way. Weapons drawn, they advance on his vehicle.

SUPER CASH

I thought I already had wiped out
the army of Taxman! They are like
cockroaches; multiply by the
millions!

The Soldiers train their weapons on him.

SOLDIER #1

Super Cash, you are a dead man.
Today, your luck ends!

Like it's routine by now, super cash steps out of the fast cash mobile, casually draws the Cash Gun..

SUPER CASH

Okay. Okay. We're going to go
through this... again?! Please,
make me laugh because I'm not in a
good mood today.

SOLDIER #1

We've got executive orders to kill
you.

SUPER CASH

Sounds like a good opportunity to
show off my new trick!

(CONTINUED)

He puts his gun away and pulls out a fat stack of green CASH!

The soldiers laugh at him!

SOLDIERS

What is that going to do, numbskull?

Super cash fans the bills out, starts shooting them at his intended targets!

SUPER CASH

Totally amazing, huh? Shootout of Bills!

One by one, the Soldiers drop to the ground. Their internal wiring sparks, short circuiting. Their bodies flail, making noises as if they were just sleeping.

SUPER CASH

Nightie-night, green cockroaches.
It's bed time!

INT. FAST CASH MOBILE - TRAVELING - LATER

Super cash is FINALLY at the edge of Oilton when he sees a vehicle speeding toward him, fast!

SUPER CASH

Who is this madman! He's coming at me, full speed!

He shuts off the auto-pilot, manually begins to drive the fast cash mobile.

SUPER CASH

That's what I call 'Road Rage'. I wonder what his problem could possibly be heebie-jeebie?

The other car is actually accelerating!

SUPER CASH

Oh no! Let me get out of the way!

INT. TAX MOBILE - SAME

Taxman's hand gripping the wheel, white-knuckled. His foot mashes the gas pedal!

(CONTINUED)

TAXMAN

I like to feel the rush of
adrenaline! It's like I'm traveling
at the speed of light!

Just ahead; Super cash moves the Fast Cash mobile out of the way, but Taxman corrects his vehicle to aim directly at him.

TAXMAN

Head on! Head on! It will be...
spectacular! Deadly impact. I can
feel the satisfaction of destroying
Super Cash, mercilessly! Countdown
to collision. Five... four...
three...

INT. BOTH CARS - SPLIT SCREEN

Slow-motion:

The high-speed destruction slams super cash, Taxman against their seat belts. Windshields shatter, glass flies everywhere.

Screeching tires, crunching, twisting metal.

The glass cuts Taxman's arms, face. Super cash's helmet protects him when his head slams against the steering wheel.

The ground underneath the vehicles quakes

Back to scene:

EXT. OILTON AVE - A MINUTE LATER

Both men drag themselves from the twisted wreckage. Their bodies weak, muscles unresponsive yet.

TAXMAN

I'm so delighted to meet you like
this, Super Dope!

He puts up his fists, but isn't quite steady enough for a fight yet.

TAXMAN

You're a loser without a future!
It's better to be a law-abiding
citizen who respects the laws; my
laws!

Super Cash brushes debris off his suit, steps toward Taxman.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH

Thanks for the advice. I'm sure
I'll take that into consideration
blabbermouth..

He chuckles at himself.

TAXMAN

Finally! Now is the moment where we
get to face off, Mr. Hero. I'm
going to give you a beating you'll
never forget, but it'll be so bad,
you might not remember! You're a
fake officer of the law and I
really dislike you.

SUPER CASH

Dummy.

TAXMAN

That's no way to talk to a man of
the law like me!

SUPER CASH

I'm going to teach you some manners
and make you eat those words!

Taxman takes a comically heroic stance, hands on his hips.

His Tax Mobile sits crumpled behind him.

TAXMAN

No where to run, now. Prepare for
the beating of your life, Stupid
peabrain.!

Super Cash glances back at the Cash Mobile; it's still in
perfect shape.

SUPER CASH

As you can see, Taxman, my Fast
Cash Mobile has hardly a scratch on
it.

Taxman's face drops long, dumbfounded at the sight of it. He
turns back to his vehicle.

TAXMAN

My car! It's useless!

SUPER CASH

Just like your laws!

(CONTINUED)

TAXMAN

It won't be for long, though,
idiot. When my shotgun-flamethrower
is through with you, you will look
worse than my Tax Mobile.

Seemingly from nowhere, he hauls out a massive shotgun style
mega-weapon with a burning flamethrower attached to the
barrel.

TAXMAN

You could have avoided this, Stupid
peabrain.! I promise that your
ashes will have an appropriate
burial.

Super Cash braces himself for the attack with confidence. He
grabs the edge of his cape.

TAXMAN

Fire!

A wall of FLAMES rush toward Super Cash as he takes shelter
behind his cape!

Taxman laughs maniacally as he watches what he thinks is the
end of Super Cash. The flames rage on!

TAXMAN

Burn, Stupid peabrain.. Burn!super
cash

SUPER CASH

Taxman, your flamethrower does not
hurt my cape!

Super cash releases a hose valve. A storm of water pushes
back the flames, until soaking Taxman and extinguishing his
gun!

SUPER CASH

Shower time, crook!

He kicks the hose off the fire hydrant, rolls it all the way
back up into the Money Sack.

Taxman, soaking wet and frowning, just stares at him.

TAXMAN

You are so smart and so stupid!
That bath woke up my memory! Pay up
your delinquent taxes, now!

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH

I have nothing against taxes when used properly for the good of the people, Taxman. I don't think you know what that means.

TAXMAN

I can do whatever I please! I am the law, Stupid peabrain.! One trillion dollars!

The two enemies stand opposite each other. The Oilton sun setting in the distance.

SUPER CASH

Never!

TAXMAN

You're bankrupt, then? That's the worst of crimes.

SUPER CASH

It's time to face Justice Tax, scammer! Return all the money you stuffed in your grubby pockets. How could you steal from the American people? Now you are going to feel the force of my Money Sack in your stealing face!

TAXMAN

I'm going to shred you, so I can feed you to the dogs as a special treat!

Taxman twists his belt buckle, SHARP BLADES pop out of the brim of his hat and along his boots.

In a quick move, he flings the hat at Super Cash, then kicks the boot-blades out.

Super Cash bobs and weaves through the blades, deflecting and dodging them. He grip tightens around the Money Sack.

The blades WHIZZ past him, bounce of the Fast Cash Mobile.

He lunges for Taxman, raising the sack high with all his strength, ready to strike!

SUPER CASH

Power Sack!

He SLAMS it down on Taxman's head, he instantly falls limp.

(CONTINUED)

Nightie-night, scumbag.

Taxman starts to snore.

Super Cash takes moment to clean up the mess around them before tying up Taxman, leans him against the Tax Mobile, gives him a few light slaps.

SUPER CASH
Gotcha ugly creep, Wake up, now!

Cuckoo stars float around Taxman's head. He groans at the pain.

TAXMAN
What time is it? SUPER CASH. Time to face justice, Taxman.

TAXMAN
Don't say that. Give me more time to change the laws to help my taxpayers. Please!

SUPER CASH
I'm not in the mood for your jokes. You've never had pity for our citizens.

He lifts Taxman to his feet.

SUPER CASH
Taxman, you are under arrest for fraud and you will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law; the new laws!

TAXMAN
No. Please, Super Cash. I'll give you tax credit for life. My freedom for yours. I'm too old to go to jail!

Super Cash chuckles.

SUPER CASH Totally not negotiable.

I am an incorruptible officer of the law, bozo!

He pinches Taxman's cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH

Here. I'll stretch you skin so you look younger.

TAXMAN

No! Don't do that! You won't like what you see!

Super Cash grabs the edges of Taxman's mask.

SUPER CASH

Let's see who we've got under there.

The mask falls to the ground. Super Cash takes a couple steps backwards in surprise and disappointment.

SUPER CASH

President Boot?

John looks away from him.

SUPER CASH

You are a disgrace to your country, John Boot. I'm canceling my vote for you!

JOHN

When I become president again, I will undo all of your anti-patriotism acts. Your vote will always be mine!

SUPER CASH

Never in your life will you be president again. I'll see to that, personally!

Super Cash shoves him in the backseat of the Fast Cash Mobile.

JOHN

I will have my freedom, you idiot! It's just a matter of time.

SUPER CASH

Shut up, loser. You're a crybaby. You will have no friends in solitary confinement. Now, take me to my father!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I can't wait to get there, so I can introduce you to somebody very special.

He cracks up laughing.

Super Cash slams the door in his face.

EXT. PRISON OF OILTON - NIGHT

The Fast Cash Mobile pulls up to the tall concrete wall, topped with barbed wire, and a thick, iron gate.

SUPER CASH(O.S.)

Taxman, we have reached your final destination. Kiss your freedom goodbye!

TAXMAN(O.S.)

I wouldn't be so confident, Stupid pea-brain.

Super Cash steps out of the Fast Cash Mobile, right into the barrel of a gun held by Ricky Cactus!

SUPER CASH

Oh, this can't be happening.

RICKY

I've got you now, sucker. We finally meet in person, Stupid amigo.

Super Cash's hand makes a small movement toward the money sack on his belt.

RICKY

Move and I'll blow your brains out with my Bella pistol!

Ricky opens the back door to let Taxman out.

RICKY

(to Super Cash)

Today, I get rid of you forever. Can you process my words, dimwit?

TAXMAN

(to Super Cash)

Left hook to the face!

(CONTINUED)

He delivers an impressive punch to the face. Ricky counters with a weak fist.

SUPER CASH
You hit like a grumpy old lady!

RICKY
Is that right?

Ricky pulls something out from behind his back.

RICKY
(to Super Cash)
What a shocking turn of events,
Super Cash. Taste my Super Zarape!

TAXMAN
He's gonna smell like refried
beans.

RICKY
(to Super Cash)
Now, feel five-hundred volts of
electricity through your body,
friend.

ZZZZAAAPPPP

Super Cash falls to the ground.

John smiles, sniffs the air.

TAXMAN
Smells like freedom.

INT. PRISON - MINUTES LATER

Taxman and Ricky dragging Super Cash's limp body down the dank hallway towards the cells.

A FOOT SOLDIER#3 approaches them from the opposite direction.

He stops to salute his superiors.

TAXMAN
(to Foot Soldier#3)
Pleasure to see you, faithful
soldier. Assist Mr. Cactus and put
an end to this miserable Super Cash
bug.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER#3
Yes, Commander.

John heads away down a different corridor.

RICKY
(to Super Cash)
Ay caramba! Feel the power!

He jams the Super Zarape in his side, shocks him intensely.

RICKY
Thousand volts, baby! This world is better off without you. Wait a moment before, you say goodbye forevermore. It's Ricky salon time. Now feel my deadly cactus sharpies penetrate your flesh, so you bleed slowly to death My stupid amigo!!

Super Cash spits, tries to get his wobbly head under control.

SUPER CASH

I will not give up. I...
promised... father...

Ricky and Soldier land punches into Super Cash's body.

SUPER CASH
No! Must... fulfill the promise I made to my mother.

A sudden surge of strength pulses through his arm, his fist tightens, then grabs for his chest

SUPER CASH
Power Badge!

He thrusts the badge in front of him, Ricky and Soldier are tossed backwards onto the butts.

SUPER CASH
Your attacks are neutralized!

Super Cash stands up straight and tall. He wipes dirt of his suit, checks his body for damage but finds none.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH
I feel no pain. I am renewed!
Totally amazing.

He makes a giant fist, raises it high, then looks down at his two enemies.

SUPER CASH
(to both)
Power Punch! Nightie-night, boys!
Now it's my time to laugh. Sweet
dreams.

KAPOW!

INT. PRISON - LATER

Super Cash silently makes his way down a corridor, listening to muffled voices in the distance.

He peeks around a corner to see into William's cell. Taxman is slapping William and Joe Green. Beating them for information and just the pleasure of it.

Super Cash pulls the Power Cash gun from his money sack, takes aim at the cell door.

SUPER CASH
Finally, fate will reunite us.
Today, I will have my father in my
arms.

He only gets one shot, so makes sure his aim is true.

SUPER CASH
It's show time, baby. Totally cool.

BOOOOOM!

The cell door blows off its hinges. Taxman dives out of the way.

Super Cash rushes in.

SUPER CASH
(to Taxman)
Gotcha ugly creep Hands up now!

TAXMAN
Hands up? No! Peacefully? Never!

Taxman drags himself off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

William and Joe are in shock at the excitement.

SUPER CASH

You just don't understand, do you?
You're a headache. You're a crook
without a conscience. You're a
filthy rat.

Taxman reaches behind his back.

TAXMAN

Aw. You flatter me. I still have to
get rid of you, though.

He whips out the shotgun/flamethrower.

TAXMAN

Breathe of fire!

But Super Cash was ready for that. He had his cape and badge
ready to block Taxman's assault.

SUPER CASH

Power Badge and cape!

TAXMAN

Why won't you die?!

SUPER CASH

Power Cash!

He whips the Power Cash gun out, BLASTS Taxman! He slams
against the far wall, slides down into a heap.

SUPER CASH

Taxman, I consider an honor to tell
you that I finally put an end to
your criminal career.

TAXMAN

Please, do not arrest me. I'm
innocent, I tell ya! SUPER CASH
Tell that to the judge. You have
committed innumerable crimes
against the nation and now you'll
have to face justice!

Taxman gives him one final smirk before falling unconscious,
snoring.

Super Cash slowly turns to William looking at him with
knowing eyes.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Son?

Super Cash slides his helmet Shield off.

SUPER CASH

Father, it's a great relief to hear your voice again.

WILLIAM

Billy!

Both men tear up at the sight of each other.

Billy rushes to his father's side, works at undoing his shackles.

SUPER CASH

I'm here now, father. Don't worry. Everything is going to be just fine. Are you hurt?

WILLIAM

I'm tired and beaten, but I'm fine. You did it, son. I'm very proud of you. Thank you.

He drops the last shackle and both men hurry to Joe's side.

WILLIAM

My beloved son. The governor and I never underestimated your abilities. I told him every day how you would rescue us and here you are.

They free Joe in seconds.

JOE GREEN

Thank you, Billy! Or is it "Super Cash"?

Super Cash chuckles.

JOE GREEN

We are free now. You are my hero and our country's hero.

SUPER CASH

I'm just happy to help, but right now, we have to get my father to the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH
Power helmet

Blows away a wall, that seals the stairway that leads to the Rooftop.

WILLIAM
Rest assured, my son, I will have a speedy recovery. Once again, we can be a family.

EXT. PRISON - ROOF TOP - MINUTES LATER

Super Cash supports his weary father as the three men see an approaching medi-vac helicopter in the distance.

JOE GREEN
Justice has triumphed today, but how will I beat President Boot?

SUPER CASH
You've got a ninety-nine percent approval rating compared to almost nothing of the current, corrupt president! Consider yourself President from this moment on.

JOE GREEN
I would be honored to take the reigns of this great country.

EXT. ARCH CITY FEDERAL COURT BUILDING - MORNING

The sun shining brightly on a CROWD of hundreds that have gathered at the wide steps to follow closely to the proceedings.

It's glorious day of justice! A burly AGENT (40'S) pulls John and Ricky from the back seat of his armored car.

The crowd BOO'S and HISSES

Super Cash drops from the sky, landing gracefully next to them.

The crowd roars a deafening CHEER for him.

Justice has been successfully implemented to day as always! My dear Earthlings, today, a

(CONTINUED)

horrendous chapter in our country's
story has

SUPER CASH
come to a close! A better one
starts the minute these two
criminals are behind bars!

The crowd cheers, applauds!

AGENT
(to John/Ricky)
Yeah, you two jerks are forever
removed from society. To jail with
the both of you!

JOHN
Let me go! I want to go home! Jail
if for criminals.

RICKY
Yea!

The weakly fight against their handcuffs and Agent's
strength.

JOHN
I'm righteous! I have no criminal
background!

John starts weeping. The crowd laughs hard at him.

JOHN
(to Crowd)
Shut up!

RICKY
(to John)
This is entirely your fault! Why
didn't you just finish off Super
Cash when you had the chance?

JOHN
(to Ricky)
Don't scold me! You are going to
make me cry more!

The crowd starts throwing stuff at them.

RICKY
It's okay, amigo. I don't want to
go to jail, either. Someday we will
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICKY (cont'd)
 have our revenge against that idiot
 of Super cash he really is a pain
 in the neck.

AGENT
 Stop your whining, bunch of
 crybabies!

A rotten tomato smacks John in the back of the head!

Ricky turns to yell at the crowd, but gets a face-full of
 something that looks like applesauce!

RICKY
 (sotto)
 Uncle Bob, we wish you were here
 with us. Help us!

The sound of a SLAMMING JAIL CELL DOOR rings out.

EXT. DORIS' OFFICE - DAY

The elevator DINGS, door slides open to reveal of simple,
 modern office of sharp, white and black angles.

Billy steps out of the office with a humble bouquet of
 flowers clenched in his nervous fist.

The corridor to his right corners at a smooth desk before
 continuing on toward the main office. Nobody is behind the
 desk.

Billy wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead, steps up to
 the desk. He's getting ready to just set the flowers on the
 desk, high-tail it out of there when JOY pops up from behind
 the desk, shuffling papers, sliding a drawer closed.

A few pencils hold together a sloppy bun of hair. She's
 overworked, but somehow more adorable. The both jump back at
 the sight of one another.

JOY/BILLY
 Hey. It's you!

They share a cute giggle before she realizes her messy
 appearance.

JOY
 Oh, sorry.

She pulls pens and pencils from her hair, straightens her
 shirt.

(CONTINUED)

JOY

Your aunt isn't here today and I'm
a bit overwhelmed here by myself.
Can I take a message... or--

BILLY

--no. No! I mean... no, thank you.
I actually came here to give you--

He hands her the flowers. She smiles wide, smells them.

Out of no where, she KICKS a lower desk drawer. It pops
right back open.

JOY

This thing won't stay shut! What
are these for, Mr. VanCash?

She kicks the drawer again. It rolls open, mocking her.

BILLY

As a thank you for the other day
and now, it appears your day needs
some beauty.

JOY

Thank you.

The drawer slides all the way open, smacks her in the chin.

JOY

Ow! Piece of--

BILLY

--Here! Let me take a look.

He works his way around the mess to behind the desk, drops
to his back underneath, starts to fiddle with the mechanics
of the drawer.

She hovers right over the top of him, close enough that her
hair tickles his face.

He spits it away, laughing.

JOY

You really don't need to do this.
I'm sure Doris will take care of it
when she gets back.

BILLY

It's no trouble.

(CONTINUED)

JOY

Well, I appreciate it, but I'm sure
you have better place to be than
here.

BILLY

I can't think of one.

She opens her mouth to argue, but catches the flirt, sits
back in her chair, lets him work.

INT. ARCH CITY FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

John and Ricky look pretty miserable in their prison-orange,
state-issued jumpsuits. Side by side in crime, they are now
side by side in a cramped cell.

They both grip the bars tight, stare out into the dingy jail
house.

AGENT

(to John/Ricky)

Home sweet home, boys, for a lone
time to come. Yup.

He belly-laughs at them.

AGENT

(to John/Ricky)

Associates of conspiracy, now
you'll face the wrath of justice.
Yup.

They drop their heads, defeated. Agent leaves them alone
with their sadness.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - SAME

An office of fine wood, decorated with many decades of
framed fishing pictures, taxidermed swordfish, stacks upon
stacks of legal books, et al.

JUDGE BUBBA BUBBLE, the roundest man in the whole city sits
squeezed between his large desk and the wall. He's chewing a
fat wad of bubble gum and is easily in his 60's.

KNOCK KNOCK on his door.

The Judge labors to breath under all his weight.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BUBBLE

Come... in...

The door opens, Uncle Bob enters carrying a posh suitcase.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Robert Cactus... what do I owe this displeasure?

Uncle Bob smiles, takes a seat opposite the judge, sets the suitcase on the desk between them.

UNCLE BOB

I came to you, your honor, because I need your help. I am undone by imprisonment and unjustly undone by the incarceration of my studiously lawful nephew. Old friend, I ask for your help.

Judge Bubble tries hard to sit back in his chair but hasn't got the room to do such a thing. He tries to slide out from behind it; no luck. He may bet stuck back there.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Take it easy, Robert. That's what friends are for. It's difficult times nowadays, am I right?

UNCLE BOB

So right.

JUDGE BUBBLE

You've got to look after your family. You've got to keep them safe.

UNCLE BOB

Exactly my point, Bubba.

JUDGE BUBBLE

It's Judge Bubble while we're in here, Robert.

UNCLE BOB

Ah, yes. Apologies, your honor.

JUDGE BUBBLE

As I was saying, you've got to look after what's yours.

He grabs a family vacation photo off his desk, looks at it for emphasis but no real emotion.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BUBBLE

If you are the man I think you are,
you would do whatever it takes to
keep them safe.

UNCLE BOB

Anything and everything.

JUDGE BUBBLE

I'm glad we see things the same.

Uncle Bob is way ahead of him already opening the suitcase,
pulling out an comically over-sized checkbook. Bubba's lips
wet and he almost drools at the sight of it.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Anything indeed.

Uncle Bob fills out the check, hands it over.

UNCLE BOB

Three days.

JUDGE BUBBLE

What?

UNCLE BOB

You can't cash this for three days,
but you won't be dissatisfied. I
can assure you.

Bubba squints his fat eyes at the check.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Hold on. Hold on. Don't be getting
out of here until I find my
glasses.

UNCLE BOB

Two billion, your honor.

Bubba looks up at him as if he didn't hear him correctly.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Come again?

UNCLE BOB

Two... billion... dollars... your
honor. It's all yours.

JUDGE BUBBLE

T-t-t-t-o-o-o b-b-b-b-billion?

He starts sweating profusely.

(CONTINUED)

Uncle Bob laughs at his old, fat friend.

UNCLE BOB

That's right, Bubba. That check
will be good to go in three days.
Until then, you've got some of my
family to see to. Am I right?

Bubba only shakes his fat, sweaty, smiling head.

JUDGE BUBBLE

It was a pleasure doing business
with you, billionaire - I mean
Robert.

INT. ARCH CITY FEDERAL PRISON - COMMON AREA - DAY

In the large, empty room, Ricky and John waiting impatiently
at a table. John fidgets in his seat, anxious.

JOHN

I am deprived of my freedom, Ricky!
I can't stand being here another
minute. We have to get out of here.

Ricky smacks him in the face.

RICKY

Calm down, will ya? Everything is
going to be all right. You'll see.

JOHN

I can't take it--

RICKY

--listen to me, John. Calmness. I
just ask that you be cool a little
longer. We have a special visitor
today.

The wide double-doors, on the opposite side of the room,
open, GUARD ushers Uncle Bob into the room.

RICKY

(re: Uncle Bob)
See?

JOHN

What is he doing here?

Uncle Bob slips the guard a handful of cash and the guard
closes the door behind him, lets the men have the room to
themselves.

(CONTINUED)

Ricky pulls a chair up to the table for his uncle.

RICKY
(to Uncle Bob)
It's good to see you again, uncle.
Here. Have a seat.

Uncle Bob scans the room for any listening devices and to make sure they're alone.

UNCLE BOB
I have news, dear nephew. The power
has worked in your favor today.

John wipes sweat from his forehead, fidgets. Ricky scoots in closer.

JOHN
Power?

UNCLE BOB
Yes. The power of money.

Ricky smiles at that, knowing what his uncle must mean. He cocks his head to John.

RICKY
Still worried?

JOHN
Intensely.

Ricky sighs.

RICKY
(to Uncle Bob)
Okay, uncle. Please explain to my
dense friend here what you mean.

UNCLE BOB
The power of money has again
overwhelmed the honesty of a public
official and it came on the cheap,
too.

JOHN
How cheap?

UNCLE BOB
Two.

John looks surprised.

JOHN

Thousand? It only took two-thousand dollars to free us?

Ricky and Uncle Bob share a look like they both think John is an idiot sometimes.

RICKY

(to John)

Billion, dummy. Two-billion.

John nearly falls out of his chair.

JOHN

Two-billion!

They shush him!

UNCLE BOB

Damn, boy! Shut your mouth! Money may turn heads the other way, but it don't close ears.

RICKY

John! Shut it!

John stiffens up, lowers his voice to a whisper.

JOHN

We don't have that sort of cash. Not at all. Our freedom! I'm never going to be free!

UNCLE BOB

Will you shut up for a minute?!

RICKY

(to John)

Just relax, amigo. I know my uncle and I trust him. If he's got a plan, it's a good one. Chill and listen to what the man has to say.

UNCLE BOB

Thank you, nephew.

Ricky and John zip their lips, lean forward to listen.

UNCLE BOB

My plan is to kidnap Miss Joy Brown, the love of the richest man in all of Arch City. And she's the personal assistant of said man's

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE BOB
aunt who has direct access to his
personal fortune.

Ricky smiles at the devious plan.

John smiles, but still seems confused.

UNCLE BOB
She'll pay up and, by the time
we're through with her, we'll have
enough to cover your freedom-fees
and then some.

RICKY
Excellent, uncle.

He pats John on the back hard.

RICKY
(to John)
See?! I told you to relax.

JOHN
(to Uncle Bob)
What if she doesn't cooperate?

UNCLE BOB
You don't want to know what happens
if they don't cooperate and, I can
assure you, they don't want to know
either.

John bites his finger nails. Ricky is visibly relaxed.

JOHN
Okay, Uncle Bob. What do we do now?

UNCLE BOB
You just leave that to me.

He checks his watch.

UNCLE BOB
But now, I've got to go.

He snaps his fingers, Guard opens the door to let him out.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

The courtroom is full of SPECTATORS of all ages that have gathered to watch the most important criminal trial in the recent history of Arch City.

It's almost like a circus here. CHILDREN milling about, multicolored balloons bobbing through the crowd, a UNICYCLIST rides past, maybe even a clown or two.

They mumble, talk, amongst themselves, passing their own judgment on the defendants.

Ricky and John, flawless suits, sitting at a long table next to their LAWYER, (30's) and too handsome to be trustworthy.

They are smiling, waving at the crowd like they're in a parade route.

Judge Bubble POPS and SMACK his mouthful of gum from his seat behind the bench.

He looks over some papers, surveys the crowd, then BANGS his gavel.

Two GUARDS, one on each side of the bench, give him a nod.

JUDGE BUBBLE
Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

BANG BANG of the gavel

JUDGE BUBBLE
Ladies and gentlemen! Order!

BANG! BANG!

JUDGE BUBBLE
Order in my court!

No response from the crowd. One of the Guards steps up.

GUARD#1
Shut. Up!

The crowd instantly settles down, takes their seats.

JUDGE BUBBLE
Today is the hearing for setting bail for Ricard K. Cactus and Johnathan Boot.

The crowd BOO'S, clamors

(CONTINUED)

Judge lifts his gavel.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Don't make me bang this again or
all you will be in jail tonight.

They shut up.

JUDGE BUBBLE

As always, all persons are innocent
until proven guilty. Ricky Cactus,
please rise.

Ricky stands.

JUDGE BUBBLE

How do you plead, Mr. Cactus?

RICKY

Not guilty, you honor.

The crowd BOO'S

JUDGE BUBBLE

Have a seat, Mr. Cactus. Mr. Boot,
please rise. How do you plead?

JOHN

Not guilty, you honor.

An uproar of anger from the crowd.

JUDGE BUBBLE

This is not a reality show, people.

He bangs the gavel.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Order!

Arch City's PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, an overworked woman in her
30's, stands in objection.

PROSECUTOR

I strongly urge you to deny any
amount of bail to the accused.

JUDGE BUBBLE

(to prosecutor)

On what grounds?

PROSECUTOR

On the grounds of the seriousness
of their crimes: obstruction of
justice, fraud, embezzlement,
corruption, kidnapping, assault...
How much time do you have?

The crowd hoots and hollers, applauds the prosecutor.

Judge Bubble BANGS the gavel, give them all an dirty look.

PROSECUTOR

These criminals are a danger to
society, to the financial structure
of our city and to the fine people
of our community.

Judge Bubba spins in his chair, looking off in the distance
as if thinking deeply.

The crowd hushes to a dead silence, awaiting his ruling. Not
a breath taken for a moment.

Judge slowly spins back.

JUDGE BUBBLE

Objection... overruled!

The crowd cries, screams, angered.

JUDGE BUBBLE

(to Prosecutor)

And you will be held in contempt of
court for forgetting to address the
court as 'your honor'.

PROSECUTOR

What?!

JUDGE BUBBLE

Guards! Arrest the prosecuting
attorney.

Ricky and John's Lawyer finally stands to address the Judge.

LAWYER

Honorable, Judge. I ask with all my
heart and compassion of the court
for simply a reasonable bond for my
clients. Whom, by the way, have an
immaculate record.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE BUBBLE
Sustained!

The crowd is finally in too much shock to even protest anymore. They can't believe what is going on in what is supposed to a fair and legal setting in their beloved city.

JUDGE BUBBLE
Mr. Cactus, Mr. Boot, please stand.
I hereby set each of your bonds
at...

Every member of the crowd inches to the edge of thier seats.

JUDGE BUBBLE
...one dollar.

A collective "NO!!!!!" from the crowd.

PROSECUTOR
(to Judge)
Corruption! Your decision really
shows a lack of decision-making on
your part. You should be disbarred!

Guard grabs her before she even sees him coming.

GUARD#1
You are under arrest. Contempt of
court!

Judge Bubba SMACKS his gavel over and over.

JUDGE BUBBLE
Court dismissed! This hearing is
over! Everybody out!

Ricky and John are ushered out of the courtroom through the door in the rear. They just wave goodbye at the screaming crowd as they exit.

INT. ARCH CITY FEDERAL PRISON - LATER

Ricky and John have returned to their cell until all the paperwork is complete and they can pay their enormous one dollar bail. GUARDS stand watch just outside their cell door.

JOHN
(to Ricky)
I am so happy. Indeed, justice has
been served, Ricky.

(CONTINUED)

He laughs hard at their misfortune.

RICKY

It was a lucky day, John. That's for sure.

JOHN

Luck had nothing to do with it, friend.

GUARD#1

(to Guard#2)

These criminals don't deserve bail, if you ask me.

GUARD#2

Coolness, partner. The system is broken, man. It's all about the powerful green, but I'm sure in the end, justice will prevail.

RICKY

(to John)

Think about it, Booty. How many nachos you think two billion dollars will buy us? I'm starving for some real food!

JOHN

Goodbye, prison food, forever!

He rubs his stomach, imagining a mountain of cheesy nachos.

JOHN

(to Ricky)

My most sincere apologies for not believing in Uncle Bob's master plan. You, sir, are a genius.

Uncle Bob strolls past the guards, approaches the cell. He keeps his voice low.

UNCLE BOB

(to John/Ricky)

I will execute this plan to its perfection. We'll be a family again, you hear me?

The men nod in understanding.

UNCLE BOB

Little Miss Doris will be in for a huge surprise.

(CONTINUED)

He laughs hard, but stifles it fast when he sees Super Cash approaching them from down the hall.

SUPER CASH

I came to check on the most
notorious criminals in America.

Ricky and John back away, scared.

UNCLE BOB

(to Super Cash)

They're in here for the long run.
Don't worry. Thank you. I hope so.

He turns to leave.

UNCLE BOB

Oh, before you go... on behalf of
President Green, I give you an
invitation to Liberty Palace.
Please come, won't you?

Thank you, Mayor Cactus. See you
then.

He takes off. Uncle Bob smiles like a crazy maniac at John and Ricky.

EXT. LIBERTY PALACE - MORNING

A massive AUDIENCE crowds the grand staircase atop which a fine podium stands waiting for it's speakers.

President Green gives another handshake to Super Cash and approaches the microphone.

PRESS MEMBERS from around the globe snap pictures of the event. FLASH! POP!

JOE GREEN

Today, my citizens, today is a
glorious day for Arch City. We are
free of villainy and we are free
from oppression at the hands of
that crook, John Boot!

The audience roars with boos, hisses.

JOE GREEN

It is my deepest honor that I bring
to you the hero that we, in the
Prosperity Union, deserve; the hero

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE GREEN (cont'd)
you deserve! Please, help me
welcome to the mic, Super Cash the
Crime Buster!

The audience goes crazy with applause, hooting, hollering.

Confetti explodes overhead, balloons soar into the sky. An AIRPLANE flies by dragging a gigantic "Thank You, Super Cash" banner behind it.

JOE GREEN
It is an honor to have such a man
here with us to celebrate Heroes
Day!

Super Cash takes a step toward the podium, the crowd hushes.

He waves, silently thanking the crowd from the bottom of his heart.

SUPER CASH
First of all, I need to say thank
you to you, Mr. President, for your
most gracious invitation to our
beautiful palace.

Applause!

Super Cash quiets them down...

SUPER CASH
If we could please observe a moment
of silence for all the Super Heroes
who have lost their lives defending
our Mother land.

A BEAT goes by in pure, meaningful silence.

SUPER CASH
Thank you. Now, let's celebrate the
colors of our flag. Our flag! Your
flag! Red, white, and blue are the
colors of freedom!

The audience cheers again!

SUPER CASH
Compatriots, Happy Heroes Day!

The President joins him at the podium. A Presidential GUARD steps to his side with a small, wooden box.

(CONTINUED)

JOE GREEN

Super Cash, for your courage and protection of the wonderful country, the U.S. Government Treasury would like that show our appreciation with your very own two-hundred dollar bill!

The President draws the ornate BILL from the box, holds it up, shows it off to the crowd like a trophy. They erupt with more cheers, chanting Super Cash's name.

Joe hands it over to Super Cash.

JOE GREEN

It will be my honor to give you this monetary note on behalf of all the citizens of our great nation.

Super Cash gets a tear in his eye as he looks from the bill to the waves of people cheering for him. He smiles wide.

SUPER CASH

Totally thankful, Mr. President!
It's an amazing feeling to be able to protect our country and now to be a part of it's life-blood. It is a privilege to be included among so many heroes that came before me.

The crowd suddenly stops cheering, applauding. Super Cash was expecting a grand choir of noise, but they're just standing there looking at him. He puckers his face, confused.

BEAT

DORIS(O.S.)

(to Super Cash)

Surprise!

Super Cash spins around so fast that he almost falls over.

DORIS

Happy birthday, Super Cash!

Joy helps Doris carry an enormous CHOCOLATE CAKE to the front of the podium. A ring of burning candles on top.

JOE GREEN

Happy Birthday, Super Cash!

The audience starts singing Happy Birthday to their hero.

(CONTINUED)

DORIS
(to Super Cash)
I hope you're hungry. Enjoy your
cake! You deserve it!

He gives a slight glance toward Joy who blushes, smiles back at him. Her voice barely heard over the crowd.

JOY BROWN
Happy Birthday, Super Cash.

He gives her the biggest smile of all.

DORIS
Cake. Cake. Cake.

The crowd starts chanting along with her.

Super Cash shrugs at Joy with a giggle.

SUPER CASH
Bon appetit!

He leans in to blow out the candles, but turns to his lovely Aunt.

SUPER CASH
Thank you, Aunt Doris!

DORIS
Oh, the pleasure was all mine,
nephew. We had a great time. Now,
go. Enjoy your party.

He turns back to the cake.

SUPER CASH
Power Cash Air!

He breathes in deep, then exhales a most powerful breath!

The flames don't stand a chance.

As they extinguish, the crowd explodes into full on party mode. Music blares, everyone dancing, happy, cheering on the hero of the day.

JOE GREEN
(to Super Cash)
Your party is just getting started,
my friend.

Super Cash pulls his head out of the cake to look at the President. Icing and bits of cake fall off his confused face.

INT. FAST CASH BIKE - MINUTES LATER

Around the corner from the Palace, the Presidential LIMO idles, sitting in a long procession of vehicles with the Super Cash Bike at the lead.

The audience migrates toward the parade route as Super Cash fires up the engine of the bike.

He's waving to all his adoring fans, distracted by the commotion to notice a light tap on his shoulder.

JOY BROWN(O.S.)
Come on, Mr. Hero-dude.

He turns to see her, looking even more beautiful than before and now donning a matching, leather biker's outfit.

She flips the visor up on her helmet, gives him a wink.

JOY BROWN
Give me a ride on your big, bad
motorcycle?

He only smiles in response, totally smitten.

JOY BROWN
Oh, pretty please, cutie pie?

He steps off the bike, bows before her and welcomes her onto his bike.

SUPER CASH
Petition granted, Miss Brown.

She hops on like a excited little girl.

JOY BROWN
Yay! I can't wait. You're
fantastic.

He climbs on in front of her, VROOOOMS the engine and the parade begins.

The roaring crowd tosses flowers to the ground in front of his bike. Children wave at him in hopes of getting just a simple wave back.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE GIRLS squeal when he waves at them. Woman frown at Joy, utterly jealous of her.

SUPER CASH
America will maintain its own
principles today and always.

They're not traveling fast, but Joy squeezes his waist tight under the guise of safety.

SUPER CASH
The day of heroes represents the
rights and freedoms which
differentiate us from other
nations.

JOY BROWN
Whoo! Yay! I'm having the best
time!

Through a large BULLHORN sticking out of the sunroof of the President's limo, Joe pulls an large bullhorn to his mouth, addresses the crowd.

JOE GREEN(O.S.)
We have a super hero for a new
century, my citizens! His name is
Super Cash!

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
We love you, Super Cash! Hurray!
Hurray!

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - SAME

Joe plops back down in the seat, smiling happy smiling at his prospering town just outside his windows.

Doris is sitting next to him, sipping a glass of champagne.

DORIS
It's sort of exhilarating getting
to be 'First Lady' for a day.

He grabs himself a glass, they cheers. CLINK

INT. FAST CASH BIKE - SAME

Joy has joined the fun in waving to the crowd as Super Cash presses a button and the Fast Cash Bike is put on auto-pilot.

SUPER CASH
Totally grateful, dear Earthlings!

In a flash, he draws out endless wads of CASH from the Money Sack, hands a fistful to Joy, then starts throwing it out to the crowd!

They go nuts for him, the money.

SUPER CASH
Totally free cash-money! Buy the
homes of your dreams!

Men, women, and children alike catch handfuls of green bills as they flutter through the air. There is plenty to go around.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS
Super Cash! We love you!

Super Cash leans back to Joy.

SUPER CASH
You hungry? I know a place.

INT. MC CASH PLACE - LATER

The crowd is gathered, pressed right up against the large, plate glass windows and staring at Super Cash and Joy sitting down to their meal.

Super Cash smiles, waves at them but Joy can't take her eyes of him. Nothing else matters to her right now.

An adorable, WAITRESS (18) awkwardly approaches their table.

She's very nervous, her hands shaking as she gets to meet the country's hero.

WAITRESS
Uh... hi... I'm... B-B-Becky.

Super Cash giggles at her, his stomach growls.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER CASH

Hi, Becky. You don't need to be so nervous. We're just like any other starving customer and you should treat us as such.

He hands her his glass of water. She takes a long drink, deep breath and gathers herself.

BECKY

Okay. Whew. Welcome to McCash Burger Bar. How is your day?

They laugh at her.

BECKY

Oh, right. Dumb question. I'm sure it's been a pretty wonderful day, right?

Joy nods, staring down at her menu. Super Cash steals a quick glance at her.

JOY BROWN

Yes, it's been a fantastic day, so far.

BECKY

Well, then. Are you guys ready to order?

Super Cash smacks his menu down.

SUPER CASH

Absolutely! Family Combo.

BECKY

That's a lot of--

SUPER CASH

--for two!

Joy shoots him a surprised stare.

SUPER CASH

I'm starving!

Becky and Joy looks at each other for a moment, then at Super Cash. He just smiles at them.

Everybody laughs!

A young BOY (8) escapes his MOTHER'S grasp, runs up to Super Cash with a pen and scrap paper.

(CONTINUED)

He can hardly contain his excitement.

BOY

Can I have your autograph?

SUPER CASH

Of course, kiddo!

He starts writing on the paper.

SUPER CASH

(reading)

Always behave well in school and
say no to drugs. Your friend, Super
Cash!

Boy reads the paper.

BOY

Thank you! I will definitely follow
your advice!

Becky hurries their massive meal to the table.

BECKY

Here we have your enormous amount
of mouth-watering food. Enjoy your
meal.

She turns away, but Super Cash stops her, hands her a stack
of cash.

SUPER CASH

Here is one-hundred-thousand to pay
our bill. Keep the change. Quit
this job and pay your way through
school.

Becky takes a look at the fat stack, then faints. The cash
falls all around her on the floor.

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE - EVENING

The Fast Cash Bike pulls up the driveway, stops in front of
a modest home in a less-affluent part of town.

Super Cash helps gently helps her off the bike.

She pulls her helmet off, her long hair flows down
perfectly.

(CONTINUED)

JOY BROWN

Billy...

He slides his helmet off with a surprised look on his face.

JOY BROWN

I knew all this time who you really were.

SUPER CASH

But, I--

JOY BROWN

--I'll keep it a secret. I promise.

She steps in closer to him, takes his helmet and puts it on the bike.

SUPER CASH

How do I know I can trust you?

He smirks at her.

JOY BROWN

Because I love you, Super Cash.

SUPER CASH

You... you what?

She steps closer again.

JOY BROWN

You heard me. I love you and I admire you for everything you have done for this country.

They come together in a light kiss. He's slower to pull away than she is.

SUPER CASH

Good night, Miss Brown.

JOY

Goodbye, William. Sweet dreams.

He hops on the bike, pulls away from her house and into the setting sun.

Joy is full of happiness, a large smile across her face as she watches him drive away.

She turns on her heels, walking on air almost, heads for the front door.

(CONTINUED)

A hulking FOOT SOLDIER comes out of no where, grabs her arm.

FOOT SOLDIER
We have an arrest warrant for you.

JOY
Excuse me! Let me go!

FOOT SOLDIER
You committed tax fraud and are coming with me.

JOY
I've done nothing wrong! I am innocent. You have the wrong person!

FOOT SOLDIER
Shut it, Miss Brown.

He shoves her into the backseat of an all black, armored car.

INT. WAREHOUSE/DORIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Split-screen phone conversation:

DORIS
(into phone)
Good evening. This is Miss Van Cash.

JOY
(into phone)
Doris! Doris you have to help me!

DORIS
Joy? Joy. What is the matter?

Something is off about Joy's voice.

JOY
Doris Van Cash, I'm being held captive. They want money!

DORIS
Everything is going to be all right, Joy. Are you okay?

JOY
I'm okay, Doris Van Cash. For right now, I'm okay. Will you pay the ransom for my safety?

(CONTINUED)

DORIS
You can count on me, Joy!

INT. SEEDY WAREHOUSE - LATER

Doris walks in to the abandoned warehouse, in the worst part of town. All is dark, but she can see a few people in the distance.

CUT TO:

Bob Cactus watches her approach. He leans toward a Foot Soldier.

BOB
(to Soldier)
Take money from the rich.

He then leans into Joy's ear. She's just lifeless staring straight ahead.

BOB
You'd better be convincing or I'll
recycle you.

DORIS
Joy! Joy, is that you?

BOB
(to Doris)
Take it easy. You got the money?

Doris throws a stuffed bag at his feet.

DORIS
Here's your filthy money, dirty
pig!

Bob dispatches a Soldier to grab the bag. He unzips it, confirming it's contents.

BOB
(to Doris)
It was a pleasure doing business
with you, Ms. Van Cash.

Bob pushes Joy toward Doris, grabs the bag.

DORIS
Joy, are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

JOY
Yes, Doris Van Cash. I am
operational.

Doris is taken aback.

DORIS
What?

JOY
BOP. BEEP. BOOP.

DORIS
Joy? Why does your voice sound--

A Foot Soldier turns to Bob.

FOOT SOLDIER
She bit the bait.

JOY
(to Doris)
My voice is fine, Doris Van Cash. I
am an android.

Joy-droid laughs a crazy, digital bellow.

DORIS
Joy! No!

Doris tries to run, but snatched into the air by a Soldier.

FOOT SOLDIER
(to Doris)
There is no escape.

The Soldier carries her toward the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Doris is pitifully kicking at the muscular Soldier as he carries her toward Bob's vehicle parked far from the warehouse.

DORIS
Where are you taking me? Where's
Joy?

Bob opens the trunk of his car.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
(to Doris)
You like fireworks, Lady Pig? Don't
ever call me filthy pig oink, oink
jaja!

Doris stops fighting for a moment, pondering his question.

He pulls a small device from his pocket. A RED BUTTON on top.

BOB
Happy Independence Day, my Yankee
amigos!

He pushes the button.

A massive EXPLOSION blows the warehouse to splinters. It lights the night sky like a million fireworks!

BOB
(re: explosion)
Incredible.

INT. BUILDING - MORNING

A dim light hang from the ceiling over the heads of Doris and the real Joy Brown as the sit, back-to-back, each tied to a chair.

Foot Soldiers guard the only door. Bob approaches the women.

BOB
Well, ladies. I'm off to the bank.
I've got a rather large deposit to
make.

DORIS
Let us go, you monster! You got
what you wanted.

Bob smirks, turns to the Soldiers.

BOB
Be alert. Your orders are to guard
our guests.

FOOT SOLDIER
Yes, sir! Your orders will be
obeyed.

Joy starts crying.

(CONTINUED)

Bob leaves the room and Soldier slams it shut behind him, locking it.

DORIS
I cannot believe this is happening!

INT. PROSPERITY BANK AND TRUST - LATER

Bob steps up to the counter, greeted by a cute TELLER (30's).

TELLER
Hi. How may I help you today?

BOB
I need to make a deposit, beautiful lady.

He gives her a grin, but she brushes it off and grabs the sack of dough.

TELLER
My-my. Quite a deposit, I would say. Give me one second and your deposit will be ready to go.

BOB
Perfection.

He whistles to himself with levity as he looks around the back.

TELLER
Well, look what we have here!

BOB
Huh? What's that?

TELLER
Today, you are the lucky customer and for your deposit, you will automatically get two-hundred-million dollars in interest instantly!

Bob smiles to himself, looks around so proud like he actually accomplished something.

BOB
Now I feel like a real businessman. I'm filthy rich... again!

(CONTINUED)

TELLER

Have a great day, Mayor Bob.

BOB

You, too, Miss. Beautiful bank you have here. I'll definitely be back.

EXT. OUTSIDE CITY LIMITS - SAME

Enjoying a quiet ride on this gorgeous day, Super Cash ZOOOMS by on the Fast Cash Bike.

The full scope of Arch City lays along the horizon in front of him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

William laying bed, resting. MACHINES beep-beep next to him, connected to the many hoses that are helping him heal.

Billy walks through the door, slowly approaches his father's side.

BILLY

I'm here, father.

William lifts his heavy eyelids to looks proudly at his son.

WILLIAM

Billy. I'm sorry I missed your parade.

BILLY

Think nothing of it. I just want you to get better. There's so much I want to show you.

William grabs his son's hand.

WILLIAM

How is your mother? Why isn't she here with us?

BILLY

Father. You've been out of it since I rescued you. Has nobody talked to you?

William shakes his weak head.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

I'm sorry. Mother died before I
could get to you. I'm so sorry.

Tears well in William's eyes. He squeezes them away.

WILLIAM

My life will not be the same
without her. This news... this bad
news will kill me!

BILLY

You have me, father! You have me
and we can still be a family. I
will never leave you.

William smiles at his loving son; so proud of what he has
become.

WILLIAM

When I get out of here, you will
take me to her, first thing.

BILLY

I will.

WILLIAM

I have an order for you, son.

BILLY

Anything, father. You name it.

WILLIAM

You have to water the money-tree.
Keep it fed and healthy.

BILLY

Totally, yes! Of course.

WILLIAM

Take care of yourself, Billy. I
need to rest now.

Billy starts to cry, but forces himself not to.

BILLY

My beloved father. I will see you
soon.

WILLIAM

Thank you for visiting me.

William watches his son leave.

EXT. VANCASH MANSION - DAY

Billy is in the back, working in the garden, watering the money-tree.

BILLY

What a perfect day.

He sprays the water high onto the brown cash-leaves of the tree.

BILLY

Come back to life, money-tree.
Yummy water! Father's orders.

He plucks a bill off the tree.

BILLY

Totally cool! Oh yea! Be sure never
to waste water, friends. It is
essential for making money.

After the tree is sufficiently soaked, he drops the hose, heads to the front of the house.

A toe-headed PAPERBOY (12) hands him the daily paper.

BILLY

What's this, then?

PAPERBOY

You are a subscriber for life, Mr.
Van Cash. Your family prepaid for
one-hundred years of The First Look
newspaper. Enjoy!

Billy hands him a few cash bills.

PAPERBOY

Thanks!

BILLY

Thank you, too. You do a great job,
I'm sure of it. Goodbye.

INT. VANCASH MANSION - DEN - MINUTES LATER

Billy is just sitting down to peruse the paper, sipping from a tall glass of water when a KNOCK-KNOCK raps on the front door. He sighs, but hurries to answer.

He swings the large front doors open to see a MILITARY OFFICER (40's) standing on the front steps.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER
William Van Cash Junior?

BILLY
Yes. That is me. How can I help
you, officer?

Officer looks down, gathering his words before speaking
again.

OFFICER
All military action has it's risks,
sir; it's casualties.

BILLY
I don't understand.

OFFICER
Unfortunately, it is my duty to
inform you that you father, William
Van Cash Senior, has passed away.

Billy's legs almost give out underneath him.

OFFICER
From myself and United States
Government, I offer our most
sincere condolences.

BILLY
It cannot be! I just saw him!

Officer hands over a folded American flag.

OFFICER
This represents the freedom your
father died to protect.

Billy accepts it. A few tears drop from his cheeks onto the
flag.

BILLY
Thank you.

Officer salutes him, takes his leave.

BILLY
(sotto)
You will not have died in vain,
father. I will continue fighting
for a better tomorrow. I will
continue your legacy until the day
I see you and mother again. It is
my solemn promise to you.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING

Billy kneels down at the dual tombstone that stands over his parents graves. He brushes some dirt away, gently places a large bouquet of flowers at the base of it.

He returns to the family van cash luxury Car to find President Green and Willy Eyeball waiting for him.

PROFESSOR EYEBALL

Billy, you have my deepest condolences. You father was a great hero and will be sorely missed.

JOE GREEN

Truly sorry for your loss, Billy.

BILLY

Thank you, both. Father truly respected and treasured your friendships.

JOE GREEN

He gave his life for his country.

BILLY

And that's what I am committed to doing. I learned strong principles from my mother and father and this is just the beginning.

Professor Eyeball smiles at him, knowing what his true potential is.

President Green shakes Billy's hand.

UNKNOWN POV:

Watching Billy the men converse. Too far from them to hear their words, but watches intently. Billy glances over, we dart behind a tree before we're seen.

BACK TO SCENE:

Billy look quizzically at a large tree in that distance. Unsure, but he may have just saw something.

Professor Eyeball, Joe Green, and Billy slowly get into the car and it drives away. Billy stares out the back window until they disappear around a far corner.

From behind the tree, William steps out of the shadows. Covered in a large, trench coat, sunglasses, he walks away after the car is out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

My son, you will never be alone.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - LATER

The large television is the only light in the room. Billy laying in bed, staring blankly at the NEWS and rolling his mind through everything he's just been through.

He grabs the remote, ready to flick the tv off when...

ANCHOR

(from tv)

The Policy Department of Arch City is seeking help from the public to find two missing persons tonight; Doris Van Cash and Joy Brown.

Billy darts out of bed, runs to the tv screen.

ANCHOR

Ms. Van Cash was last seen attending the National Defense Parade and Miss Brown was last seen at a local restaurant with Super Cash. The Policy Department urges any of you that have information to call the hotline zero-zero-zero-zero missing persons.

Billy falls to his knees, sobbing. It's all too much to take!

ANCHOR

In other news. A ground-breaking bail settlement was reached in the case of Arch City versus Ricky Cactus and former president, John 'Taxman' Boot. They were ordered by Judge Bubba to pay a total bail of one dollar.

BILLY

This is a mockery of justice!
Ultimate corruption!

He grabs a chair, ready to SMASH the television screen!

ANCHOR

We have an exclusive interview with Ricky Cactus, Mayor Bob Cactus, and John Boot.

(CONTINUED)

RICKY

(from tv)

I firmly believe in the values of family.

UNCLE BOB

(from tv)

Once again, we're together as a family.

Billy face reddens with rage as he watches.

JOHN

(from tv)

Only in America one dollar is more than any amount of money when, in truth, you're innocent like me and my brother, Ricky Cactus!

Billy drops the chair, pauses the television. He just stares at the smug, smiling faces of his new enemies.

SUPER CASH

(sotto)

Super Cash to the rescue today and tomorrow and forever, dear earthlings. TO BE CONTINUED

FADE OUT