

City Crooks:

"The Conspiracy"

Written by
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Genres: Action, Sci-fi, Drama

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CITY CROOKS:
THE CONSPIRACY

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Two monsters on the bridge attack incoming cars and people on the sidewalk.

Police have created a barricade on both ends of the bridge attempting to block their path.

Cars are damaged and caught on fire.

Small crowds of people flee frantically and leap over the destroyed vehicles.

SUPER JAKE, (16) white Hispanic, tall, muscular, shoulder-length golden hair, overconfident, attention-seeker, show-off, wears a red flowing cape, yellow spandex, and white gloves and boots observes the scene from above. He levitates high up in the air and slowly descends to the scene below.

Several police officers guide the townspeople to safety, as both monsters advance on them.

JACOB (7), a small boy, clutches a SUPER JAKE action figure and wanders about the bridge. He is abandoned and looks for his parents. He calls out for his mom when the SKELETON MONSTER overhears and flies towards him.

JACOB

Mom? Dad? Where are you?
I'm scared.

Jacob walks around a few smoldered cars.

The Skeleton Monster lands in front of him and roars terrifyingly.

Jacob staggers backwards, drops his action figure, and screams in horror.

The Skeleton Monster shoots a ball of fire from its mouth at Jacob.

Jacob uses his hands to shield his face before the fire hits.

Super Jake swoops down and blows ice breath from his mouth and creates a barrier of ice around Jacob.

Super Jake stands between the ice wall and the Skeleton Monster.

SUPER JAKE

Hey, Fire Bones! Why don't
you pick on someone else?

Jacob looks through the ice wall and sees an unclear silhouette of the hero. He rubs his eyes in disbelief.

JACOB

Super Jake?

The Skeleton Monster roars with fury and flies towards Super Jake at a furious speed and aims his horned head at Super Jake.

Super Jake puts his hands out and pushes the monster back with a powerful force of telekinesis. The beast crashes into a large truck.

Super Jake turns around quickly.

He picks up Jacob into his arms.

He flies him away from the scene at the end of the bridge near the southside of the police barricade.

Super Jake sets Jacob down on the ground as he turns around to thank Super Jake.

SUPER JAKE

There you go, buddy. You're
safe now! No et preocupis! (*Don't worry*)

JACOB

Wow, thank you so much, Mister!

You saved me!

SUPER JAKE

Eh, it was nothing. Just doing
my job.

Super Jake hands Jacob his Super Jake action figure. The action figure has a special glister to it.

SUPER JAKE (CONT'D)

I believe this belongs to you.

JACOB

My action figure! Thank you!

Jacob examines his action figure and looks back up at Super Jake.

JACOB

Are you a superhero, too?

SUPER JAKE

(Laughs)

Something like that.

JACOB

Well, the real one is better.

Jacob hugs Super Jake, and wraps his arms around his waist. Super Jake smiles and pats Jacob on the head.

Super Jake picks up a destroyed jeep nearby and spins it on his finger like a basketball and flexes the other arm strongly.

SUPER JAKE

Mira! (Look) Pretty cool, right?

Jacob's eyes light up in awe.

JACOB

WOW, super cool!

SUPER JAKE

Bet you wanna autograph, huh?

JACOB
Don't push it.

Super Jake frowns and his face goes red.

SUPER JAKE
Right...

Super Jake drops the jeep to the ground.

The boy's mother pushes through the police barricade spotting her son with Super Jake. Officer Shannon, at the front of the police line up, attempts to pull the mother back.

OFFICER SHANNON
Ma'am, you need to stay back!

MOTHER
That's my son!

The mother rushes over to her son.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Jacob! Are you alright?

The little boy turns around to see his mom and they exchange a brief hug.

JACOB
Mom!

MOTHER
(emotional)
I was so worried!

JACOB
Mommy! This superhero saved my life!

MOTHER
Thank you so much for saving him!

The mother picks up Jacob into her arms and exchanges a brief handshake with Super Jake.

SUPER JAKE
No problem, miss.

Super Jake studies the bond between Jacob and his mother.
Something about them causes tears well up in his eyes.

MOTHER
Um...are you okay?

Super Jake snaps out of it and wipes his face.

SUPER JAKE
Uh, yes, of course!

An echo of screams sound from the northside of the bridge.

SUPER JAKE (CONT'D)
I better go handle that! Nice to
meet you, Jacob! Cuida't! (*take care*)

Super Jake smiles and waves at Jacob.

SUPER JAKE (CONT'D)
Stay safe and listen to your Mom!
She knows what's best!

Jacob's mother smiles and Jacob waves goodbye.
Super Jake flies off towards the other end of the bridge.

Jacob cheers with a fist in the air.

JACOB
Woohoo! Go Super Jake!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE:

THE NEXT MORNING:

INT. CONE CITY HIGH SCHOOL, MS. CORNLEAF'S CLASS - DAY

Ms. Cornleaf (46) Black, plump, irritable, no-nonsense, classy dress, pearl necklace, and short hair stands at the front of the class, takes attendance on her clipboard as the last few students enter the classroom and prepares to make the morning announcements.

TARDINESS IS AN AUTOMATIC DETENTION is written largely and underlined on the whiteboard behind her.

JAKE (16) white Hispanic, athletic build, shaggy blond hair, immature, wears a soccer jersey with the words *DEFENSOR* printed on the back, slugs into the classroom with a soccer ball under his arm.

As he walks to his desk he is tripped by BRAD (18) White, football captain, school bully, wears a coveted varsity jacket, sits in the back corner of the classroom with a group of friends dressed similarly.

Jake stumbles and collapses into his seat. Brad and his friends laugh.

Jake groans.

JAKE
(grumbles)
Bastards.

Jake fights the temptation to fall asleep and rests his head on the soccer ball.

He looks up at the clock. Class starts in a minute.

He turns to look at his friend's empty desks next to him.

INT. CONE CITY HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

BILLY(16) Black, lean, Jamaican pretty boy, track and field gold medalist, wears a baseball cap with the word: *JAMROCK*, looks down at his watch and sprints through the hallway.

He bops his head to a Soca music caribbean tune that blasts in one of his air pods.

Billy darts around the congested hallway of students and takes a few sharp turns in a burst of high speed energy.

CUT TO:

INT. CONE CITY HIGH SCHOOL - OTHER HALLWAY - DAY

MAX(16) Korean, sinewy, skilled tennis player, poom belt Taekwondo in, wears a t-shirt with Korean characters 행복 (Let's be happy) runs down a stairwell with a tennis racket in hand.

Two students play wall ball ahead of him. The bouncy ball goes out of bounce in his direction.

Max prepares a perfect backhand with the racket and smacks it back toward the wall. He salutes them and continues to run.

CUT TO:

Billy leaps over a gym bag on the ground.

Hops over a student who bends over to pick up their books.

Jumps over a moving garbage can on wheels pushed by a janitor.

CUT TO:

Max rushes down a stairwell. A student below carries a giant poster board clumsily up the stairs. Max hops onto the thin stair rail and bypasses them.

CUT TO:

Billy turns a corner and stops at a wet floor sign before a long, mopped hallway.

He steps back and stretches. Then commences his famous triple jump: runs, hops, steps, and jumps forward tremendously in the air about 47 feet in distance.

Cornleaf's class is straight ahead. He races parallel to a FRESH PAINT wall.

Billy lands uneasily on the ground and misses the dry end of the floor. He slips on the water and stumbles toward the FRESH PAINT wall.

Before he stains his clothes, he quickly spots Max about to collide with him, grabs him, and pushes him in front of him.

Max hits the wall and they both crash to the floor.

MAX

Dude! What the hell? Seriously!
This is my favorite syeocheu! (*shirt*)

Billy offers Max a hand up.

BILLY

Sorry, Max! New outfit today.
Can't take any risks.

MAX

You have a new outfit every week!

BILLY

Hush, bro! I'll buy you another one.

MAX

Yeah, you better!

The hallway clock shows 10 seconds till class starts.

BILLY

Micase! (*Hurry up*) We gotta go!

They both bolt into the classroom with two seconds to spare and take their seats relieved.

Billy sits next to Jake, and Max next to Billy.

Billy and Max first bump each other.

BILLY/MAX

Made it!

Billy smacks Jake on the head who is fast asleep. Jake slowly wakes up.

Billy looks down at his shoe. It's badly scuffed.

BILLY

Damn it!

He retrieves a wet wipe from his backpack and aggressively scrubs the scuff.

Max sits anxiously with his head down and doodles a colorful, high quality sketch of Super Jake in his notebook. He flips through the notebook that reveals dozens of Super Jake sketches.

A crumpled fortune cookie paper is hurled at his head. He exhales as Brad and his friends erupt in laughter behind him. Max unfolds the paper and it reads "*If it seems the fates are against you today, they probably are.*" He rips the paper up and shoves it in his pocket.

MS. CORNLEAF

Now, remember class, the school science fair is two weeks from now which means you and your partner should have started already...

(mumbles under her breath)

or in many of your cases you'll start 13 days from now.

Max turns anxiously to Billy. Billy continues to bop to his music. Max pulls the air pod from Billy's ear.

BILLY

(irritated)
Dude, what are you doin'? I was
jamming out!

MAX
(turns to Billy)
My bad. Pause the concert, bro. I was
absent when we signed up for partners,
do you wanna work together?

BILLY
Sorry, man. Jake and I are already
working together.

MAX
Come on, buddy. I thought we were
bepeus? (*best friends*)

BILLY
I know, but Jake asked me first.

MS. CORNLEAF
Excuse me, Mr. Thompson, did you
have something to share with the
class?

BILLY
Uh, no. Sorry, Ms. Cornleaf.

MS. CORNLEAF
(scoffs)
Well, surely you must since what I
was saying was not important enough
for you to listen. You should be more
respectful like your wonderful and
studious, friend Max.

MAX
Actually, Ms. Cornleaf, it was
my fault. I was the one who-

MS. CORNLEAF

Now, now, Mr.Park, that's very honorable of you but an urban troublemaker such as Billy should take responsibility for his own actions while he sits in a week of detention!

BILLY

A whole week! Are you serious? I literally busted my butt here so I wouldn't get detention.

MS. CORNLEAF

Wanna make it 2 weeks? You should be grateful for a light consequence!

BILLY

(mumbles to himself)

Like I haven't heard that one before.

MAX

(whispers to Billy)

Sorry, dude.

MS.CORNLEAF

Now, who would like to give a status report on their science project?

Ms. Cornleaf scans the room briefly and notices Jake dozing off.

MS.CORNLEAF (CONT'D)

Mr. Collins, you seem exasperated and conveniently unprepared. Why don't you give us a brief report on the progress of your project?

Jake struggles to keep his eyes open.

MS.CORNLEAF

Mr. Collins!

Jake snaps out of it.

JAKE

Wha-what? What's up?

MS.CORNLEAF

Take a siesta on your own time!
Pay attention! What is the status
of your project. I won't ask again.

JAKE

Oh...well, Billy and I were planning
to start our project last night
(yawns obnoxiously)
but we got interrupted by some
unexpected events.

MS.CORNLEAF

(Grows suspicious)

Oh, really? What kind of events?

Jake thinks for a moment.

ACT TWO:

FLASHBACK - THE NIGHT BEFORE

INT. PROFESSOR GUZZLER'S LAB - NIGHT

A small TV hung up in the corner wall shows an exciting ad for the next action-packed episode of the Super Jake cartoon series. EVERY FRIDAY AT 8/7c.

The room is crowded with chemical viles on a wide counter and shelves with dusty knick knacks and innovations. The wall is a shrine of photos of Professor Guzzler and awards he has won over the years.

A small radio on the counter plays caribbean tunes, a dancehall instrumental on low volume.

Billy anxiously sits on a stool in the lab. His head nods and foot taps subconsciously on beat with the song. His mind and

body are conditioned to the rhythm. He looks over at the TV. He rolls his eyes at the ad.

BILLY
(scoffs)
Give me a break.Garbage show.

Billy continues to scroll mindlessly through his phone looking at very expensive clothing items on an online store worth: \$250 sweater, \$700 sneakers, \$1,500 watch.

Billy checks his bank account. His low paycheck of \$73.38 marked "*Cone City Community Center Service Deposit*" is LAUGHABLE against these prices. He sighs frustrated.

BILLY
(mumbles)
One day you'll all be mine.

Footsteps approach. It's JAKE!

Billy scrambles to change the channel before Jake can see the Super Jake commercial on TV. The TV now shows the news.

Jake enters the lab from the hall, confused.

JAKE
Was Super Jake just on?

BILLY
Nope.Just the news.

JAKE
Damn.The season finale's tonight and it looks sick! It's all about how Super Jake gets his powers, saves his friends and kicks the villain's assess wi -

Jake stops and looks at Billy. Billy continues to scroll through his phone uninterested.

JAKE
No t'importa,do you? (you don't care)

BILLY

Hmm...what would give you that idea?

JAKE

You don't have to be a jerk about it.

BILLY

You don't have to be annoying about it.

Jake hears the music from the radio and begins to dance offbeat. Billy slowly looks over at him trying not to laugh.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Um...what do you think you're doing?

JAKE

Dancing. What does it look like?

BILLY

Yeah...please stop doing that before you hurt yourself or break something valuable in your neighbor's lab.

JAKE

I can rock to Dancinghalls, too!

BILLY

First of all, it's Dancehall. And let me show you *how wi do it fra Yawd. (how we do it in Jamaica)*

Billy hops off the stool and busts out some fresh moves like in the music videos in proper sync with the rhythm.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Aye! Aye! Like that.

Billy takes a seat again.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Think more Reggeaton, and less of...
whatever that horrible atrocity was
you did before.

JAKE

Whatever. You're not the only who
has moves. Check this out!

Jake continues to dance offbeat. He spins around and stumbles
over his untied shoelace and bumps into TRINKET, and falls on
top of him as they both crash to the floor.

BILLY

(sighs)

Told you.

Billy laughs and returns to looking at his phone.

JAKE

Whoops. My bad, Trink.
(laughs embarrassed)
You alright?

Jake gets to his feet and offers Trinket a hand up.

TRINKET (robot) kind, non-threatening, timid, 5-foot, gold-plated, box-
shaped head, and green eyes slowly gets to his feet and regains
his senses.

TRINKET

I-it's okay. I'm fine.

Trinket bends down to pick up a slip of paper off the ground he
dropped with detailed notes. He stares at the paper
carefully. Jake snatches it from him playfully.

JAKE

What's this? Some secret science
stuff?

TRINKET

Hey, give that back, Jake! It's
very important!

Jake stretches one hand out to keep Trinket at a distance as he reads the paper.

JAKE

One generator? Special goggles?
An alternator? This is just a
boring laundry list of items.

TRINKET

And the professor is counting on
me to deliver them so please give
it back!

Jake continues to hold onto the paper this time way above
Trinket's head.

JAKE

Only if you can reach it.

Trinket exhales and jumps up a few times to get it but it's just
out of reach. He's embarrassed and tired of being humiliated.

TRINKET

Jake, please! This isn't a game.
You're going to get in me in trouble
again. I'm already running late and
it's already dark outside.

BILLY

Dude, just give it back already!
Quit messing with him, he's got
stuff to do.

JAKE

OKAY! Fine. Here! Geez. Relax!

Jake hands Trinket back the paper and Trinket takes it back. Jake
puts an arm around Trinket playfully and pulls him close.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I was only kidding, buddy. You
know you're my *robot preferit*.
(*favorite robot*)

TRINKET
I'm the only robot you know.

Trinket removes Jake's arm and heads for the exit.

JAKE
Come on, Trink. Don't be like that!

TRINKET
GOODBYE, Jake!

JAKE
Don't get jumped again!

TRINKET
Not funny!

Billy gives Jake a serious glare.

JAKE
What?

BILLY
Grow up.

JAKE
I was just screwing around.
(beat)
Gosh. Why is everyone so serious
tonight.

EXT. OVERVIEW OF QUIET, EERIE CITY STREETS - NIGHT

An aerial view of a quiet city night.

A few pedestrians walk the sidewalks.

Several glimpses of crimes are shown across the poorly-lit streets of the city.

Music is MYSTERIOUS and INTENSE in the background.

EXT. DIMLY-LIT SIDEWALK - NIGHT

An elderly woman's purse gets snatched by a masked criminal who takes off into an alley. The woman shrieks in fright.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A few blocks away a group of older boys beat up on a younger boy in the alleyway.

EXT. SHADOWY STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Another couple blocks over, a black van slowly follows a middle-aged man down the sidewalk and comes to a sudden stop.

A group of men dressed in black jump out of the vehicle, abduct the man, and the van speeds off down the block, around the corner, and zooms past Trinket.

EXT. ADJACENT POORLY-LIT SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Trinket JOLTS up in FRIGHT when the van fires by him. He hears the muffled shrieks of the abducted man sound briefly from the van.

Trinket tiptoes down the sidewalk and carefully studies his surroundings yet unaware that Kirk is behind him.

KIRK(28)Hispanic,comb-over hair,well-built,grim,gets things done,talks with his fists, dressed in blue spandex suit and red boots follows close behind.FIERCE and FOCUSED.

TRINKET(V.O.)

Ugh...why would Guzzler send me out at night?He knows what happened to me last time.I hate running errands this late.I don't feel safe out here.

Kirk realizes that no one else is around. This is his chance TO APPROACH THE TARGET.

He creeps up behind Trinket and is about to seize him.

Trinket faintly hears the sound of someone behind him. He spins around.

Before Trinket can spot him, Kirk dashes into the nearby alleyway out of sight.

Trinket slowly turns back around to continue his path.

A short fuse blows out through the city and blankets the street in complete darkness. A few faint screams sound throughout the neighborhood.

Trinket freezes in trepidation.

TRINKET (V.O.)

Oh no! Not another blackout.
Can this night get any worse?
(exhales deeply)
Get it together, Trink. You got
a job to do.

The power returns to the neighborhood and the street lights flip back on.

Trinket JUMPS up STARTLED to find Kirk standing right in front of him.

Kirk folds his arms and stares Trinket down coldly. His eyes are LOCKED on him.

TRINKET

Who are you?!

KIRK

(sarcastic and intimidating)
Your fairy godmother...
(beat)
You're coming with me!

Trinket looks around and over his shoulder confused.

TRINKET

Who me?

KIRK

Do you see anyone else around
you bucket of bolts? Now let's
go!

Kirk slowly closes the distance between them.

TRINKET

Who are you? And what
do you want with *me*?

Kirk steps forward again.

KIRK

Don't worry about it!
Just shut up and come with me!

Trinket staggers back.

TRINKET

I don't think so! I've got a job
to do and I won't fail this time.
Stay away from me!

Kirk cracks his neck and fingers and approaches Trinket.

KIRK

Fine! I warned you. Guess we
have to do this the hard way!

Kirk knocks Trinket out.

He looks around and sees no witnesses.

He drags Trinket to an open sewer hole in a nearby alley.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT

Kirk and Trinket walk through the sewage tunnels. A few steps
ahead of Kirk, Trinket examines the dark and eerie space. He

SHUTTERS in TERROR and eventually pauses in his steps. Kirk stops after him.

KIRK
What's the hold up?
Let's go!

TRINKET
Where are you taking me?

KIRK
I'm tired of your stalling!
Ask another question
and I'll pulverize you!
NOW GO!

TRINKET
(swallows nervously)
Okay! Okay!

Trinket continues to walk with Kirk closely behind him.

INT. PROFESSOR GUZZLER'S LAB - NIGHT

Billy tensely watches the small TV hung up in the corner with lottery tickets in hand.

FLIP, high energy, news anchor with a nice suit and tie speaks from the TV.

FLIP
Again, we urge people to
stay home during late hours
of the night. Reports of street
crime are at an all time high...

BILLY
(scoffs)
What else is new?

FLIP
...In other news, we are only
one night away from a supposedly
groundbreaking story from journalist,

Byron Thompson.

An image of Billy's dad appears on the TV screen.

BILLY

Alright!

(pridefully)

You got this, dad. Drop the facts
they don't wanna hear!

FLIP

...Thomas has promised a report that
will shake the very foundations
of this city. A story he has been
working on for several months now.
...and finally folks, the winning
numbers for the mega million
jackpot tonight are...7..

BILLY

Yes!

FLIP

54!

BILLY

(louder)

Yes!

Jake's voice fades in from the hallway.

JAKE

(Dramatic)

Ladies and gentlemen...

FLIP

37!

BILLY

(Even more excited)

Yeah! Come on, baby!

JAKE

Introducing the supreme
champion wrestler
AND surfer by day...

FLIP

34!

BILLY
Let's go! Come on. Just two more!

JAKE
AND ultimate
hero by night...

FLIP
27!

BILLY
HELL YEAH!

JAKE
...SUPER JAKE!!!

Jake rushes into the room with a lab coat tied around his body like a superhero cape and playfully tackles Billy to the ground.

FLIP
And the last number is -

The remote falls off the counter on impact and the channel changes.

The TV now shows the Super Jake cartoon series. The theme song of the show plays.

BILLY
Cha frig! (Damn it) What the hell,
man? I was watching the news!

Billy pushes Jake off of him.

Jake laughs and gets to his feet.

JAKE
Who watches the news, bro?
Are you retired? But you should
watch your mouth.
(looks up at the TV)
Oh, look. Perfect
timing!

Jake walks under the TV and does a few hero poses.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Mira! (Look) Quien Soy?
(*Who am I?*)?

Billy gets to his feet.

BILLY

Someone who's about to get
their ass kicked for
interrupting my numbers?

JAKE

No! Come on seriously!

BILLY

I don't give a crap!

Billy changes the channel back.

Jake frowns.

FLIP

...Congrats to the lucky winner.

Billy gazes at the full line of numbers and recognizes he lost
AGAIN like the last few dozen times.

BILLY

Fudge monkeys! Lost again!

JAKE

I don't know you why you
keep playing. You never win.

BILLY

You know, I'm starting to think
you don't want your best friend
to be rich.

Jake puts a hand on Billy's shoulder.

JAKE

No man, I just don't want him
living in delulu land.

BILLY

(Sarcastic)

Oh yeah, I'm the one you should

be worried about.

INT. CRUSH'S LAIR - NIGHT

Trinket and Kirk walk into CRUSH'S lair located clandestinely within the sewage tunnels.

The lair is a vast purple cave with high ceilings and high-tech machinery situated about the space.

On one wall are a boatload of unorganized, stacked wooden boxes, some packed with raw fish and others with old beer. The walls are rotten with mildew and the floors have suffered a great deal of asbestos.

In the middle of the lab is an enormous cylinder-like machine with a door.

CRUSH(36) white Hispanic, dyslexic, muscular, thunderous voice, wears a large centurion hat and uniform, stands up out of his chair as he sees them arrive.

DOOM(31) Blue-skinned, well-built, egotistical, power-hungry, black mohawk stands guard next to BRUCE. He chews on a toothpick and checks his hair in the reflection of the spotless floor below.

BRUCE(30) Black, buff, black sheep of the henchmen, short-tempered, white buzz cut.

They are on the opposite side of the lab together and observe from a distance.

Bruce mops the floor aggressively.

DOOM

Looks like Kirk brought back the bot already. I could've done it faster if ya asked me.

BRUCE

How come Crush never asks me to do anything? I'm just

as reliable as you two are.

DOOM

(laughs)

With your punk ass?
He doesn't assign missions to
weaklings! Try getting on our
level first.

BRUCE

Piss off!

(beat)

Just wait.
I'll show the both of you!

DOOM

(scoffs)

Yeah...that'll be the day...

Kirk escorts Trinket closer to Crush's elevated throne chair, as
Crush peers down on them from above.

KIRK

I've brought back our target,
sir.

CRUSH

It's about time!

Crush slowly looks from Kirk to Trinket.

TRINKET

Look. Whatever this is I
don't have ti -

CRUSH

SILENCE! I'm Captain Crush and
you work for ME now! You, robot,
will take my men to your lab
across town!

TRINKET

What is this? Some type of prank?
Did Guzzler send you to throw me

off track? This is a new low even
for him.

Kirk grabs Trinket's head and turns Trinket towards him.

KIRK
(intimidating)
Does this look like a prank?

Trinket slowly shakes his head *no*.

Kirk forces Trinket's head to face Crush again.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Good. Now shut your face!

CRUSH
You're going to bring me back the
top town scientist and the project
he has been working on!

TRINKET
(panicking)
How do you know about that?
That's supposed to be top secret!
(whispers to himself)
Oh, I'm in trouble now...

Crush plops down back in his chair and picks a raw fish from a bucket full next to him, bites off the head, swallows without chewing.

CRUSH
You're gonna *BE* in trouble if
you don't deliver on my request!
The professor's little project is
the key to me acquiring ultimate power.
Now, enough of this small talk! Go!
And if you fail...I'll have you
made into a pan to fry my fish!

Crush snickers, licks the fish juice from his fingers and spits the bones on the ground before Trinket.

Trinket looks down in disgust.

TRINKET

(offended)

A frying pan? Now that's
just uncivilized! I'm not
a tool!

CRUSH

You haven't seen uncivilized
yet, bot! Kirk! Doom! Go with
him!

Doom walks over to where Kirk and Trinket stand and leaves Bruce
by himself.

DOOM

(to Bruce)

Told you!

Doom spits onto the ground before Bruce.

DOOM (CONT'D)

You missed a spot!
(snickers)

Bruce EXHALES and frowns dreadfully.

Kirk and Doom corner Trinket.

KIRK

Let's go now!
Move it!

TRINKET

No, please!
I can't betray the city!

KIRK

Shut up! You should be worried
about your own life!
The city's fate is sealed.

DOOM

Still not budging, huh?

TRINKET

Please, there has to
be an alternative!

Kirk grabs Trinket by the neck and pulls back to punch him.

KIRK

There isn't.

Doom pulls Trinket back from Kirk's grasp.

DOOM

You showed off enough tonight.
It's my turn for some fun!

Doom prepares to hit Trinket.

DOOM

You know what they say.
Those who can't hear
will feel instead!

TRINKET

No wai -

Doom punches Trinket to the ground.

Trinket lays on the ground dazed and eventually blacks out.

Kirk and Doom laugh sinisterly.

Crush chugs a beer, sits back and belches loudly, tosses the
bottle, and joins with them in laughter.

The bottle shatters near BRUCE's feet.

CRUSH

Bruce! Clean that up!

Bruce sighs and his eyes BURN with anger.

INT. PROFESSOR GUZZLER'S LAB - NIGHT

Billy tosses the losing lottery tickets in the garbage. Jake unties the lab coat from around his waist.

JAKE

Dude, why do you wanna be a millionaire so bad? You wanna be like our rich asshole relatives in the mayor and governor's mansion who don't talk to us?

BILLY

No...I just want a small little gift in life called RESPECT!And neither of us of have it!

JAKE

Well money isn't in the answer.

BILLY

And pretending to be a fictional hero isn't helping our case much either.

JAKE

You make it sound as if being a hero is a bad thing!

BILLY

Fine, you have it your way and get your butt handed to you when you try and make a dent in this unforgiving society. While you're playing hero, make sure you figure out how this project is gonna work.

Billy bends down to pull a sheet off of an enormous battery.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You're almost as annoying as this science fair

project for school.

JAKE

Speaking of which. How in the heck
are we gonna build a battery strong
enough to harness a lightning strike?!
Let alone, do you know how dangerous
that is?

Jake points to a poorly drawn storyboard of him and Billy drawn
as stick figures on large post-it notes on the wall standing in
an open field with the battery.

JAKE (CONT'D)

We literally have to wait
for a severe thunderstorm, stand
at the center of an open field, and
pray we don't that we don't get
electrocuted! We could both get
killed! At this point only -

BILLY

Don't you dare say it!

JAKE

...Super Jake could help
power this project.

Billy sighs and rolls his eyes.

BILLY

Here we go again! Enough with
the Super Jake stuff, man! We
gotta focus. I don't wanna be
in your neighbor's lab all
night.

JAKE

(annoyed)

Yeah, but this was
your idea, *recordeu?* (*remember*)

BILLY

Come on, you know I'm
more of a big idea guy.
We need you to take care
of the *liccle tings dem.*
(*smaller things*)

JAKE

It sounds like you want me
to take care of everything!

BILLY

Don't be like that!
I'll help supervise.

JAKE

Yeah...whatever. Guzzler agreed
to help us in the process so
we should be good.

BILLY

Speaking of the Professor.
Where is he?

INT. PROFESSOR GUZZLER'S LAB - GUZZLER'S PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT
GUZZLER (43) Slim, arrogant, intelligent, restless, sleek black
hair, formally dressed, has a conversation on his cellphone with
an unknown person to the audience. A conversation with Dr.
Dementis, his long-time friend, who is in jail. Guzzler sounds
pressured and flustered on the phone.

GUZZLER

Of course, I care, Dementis. But
there's not much I can do until I
finish this new energy creation
assignment for the mayor! You know
he won't do me any favors until I
come through on my end with this
project first. That includes getting
you out of jail!

Dementis yells with his voice blaring through the phone.

DEMENTIS

Well, hurry it up! How long can it take to come up with a new power source?! A task like that should be elementary at your professional level!

GUZZLER

I know, but I have my neighbor and his friend borrowing my space for the time being to finish up a science fair project for school.

DEMENTIS

You don't have time to be an after school tutor to some adolescent amateurs. Kick them out and focus!

GUZZLER

Relax! I need them. They're working on their own energy project and their plan is quite impressive. They're nearing their final stage in their work and once it proves successful, I'll present their work to the Mayor and get the credit for it without having to break a sweat. Once he approves it, I'll get him to clear your name and you'll be released in no time.

DEMENTIS

Fine. Just don't mess this up! You're my last hope, friend.

GUZZLER

I have it taken care of.
Gotta go.

Guzzler clicks off his phone.

INT. PROFESSOR GUZZLER'S LAB - NIGHT

Billy rummages through his backpack and looks for something while Jake sits with his back against the wall and throws a rubber ball against the wall across from him.

The radio plays Bob Marley's "Ambush in the Night" softly.

BILLY

Ah, man. I think I left my notebook at home. There's gotta be some paper lying around here somewhere.

Billy takes a brief look around the room and spots a small black notebook on one of the counters CAREFULLY tucked away behind some other supplies.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Ah, there we go!

Billy picks up the notebook and opens it up.

Oh man, there's already stuff written in it.

Billy flips through the pages slowly.

JAKE

What did you expect? You're not back-to-school shopping. This stuff actually belongs to someone.

Billy continues flipping through the pages.

BILLY

Whoa, now this is strange...

JAKE

What?

BILLY

There's a list of names and dates in this journal. Like of people in this town.

JAKE

Com qui? (Like who?)

Jake walks over to Billy and looks over Billy's shoulder.

BILLY

Like my dad, and your mom,
and a whole bunch of other people.

JAKE

What?! That's weird.
Why would their names be in a book?

Guzzler storms over to them and as they look through his journal.

GUZZLER

Hey! What are you boys doing with
that?

Guzzler snatches it from Billy's hand.

GUZZLER (CONT'D)

I let you use this space to work not
to pry through my things! This is
private information!

BILLY

Sorry, Professor! I was just
looking for some blank paper to
write with!

JAKE

Yeah, we didn't mean to cross
into your personal stuff!

GUZZLER

(sighs)

Look, just don't touch
anything without asking me first.

BILLY

Sorry.

GUZZLER

Have you seen Trinket around here?

JAKE

Uh...no. Not since he left earlier.

GUZZLER

Just great.

(mumbles irritated)

Don't know why I bother with that unreliable runt.

BILLY

Is something the matter?

GUZZLER

I sent him on an errand to pick up some parts from the factory across town and he hasn't come back yet. He usually doesn't take this long.

JAKE

You mean the same power plant that my dad works at?

GUZZLER

Oh yes. I forgot that your father works there.

JAKE

Yeah, I could have him prepare the order and go and pick it up for you if it helps!

GUZZLER

No, no, it's fine! You should focus on your project ...I'll just wait for Trinket to come back.

(sighs frustrated)

He's gonna be the death of me, I swear.

Guzzler walks back to his private room nearby.

BILLY

Wow, that dude is
seriously high-strung.
*Sumtin do him? (What's wrong
with him?)*

JAKE

He's just under a lot of pressure.
Actually he's been that way ever
since I've known him.

BILLY

What's he got to be stressed about?
It's not like he has to face the dark
days of high school.

JAKE

He's working on some
special project.

BILLY

What type of project?

JAKE

No ho sé. (Not sure) I asked him
earlier but he seemed to want to keep
it a secret. But whatever it is,
it has got him pressed to the max.

BILLY

Hmmm...you sure you trust this guy?
He just seems kinda off.

JAKE

I guess that's just how he is.
Don't sweat it. He's got a
good reputation.

BILLY

Since when did that mean anything?
Most of the politicians have
"decent" reputations in this city.

Doesn't negate all the crooked
stuff they do behind closed doors.

JAKE

Trust me, he's not like that okay.
Just drop it!

BILLY

Okay, fine. For now.
But don't say I didn't warn you.

A loud thud echoes from down the hall with the sound of fast
footsteps approaching.

JAKE

Did you hear that?

BILLY

Yeah, it sounds like someone's coming.
But it doesn't sound like Trinket.
You think someone's breaking in?

JAKE

No idea...let's hide
just to be safe!

Jake and Billy hide underneath a staircase as Trinket enters the
room with Kirk and Doom behind him.

DOOM

(scoffs)

This place is a piece of crap
compared to Crush's lab. Where
the hell is he?

TRINKET

Uh...who exactly?

Doom shoves Trinket violently as Trinket steadies his balance
and almost falls over.

DOOM

Don't play games with us!
You know who we're here for!

TRINKET

Uh...he should be in the other room.

DOOM

Take us to him now!

Billy and Jake observe the incident from their hiding spot.

BILLY

Who the hell are these guys?

JAKE

I don't know but they don't
look very friendly.

DOOM

What's the hold up?

TRINKET

Well...it's just...you know...
he's just really busy...
or he may be on break!

DOOM

I'm gonna BREAK YOU if
you don't get moving!
Now go find him before I
rip your head off!

TRINKET

Well that doesn't
sound very civilized.

DOOM

(Explosive rage)
NOW!!

TRINKET

(swallows nervously)
Right away!

Trinket runs off to find Guzzler.

INT. PROFESSOR GUZZLER'S LAB, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Trinket enters.

GUZZLER

Trinket, where have you been?
I've been looking all over for you!

TRINKET

I'm sorry, sir.

GUZZLER

Sorry, doesn't cut it! I expect
you to complete your assigned
tasks in a timely manner!

TRINKET

Right...understood.

GUZZLER

Now where are my
supplies I sent you for?!

TRINKET

Well...about that. There's
something I need to tell you.

GUZZLER

What is it this time?
Did you get hit by another bus?
Or jumped again by some junior
high kids?

TRINKET

No...I Uh -

GUZZLER

Just forget it! I don't wanna
hear any more excuses! Just go
get what I asked you for this

time and don't come back until
you get it!

TRINKET

But, sir. There's something -

Doom enters.He's LIVID.

DOOM

What's taking so long! I'm tired
of waiting!

(spots Guzzler)

Are you that dumb science nerd of
the city?

GUZZLER

I beg your pardon?

Guzzler turns to look at Doom in offense and back to Trinket.

GUZZLER (CONT'D)

How'd he get in here? Trinket, you
know I don't allow any visitors! Who
is this man?

TRINKET

Well, he's not really a visitor...

GUZZLER

Then who is he?!

DOOM

I'm a messenger sent by Captain
Crush!

GUZZLER

Look, I don't know who that is! I
don't have time for these practical
joke segments or whatever it is
you're trying to pull here! I'm
very busy! Please leave before I
call the police!

DOOM

Maybe, I'm not making myself
clear.You're coming with me,
Guzzler!

GUZZLER

Excuse me? How the hell does
this Blue Man Group reject
know my name? I told you,
I'm in the middle of a
very important project!

DOOM

I know! That's why
you're requested!

GUZZLER

Look, whatever it is, it will
have to wait! There's a signup
sheet in the other room for my
services.Leave your contact info.
and I'll consider having my bot
give you a call later to schedule
something a few months out.

DOOM

MONTHS?!You think this is a joke?!

GUZZLER

I gave you an answer to your question!
I won't say it again.

DOOM

(snickers)

That's the thing.It wasn't a question!
Let's go!

Doom closes in on Guzzler, knocks him out, and throws him over
his shoulder.

TRINKET

Oh no, Guzzler! Was brutal force
really necessary?!

Doom walks by Trinket.

DOOM
(scoffs)
Shut it! Tin-plated toaster.

Kirk walks in and grabs Trinket by the arm.

KIRK
Is keeping you alive necessary?
Now, that we've located the
professor, your use has expired.
We don't need you anymore.

Kirk grins deviously.

TRINKET
No please! Spare me! I won't give
any trouble, I swear! Plus, the
professor needs me!

KIRK
Quit your begging! I'll let
you live for now only cause
you make a good punching
bag!
(chuckles)
Now move it!

Kirk forces Trinket along with them. They walk back through the
lab Jake and Billy are hiding in and head for the exit.

JAKE
We gotta stop 'em!

Jake prepares to step out. Billy pulls him back down quickly.

BILLY
Are you insane? What are you gonna
do? It's not like you can fight!
The only thing you might have a

blackbelt in is getting your ass handed to you at school!

JAKE

Shut up. I don't see you doing anything! We have to do something! These guys might seriously hurt him or worse!

BILLY

I agree! But let's think logically for a second before we end up getting our skulls cracked and taken like they did!

JAKE

Ok Einstein, so what's your idea?

BILLY

(angry and sarcastic)

Hmmm...I don't know...Oh, wait here's a crazy thought...why don't we call the *babylon* for back up? (*police*)

JAKE

(sighs)

There's no time to call the police! Let's just follow them!

Jake takes off cautiously.

BILLY

Wow, great talk...

(sighs irritated)

We're all gonna die....

END FLASHBACK

INT. CONE CITY HIGH SCHOOL, MS. CORNLEAF'S CLASS - DAY

JAKE

(sighs)

Well, you're not gonna believe me

but my neighbor was kidnapped and we had to follow these two thugs that took him into this sewer where they reported to their captain who's plotting to take over Cone City! The police and the military had to get involved and we didn't even get home until early this morning.

A long pause follows after Jake's statement followed by an eruption of laughter from the entire class.

Max is confused. Billy looks over at Jake in disbelief.

JAKE
(mouths to Billy)
What?

BILLY
Seriously, man? How ya chat suh?
(*why'd you say that*) Don't tell her!

JAKE
(whispers)
Ho sento! (*sorry*)

MS. CORNLEAF
Well, you're right Mr. Collins, I don't believe you! That's the most absurd thing I've heard! It's almost as ridiculous as when Mayor Collins, that horrible uncle of yours, decided to cut funding to our public schools and lay off dozens of teachers because of some more "imperative matters" he had to focus on. We all know he used that money to go on that month-long island cruise with his family!

JAKE
(saddened)
I'm sorry, that wasn't right of him to do.

MS.CORNLEAF

(yells nastily)

Oh, I'm sure you were very remorseful while you soaked in the Caribbean sun rays last summer!

JAKE

Actually,

(embarrassed)

I didn't go...I, uh, wasn't invited. Immediate family only.

MS.CORNLEAF

(Sarcastically)

Oh, well, how tragic! So he has no heart for his precious nefu either. Why don't you dwell on that sentiment while you and that ridiculous made-up story sit in an evening of detention!

JAKE

(angrily)

What?! But it's true!

BILLY

That's so bogus!

MS.CORNLEAF

Mr. Thompson, that's 2 weeks for you, would you like to go for 4?!

BILLY

(sighs)

No...

MS.CORNLEAF

Now, Mr. Park, how about your project? I'm sure it's well on its way knowing your amazing work ethic, unlike others!

MAX

Actually, I wasn't here earlier this month when partners were assigned.

MS.CORNLEAF

(Sympathetically)

Oh no, well let's get you someone to work with then.

BRAD

(Mischievously)

Hey, Ms. Cornleaf. I don't have a partner either. I could work with Max.

MS.CORNLEAF

(Enthusiastically)

Perfect, why don't the both of you work together then.

MAX

Well, I was actually thinking of working with Jake and Billy instead since I've worked so well with them in the past.

MS.CORNLEAF

That is true but then Brad wouldn't have a partner. I'm sure the both of you will do great work together.

Brad gives Max an evil and intimidating glare.

Max sighs hopelessly to himself.

MAX

I can't wait to get started..

INT. CONE CITY HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

Jake, Billy, and Max stand outside of the lockers and converse a few minutes after the fourth period has ended. The hallway is crowded.

Max places his tennis racket in his locker. A lightly-used poom belt Taeakwondo uniform is folded inside.

Billy exchanges his textbooks. Several track and field gold medals are hung up in the inside of his locker door.

Jake tosses his soccer ball into his locker. The locker is overcrowded with Super Jake posters and items. A gym bag with soccer gear sits at the bottom.

BILLY

Can you believe that overweight scholastic witch?! Two weeks of detention for no reason! I can't stand her!

MAX

Forget that! I'd rather have detention for a whole month than work with that captain of the football team idiot! He's just gonna force me to do all of the work like last time!

Brad spontaneously appears behind Max with two of his friends overhearing Max.

BRAD

Damn right, nerd!

MAX

(terrified)

Brad! I was...uh...talking about some other guy...

BRAD

Yeah, whatever! I heard what you said! Normally, I'd kick your ass for talking smack about me, but it looks like I'll need you for the science project so I'll let it slide this time!

MAX

You're just using me like you've done all the other times!

BRAD

You got that right! Now, the guys and I have an important championship game in a few weeks, and since I'm on academic probation I can't play unless I pass this stupid project!

MAX

(apathetically)

Wow, that's rough. That's some predicament you're in.

Brad becomes angrier and more aggressive.

BRAD

It's gonna be your problem, if you don't do well on this assignment!

BILLY

Hold up! You can't make Max do all the work! That's bull!

BRAD

Oh yeah, and what are you gonna do about it?

MAX

No one's afraid of you, Brad!

Brad's friends approach Max with intimidation. One of them pushes Max up against a locker.

BRAD

What was that? Say that again!

BILLY

Hey! Get off him!

Billy approaches Brad and Brad grabs him by the collar.

BRAD

Stay out of this! Don't make me mess
up your face, pretty boy! Or bust up
your fancy little knockoff watch
like I did the last time!

Jake gets worked up and his first begins to glow blue. Billy
signals him to stop and Jake powers down.

Brad slowly lets Billy go and Billy backs off.

JAKE

How 'bout we tell Ms. Cornleaf
that Cone City High's over
glorified athlete is threatening
her all-star student! Then we'll
see how far academic dishonesty
takes you on the football field!

BRAD

Why don't we see how far your
precious little nerd friend can walk
these halls with two broken legs?

Brad turns to Max.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Park, you're friends aren't
helping your plea deal here!

MAX

(grows angry)

Guys, drop it! It's cool! I'll
do the project myself! It's no
big deal.

Brad's guys unpin Max from the lockers.

BRAD

That's what I thought! I'll
check in with you on your
progress later this week!
If you mess this up, that
A will be the least of your
worries!

Brad and his posse walk away.

BILLY

That guy is really pissing me off!

JAKE

Don't worry about him Max, he
won't do anything to you.

MAX

I wasn't worried until you guys
started mouthing off. You just
made things worse! Now he hates
me even more!

BILLY

Yeah, but Brad hates everyone.

MAX

And I've always made number one
on his list.

Billy places a hand on Max's shoulder and smiles.

BILLY

Yeah man, but everything's gonna be -

MAX

Don't you dare say, irie! It's not
gonna be alright. Things are getting
worse with him and he won't stop. I
swear if I hear you tell me:

(mockingly)

Nah, worry ya self bredrin
or if Jake says *no et preocupis*
amic, one more time, I'm gonna
roundhouse kick the both of you!

BILLY

That's funny. Why didn't you roundhouse
kick Brad and his cronies?

MAX

Because I can't afford hospital bills
and a lawsuit.

BILLY

Well if you were rich, you wouldn't
think twice about any of that crap.

MAX

Don't start with that again. Just drop
it, okay? You remember what happened
the last time I got into a serious
fight. I came this close to Juvi.

Max takes note of Jake's face as he stares at MERISSA from
across the hall talking with her friends.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, boy! Here we go again! Are
you finally gonna ask Merissa
out to the dance or sissy out
again?

Jake continues to gaze in his own world. Max waves a frantic
hand in front of Jake's face until he snaps out of it.

MAX (CONT'D)

Annyeong! (Hello!) Earth to Jake!

JAKE

I don't know guys. I mean she
is one of the most popular girls
in school.

BILLY

Come on, dude. It's not like we
haven't been rejected by girls
before. It's practically second
nature at this point .

JAKE

You're right! What have I got
to lose!

Flash forward to the conversation between Jake and Merissa.

MERISSA (16) Latina, beautiful, rich, elitist, stylish, mean-spirited, shallow.

MERISSA

(disgusted)

Go to the dance with you? Are you serious?

JAKE

Well...yeah, you know...I think you're really pretty and it'll be a lot of fun!

MERISSA

Yeah, I don't think so! You have no status! You're one of the lamest kids in school. You have no friends aside from the nerd herd you associate with. Your dad is a pitiful factory worker. You're not a sports captain, and you're uncle is one of the worst mayors this city has endured!

JAKE

Okay! I get it! You don't wanna go with me!

MERISSA

Good, now don't ever speak to me again you fracasado! (*failure*)

Merissa storms off in the other direction. Billy and Max approach Jake.

MAX

That was cold, bro! Sorry! But who needs her, right? It's her loss!

FLASHBACK - THE NIGHT BEFORE

EXT. CONE CITY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Merissa falls over the bridge rail before the blob monster attacks her. Super Jake flies down and catches her. She kisses him on the cheek.

END FLASHBACK

JAKE (V.O)

Even after I saved her life.
I'm still not good enough.

JAKE

(depressed)

Yeah...or maybe she's right...

BILLY

No way, man! Don't be ridiculous!
She called you out on stupid
superficial things that you can't
control!

JAKE

Yeah, like my dumb uncle! It's
because of him why half of the
people in this town hate me! I
can't stand him! He's making my
life a living hell ever since
he's been in office! I'm gonna
take care of him one day once
and for all!

MAX

(concerned)

Whoa! You're not gonna do
anything insane, right?

JAKE

(serious)

No, just what's necessary.

EXT. CONE CITY HIGH SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Jake, Billy, and Max stand outside in the school yard continuing to talk at the beginning of their lunch period.

MAX

So was that story true about
your neighbor being kidnapped
last night?

JAKE

Yeah, he was abducted by two guys
while we were working on our project
in his lab.

MAX

(thinking deeply)
That's interesting.

BILLY

What do you mean?

MAX

Well...I...uh...nevermind

JAKE

(worried)
What is it, you can tell us,
Max.

MAX

My uncle was working late last
night in his lab downtown and
never returned. He's usually home
early in the morning but this time
he didn't come back...but I could
be worrying for nothing...I don't
know...

BILLY

No worries, dude. We'll get Super
Jake to look into it!

MAX

(excitingly)
You know him?!

Billy turns to exchange a nervous glance with Jake.

BILLY

Uh...no. But I uh know a guy who might.

MAX

That's awesome! I hope he can help!
You gotta let me meet him!

BILLY

Uh yeah ... I'll see what I can do.

Jake spots MILSON and LORK'S team arriving at the school yard in the distance.

JAKE

Um, Billy. I think we need to get outta here!

BILLY

Why? We both still have detention later today.

Jake points in the direction of Lork and Milson.

JAKE

Screw detention! Look! It's the military!

BILLY

Oh, crap! Those are the soldiers I was telling you about! They're probably looking for me!

MAX

Why would the army be looking for you?

BILLY

It's a long story, but let's bounce before we find out!

They all take off running in the other direction.

Milson and three other soldiers who are on the hunt for Billy converse amongst themselves in a semi-circle.

MILSON(29) soldier, orange-skinned, short, with goggles on his head.

LORK(28) soldier, red-skinned, slender, and spiky army helmet.

FALLOUT(32) soldier, hefty, and jet-powered boots.

WARHEAD(34) soldier, well-built, and carries a huge rocket launcher.

MILSON

Ok, hunting squad! We have orders from the commander to search this pathetic world of academia for that scum! If you see him, use any necessary or unnecessary force to detain him. If he resists apprehension, resort to your rocket launchers and finish him right then and there! Am I understood?

LORK

Kill him? But I mean...he's just a teenager!

MILSON

Don't worry, the commander says he's from the less affluent side of town...if he's gone no one will care.

WARHEAD

Sounds good, boss. I'll light him up the first glimpse I get of him! He won't even see what's coming!

FALLOUT

Not if I get to him first!
(snickers sinisterly)
I haven't had any good target practice for a while.

The team begins to search the premises as Lork stays behind.

LORK
(whispers to himself)
I gotta warn this kid before it's too late

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy comes home and finds his house in complete silence.

BILLY
Anyone home? Mom? Dad?

He continues walking around until he finds his mom sitting in another room, alone and sorrowful.

NATASHA (39) Black, stylish fashion, appears to be out of it.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Mom? What's wrong?

NATASHA
Oh, hi, Billy
(sighs)
How was school?

BILLY
It was fine...
(confused by her mood)
How was your trip with dad?

NATASHA
Did you have breakfast this morning?

BILLY
Uh...yeah. Where is dad by the way?

NATASHA
What do you want for lunch?

BILLY
Anything's fine...I'm not really
hungry...did something happen?

Natasha slowly turns to look at Billy frowning. Billy sees her expression and his tone becomes more serious.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Mom, what happened?

ACT THREE:

FLASHBACK - THE NIGHT BEFORE

INT. CRUSH'S LAIR - NIGHT

Guzzler and Trinket stand before Crush with Doom and Kirk behind them.

GUZZLER
Someone better explain to me
what the hell this is about?!

Crush is in his chair with his back to them. He slowly spins around, observes Guzzler up and down, and rises to his feet.

CRUSH
Must feel odd not to know everything,
huh? Not to feel intellectually
superior for once.

GUZZLER
What's that supposed to mean?
Who the hell are you?
(gags)
It smells like dead fish and piss
in here!

TRINKET
Professor, you shouldn't antagonize.
He's not a man to be trifled with.

CRUSH
Listen to your robot. You better
watch yourself, Guzzler!

GUZZLER
How do you know my name?

CRUSH

I know everything about you.
I've been studying you for
some time.

Crush flips open a new bottle of beer and takes a few gulps.

CRUSH (CONT'D)

I'm Captain Crush. That project you're
working on to create an ultimate
device to help power the city -

Crush takes a few more gulps.

CRUSH (CONT'D)

That's no longer happening. Instead,
you will use that energy to create
an army of minions for me! It will be
the first official step to my conquest.

Jake and Billy hide within the lair and observe from afar.

JAKE

So that's what his secret project
was? To create a highly-powered
energy source for the city? But
why would he keep that a secret?

BILLY

I don't know but that project sounds
very similar to the one we're working
on. Where the heck did this Crush guy
come from?

GUZZLER

Are you absurd?! I'm not assisting in
some whack-job conspiracy plot. I'll be
thrown into prison for life and my
career will be over!

CRUSH

Oh, spare me the moral fluff! Don't

act like you haven't been spending
the majority of your career getting
your hands dirty! What would this
city think of you if they
knew you were in cahoots with
crooked politicians?

BILLY

Politicians? Why would Guzzler be
involved with them?

JAKE

(in disbelief)

This can't be right.

BILLY

I told you this guy
couldn't be trusted!

JAKE

Would you be cool?!
I'm sure there's some
misunderstanding!

GUZZLER

I don't have the slightest
idea of what you're talking
about!

CRUSH

I'm sure you don't!
It would be foolish of you to
ever admit to your sins.

GUZZLER

I won't ruin my life to help you!
There are several highly talented
scientists across the city! Why
don't you ask one of them?!

CRUSH

Because I summoned YOU! Now do
what the hell I asked or

be vaporized!

GUZZLER

(chuckles)

Can you even spell that?

CRUSH

(sighs)

Men!

Doom and Kirk grab Guzzler and force him to his knees and hold him while Bruce pulls out a large ray gun and aims it at Guzzler at point blank range. The gun powers up quickly.

CRUSH

Would you still like me to spell it for you?

GUZZLER

(terrified)

Okay, okay!

CRUSH

NEVER ask me to spell, read, or write anything! You scholastic worms are so arrogant aren't you?! Don't waste my time. Last chance to live!

GUZZLER

Alright! You win. I'll do it!

CRUSH

That's what I thought! Now get to work! You have 30 minutes or you're dead!

GUZZLER

What?! I can't perform qualitative work in half an hour!

CRUSH

20 minutes! Any other comments or concerns?!

GUZZLER
(sighs)
No, I'll get started.

BLACK SCREEN: EIGHTEEN MINUTES LATER

Machines in the lair hum and power up in the process. The room is filled with fog and slowly clears away with the MONSTERS created. They roar vociferously. The first monster is a dark yellow blob-like creature and the other a tall, lanky skeleton with purple horns and dragon wings.

MUSIC CUE: "Monster" instrumental by Kanye West.

JAKE
Crap! Are those the monsters?

BILLY
They're definitely not household pets! I think it's time to ditch this place before we're caught and fed to those things!

JAKE
Yeah, agreed. Maybe we should have just called the police.

BILLY
(sarcastically, annoyed)
Ya think?

CRUSH
Finally my monsters have been created! Now the town invasion can begin! All the citizens will bow before me!
(laughs)

Monsters roar louder and more furious.

FADE OUT
END OF PILOT