

The Men From S*W*A*K
by Dan Fiorella

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The Men From S.W.A.K. Strike Again

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FADE IN:

INT. TRADING BOARD ROOM -- DAY

A couple of FRAZZELED BROKERS are wolfing down bagels, while a computer has a window up on the all news channel. The PRESIDENT of the U.S. is speaking to the press.

PRESIDENT

---And I say to the American people,
I will not step down. You elected
me and I will serve out my term.
This attempt by the royal opposition
will be seen for what it is, a
bloodless coup.

The TV show now switches to the studio TALKING HEADS and their guest, CONGRESSMAN NEWMAN, a slick, self-righteous type.

HEAD 1

And the president's appeal to the
public is working.

HEAD 2

I'll say. Since the announcement of
hearings for impeachment the
President's approval has shot up 6
points. The opposition can not get
the people behind them.

HEAD 3

It's a simple case of don't rock the
boat. The economy is sound. Wall
Street is booming. Nobody wants a
new deal when they like the cards
they're holding.

NEWMAN

You gentlemen are missing the point.

HEAD 1

Representative Newman, what is the
point?

NEWMAN

Here you have a man who's declared
one thing to the people and did
another. He's made promise after
promise which he had no intention of
keeping.

HEAD 2

Well, he is a politician. That's a given.

Heads laugh. Newman fumes.

NEWMAN

And now, finally, when we see him involved in this sordid affair, it is time for him to move on.

HEAD 1

Except the people don't want him to.

NEWMAN

The people are wrong--

Suddenly a note pad hits the Broker. TRADER 1 has thrown it.

TRADER 1

Keep that down, will ya! The market just opened!

It's 9:30am and all chaos has broken loose in the hectic room of the yuppie-like brokers, screaming into phones, flailing away on keyboards and basically driving the economic engine of Wall Street.

The Trader goes back to his phone conversation, picking it up in mid-screch. As he talks, his computer screen begins flashing the words "Truby Market Tip."

TRADER 1 (CONT'D)

---Don't hand me that! You missed the market, and now I'm out an eighth. Damn right you'll make it up to me.
(suddenly)
I gotta hop...

He slaps the phone onto the counter top (no time to hang phones up here on the street). He punches up the Truby Tip. With a mesmerizing wallpaper design, the screen reads, "Truby sez: Sell Thriftmart Department stores."

Trader 1, trance-like, picks up the phone, buzzing the line.

TRADER 1 (CONT'D)

Sell thirty K Thirtmart at the market. Now!

The other traders are now looking at their computer screens and their Truby e-mail and ringing up the phone.

INT. STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR -- DAY

There's the usual confusion, only more so. The CLERKS are running to one pit with cries:

CLERK A
Thriftmart!

CLERK B
I got Thriftmart, offer 87!

The computer screens display the stock price dropping; 87, 86.73, 86.40, 86.00---

INT. M-1'S OFFICE -- DAY

M-1 is taking in the Wall Street Journal's headline, declaring: "Thriftmart stock in freefall. Down 30 points."

He tosses the paper aside in disgust. M-1 is an older man, clean-cut, very official, very business-like. And concerned. It's a weighty burden he carries as head of security of Thriftmart Department Stores.

He's at his slick, ultra-modern desk, that matches his slick ultra-modern office (excepting for the large Thriftmart logo on display). M-1 punches a button on his consol. PLUNKETT, his toady aid, enters rapidly, clipboard in hand.

PLUNKETT
Yes, M-1?

M-1
Something is amiss. There's a threat to Thriftmart. I'm going to need a team of agents on it.

PLUNKETT
Who do you need?

M-1
Kelly and Kompzinski.

PLUNKETT
They're deep uncover, sir, tracking a rogue sneaker manufacturer. Out of contact.

M-1
How about Mazella and Lund?

PLUNKETT
In China. Trying to establish a favorable import agreement with the government.

M-1
Kiley and Moore?

PLUNKETT
Well, er, they're dead, sir.

M-1
Right. Who is available?

Plunkett consults the clipboard.

PLUNKETT
Markup and Visto, sir.

M-1
Are you sure Kiley and Moore are
dead?

PLUNKETT
Very sure.

M-1
Send in Markup and Visto.

Plunkett scoots out.

INT. PLUNKETT'S DESK -- CONTINUOUS

Plunkett goes to his desk. He punches up a code and the screen displays "color of the day: Violet." He keys in another code on a handheld device. A violet light begins flashing.

INT. THRIFTMART ENTRANCE -- DAY

The gateway to savings, better know as the front door to one in a chain of Thriftmart department stores. A guard station (pronounced: small podium) stands there. Manning this thin beige line is FLIPPY VISTO; well-meaning, earnest and just shy of clueless. He wears a slightly large blue security jacket. In one hand he holds a stapler, the other grasps a small violet slip of paper. An OLDER WOMAN enters with a shopping bag.

FLIPPY
Ma'am, I have to check you bag.

WOMAN
Why?

FLIPPY
To make sure you're not a shoplifter.

WOMAN
I haven't even gotten into the store
yet.

FLIPPY

We don't like to leave these things to the last minute. Now, let's have a look-see.

WOMAN

What are you doing?

Flip tries to grab the bag and the woman fights him. SPEED MARKUP, long suffering and seemingly competent, wanders onto the scene. He watches the tug-of-war of few moments, appraising the situation.

Meanwhile, a SHOPLIFTER grabs a boombox from a shelf, sticks it under his coat and exits undetected.

Finally, Speed breaks up the fight.

SPEED

What are you doing?

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed, she won't let me check her package. Can I use a choke hold on her?

SPEED

We try to save that for special occasions.

WOMAN

He can't look in my bag.

SPEED

Yes, he can, ma'am. We reserved the right to inspect all packages.

FLIPPY

That way we prevent theft.

WOMAN

Says who?

FLIPPY

That sign.

WOMAN

What sign?

FLIPPY

Nuts, somebody stole the sign.

The Woman and Flip resume their tug-athon. Speed's watch begins flashing violet and beeping.

SPEED

Flippy, M-1 wants us! Let's roll.

Flippy releases the bag and follows Speed. The Woman flies back, crashing somewhere in ladies wear. Flippy and Speed hurry up and center aisle.

INT. EMPLOYEES-ONLY ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

Flip and Speed hustle into the back of the store.

INT. EMPLOYEE LOUNGE ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

They hurry into the Employee lounge.

INT. MEN'S ROOM ENTRANCE -- CONTINUOUS

They scurry into the men's room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They go into the middle stall. A flush and then...

INT. S.W.A.K LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

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A panel opens and a toilet seat slides in with Speed seated upon it and Flippy on his lap. Plunkett awaits.

FLIPPY

Wheee!

PLUNKETT

Stop your fooling about. M-1 wants you now.

SPEED

You sure?

FLIPPY

This isn't about that exploding cash register thing, is it?

PLUNKETT

It's a code 7.

SPEED

What's a code 7?

FLIPPY

It's more important than a code 6, right?

PLUNKETT

Economic threat.

INT. M-1'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

M-1's door slides open. Plunkett enters, following by Speed. As Flippy comes through, the door slides shut on him.

PLUNKETT

Visto and Markup, reporting, sir.

M-1

Very good, Plunkett. That will be all.

PLUNKETT

Are you sure, sir? I check double check on Kelly or Mazella.

M-1

That will be all.

Plunkett, shaking his head, turns to exit. The door opens. Flippy drops to the floor. Plunkett trips over him. Flippy springs up. Door shuts

FLIPPY

Reporting for duty, sir.

SPEED

What's up, chief?

M-1

What do you know about Wall Street?

FLIPPY

There's not really a wall there.

SPEED

Hush. Companies sell stock, pieces of themselves to people to raise cash. People can decide to sell their shares to other people, that's what the stock market does.

M-1

Yes. And Thriftmart is a publicly owned company that trades on the street. A solid stock price shows confidence in our company.

FLIPPY

I should remind you, sir, that I suffer from a very short attention span.

M-1

Yesterday, that confidence was shattered.

M-1 pulls out a file. He punches up a button and the photo of a rakish DENNIS TRUBY comes up on a screen.

M-1 (CONT'D)

This is Dennis Truby, a stock guru.

SPEED

Oh, that's a stock guru.

M-1

Truby is a stock advisor. He has thousands of subscribers to a newsletter he issues. In that letter, he announced our stock would drop. People began selling and our stock price plummeted. Stockholders are restless. The board of directors are anxious.

FLIPPY

I'm slipping off.

SPEED

Will you hush. Sir, there's not much any one can do about market conditions. Not even us.

M-1

Quite. Normally, no. But not two months ago, Truby made the same announcement regarding Woolberg & Yupters Department Stores. And two months before the, he did the same with Hummingdale's. The price went so low, that it was bought out-right by Ben Bigston.

SPEED

Bigston? The owner of BigMart?

M-1

The same.

FLIPPY

Are we getting anywhere near to us yet?

M-1

The sell order seems out of line. We've had better than projected sales, had an excellent quarter, a new ad campaign and just laid off a thousand employees.

SPEED

Yes, Wall Street loves a good layoff.

FLIPPY

Heck, our stock rallies when we phone it sick. Is that it, sir? Do you want us to phone in sick?

M-1

We want you to check on this Truby fellow. See what he's doing. And why he seems to be focusing on Thirtmart. We'll be having our own stockholders meeting during the President's Holiday weekend. In fact, we're setting up reviewing stands for all the board of directors and major stockholders to watch the Thriftmart President's Day Parade. So, the board of directors doesn't want any surprises. Mr. Thriftmart hates surprises.

FLIPPY

Don't I know it.

SPEED

How would you know it?

FLIPPY

Just from that time in the men's room.

SPEED

Oh. Right.

M-1

Truby is holding a seminar in the Catskills. I want you two to attend. Then get close. Find out what he is up to.

SPEED

We're on the case.

FLIPPY

And solve it post-haste!

They turn to leave. The door doesn't open and Flip slams into it. He turns, stunned and leans on the door. Then it slides open, dropping Flippy to the floor. Speed shrugs and steps out over Flippy. The door tries to repeatedly slide shut but can't close all the way because of the blockage.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Ow. Ow. Ow.

INT. HOLIDAY LODGE LOBBY -- DAY

Truby is standing beside the poster display for his seminar. He's on his cell phone.

TRUBY

Full house. It's going great.
(MORE)

TRUBY (CONT'D)

On the Bigmart...yeah. Buy. I know it looks high. It's going higher. No, no. We keep this one to ourselves. I've got a whole strategy drawn out. Hold on...

He pulls out his palm-sized personal assistant computer. He punches in a few buttons.

TRUBY (CONT'D)

I'm faxing you a copy of the plan now. We follow this and we're set for life.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRUBY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Slick, modern, uncluttered. His partner, DAVE, is at a desk watching the fax machine. He's holding a business card.

It reads "W. Almay, Securities Exchange Commission, phone (212)555-3038 fax(212)555-2265."

DAVE

Here it comes now. Oh, not to change the subject, but the SEC was here yesterday.

TRUBY

Are you kidding me?

DAVE

Nope. They were asking for you. I got a card here. I'll fax it back to you.

Dave feeds the card into the fax.

Truby watches the info come up on his screen.

TRUBY

Fine, fine. Okay, I'm receiving. Got it. I'll handle it when I get back. Not a problem. Trust me. Shut up. Gotta hop, we're ready to start. Later, trader.

He disconnects and strides into his seminar.

Dave hangs up. Just then, the office door opens and Three MENACING THUGS are there.

DAVE

Can I help you? Are you looking to invest?

They enter with weapons drawn.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK HIGHWAY -- DAY

Speed and Flippy drive along the mountain highway. The presence of an old abandoned railway is noted.

INT. CAR -- TRAVELING

Speed drives while Flippy handles the file and map.

SPEED

The guys comes out of nowhere and becomes a market guru.

FLIPPY

How much can a guru pull down nowadays.

EXT. HOLIDAY LODGE -- DAY

A neat, middle-aged hotel. The parking lot is full as Speed and Flip pull up.

INT. OAK ROOM -- DAY

The seminar is in session. A roomful of business types is enthralled by the bright and chipper Nelson Truby, who's struts his stuff on stage. A slide projector is manned by Truby's beautiful but sly assistant, FANNIE MAE BOND. She flips up a pie chart.

Flip and Speed cause a commotion as they enter the hall with skis, bags, tennis rackets, etc. One attractive but stern-looking business woman, WISH ALMAY, seems especially annoyed.

As Flip and Speed settle in, they realize the seminar has stopped and they are the center of attention. Flippy waves. Speed slaps his hand down.

Truby gears up again.

TRUBY

Now...you should be asking yourself, "how do I get a piece of the pie chart?" And I say getting that dough is a piece of cake.

FLIPPY

I'm getting hungry.

A hand goes up.

ATTENDEE

Excuse me, but if it's so easy, why aren't we all rich?

General chuckling.

TRUBY

It's easy. Once you know the secret. Now, we're all experienced people here. We know that risk has rewards. But what if we pushed beyond risk? An investment strategy of options, stocks and indices that turns each investment into a win/win situation. There is no downside. And that's what you'll be able to do once you subscribe to my newsletter.

Wish raises her hand.

TRUBY (CONT'D)

A question?

WISH

I'm just curious why this recent concentration on retail?

This is gets Truby's attention. It also has Flippy and Speed snap to.

FLIPPY

Hey! I was going to ask that!

TRUBY

Concentration? You think so?

WISH

Well, three special tips in six months? I mean, if we were talking about electronics, telecommunications or dot.com companies, I could understand. But retail? It struck me as odd.

TRUBY

Me, too. But when I plugged my parameters into the software, that's what happened. It's a trick to avoid the trends, the obvious. By digging a little deeper, you can find the secret delights all traders hunt for. And they did pay off, no?

Speed leans into Flippy.

SPEED

I'm going to sneak into his room and look around. So we want to keep him on stage.

FLIPPY

Yeah, so?

SPEED

If it looks like he's wrapping up,
ask a question.

FLIPPY

Oh. Okay.

Speed slips off. A moment later, Wish Almay slips out.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

I wonder what I should ask him?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Speed comes down the hall, checking to see if all is clear.
It is.

He reaches Truby's room. Examining the electronic card lock,
he takes out a credit card-sized device. He turns it on and
inserts it into the slot.

Down the hall, the stairwell door opens. Wish Almay peeks
out, sees Speed and looks surprised. She retreats.

Lights on the card begin flickering, then the release light
blinks on.

Speed tries the door and it opens.

INT. OAK ROOM

Truby is wrapping up. The audience is starting to rise.

TRUBY

So, if there aren't any other
questions---

Flippy springs into action.

FLIPPY

I got a question!

Everyone sits.

TRUBY

Yes?

FLIPPY

So, when a stock goes up in price,
er, why does that happen?

TRUBY

The stock price goes up because
people want to buy that stock.

FLIPPY

Why do they want to buy that stock?

TRUBY

Because it's going up.

FLIPPY

But why is it going up?

TRUBY

Because people want to buy it---

This is going to continue awhile.

INT. TRUBY'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The room appears empty. Suddenly there's a sneeze. A cloud of dust comes out from under the bed.

Speed comes out with a laptop computer case. He opens it, revealing the computer and a rack of floppy disks. He boots up the computer.

INT. OAK ROOM -- DAY

Truby seems to be wrapping up once more.

TRUBY

Any final questions?

FLIPPY

I have a follow-up!...

Everyone sits again. A moment later, Fannie Mae looks at Wish's empty seat and exits.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Why does a stock go down in price?

TRUBY

Because people are trying to sell it.

FLIPPY

Why are people trying to sell it?

TRUBY

Because it's going down in price.

FLIPPY

Why's it going down in price?

TRUBY

Because people are trying to sell it.

FLIPPY

But why are people trying to sell
it?

As they continue, others are rolling their eyes, disgusted by Flip's inability to grasp his simple market oxymoron.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Wish approaches Truby's room. The elevator bell rings and she hustles off.

INT. TRUBY'S ROOM -- DAY

Speed clicks on something. Suddenly the "Truby Sez" screen with its wallpaper design, comes flashing on. Speed stares at it a moment. Then he slips into a trance.

The hotel door opens. Fannie Mae stands there, stunned.

A moment later, two large henchmen step in behind Fannie. BULL is a large menacing hulk with an oversized ring in his nose. BEAR is also a large, menacing hulk, only very hairy.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK -- DAY

Doors open. A frazzled Truby exits with Flippy on his tail.

FLIPPY

---But, but, why does it go down?

TRUBY

Because people are selling it!

FLIPPY

But why are they selling?

TRUBY

Because, because---there is no reason!
Things just happen! Wall Street
runs on rumor, innuendo and panic.
There is no cause and effect!

They reach his hotel room.

FLIPPY

Ah-ha!

INT. TRUBY'S ROOM -- DAY

Bull is holding Speed, who is still in a trance. Fannie Mae is mad. Bear is, well, present. Flippy and Truby are both stunned. Fannie pulls a gun.

FLIPPY

Oh-oh.

TRUBY

Ms. Bond! What's going on?

FANNIE

You idiot! Do you know who this is?

TRUBY

No. What's it to me?

FANNIE

He's a SWAK agent.

FLIPPY

What a coincidence---

FANNIE

Bear, hug him.

Bear puts a hold on Flippy.

FLIPPY

You've got some serious hygiene issues here. Speed! Hey, Speed!

FANNIE

What are you doing here?

FLIPPY

Considering our 401k plans are at risk, we wanted to see what's up.

FANNIE

Well, no matter. You're about to retire early.

FLIPPY

But I'm not fully vested! Truby, who is she?

TRUBY

Fannie Mae Bond, my assistant.

FLIPPY

If she's your assistant, how come she has the gun on you?

FANNIE

We'll have to get rid of them. This is going to effect the timetable. Not that is wan't anticipated.

TRUBY

What timetable? What are you talking about? What do you mean "get rid of them?" Are you going to harm them?

FANNIE

Oh, you don't mind putting thousands of people out of work with your stock manipulations but you're queasy about eliminating a real threat.

FLIPPY

Lines have to be drawn.

FANNIE

And I have the perfect line for you, Thriftmart. Now, you Truby, you have to disappear now. They're on to you.

TRUBY

Disappear? How? Where? I just can't disappear. People will look for me.

FANNIE

Not if your newsletter keeps on coming out.

TRUBY

My partner won't rest until he finds me.

Fannie looks to Bear, who Nods.

FANNIE

Your partner now rests in peace.

TRUBY

But, but, I'm an important industry leader!

FANNIE

You haven't mattered for months now.

TRUBY

You're opinion, not mine.

He takes out the laptop, hits a key and folds his arms. The laptop flashes "file deleted" then shuts down.

She's got her gun on Truby now.

FANNIE

Bull, Bear, take these spies down to the junction and leave them there. Quietly. Then we'll be taking Mr. Truby to the CEO.

Bull snorts and then he and Bear take Speed and Flippy away.

EXT. ABANDONED RAILROAD STATION -- DAY

An old, ramshackled wooden train station. There's a handcar shack standing along side the rusty tracks. The remains of a map are still taced to the station wall.

Bear and Bull are tying Flippy and Speed to the tracks. The boys' rental car is parked while Fannie Mae waits in the back of a 4x4 vehicle with hostage Truby.

Speed comes out of his trance.

SPEED

Huh? What the---?

(to Flippy)

Now what did you do?

FLIPPY

Me? What makes you think it was me?

(to Bear)

You know, this is really kind of dumb. There haven't been trains along here for decades.

BEAR

Don't need them. You're not going anywhere. For a long, long time.

SPEED

You're going to let us die out here, exposed to the elements?

FLIPPY

What if I have to go to the bathroom?

Bull snorts and scratches the ground with his foot. He charges the rental car and head-butts it on the grill. He extracts his head and the engine drops to the ground.

Bear pulls out the phone and crushes it in his hand.

They laugh, climb into their car and drive away.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Those guys got Truby.

SPEED

What? Who?

FLIPPY

His assistant, Fannie Mae Bond.

SPEED

You made that up.

FLIPPY

She's really working for someone called the CEO.

SPEED

We should try to save him then.

FLIPPY

I suppose. Any ideas?

SPEED

I'm thinking, I'm thinking. Wait, I've got my SWAK belt buckle.

FLIPPY

Great! Laser or explosive?

SPEED

I forget. Either way---

FLIPPY

If it's not the laser, yo might need a tailor later.

SPEED

I think I can reach it.

Speed wiggles around under the ropes. A hum starts. A laser beams bursts out of the ropes, cutting them in two, then shots up into the sky. Speed pushes away the ropes. He turns off the bean and unties Flippy. Then a bunch of sliced-off branches fall on them. Then a cooked duck.

FLIPPY

Okay, now what?

SPEED

We stop them.

FLIPPY

How? They're probably halfway down the mountain by now.

Speed sees the old train map on the station wall.

He sees the handcar in the shack.

Thinking, thinking.

SPEED

Get the map from the car.

Flippy gets the map from the car. When he shuts the door, the wheels all fall off. He meets Speed by the map.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Open it up...

They put the road map up against the train map. Speed starts drawing onto the road map.

SPEED (CONT'D)

See, the highway gerrymanders all around the mountain. The old rail line follows it and even cuts it off here and here.

FLIPPY

How old is that map anyway?

SPEED

How much could a mountain change? Come on!

They go and pull the old handcar out and get it up on the tracks. It seems to work okay. They push off, Flippy in front, pumping and juggling the map.

And off they go.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP -- DAY

Fannie's car turns onto the highway, headed south.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY

Speed and Flippy are rolling right along but hitting patches of overgrowth.

SPEED

It's clear sailing! We'll catch them in no time.

FLIPPY

I don't know, Speed. I've got a real "Amtrack" feeling about this.

SPEED

You worry too much.

They crash through some bushes.

EXT. OLD BRIDGE -- DAY

The handcar comes through the overgrowth onto a rickety old trestle spanning a deep ravine. The bridge seems to be standing more out of habit than anything else.

It starts to shimmy and shake under the weight of the handcar. This is not lost on Speed and Flip.

SPEED

Pump! Pump!

FLIPPY

I think I can! I think I can!...

They're pumping away like a couple of oil derricks. The bridge behind them starts to fall away.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Not a chance. Not a chance. We're gonna die. We're gonna die...

They make it to the other side of the bridge just as it collapses.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Vast relief! Vast relief! You can let me off anywhere now.

SPEED

Be quiet and pump!

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- DAY

Bull at wheel, with Bear riding shotgun. Fannie still has Truby at gun point.

TRUBY

Ms. Bond; Fannie, I don't understand---

FANNIE

I think it's a matter of outliving your usefulness.

TRUBY

Who's the CEO?

FANNIE

All in due time.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY

There's a junction of tracks. The handcar is now riding on clean, shiny rails.

SPEED

Where are we?

FLIPPY

I think we're coming up to a curve in the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

There are railroad tracks running parallel to the highway. Fannie's car comes into view. And out comes Flippy and Speed pumping along side.

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- DAY

Bull and Bear driving along. Bear glances out his window. Then he does a take, seeing Flippy and Speed staying even.

BEAR

Hey, boss!

Fannie lowers her tinted window to look out.

FANNIE

What the blazes---! Get rid of them!
Now!

Bear pulls out his gun. He lines up a shot.

Then the road curves away and the tracks enter a tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY

FLIPPY

What was that? An eclipse?

SPEED

We're in a tunnel, Copernicus. Keep
pumping.

A distant train whistle blows.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY

The boys exit the tunnel. Flippy notices the tracks, which are now clean and well-kept.

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed.

SPEED

What is it?

FLIPPY

Weren't these tracks all rusty and
corroded?

SPEED

Of course.

FLIPPY

So the fact that they're all nice
and neat now probably signifies
something, right?

Train whistle blows again.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

There's a passenger train headed their way.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Speed and Flippy realize their predicament.

FLIPPY
Holy Casey Jones!

Just then the handcar goes onto a side junction as the train zooms by.

Flippy stops screaming after a moment.

SPEED
Are you finished?

FLIPPY
(considering)
Ah, yes.

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- DAY

FANNIE
Did you get them?

BEAR
I didn't get the chance.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- CONTINUOUS

Speed and Flippy pump while Flippy tries to read the map.

FLIPPY
I can't tell where we are anymore.
Why do the two lines cross here?

They go through some more bushes.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD -- DAY

They bust through a fence of the first of a series of backyards in a tract housing development.

EXT. ONE YARD -- CONTINUOUS

They come to a yard with a clothes hanging carousel.

SPEED
Duck!

Instead, Flippy turns to see the danger. He smacks into the clothes line. He spins off the handcar. The carousel spins all the way around, landing Flippy on Speed's back. They roll on, continuing through a series of backyards, causing mayhem and such.

EXT. LAST YARD -- CONTINUOUS

They crash into the next yard where THE FAMILY is barbecuing. The handcar runs into the gas grill, which is on wheels, and pushes it out of the yard.

They family looks concerned.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The handcart and the grill, with Flippy still on Speed's back, comes speeding out of the yard and onto the street.

FLIPPY

Rats! No buns!

EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP -- CONTINUOUS

The handcart and grill roll up the on-ramp to the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The handcart rolls merrily along.

Fannie's car comes up from behind.

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bull beeps the horn. They they suddenly realize what's in front of them.

FANNIE

Again?

Bull hits the accelerator.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Fannie's car approaches the handcar. Flip recognizes the car from his perch.

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed, you'd better pick up the pace!

SPEED

Get off of my back!

FLIPPY

I'm not nagging!

The car catches them and starts bumping them.

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

FANNIE

Run them off the road!

TRUBY
You'll get us all killed!

EXT. HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Fannie's car comes to the side of the handcar. Bull then turns into the handcar, bumping them.

FLIPPY
Sunday drivers!

SPEED
Will you get off of me, please!

They bump again.

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The bump knocks Fannie off balance. Truby makes a grab for the gun. A struggle ensues.

EXT. TOLL PLAZA -- CONTINUOUS

They approach the toll booths. Bull veers off. The gun goes off! But who shot who?

They go through the toll lane.

On the other side, the handcar and the grill roll through, without Speed and Flippy. Fannie's car comes out the adjoining lane.

The handcar and grill fly off the road, roll down a ditch, flip over and explode.

INT. FANNIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Truby is shot. They can see the explosion.

BEAR
Boss, you okay?

FANNIE
He's dead. The fool! Where are those two agents?

BEAR
Crashed and burned off the road.

FANNIE
Let's go then.

They drive off, dumping Truby's body. Fannie takes out a cellphone.

FANNIE (CONT'D)
Hello, boss.

BIGSTON (O.S.)

Yes.

FANNIE

We've got Truby's program. But
Truby's dead.

INT. BIGSTON'S LAIR -- DAY

Typical villain's headquarters. An obscured Bigston sits in his big chair.

BIGSTON

Well, more for me.

EXT. TOLL PLAZA -- DAY

Flippy and Speed are hanging off the traffic barricade.

FLIPPY

Stupid E-Z pass.

SPEED

I suppose we'll have to report this.

FLIPPY

Maybe we could just mail it in?

EXT. THRIFTMART HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

INT. M-1'S OFFICE -- DAY

M-1 has the TV tuned to the Financial News Channel.

ANCHOR

---But the continuing campaign to oust the president still has had no effect on the robust economy, where Wall Street just keeps rolling along. In related news, Bigmart's owner and chairman, Ben Bigston, formally announces his takeover bid on the beleaguered Thirtmart stores. One of the few companies not helped by the extraordinary bull market. We go to the new headquarters of Bigmart, in lower Manhattan---

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING -- DAY

The strapping, older, BEN BIGSTON, is at a podium with several reporters there. As he speaks, WORKERS place a "Bigston Building" sign over the "Woolworth Building" sign.

BIGSTON

Market share, people, it's all about market share. By bringing the valued Thriftmart chain into our family.

REPORTER

What's next?

BIGSTON

Logically, the next step is complete and total retail domination.

He looks deadly serious. All are stunned. Thinking better of it, he laughs it off. All then get into the spirit.

INT. M-1'S OFFICE -- DAY

M-1 shuts off the sound.

M-1

What are you up to, Bigston?
(hits buzzer)
Where's Visto and Markup?

PLUNKETT

They're trying to track that woman, Fannie Bond. Things are all topsy-turvy what with Mr. Bigston assuming control. Turns out the late Nelson Truby has a partner. They dug up an address and went off to question him.

M-1

I hope they find something, because I fear for us.

EXT. SLUM NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

Flippy and Speed drive into a run-down area.

They reach the address they are looking for. It is a run-down tenement building. They enter.

INT. TENEMENT LOBBY -- DAY

Run down tenement hallway.

SPEED

Are you sure this is the place?

FLIPPY

Of course I'm sure...

Speed checks the mailbox. It reads "Dave Meyer 608."

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

See, right here. He's on six.

They start climbing the steps.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- DAY

WRECKING CREW, with equipment marked "CEO Wrecking" swiftly moves in, readying to demolish the building with a wrecking ball.

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY -- DAY

Winded, Speed and Flippy reach the sixth floor.

SPEED

Why would a hot shot broker live here?

FLIPPY

The rich are different from you and I.

SPEED

Yeah. They have money for starters.

They reach room 608. Speed knocks. They wait a moment. He knocks again.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Mr. Meyer?

FLIPPY

Knock harder...

Suddenly the building shakes as the wrecking ball comes flying through the wall.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Not that hard!

SPEED

Hey, they're knocking the building down!

FLIPPY

We probably shouldn't be here then!

SPEED

Let's get out of here!

FLIPPY

What about Meyer?

SPEED

Serves him right for living in a dump like this.

They run to the stairs. The stair case collapses, leaving them high and dry.

FLIPPY

Now what?

Speed points to a window at the end of the hall.

SPEED

The fire escape!

They run for the window. Flippy hops out the window. A moment later, he is back, clinging to the window sill for dear life.

FLIPPY

Speed.

SPEED

What?

FLIPPY

No fire escape.

(beat)

Help.

The building shakes again and crumbles about them. Speed eyes some cables running out of the building just above them to the roof of the shorter building across the alley.

Speed spys a coat hanger on the floor. He takes it and helps Flippy up. He hooks the hanger over the cable. Then he and Flippy take hold of the hanger and slide down the wire to the roof across the alley.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF -- CONTINUOUS

Just as they reach the roof, the cable goes slack as the tenement collapses in a pile of dust.

SPEED

I think that building was meant for us.

FLIPPY

You mean that tenement had our name on it?

SPEED

What do you think?

FLIPPY

Three attempts on our lives already. I think someone's trying to kill us.

SPEED

That's what I think. And I've got a plan.

FLIPPY

What's the plan?

SPEED

We track down the person trying to kill us.

FLIPPY

What'll happen when we find him?

SPEED

He'll probably try to kill us.

FLIPPY

That's a pretty stupid plan, Speed.

SPEED

They tried and failed. We're safe for now.

They turn to leave, trip and fall through a skylight. Their crashes can be heard for several moments as they fall several stories.

EXT. BUILDING FRONT -- MOMENTS LATER

The soot-covered duo come tumbling out the front door and down the front steps onto the sidewalk. Flippy staggers to his feet, brushes himself off and raises his arm.

FLIPPY

Taxi!

He collapses.

INT. M-1'S OFFICE -- DAY

Speed and Flippy are on the carpet before M-1 and Plunkett

SPEED

It was a bogus address, sir. Someone is covering their tracks.

M-1

Bigston is calling in all agents. He says he was to meet the entire staff. But I smell a rat.

FLIPPY

I'd say something but it would probably only draw more attention to it.

M-1

I want to know Bigston's plans. He owns Therman financial. He's got a brokerage office in every one of his stores. Truby worked at Therman Brothers where he developed his newsletter. There's nothing random about this. I want you two to connect the dots.

Flippy pulls out a pencil, ready to go. Speed slaps it away. A phone rings. Plunkett gets it.

M-1 (CONT'D)

I've had to pull a few strings. You're going deep uncover.

PLUNKETT

Sir, it's Bigston. He's inviting all the agents up to the Bingo game. He's hosting.

SPEED

Bingo game?

PLUNKETT

One of his pet passions.

SPEED

Is he kidding?

M-1

Memo came out this morning. Seems he runs charity bingo parlors. Actually, this may work out. Meet the man, sound him out. I'll expect a full report.

EXT. BINGO PARLOUR -- NIGHT

Bigston Bingo. A banner is hung, "Charity Bingo Night."

INT. BINGO PARLOUR -- NIGHT

Long tables laid out with bingo cards and markers. Wealthy charity CROWD is out in force. Speed and Flippy enter, dressed to the nines. Well, maybe more to the eights, eight and a halfs, tops. Rep. Newman is around, pressing the flesh and doing the photo pops. He shakes hands with Bigston.

Flippy and Speed mingle, making their way to Bigston, who is greeting, greeting, greeting.

SPEED

Hello, Mr. Bigston.

FLIPPY

Hello, boss.

BIGSTON

Ah, my newest employees. So you are from the SWAK department.

SPEED & FLIPPY

Yes, sir.

BIGSTON

You know, I'll be making some changes. There's a new way of doing business now. I'm not a big believer in industrial espionage.

SPEED

We do mostly protect ourselves, sir. Other companies don't much hold with your beliefs, sir.

BIGSTON

Well, don't worry about the competition. I'm not. But I am looking for a few good men.

FLIPPY

And you want us to find some?

BIGSTON

Ha! I'm looking to build from within, have people rise through the ranks.

FLIPPY

We're about as rank as you can get.

BIGSTON

A person can go far with me.

FLIPPY

Cool. When do we start?

SPEED

What do you mean, Mr. Bigston?

BIGSTON

Things are going to happen for me. I'm looking for a team. A strong team. And I need them loyal.

FLIPPY

This could be a tricky search.

BIGSTON

You're a funny guy. I like funny. We're about to start. Please join me, won't you?

As they walk up to their table. Speed notices Fanny Mae Bond in the crowd. But she disappears into the crowd.

SPEED

Flippy, I saw your pal Fannie Mae.

FLIPPY

Really? She didn't strike me as the bingo type.

SPEED

No, she didn't, did she?

At the podium, the bingo balls are in the drum. Bigston goes to the mike.

BIGSTON

Ladies and gentleman, thank you all for attending. I see a lot of familiar faces and a lot of new faces I hope to get familiar with. I appreciate your time, your effort, but mostly your money. So take your seats and let the gaming begin.

The CALLER comes up and spins the drum. Bigston takes his seat with Speed and Flippy.

BIGSTON (CONT'D)

I do hop you enjoy a good game of bingo.

FLIPPY

Bingo was my name. Oh.

They take cards and markers.

CALLER

G-18.

SPEED

G-18. G-18.

FLIPPY

G-18. Got it.

He marks card. Flippy is totally absorbed by his card.

SPEED

So how's it feel to be out new boss?

BIGSTON

Exciting. I love opening doors to new vistas.

CALLER

G-20.

FLIPPY

G-20.

Marks it.

BIGSTON

So maybe you can tell me what it was like before.

SPEED

Before?

FLIPPY

B-4. Yes!

Marks it.

BIGSTON

Before the takeover.

SPEED

Work's work. Who's in charge rarely affects what we do.

CALLER

N-7.

FLIPPY

N-7.

BIGSTON

Perhaps ou can tell me more over dinner.

SPEED

Another time perhaps. I ate.

FLIPPY

I-8

Marks it.

BIGSTON

I'm not a threat, you know.

SPEED

We realize you're benign.

FLIPPY

B-9.

Marks it.

BIGSTON

It's time for retail to come out of the dark ages. I know that.

(MORE)

BIGSTON (CONT'D)

I want to bring the industry with me. We're approaching the dawn of a new age, my friend.

CALLER

N-32.

FLIPPY

N-32

SPEED

That's find, Mr. Bigston. But you have to realize us workers are mostly worried about our 401k.

FLIPPY

401-K

Marks it.

BIGSTON

You think small, Markup.

SPEED

I'm not paid to think big, that's all I know.

FLIPPY

I-0.

Marks it.

BIGSTON

You have no loyalty to the way things are, though.

SPEED

When it comes to my best interests, I can be as loyal as a canine.

FLIPPY

K-9.

Marks it.

BIGSTON

As I would be, too.

FLIPPY

B-2

Marks it.

SPEED

I just have to be certain what my best interest is.

BIGSTON

I would say you're best interest is
not to rock the boat.

SPEED

As long as we're headed in the right
direction.

CALLER

O-40.

FLIPPY

Bingo!

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Outside the men's room, Fannie waits. Rep. Newman exits
the bathroom.

FANNIE

Congressman.

NEWMAN

Ms. Bond. Always a pleasure.

FANNIE

Bigston's invited SWAK agents here!
I can't believe that!

NEWMAN

They're his SWAK agents now, remember.

FANNIE

I don't like it. Those two already
showed up once where they weren't
wanted.

NEWMAN

As long as he accomplishes our goal,
it really doesn't concern me. They're
his employees now. If they're smart,
they'll simply follow orders.

FANNIE

But if they're not smart?

NEWMAN

You worry too much.

INT. SWAK HALLWAY -- DAY

Outside the SWAK armory. Speed carries a file as he and
Flippy approach the Armory door. Flippy goes to open it.
It's locked, so he walks into it.

FLIPPY

Ow. Hey! He locked it again.

SPEED

Hey, Gadget, open u p. It's Markup
and Visto.

GADGET (O.S.)

I'm well aware of that.

FLIPPY

You have to let us in this time.
We're on a mission.

GADGET (O.S.)

Sure, sure.

SPEED

No, really, we are.

Speed slips the file under the door. A beat. The door
unlocks. Flippy pushes it in and enters.

INT. ARMORY -- CONTINUOUS

GADGET is on the floor, obviously struck by the door, the
file scattered about. Gadget is the prissy anal-retentive
type, overseeing the vast array of gizmos, weapons and
dohickies that are being built and tested. Speed helps him
up.

SPEED

Sorry.

GADGET

Look, with Bigston's people all
around, we can all get into trouble
for this. So I don't need assault
on top of all this pressure.

SPEED

We're going undercover.

FLIPPY

So, what do you have for us?

GADGET

A fresh shipment of cyanide capsules
just arrived.

FLIPPY

The fruit flavored kind?

He leads them over to a backpack. Beside it is a hi-tech
bow tie.

GADGET

Here's the latest. The escape pack.
(MORE)

GADGET (CONT'D)

The backpack contains a helium balloon. Once deployed, your bow tie acts as a propeller.

Flippy is poking at something in foil.

FLIPPY

What's this?

GADGET

My lunch. Stop poking it.

Flippy then sniffs his finger and tastes it. Not bad.

SPEED

What else?

GADGET

There's your walkman walkie-talkies and trackers.

Flippy picks up a device and starts pushing buttons.

FLIPPY

Hey, what's this thing? Look at all these buttons!

Gadget snatches it away.

GADGET

It's the remote to the TV, you yutz.

He shuts off the nearby TV.

GADGET (CONT'D)

(calming down)

Now, if what M-1 was telling me is right---

SPEED

Ms. Fannie Mae bond is still quite connected to Therman Brothers Financial.

FLIPPY

So, they're backing her, who was backing Truby. Now we have to find out why they're backing her.

Gadget pulls out an attache.

GADGET

So, you're going in as a hot-shot broker, Markup. The Executive.

(MORE)

GADGET (CONT'D)

Pencil poison darts with cigar launcher. Paper clip tracking devices. A series of electronic lock overrides.

FLIPPY

I'm going in as a purchase and sales clerk. What do I get?

GADGET

Here's a pencil.

FLIPPY

Oooo! A number two!

GADGET

Here's your I.D., papers and tickets to New York.

SPEED

Plane this time?

GADGET

Yes.

FLIPPY

In the passenger compartment?

GADGET

Yes, yes.

FLIPPY

Who's got it better than us?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- DAY

Yo, it's Manhattan.

EXT. THURMAN BROS. BUILDING -- DAY

A fancy building in the heart of NY's financial district.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Speed, in a sharp suit and tie, and Flippy, wearing more work-a-day clothes and the backpack, follow the harried MRS. SHANAHAN down the hall. She's the personnel manager and she's handing them reams of paper as they walk.

SHANAHAN

---And your forms for medical coverage, your 401k, your W-4, the employee's handbook...

They reach the doorway to the Boardroom and enter.

SHANAHAN (CONT'D)

You'll be right in here, Mr. Markup.

INT. BOARDROOM -- DAY

Rows of desks, computers, equipment, counters and TRADERS, crazed maniacs wielding phones. It's chaotic, cluttered and clangorous. She leads them to an empty desk.

SHANAHAN

Welcome to the jungle. You'll be sent up here.

FLIPPY

Where am I?

SHANAHAN

Back office.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Flippy has a desk surrounded by loud, obnoxious jerks, yelling back and forth. One man LARS, is at the adjoining desk. He's a clerk-for-life, serving 9-5 and may be contagious. He is singing the first 2 lines of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Seen" over and over. A set of older female TWINS sit at adjoining desks in front. They are snipping and bickering with each other.

TWIN 1

I said coffee.

TWIN 2

You said espresso.

TWIN 1

I got news for you; Why would I say espresso when I wanted coffee?

TWIN 2

Why would I get espresso if you said coffee?

TWIN 1

What am I, a mind reader?

TWIN 2

It's like talking to the dead.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- DAY

The shadowy CEO is seated, surrounded by all his whiz-bang technology. But there's a working old-fashion stock ticker-tape machine on his desk. Fannie Mae is on a monitor before him.

CEO

Any progress? Have you been able to salvage Truby's encryption code?

FANNIE

The techies are hopeful.

CEO

I don't want hope. I want results. The clock is running. So the good folk of Thriftmart think they can thwart my plan. Fools. They've only accelerated their demise.

CEO punches up a button. A COMPUTER NERD is on the screen.

NERD

Yes, my CEO?

CEO

We'll need an e-mail sent out. On Thriftmart.

NERD

Again? So soon? Isn't that dangerous?

CEO

Just do it. I want Thriftmart out of the picture. And I want it ready to do at the market's open.

NERD

You're the CEO.

Nerd is disconnected.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Flippy is writing up various journal entries while Lars speaks on the phone way too loudly.

LARS

It's amazing. Nobody does their job around here. I'm tired of dealing with it. I just sit here all day and watch these goldbricks do nothing. They just sit there and talk all day. Just sit and talk and talk and talk. What a bunch of loud mouths.

TWIN 1

Did you feed the cat?

TWIN 2

I thought you fed the cat.

TWIN 1
I never feed the cat.

TWIN 2
Then why do you bother asking me if
I fed the cat?

TWIN 1
Shut up.

TWIN 2
You shut up.

Flippy's phone rings. It's Speed.

INTERCUT:

INT. BOARDROOM -- DAY

SPEED
Anything?

FLIPPY
No, but if I have to sit here much
longer, I'm going to run a letter
opener through my brain.

SPEED
Bond has an office here but she's
rarely in it.

FLIPPY
Must be nice to set your own hours.

SPEED
I can't get away until the market
closes. Maybe you can get out and
nose around.

FLIPPY
I guess I can go during lunch. But
I really wanted to run to the store.
I saw a cute coffee mug.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN -- DAY

Flippy is on a bench. It is a beautiful day and the park is
crowded. Flippy lays out his sandwich, desert and beverage
on the bench next to himself.

As Flippy tucks in his napkin, a big, fat GUY, not paying
attention, sits right on the food and pulls out a hero to
eat.

Flippy sees Bond leave the building. He puts on his backpack
and begins to follow.

The Fat Guy starts to feel uncomfortable. He rocks and twists a bit, trying to see under there. He puts down his hero to get a better look. A big, fat LADY sits on his hero. Their eyes meet. Love.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bond walks along at a good clip. Flippy follows. She passes a series of PEOPLE handing out flyers and advertisements. She strolls right by.

Flippy comes to the spot of the 1st PERSON, who thrusts out a menu. Flippy takes it. Next, a chiroprator ad. He takes that one, too. Then a store flyer. Suddenly, he's surrounded by paper-pushers.

It takes a moment but he makes it through the crowd, holding a ream of papers. He just notices Bond turning down an alley way.

EXT. ALLEY WAY ENTRANCE -- DAY

Flippy trods up, peeks in, then enters alley.

A black sedan pulls up.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

A long, narrow stretch of road, barely one car wide. Flippy's walking but there's no sign of Bond. A series of delivery and rear entrances are all closed and locked.

The sedan enters the alley way.

Flippy wanders further along the alley.

The sedan reves its engine and peels out. Flippy turns to see it heading toward him. He throws up the flyers and runs off.

That's when he realizes there's another sedan at the opposite of the alley. That sedan leaps forward, bearing down on Flippy.

Flippy stops. He's trapped. Then he remembers. He reaches around to his backpack and pulls a cord.

A large balloon begins inflating and rising from the pack. As the cars reach Flippy, he's lifted off the ground and the cars collide. The alley's so narrow, the villains can't get the doors open to chase. A few shots are fired out the sunroof.

Flippy turns on his bowtie. It starts spinning, acting like a propeller and he flies away from danger.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- DAY

CEO is at the desk, studying the ticker tape. When a TV panel flicks on and there's the head Computer Nerd.

NERD

Sir! Sir! We've broken the code!

CEO

Have you? Really and truly?

NERD

Yes sir. We can now send off e-mails on our own.

CEO

Wonderful!...

He turns to examine the stock market ticker.

CEO (CONT'D)

A test. We must run a test. Now, who will our next contestant be?...

He continues to finger the tape. The Nerd looks concerned.

CEO (CONT'D)

Ah! Perfect.

INT. BOARDROOM -- DAY

Phones are ringing off the hooks. Speed looks at the phone consol on his desk, a hundred buttons all lit. He picks up the headset and punches up a button.

SPEED

Hello.

TRADER 1

Hey, off my line!

Speed looks around and sees the Trader yelling from across the room. He punches a series of buttons, each time getting a miffed "hey!" from somewhere in the room.

Finally he hits his line.

SPEED

Hello.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRADING FLOOR -- DAY

A BROKER at his post on the floor of the exchange.

BROKER

Hey, I got a customer for Varmae Retail. You selling?

SPEED

Why would I be selling?

BROKER

Didn't you get your Truby e-mail? He said sell, so sell it is.

SPEED

How could he---?

BROKER

What?

SPEED

I'm not holding any Vanmae.

BROKER

You're better off. She's going under. Gotta hop.

Speed disconnects and looks around. Must of the computers are flashing the Truby logo. Trance-like, the brokers are all saying "Sell" into their phones.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- DAY

While Flippy tries to do some paper work, Lars is busy cleaning his desk. While making bird calls, he sprays, wipes and polishes his area.

TWIN 1

What do you want for dinner?

TWIN 2

I don't know.

TWIN 1

Why don't you know?

TWIN 2

It's not dinner time, so I don't know.

TWIN 1

You'll never eat with that attitude.

Once finished, Lars leaves. Flippy looks at his desk and figures it's kind of dusty, too. He looks around, turns on his bowtie and blows all the dust off, onto Lars desk.

Satisfied, he turns off his tie. SOMEONE drops a stack of trading tickets on his desk.

SOMEONE

Code these.

INT. BOARDROOM -- DAY

As Speed works the phone, he looks up to see Fannie Mae leading some executives across the room into a conference area.

INT. BACK OFFICE -- EVENING

It's after hours. The back office is dark and people-free. Speed creeps into the room, approaching the closet door. He scans the area.

SPEED

Flippy?

The closet door suddenly swings open, whacking Speed. Flippy comes out. He's got his backpack on.

FLIPPY

Who goes there?

SPEED

It's me! This is where you decided to wait for me?

FLIPPY

Actually, I've been in here most of the afternoon. The phone never stops ringing. And the guy next to me is a jerk.

SPEED

Well, something is up. The late Mr. Truby is still sending e-mails from beyond the grave.

FLIPPY

That must be a really good internet provider.

SPEED

And Fannie Mae is here in all her glory. She's a v.p. in acquisitions.

FLIPPY

So, what do acquiring minds want to know?

Speed pulls out a penlight.

SPEED

Fair question.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITES -- NIGHT

A very well-to-do area, done up nice in antiques and woodwork. Everyone's long gone as Flippy and Speed sneak out the stairwell. They approach the offices.

They reach the door labeled "F.M. Bond." There's a five button electronic lock on the door. Speed takes out a special glove and puts it on. He places a finger on each button. A light comes on one of the fingers. He presses that button. Another finger lights up and so forth until the door is unlocked.

They enter.

INT. FANNIE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Quite austere furnishings, harsh and cold, except for a vase of flowers on the desk. Speed checks the desk. There a keypad lock on it also. Flippy takes the file cabinets opposite the desk. Also locked.

Speed flexes his glove and works the desk keypad.

Flippy is tugging and tugging on a file drawer. He slips, flies back into the desk, knocking over the vase. The water spills out, soaking the desk and the keypad and Speed's glove. It shorts out sending Speed into spasms of pain.

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed, you okay?

SPEED

No, I'm not.

FLIPPY

I'm sorry.

SPEED

You're sorry? Really?

FLIPPY

Yeah.

SPEED

Shake on it?

FLIPPY

You bet.

Speed shakes with his gloved hand, giving Flippy a Three Mile Island-sized joy buzzer.

SPEED

Now we're even.

FLIPPY

I said I was sorry.

SPEED

Now more so. Get back to business.

Flippy goes to a four-drawer filing cabinet. He tries the bottom drawer. It opens. A quick search shows nothing. He opens the drawer above it. Nothing still. He pulls the third drawer open to the same results. When he pulls open the top drawer, the weight of the open drawers tips the cabinet over, falling with a resounding slam.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Will you be careful!

FLIPPY

Don't blame me, blame gravity!

Speed goes over to help pick it up.

Just then, someone jiggles the door knob. Startled, Flippy releases the cabinet, dropping it onto Speed's feet. Trying not to scream, Speed frantically signals Flippy to get it off.

They lift again. Only now Speed lets go and it lands on Flippy's feet.

SPEED

There! How do you like it?

The door rattles some more. Flippy can't move as Speed signals him to hide. Speed runs behind some drapes. Flippy finally pops out of his shoes and joins him.

The door opens. A flashlight beam comes on. The beam scans the room. It comes upon the file cabinet, then Flippy's shoes under it. It moves on, suddenly returning to the shoes in a double take.

The beam looks around the room. There's a rustling at the curtains. A pair of shoes and a pair of stocking feet are detectible.

The intruder goes to the drape drawstring and opens them. Speed and Flippy slide along to each side with the curtain. The drapes close and the feet slide back to the middle.

Suddenly the drapes snap open, exposing Speed and Flippy. They pull out top hats and canes and sing.

SPEED & FLIPPY

We're the boys in the chorus, We
hope you like the show. We know
you're rooting for us, but not we
have to go...

The curtains close. Speed pokes out his head.

SPEED

Wish?

WISH

Speed? What are you doing here?

FLIPPY

Practicing for the big company talent show.

WISH

Don't quit your day job.

FLIPPY

This is our day job. Who are you?

SPEED

Wish Almay.

FLIPPY

You know her?

SPEED

Well, yeah. She was---

FLIPPY

Was what?

WISH

We were partners.

FLIPPY

Partners? Where?

SPEED

With SWAK. We graduated the SWAK Academy together. And they teamed us up.

FLIPPY

You said I was your first?

SPEED

You were the first right after her. Wish Almay, this is Flippy Visto.

FLIPPY

His partner.

WISH

You're still with Thriftmart?

FLIPPY

Yeah, we got ID.

He pulls out his SWAK ID card.

WISH
Secret agents with identification.

FLIPPY
It's the only proof they'll accept
to get our employee discount.

SPEED
What are you doing here?

WISH
Government business.

FLIPPY
Whose government?

Wish fishes out her Security Exchange Commission
identification. Flippy eyes it suspiciously. Speed glances
at it, then turns it right-side up for Flippy, who suddenly
understands.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)
Oh our government. You're with the
Securities Exchange Commission?

SPEED
I heard you joined the feds.

WISH
What can I say? I wasn't cut out
for the private sector.

FLIPPY
Still, it's a little after hours for
the auditors to be at work.

WISH
I'm not an auditor.

SPEED
What do you need with Fannie Mae?

WISH
She's our only link to a man named
Truby.

FLIPPY
Nelson Truby.

WISH
Oh, right. The man who brought down
Thirtmart. That explains a lot.

SPEED
Truby's dead.

WISH

What?

SPEED

Fannie Mae and some thugs. Before we could question him.

WISH

Didn't she work for him? Why would she kill her boss?

FLIPPY

I bet it was over a Christmas bonus gone bad.

SPEED

Look, Wish, since we seem to be working towards the same ends, how about we share some information?

WISH

We're looking into a possible insider trading scam. Truby has been, well, was, behind some of the most volatile market moves of the past five years. We want to know where he's getting his information. We need to talk. Is he cleared?

FLIPPY

Well.

SPEED

He's my partner, Wish.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN -- NIGHT

Wish leads Speed and Flippy down toward the Staten Island Ferry.

INT. WHITEHALL TERMINAL -- NIGHT

They board the ferry, one of the older, Kennedy-class boats. There are only a few people boarding with them; late night COMMUTERS, tired and homeward bound, some CLEANING LADIES, a few drunken BAR-HOPPERS and some HOMELESS FOLK.

SPEED

What's the deal here? Why are we taking the ferry?

FLIPPY

It's secure? It's public? Hard to keep under surveillance?

WISH

No, I live on Staten Island and I want to go home.

FLIPPY

Oh.

WISH

I don't know what you've discovered, but my gut is telling me there's a lot of trouble here.

FLIPPY

Mine, too. Although it could be the sausage and peppers I had for lunch.

EXT. VEHICLE GANGPLANK -- NIGHT

The ferry's being set off. Suddenly, the deckhand is grabbed from behind and knocked out.

Quickly, Bull, Bear and TWO HENCHMEN hop aboard the departing boat.

INT. FERRY BOAT MAIN DECK -- NIGHT

Speed, Flippy and Wish are seated, talking. Flip is eating a big pretzel. Little old Italian SHOESHINE MAN bothers them for a shine and moves on.

SHOESHINE MAN

Shine? Shoe shine? Give you shoe shine?

WISH

As I was saying, Truby had too much sway over the market. Too many runs and panics were traced back to his newsletter. Yet his own accounts are clean. He never trades the stocks he advises on.

SPEED

That's good or bad?

WISH

If he'd been pumping out tips on items he was trading, that's manipulation. We could nail him on that. Otherwise, he's just a guy stating his opinion.

SPEED

It's like they say, never mess in your own nest.

WISH

Which is why we're suspecting a larger plan in play.

FLIPPY

What makes him right so often?

WISH

Often? He's never wrong. That's why it must be insider information. That we can get him for whether he profits by it or not.

SPEED

Well, he was on somebody's bad side. But I saw traders getting a Truby e-mail today.

FLIPPY

How can they get a Truby e-mail without the Truby?

SPEED

Maybe that was the plan all along.

WISH

And they got what they needed.

SPEED

The e-mail program?

WISH

Some very important people want this cleared up and resolved. With all this impeachment talk back in D.C., they want all their ducks in a row.

FLIPPY

We could wash your hand if you scratch our back.

WISH

I don't know what that means.

SPEED

He's trying to say we could join forces, work this case together.

WISH

Mmm, a mengois a trio?

SPEED

Just like old times.

WISH

All for one?

BEAR (O.S.)
And a painful death for all.

FLIPPY
Oh, well, skip it then.

They turn to see Bull, Bear and the Two Henchmen holding them at gun point.

WISH
Who are you?

SPEED
These are Bond's thugs.

BEAR
Associates.

FLIPPY
What ever.

BEAR
Fannie don't like late night visitors.
So we're going for a nice long walk.

FLIPPY
We're on a boat in the middle of the harbor.

BEAR
Exactly.

Bull waves them on. They get up and walk to the back (i.e. the Mahattan end) of the ferry.

EXT. MANHATTAN-END APRON -- NIGHT

While Bull holds the gun on them, Bear gets them standing on the bench along the ship's railing, beside the coin-operated binoculars.

BEAR
Come on, up, up.

FLIPPY
Hey, this is dangerous. I don't think this is allowed.

BEAR
You won't be up there long enough to cause a problem.

SPEED
Good grief, man, this is major mode of transportation and a world famous tourist attraction! Don't you think somebody's watching?

They all turn to notice the drunk, homeless guy sprawled out on the opposite bench.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Hold your nose, Flip.

They turn back to face the captives, when suddenly, there's the Shoeshine Man, startling everyone.

SHOESHINE MAN

Shine? You want shine?

Flippy stumbles, leaning on the binoculars, tilting it, and knocking the gun out of Bull's hand. And the Shoeshine Man is gone.

Wish quickly kung-kus the Henchmen while Flippy struggles to get back on the boat side of the railing. Speed and Wish choreograph some slick moves against the villains. Flippy can only stop and stare at them. They split and bolt.

Speed climbs up the crew's ladder to the bridge deck. Bull follows him. Wish ducks inside the boat with Bear after her. Flippy pulls himself back on. The Henchmen and he take in the situation.

FLIPPY

Hmm. He never did that with me.

The Henchmen agree, then start after Flippy.

Flippy backs into the middle of the safety gate. The Henchmen lunge at him. Flippy backs further back, unlatching the accordion gate. His backpace strap gets caught on the latch. He falls off the end of the deck, only to ride the gate as it extends far out over the water. Once chasing Henchmen continues his lunge, falling and crashing into a convertible parked on the auto deck below.

Flippy's left to swing back and forth over the water.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Speed! Hey, Speed!

EXT. BRIDGE DECK -- NIGHT

Speed climbs onto the promenade deck. Bull is coming up after him. Speed runs to the front of the boat, then ducks inside.

INT. BRIDGE DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Wish runs up the back stairs and heads on to the front.

She collides with Speed in front of a crew door labeled "No Admittance." They open it. It is a crawlway below, to the engine room. They head down.

EXT. MANHATTAN-END APRON -- CONTINUOUS

The Henchman is pulling on the gate, getting it to fold together, bringing Flippy toward him. But each time he does, Flippy puts up his feet and boots the Henchman in the face. The Henchman lets go of the gate and Flippy extends out over the water again. The escape cord is tangled on the gate and won't release.

INT. ENGINE ROOM -- NIGHT

The loud, powerful engines are hard at work as Speed and Wish dash through. They head up the stairs to the exit.

INT. CAR DECK -- NIGHT

Only a few cars are being ferried across tonight. Speed and Wish come out the engine room door.

They weave their way through the cars. As they come under the suspended life preserver bin, Bear steps out with a knife.

BEAR

All right, far enough. Hands up.

Speed and Wish raise their arms. Speed notices he's by the lever which releases the life preservers. Just then, the Shoeshine Man is behind Bear.

SHOESHINE MAN

Shine? You want a nice shine? Two dollars.

Bear turns. Speed yanks the handle. The door drops open, hitting Bear. Then he's buried by a ton of life preservers.

WISH

Very nice, Speed.

SPEED

I was in the moment.

They hurry off. Shoeshine Man takes this in and then shuffles off.

EXT. CAR DECK -- NIGHT

They reach the end of the deck, by one of the ferry's suspended life boats. Suddenly Bull comes charging out. Wish backflips out of the way. He butts Speed. He picks Speed up and goes to throw him overboard, but Speed grabs the life boat and climbs up and in. Speed grabs an oar and hits Bull with it. Bull grabs it away and breaks it in two. He climbs up after Speed.

Wish spies the lines securing the lifeboat and sets the boat out over the water.

Speed falls out of the life boat onto the ferry. Wish releases the boat into the harbor, where it is left drifting behind.

EXT. MANHATTAN-END APRON -- NIGHT

The Henchman is still trying to pull Flippy in. But Flippy manages to swing away each time.

Flippy notices the lifeboat drifting below.

They next time in, Flippy grabs the Henchman, they both swing out and Flippy drops the Henchman into the boat.

EXT. LIFEBOAT -- NIGHT

The Henchman drops onto Bull. They are left drifting behind.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR

Bigston is talking on the video screen to Fannie.

FANNIE

There's been a breach of security.
Those two agents infiltrated Thurmans.
They were in my office.

BIGSTON

Did they find anything?

FANNIE

No. My office was secure. Wet, but
secure.

BIGSTON

There isn't much time.

FANNIE

I'll be going after them myself.

INT. WISH'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Typical government issue; too small by half, old furniture and papers stacked everywhere, with a steam-powered fax machine in the corner.

Wish enters followed by Speed and Flippy. Flippy has his backpack on.

SPEED

Don't tell me you told us everything.

WISH

It's not government policy to give out information willy-nilly to private companies. As nice as it might be, we're really not partners, Speed.

FLIPPY

That's right.

SPEED

For old time's sake, Wish.

Flippy is distracted by his shoes.

SPEED (CONT'D)

We'll make it up, won't we, Flip?
Flip? Hello?

FLIPPY

What? I'm sorry. I was just admiring
my shoe shine. He did a great job.
Oh, yeah, you owe us, Almay.

WISH

I owe you? How do you figure that?

SPEED

You almost got us killed with your
little break-in stunt.

WISH

How is that my fault? You broke in,
too.

FLIPPY

Yeah, but we're stealth-like.

Flippy makes a dramatic gesture, knocking over pile after
pile of books and files.

WISH

Yeah, you're a regular Claude Raines.

While Wish picks up the file, the door opens. It's Fannie
with a gun.

FANNIE

Gee, and you were all getting along
together so nicely.

SPEED

Bond!

WISH

And what do you think you're doing
here?

FANNIE

I think I'm removing a thorn from my
side. Boys...

Six THUGS enter. They each carry a weapon; a whip, chugger
sticks, death stars, a medieval mace, a quarter-staff and a

sword. It's getting very crowded now. Bond shuts the door and locks it.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

Please take care of them.

The Thugs try to use their weapons but there just isn't enough room to work them. The sword gets stuck in the ceiling panels, the whip on the hanging light fixture, the mace caught up on a typewriter, the quarter-staff wedged between the wall and filing cabinet, the chugger sticks in the electric cord to the coffee machine. The death stars drop harmlessly to the ground, because the Thug can't maneuver. He finally hits another thug in the back of the head.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

What kind of office is this? Is this what my tax dollars are going for?

The Thugs finally decide to start punching people. Wish deflects a few blows, then lunges for Fannie. While they duke it out, Flippy and Speed are doing their best dodging punches. The Thugs are just getting in each other's way and they start hitting each other.

Meanwhile the fax machine suddenly comes to life.

One Thug grabs Flippy by the backpack. The balloon is activated and begins inflating. They're all getting crammed. Fannie is pressed up against the window. The Thugs are forced back. Speed's on top of a file cabinet and pulls Wish up.

As the room fills with balloon, a Thug pulls out a death star. It punctures the balloon.

EXT. OFFICE WINDOW -- NIGHT

The explosion blows Fannie out the window.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Across the street, a building is being renovated. Fannie hits the scaffolding. She lands into the chute to the dumpster. Then the scaffolding collapses down onto the dumpster.

INT. WISH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The Thugs are gone or unconscious, blown to all sides of the room.

Wish and Speed climb down. They see Flippy, who is embedded in a wall, his backpack in shreds. They pull him out.

WISH

Well, aren't you the wall flower.

Flippy shakes his head to get his bearings. In his mold is a fax sheet.

FLIPPY

Hey, it's a fax from Nelson Truby!

WISH

What?

She grabs it.

SPEED

What's it say?

WISH

Help. Prisoner. Wall Street at risk. Nelson Truby.

FLIPPY

That's it?

The fax machine on its side on the floor, shutters to life. The same message comes out. Then again. Wish checks it out.

WISH

It's the same fax.

FLIPPY

What good is it without a return address?

WISH

I don't know. This is a fax from a portable cellular unit. Wait a second.

She goes to her PC, sets it upright and starts hacking away.

SPEED

Flippy, give me that tracking device.

Flippy pulls out the Walkman/tracking device. Speed plays with it, tuning around the station, passing songs.

FLIPPY

Wait a second! Hold it there!

SPEED

What? What?

FLIPPY

I like that song.

Speed smacks Flippy in the forehead and continues tuning until the gurgling of a fax transmission is heard.

SPEED

Got it! I'm on th same wavelength.

WISH

What's the frequency?

SPEED

3500 megahertz.

Wish types and clicks. A map of the U.S. appears. There are hundreds of lines criss-crossing the country. Wish clicks a few more times and the lines start to vanish. Until only one remains.

WISH

He's in the city? He's in lower Manhattan.

SPEED

Where?

FLIPPY

Near the Battery? 'Cause then the lights would be brighter.

WISH

The Woolworth building.

SPEED

What are we waiting for?

FLIPPY

Hmmm...armed enforcements?

SPEED

No time!

FLIPPY

You always say that! Couldn't we make the time?

Speed grabs Flippy by the ear and pulls him out. Wish follows, shaking her head.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING -- NIGHT

The trio sneak through City Hall Park until they're across the street from the Bigston Building (nee Woolworth Building).

EXT. CITY HALL PARK -- CONTINUOUS

WISH

Now what?

SPEED

We go in.

FLIPPY

What? Do you mail away for these
brain storms. Go in, he says.

Wish and Speed have gone on. Speed returns, grabs Flippy by
the back of his hair and brings him along.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING -- NIGHT

The trio come up to the door and peek in. There are several
BURLY GUARDS on duty, but not heavy duty; they're loafing
around.

WISH

Now what?

FLIPPY

Yeah, now what? Let's just fly in
through one of those open windows.

SPEED

Let's.

Speed pulls the cord on Flippy's backpack and the balloon
deploys. Flippy begins ascending.

FLIPPY

That's not funny, Speed.

EXT. OPEN WINDOW -- NIGHT

Flippy finally manages to climb through an office window.
He gets in, then can't go in further because the inflated
balloon can't fit.

INT. SERVICE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Flippy, sans backpack, lets Wish and Speed in.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

As the elevator climbs, Speed is watching the tracking device.
Wish is at the controls.

FLIPPY

Hey!

SPEED

What?

FLIPPY

My ears are popping.

WISH

How's the signal?

SPEED

Strong. Here. No, wait, down.
Here!

WISH

We're between floors.

FLIPPY

Twelve and fourteen. Where's
thirteen?

WISH

A lot of older buildings don't have
thirteenth floors. They thought it
was bad luck.

SPEED

This is the signal.

WISH

Let's open it up.

They pry the doors open to reveal:

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- NIGHT

It's empty at the moment. The three step in and look around.

WISH

So, it is bad luck. But for who?

SPEED

Someone is pulling a lot of strings
from here.

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed, lookit!

They turn to see Flippy in the CEO's chair.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Get me, I'm Capt. Kirk! Full impulse,
Scotty!

Speed goes up. He swivels the chair with one hand, holding
his other hand out so that Flippy keeps slapping into it.
Speed stops when he sees the monitors on the desk, each
showing a different section. He see's Truby's cell, with
Truby on the floor, bloodied and half under the bed.

WISH

It's Truby!

SPEED

Where is he?

Wish gets on the keyboard. She locates a map of the lair. Then locates Truby's cell.

WISH
There! Come on!

Speed and Wish rush off. Flip hesitates. He goes to the chair.

FLIPPY
One to beam up, Scotty.

SPEED (O.S.)
Flippy!

Flippy runs off.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

One of the Burly Guards notices the service elevator indicator is flickering between 12 and 14.

GUARD 1
Hey, what's that?

GUARD 2
Somebody's in!

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Wish, Speed and Flippy reach Truby's cell door. Wish and Speed are all over the door, looking to open it.

FLIPPY
Stand back.

WISH
You're going to shoot it?

FLIPPY
No, I just wanted to get a good look.
It's a nice door.

Speed fumbles with his belt and the laser beam shoots out, hitting the lock mechanism. The door slides open.

INT. CELL -- NIGHT

They run over to the badly beaten Truby. His hand is under the bed. When they pull it out, his finger is pressing the device's re-send button.

WISH
Truby? Truby?

TRUBY
It's about time.

SPEED

Let's get you out of here.

TRUBY

Too late. Too late. Listen, he's got the code. He's got the program.

WISH

Who?

TRUBY

The CEO. He's going after Thriftmart.

FLIPPY

Is he making sense? Do you want drugs?

TRUBY

My program. The e-mails. Listen to me; they are encrypted with subliminal messages. They just don't state my stock picks. They compel the traders to buy and sell.

WISH

You are controlling the market.

TRUBY

Yes. Once we reached a certain number of subscribers, we had critical mass. Control was assured. CEO, he's, he's going after Thriftmart. He'll cybercast a sell order at the market's open. Once he drives the price down, he'll buy out the company.

FLIPPY

There goes our meal ticket.

SPEED

Hummingdales. Woolberg's Yarmae. Now us. We have to stop him.

FLIPPY

Man, and my 401-k just got fully vested.

WISH

Can we stop the program? Destroy it?

TRUBY

There's a built in kill switch. You click onto it. Just get me to a computer. Any computer. I'll hack into the system.

WISH

There seem to be plenty of computers here.

SPEED

Let's go then.

FLIPPY

Now where to?

SPEED

Can't you just for once follow without turning it into twenty questions?

FLIPPY

Why should I?

Wish helps Truby up. They notice the monitor to the main console. The Guards have entered.

WISH

The opposition has arrived.

SPEED

Wish, get him out of here. Get him to a computer, pronto...

He hands her a communicator.

SPEED (CONT'D)

We can stay in touch with this. We'll keep the Bowery boys occupied.

FLIPPY

We. Again with the "we." Why never "they?"

Speed grabs Flippy and they head out. Wish helps Truby and they leave the opposite way.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- NIGHT

Flippy and Speed peek out from a door. The room is empty and dark. Quietly, they tip-toe out. Lights flick on. The Guards all step out, armed. The chair turns and it's Bigston at the helm.

SPEED

Ben Bigston!

FLIPPY

The head of Bigmart? Where?

SPEED

Up there!

FLIPPY

Hey! You're behind all of this?
I'll admit it. I'm surprise.

BIGSTON

So, Thriftmart doesn't want to play
the market. Did you think you could
stop me?

FLIPPY

Our raises were kind of riding on
it.

SPEED

So, you're playing Russian roulette
with the market, then sucking up all
the broken pieces.

BIGSTON

Hardly Russian roulette. All the
chambers are loaded and I've got my
finger on the trigger at all times.

FLIPPY

Then that would be called "armed
robbery."

BIGSTON

All's fair in love and retail. I
have to say, I never thought you'd
make it this far.

FLIPPY

We get that a lot.

BIGSTON

But it was for naught. In a few
hours, the market will open. My
sell command will go out and the
price of Thriftmart stock will drop
faster than---

FLIPPY

A lead bowling ball?

SPEED

Flippy.

FLIPPY

That would be pretty fast, you have
to admit.

BIGSTON

By the end of the day, my operatives
will scoop up up all the shares and
Thriftmart will be mine.

SPEED

So, should we starting kissing up to you now for our raises?

FLIPPY

That seems like an amazing plan. You put a lot of effort into it. I can tell.

SPEED

Very impressive. I can see where it's going to be a real learning experience working for you.

FLIPPY

Do you have a dental plan?

BIGSTON

You two are about to be downsized.

FLIPPY

So, I'm guessing a letter of recommendation will not be forthcoming.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Wish and Truby come to a door labeled "computer center."

TRUBY

Wait, wait. In here. I can do it from here.

WISH

Isn't that risky? We should get out.

TRUBY

No time. The market opens soon. In, in, get me in.

She takes Truby in.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- NIGHT

Bigston glances at his monitors and sees Truby's empty room.

BIGSTON

Where's Truby?

FLIPPY

Truby? Do we know a Truby?

BIGSTON

Where is he?

SPEED

Hey, that's what we were supposed to be finding out before you showed up.

FLIPPY

Yeah. You spoiled everything.

BIGSTON

Just beat the truth out of them. Hurry. The market opens soon.

The Guards close in.

SPEED

Stand back. The belt buckle is a deadly laser. It'll cut through you like---

FLIPPY

A hot knife through water.

SPEED

Your metaphors really need work.

FLIPPY

What.

They take a step closer. Speed hits his belt buckle. His pants fall down. The Guards start laughing. Speed picks up his pants and he and Flippy hustle on out. It takes a moment for the Guards to realize, then they give chase. They give good chase.

INT. HALLWAY

Flippy and Speed run into the stairwell.

EXT. 14TH FLOOR OFFICE -- NIGHT

A large floor, divided up with dozens of cubicles, the workplaces of clerks and more clerks. All is silence and dark now in these early, early hours.

Until Flippy and Speed burst in from the stairwell, panic-stricken.

SPEED

We can make a stand here.

FLIPPY

Why? This fleeing in terror thing is working fine.

SPEED

Do you want to spend the rest of your life running?

FLIPPY

Consider the advantages regarding
cardi-vascular workouts.

SPEED

Come on, we have to arm ourselves.

Speed grabs the bungee cords off an office hand-cart packed with boxes. Flippy grabs handfuls of pens and pencils.

Speed goes through a desk drawer and finds a rubber band ball. Then another. And another. Flippy locates someone's paperclip chain.

Speed is wheeling two office chairs down the aisle. Flippy follows with two more.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

The four Guards come upstairs. They go to the door to the 14th floor. Once listens at the door. He nods his head and grins. The burst in.

INT. 14TH FLOOR OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The Guards come running through the door into the open area.

They step on pencils laid out on the floor. They slip and fall on them. AS they get up, an office chair zips into them, knocking them over.

GUARD 1

What that---??

At the end of a cubicle aisle is Speed. He has the bungee cords stretched between the cubicle openings, forming a big sling-shot. He has another office chair set loaded and set to shoot. He releases. The chair speeds into the Guards.

One Guard is scooped up into the chair, rolls into the stairwell and is heard crashing and tumbling his way downstairs.

Suddenly, the remaining Guards are lanced by incoming missiles: flying ball-point pens.

At the end of another aisle is Flippy. He's got his office chair in the reclined position. He's sticking pens, point out, onto the back cushion. He checks the situation, line up his shot and hits the lever on the chair. The chair snaps upright, launching the pens at the Guards.

Speed launches the last chair. The three Guards go after them.

Speed runs down the aisle. Guards follow. Flippy steps out of a cubicle.

He swings a pair of connected phone wires a bollo, the headset acting as weights. He releases.

The phone-bollo flies.

It catches one Guard, wrapping him up. The headsets swing, clunking the Guard in the head, knocking him out. Two down, two to go.

The Guards come up to another large set of cubicles. They slowly stalk the area, paranoid as all get-out. Flippy pops up, gopher-style, from one cubicle and shoots a paperclip at them using a rubberband. He hits one. They turn and hustle after Flippy, who ducks back down.

Before they can reach the spot, Flippy prairie-dogs up from another cubicle on the opposite side of the room and shoots again. Hit again, they turn to see Flippy and do a take. They hurry to that cubicle, but Flippy is out of sight.

Flippy pops up from a third cubicle and shoots and ducks. The guards split up now and run over to Flippy from different directions as Flippy ducks.

Speed pops up and throws the the rubber band ball at the nearby Guard, beaming him. The Guard dives into the cubicle as Speed ducks. As the Guard disappears into the cubicle, Speed and Flippy suddenly appear, flipping the cubicle walls over the entrance and top, trapping the Guard in a box. They seal it with staples and tape. They shake hands and flee, with the last Guard in pursuit.

INT. FILE ROOM -- NIGHT

They run down an aisle of filing cabinets. Suddenly they duck. There's the paper clip chain strung the aisle between two filing drawers.

The Guard hits the chain, pulling out the file drawers, slamming/sandwiching his head and knocking him unconscious.

At the end of the hall, Speed and Flippy catch their breath.

FLIPPY

Call Wish, call Wish.

SPEED

Okay, okay.

Speed takes out the communicator and signals Wish.

INTERCUT:

INT. COMPUTER CENTER -- NIGHT

As Truby's fingers dance across the keyboard, Wish answers the communicator.

WISH

Yes?

SPEED

Wish? It's Speed.

FLIPPY

And Flippy, too.

SPEED

And Flippy, too. Where are you?

WISH

Well, ah, we're here.

SPEED

Where's here?

WISH

Here here. We're in the computer center. Truby's trying to hack his way into Bigston's computer.

SPEED

And?

TRUBY

This is harder than I thought. I don't know if I can stop it before the market opens.

SPEED

Wish, the market opens at 9:30!

FLIPPY

Hey, it's almost nine o'clock now! Tell him to hurry.

WISH

He's doing his best.

SPEED

We've got to stop it.

WISH

The e-mail? How? It goes to computers all over the country.

SPEED

Yeah, but all the orders go to just one place...

He puts away the communicator and pulls Flippy out.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Come on, Flip, we've got to get there before the opening bell.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK -- MORNING

They get to the elevators and push the button.

FLIPPY

Again with the "come on." Did you say good-bye to Wish for me?

SPEED

I forgot.

FLIPPY

When you said hi to me, did she say hi back?

SPEED

You were right there.

FLIPPY

I wasn't paying attention.

The elevator opens and SEVERAL CLERKS get off, ready to start their workday. Speed and Flippy get on the elevator and go down.

The Clerks step into the office and observe the mess.

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING -- MORNING

Flippy and Speed exit the Woolworth Building and run down Broadway.

More Henchmen scramble out of the building. They see Flippy and Speed running.

At the messenger center entrance of the building are several bikes parked. The Henchman commandeers the bikes and peddle off.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Flippy and Speed are booking down the street. Flippy looks back. He taps Speed and indicates he too should look. He does. Both do a take, seeing the herd of henchmen on Schwinn's. They run faster.

EXT. CURB -- MORNING

There's a bike seriously chained to a lamppost. The MESSENGER, clad in helmet and spandex, trots over. He unlocks one heavy chain and removes it. Then he unlocks a second chain. And a third. That's when Speed and Flippy dash over, push him aside and swipe the bike.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

With Flippy on the seat, and Speed peddling from a standing position, they zip down the street.

SPEED

We can't let them follow us to the exchange.

FLIPPY

Evasive action!

Speed cuts to the side, heading for various downtown landmarks:

EXT. MARINE MIDLAND BUILDING -- MORNING

Speed and Flippy cut around the big cube sculpture. The henchmen follow, some don't make the turn and collide into the cube.

EXT. CHASE MANHATTAN PLAZA -- MORNING

Across the plaza, right for the giant mushroom-like forest sculpture. They zig-zag through it, the henchmen criss-crossing and colliding behind them.

EXT. WALL STREET PLAZA -- MORNING

Heading right for the circle and cube, they ride through it while the others don't.

EXT. ALLEY -- MORNING

Speed and Flippy ride in. The Henchmen follow.

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed! I just remembered! I'm wearing Gadget's spy pants. With the anti-chase device!

SPEED

What are you waiting for?

Flippy stands out on the rear axle of the bike and puts a hand in his pocket. A trap door on his butt drops open and a smoke screen blows out, obscuring them. Then oil pours out onto the road.

The alley is smogged-in. The Henchmen can't see, hit the oil slick and crash and such.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Flippy and Speed exit the alley. They're not looking and pass under a fire escape.

Speed smacks into the ladder and is pulled up by it.

Flippy, still on the axle, hold onto the seat and goes rolling off.

The Henchmen run out of the alley. Some chase Speed up the fire escape. He heads for the roof.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- MORNING

Street construction, quiet at the moment. A huge asphalt saw is parked on the road, a long groove already cut into the street.

Flippy's bike hits the supply area and crashes. Flippy rolls out onto the road, all wrapped in wire, rope and stuff.

A Henchman sees Flippy helpless and jumps onto the saw and starts it up. The huge blade begins tearing into the street. The Henchman begins the turn toward Flippy.

EXT. ROOF -- MORNING

Speed is busy eluding the Henchmen. He gets to the edge of the building and looks down, seeing Flippy in trouble.

Looking around, he notices a banner stretched across the street for someone's grand opening. The Henchmen approach. Speed jumps.

He grabs the banner and it rips, swinging him across the street and toward the asphalt saw. He knocks the driver off, and the saw continues turning, away from Flippy.

Speed lands on the ground and frees his partner.

FLIPPY

Very cool. Very swashbuckle-ly

SPEED

Thank you.

The other Henchmen gather in the street, ready to attack. But the asphalt saw is about to complete the circle it's carved into the road. As it does, the section of road drops, Wile E. Coyote-like, from sight.

Flippy and Speed get up and dash off again.

EXT. CORNER OF WALL & BROADWAY -- DAY

Winded, they reach the corner and head down to the New York Stock Exchange.

EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE -- DAY

It's very heavily guarded these days and there doesn't seem to be a way in.

EXT. DELIVERY ENTRANCE/NYSE -- DAY

Speed and Flippy watch FOOD DELIVERY PEOPLE pass the orders through a X-ray machine, then walk inside.

A few moments later, Flippy and Speed appear, dressed in food delivery style: paper hat, apron with boxes of food. On the line Flippy is picking at French fries in the order of the Delivery boy ahead of him.

They get inside.

INT. FOYER -- DAY

The room is busy and hectic. Flip and Speed move toward a maintenance room dorr. It's locked. Speed puts his watch up to it. The stem extends into the old fashion lock and picks it open. They duck inside.

FLIPPY

Where were you when I got stuck in my gym locker last week?

INT. EXCHANGE BALCONY -- DAY

The PRESIDENT of the Exchange is on the balcony. There's also a nerdy COMPUTER EXECUTIVE. Some REPORTERS and OTHER COPORATE TYPES are on hand as well. Speed and Flippy slip into the scene.

EXCHANGE PRESIDENT

As is the custom of the exchange, our newest listed company has the honor of ringing the opening bell.

EXECUTIVE

Wow. All that work, and now this. I get to open the market. You know this can all be done by computer now, right?

EXCHANGE PRESIDENT

It's tradition, sir.

INT. EXCHANGE FLOOR -- DAY

The floor is calming down, prepared for the opening.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- DAY

Bigston is at his desk. The Financial Network is on. His Techie is at a PC, ready to key in the command.

BIGSTON
Send out the e-mail.

The Techie does it.

MONTAGE

Series of Brokerage Houses. Screens blink to life with the Truby logo.

INT. EXCHANGE BALCONY -- DAY

Flippy is holding a pillow on which rests the mallet. Speed is holding back.

PRESIDENT
It's time to start the day.

INT. EXCHANGE FLOOR -- DAY

The traders and brokers are poised, ready to go.

INT. EXCHANGE BALCONY

The Executive bangs the bell. There's a squeeze toy squeak in lieu of a gong.

INT. EXCHANGE FLOOR -- DAY

The Traders are confused.

INT. EXCHANGE BALCONY -- DAY

The Executive looks and realizes he's holding a toy mallet.

EXECUTIVE
Hey!

INT. TRADING BOOTH -- DAY

Two BROKERS wait.

BROKER
What's with the bell?

'NOTHER BROKER
I didn't hear it. Maybe there's a
delayed opening.

INT. EXCHANGE BALCONY -- DAY

The President looks shocked.

EXCHANGE PRESIDENT
Where's the mallet? Give me the
mallet!

So naturally he gets hit by a duck.

EXECUTIVE

What is this? Do I get to open the market or don't I?

EXCHANGE PRESIDENT

If it's the last thing you do. Get me a mallet!

An AIDE brings in a mallet. They give it to the Executive. The Executive takes a whack. All is silence. They look down to see the bell wrapped in bubble wrap.

EXCHANGE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

How did that happen? Get that off of there!

Some AIDES starting tearing off sheets of the bubble wrap. As they pass the sheets up, the Executive, President and others start popping the bubbles, getting distracted.

Another Aide clears his throat to get the President's attention and motions to the floor. The brokers and traders are glaring at them. Remembering his duties, he gets the mallet from Speed and hand it to the Executive.

The Executive swings the mallet up. The head flies off the handle, straight up. It comes back down and whacks the Executive on the head, knocking him out.

INT. VILLAIN'S LAIR -- DAY

BIGSTON

What's going on? Why isn't the market dropping?

TECHIE

I don't know, sir. Wait a second. There's someone else in the system, sir!

BIGSTON

Who? Where?

TECHIE

I don't know.

BIGSTON

Block them out!

INT. COMPUTER CENTER -- DAY

Truby is still at it while Wish checks the door.

TRUBY

Almost there. Oh, someone sees me.
Not a problem. The bad e-mails are
out.

INT. THURMAN TRADING ROOM -- DAY

REP at desk, with phone ringing off the hook, is mesmerized by the Truby screen. Suddenly, the screen goes blank. The Rep suddenly snaps to. Other Reps on the floor return to their senses.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER -- DAY

WISH

Did we do it? Are we on time? It's
nine-forty five.

INT. EXCHANGE BALCONY -- DAY

The Aides are hovering around. Speed holds the unconscious Executive.

EXCHANGE PRESIDENT

Water! Water! Get the man some
water!

Flippy eyes the fire system alarm. He hits it, activating the sprinkler system for the whole exchange.

INT. EXCHANGE FLOOR -- DAY

Everyone running around getting soaked.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER -- DAY

TRUBY

Got it. There we go. It's done.
The Truby sublimital software is
vaporware now.

The door gets kicked open. It's Bull, Bear and Bigston.

BIGSTON

You turncoat!

Bear picks up Truby and throws him into some mainframes, electrocuting him.

WISH

You maniac! Why do that? It's over
now! Why do that?

BIGSTON

Oh, it's far from over. We merely
move to plan B.

WISH

Plan B?

BIGSTON

Yes. An amazingly hostile takeover.
Bull, Blear, bring her along.

WISH

What do you need me for?

BIGSTON

I believe the term is leverage.

INT. M-1'S OFFICE -- DAY

M-1 is reading the report. While Speed and Flippy sit and wait. M-1 turns a page and it's a fold-out of the villain's lair. M-1 slams it shut.

SPEED

I told you you were overdoing it.

FLIPPY

Sometimes the muse just strikes me.

SPEED

So, a pretty good job, eh, boss?

FLIPPY

Yeah, didn't hardly screw up this time, did we? Snappy report, too.

M-1

It would seem you stopped Bigston in his tracks. But where is he? And the market has this three day weekend to dry out. And where's this Almay? The SEC has no record of her.

FLIPPY

It's a first draft, yo realize.
We're not married to it---

M-1

Well, right now our concern is the stock holders meeting on Tuesday. Our President's Day Parade kicks off Monday at 10am. The major shareholders will all be there, in the reviewing stand. Our stock is stable, our profits secure. But with Bigston still out there, we're beefing up security. I want you two on the scene, just in case.

FLIPPY

I love a parade.

EXT. MIDTOWN BROADWAY -- DAY

There is excitement in the air. At the Thriftmart store is a grandstand set up where VIP's are starting to gather. Mr. THRIFTMART is there, greeting the BOARD OF DIRECTORS and the BIGGEST SHAREHOLDERS.

Speed and Flippy are on patrol. Speed lifts up his sleeve to speak into it. Flippy lifts up his sleeve and bites into a piece of licorice sticking out of it. He's wearing the bowtie.

SPEED

Mr. Thriftmart is here. The Board of Directors are assembling.

FLIPPY

Figures. Some assembly required.

SPEED

Shareholders are lining up. All points check in. Area secure.

FLIPPY

Ha! That Bigston thought he was going to put one over on us.

Look, up in the sky, it's one of those commercial blimps.

EXT. SKY -- DAY

The blimp in flight.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- DAY

Bigston at the flight control. Wish is tied to the co-pilot seat. Bear is at some controls.

BEAR

Approaching target.

BIGSTON

See if the target is occupied.

Bear switches on a radio.

BEAR

Is the Board in place?

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bull is across the street from the grand stand. Bull hears Bear's question and pushes a button on his walkie-talkie.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- DAY

A green light flickers on Bear's panel.

BEAR

We have a green light, sir.

BIGSTON

Excellent! Well, Ms. Almay, see where all your good work has led you? In a few moments, the parade will begin. Nationally televised. And what a show they'll see. For in just a few moments, the Thriftmart Board of Directors will cease to exist.

WISH

What are you talking about?

Bigston displays a small package.

BIGSTON

This is a highly explosive device. When dropped on something, oh, say, a Board of Directors' grandstand, it will cease to be. Replaced by a big old crater. Naturally, come tomorrow, when the market opens, the company will be in complete disarray. The stock will plummet and I and my directives will begin buying the stock, assuming control of the company in a boringly mundane but not ineffective manner.

WISH

This is your idea of mundane? I think I liked your exotic plan better.

BIGSTON

Then you shouldn't have interfered.

WISH

Hey, hey, I said I like it better. I didn't say I approved of it.

BIGSTON

Enough!

Wish spies a small keyboard for the blimp's external display panel. She sets about getting a hand free.

WISH

I'm guessing you've worked out the part where you get away with this.

BIGSTON

But of course.

(MORE)

BIGSTON (CONT'D)

My associate and I will vacate the blimp after our work is done, leaving them to find the culprit of this horridous deed. Yet another crazed government employee who obviously went berzerk. You know, like those postal workers.

WISH

Only a villain could get away with making a blanket statement like that.

BIGSTON

Once word comes out of your recent dealings with Visto and Markup, well, everyone will understand.

WISH

It won't hold up, Bigston.

BIGSTON

It'll hold up long enough. Especially once they find the suicide note.

(he produces a handgun)

Now, if you'll pardon me, I have some blimp flying to do. Please fasten your seat belt. Ha!

As Bigston pilots the craft, Wish gets her hand out and types up something quick. Bigston glances over but she hides her action.

WISH

Keep your eyes on the sky, honey. Watch out for that building .

BIGSTON

I don't need a back blimp driver.

WISH

Then just let me off anywhere.

BIGSTON

I just may.

Wish locates the displays power switch and turns it on.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The parade starts off; balloons, floats and marching bands.

EXT. GRANDSTAND -- DAY

Flippy is eyeing the parade. Speed's looking around. At a corner, he thinks he sees Bull. A double take; Bull's gone.

Flippy is looking up at one of the giant balloons and his head keeps going up, up, up. Finally:

FLIPPY

Hey, Speed, Check this out.

SPEED

What?

He looks up. The blimp is coming about. The display lights are on. It reads "S.O.S., S.W.A.K. Bigston aboard."

SPEED (CONT'D)

Bigston? Bigston? What's he doing here? And why's he advertising the fact?

FLIPPY

I'll bet he's up to no good.

SPEED

Well, duh. Then I bet I did see his bovine friend. He's going to do something. We have to stop him.

FLIPPY

From here?

Speed, looking around, gets an idea. He drags Flippy into the parade, under a big character balloon.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Under the balloon, Speed takes a handler's rope and hands it to Flippy.

SPEED

Here, hold on to this.

FLIPPY

Is this another of your bold initiatives?

Suddenly, Speed shouts:

SPEED

This is a stick-up! Hands up!

All the handlers release their ropes, raising their arms. Slowly Flippy and Speed ascend.

SPEED (CONT'D)

Thank you!

EXT. SKY -- DAY

The balloon ascends into the sky with Flippy and Speed in tow.

FLIPPY

Are you crazy?

SPEED

How's that for thinking on my feet?

FLIPPY

Maybe you should sit down.

SPEED

Just turn on your tie and follow that blimp.

Flippy turns on this bowtie/propeller and they head for the blimp.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- DAY

BEAR

We're just about over the target.

BIGSTON

Good work, good work. They'll be a little something extra in your pay envelope this week...

Bigston unwraps the bomb. He activates it.

BIGSTON (CONT'D)

It'll explode on impact. Or so I'm told.

WISH

It won't work, Bigston. It can't. You certainly don't expect to get away with this.

BIGSTON

You bet I do. Who's going to stop me?

Just then, Flippy and Speed float into view. They wave. Bigston turns to look and screams. He turns hard on the rudder to avoid the duo.

EXT. SKY -- CONTINUOUS

The blimp veers off from the parade balloon. The parade balloon gives chase.

FLIPPY

Good thing I charged my batteries.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

BIGSTON
Get rid of those two!

Bear jumps up to do so. Then pauses like he hasn't a clue how. He shrugs and goes to the cockpit door.

EXT. BLIMP -- CONTINUOUS

Bear opens the door and looks to see Flippy and Speed approaching. Bear pulls out a pistol and starts shooting.

EXT. BALLOON -- CONTINUOUS

Bullets whiz by.

SPEED
They're shooting.

FLIPPY
Gee, Speed, we're chasing the bad guys and they've decided to start shooting at us. Who could have foreseen that?

SPEED
Shut up and go to the other side.

A shot hits the balloon. It starts leaking.

FLIPPY
Man, will this shift never end?

EXT. SKY -- CONTINUOUS

The balloon head off to the opposite side of the blimp.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Bears runs to the other side. There's no door, so he shoots out the window. He leans out and continues shooting. He empties the gun before he realizes there's no balloon in sight.

He runs back to the hatch.

EXT. SKYLINE -- CONTINUOUS

The blimp is approaching the Chrysler Building.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Bear is leaning all the way out now, searching the skies, above and below.

Seeing her chance, Wish spins in her chair and kicks Bigston off the controls. He gun flies out the door.

The blimp lurches.

Bear is yanked out the door.

EXT. CHRYSLER BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Bear is hung up on the top of the steeple tower of the building. The blimp continues along. There, on the top of the blimp with the deflated balloon, is Flippy and Speed.

INT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

Bigston is back up and he slaps Wish.

A rope drops down by the door. Flippy and Speed climb down and enter the cockpit.

SPEED

All right, that'll be enough of that.

WISH

Markup! Visto! He's got a bomb.

FLIPPY

Hand it over, Bigston.

He starts to do so, then stops.

BIGSTON

Wait a second, where's your weapon?

SPEED

Weapon?

BIGSTON

Weapon. To hold me at gunpoint with.

FLIPPY

I didn't bring a weapon. Did you?

SPEED

Come to think of it, no, I didn't.

BIGSTON

So let me get this straight; I've got a bomb, which is a weapon, and you haven't got any kind of weapon.

FLIPPY

Okay, okay, you don't have to rub our noses in it.

BIGSTON

You two are amazing. How are you still employeed?

FLIPPY

Union.

BIGSTON

How are you two still alive? Well, you know what? I'll give you the bomb. And I'll take the only parachute. And then I'll take my leave.

He tosses the bomb up and leaps out the hatch. Flip catches the bomb. As Speed unties Wish, Flippy looks out the door to see Bigston's chute open.

FLIPPY

So, what's the deal with this thing?

WISH

It's a bomb. It's activated to explode on impact.

FLIPPY

Yikes! I don't want it then.

He tosses it to Speed, who tosses it back. Flippy tosses it to Wish, who tosses it to Speed. Speed tosses it to Flippy. Flippy tosses it back to Speed, who tosses it back. Flippy misses it. The bomb goes out the window.

SPEED

Way to go, Flip.

WISH

We have to do something.

Flippy leans out the hatch and yells:

FLIPPY

Heads up!

EXT. SKY -- CONTINUOUS

Bigston is slowly drifting to earth. There's a slight thump heard overhead. Bigston looks up and sees the bomb resting on the top of his chute. It explodes.

Bigston hangs there a moment as the parachute lines drop and flutter from above. Then gravity kicks in.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

SEWER WORKERS are set up by a manhole. They're on a break, eating.

Suddenly, Bigston drops from the sky and into the open manhole. There's a huge splashback.

NORTON
Hey, Ralph, what was that?

RALPH
How should I know?

EXT. BLIMP COCKPIT -- CONTINUOUS

All three are looking out form the door.

FLIPPY
A hole in one! Hey, we've completed our mission! Again!

SPEED
We were due.

WISH
Man, I thought stockbrokers were bad. But you guys in retail are nuts. Well, let's land his thing and report in.

SPEED
Anyone know how to fly one of these things?

FLIPPY
How hard can it be?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER -- MOMENTS LATER

The blimp is sinking in the river, as a drenched Wish, Speed and Flippy make their way up a pier ladder. Steadying themselves, they watch the blimp go under. Speed looks at Flippy.

SPEED
"How hard can it be."

They start walking. There's pier construction going on, with a floating crane moored along side. The hook is resting on the dock, it's a holiday, after all.

SPEED (CONT'D)
Okay, so we report in and have the authorities round up everyone. We got them all, Bigston, the thugs, the henchmen---

Wish stops walking, staring at the head of the dock.

WISH

Oh, boys.

They look. There, at the piers entrance is Bull. And he's really, really irritated. He starts snorting and pawing the ground with his foot.

FLIPPY

He's charging like a bull!

And Bull charges. The group scatters and Bull runs through them. Wish climbs out onto the crane barge. She signals something to Speed.

Flippy runs behind some piles of wood. Bull hurried over, looking for him. Leaning over a pile, Flippy pops up and pokes Bull in the eyes and runs off.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Ha-ha! Bull's eye!

Flippy comes out at the other end of the piles of wood. Speed is getting the hook.

SPEED

Distract him!

Flippy grabs a sheet of red plastic raked to the end of the wood pile. Toreador-like, he waves it and gets Bull to charge.

FLIPPY

Toro, toro!...

Flippy and Bull proceed through a few classic bullfight maneuvers.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Ha! I could do this all day! What's the worst I can get? A head-butt?...

This time when he turns, Bull pulls out a switch-blade knife.

FLIPPY (CONT'D)

Oooooo. I'm gonna get goured.

Just then Speed taps Bull on the shoulder.

SPEED

Excuse me, did you drop this?

Bull turns. Quickly, Speed hooks the crane hook to Bull's nose ring and signals.

EXT. CRANE -- CONTINUOUS

Wish is at the controls and fires it up.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER -- CONTINUOUS

The Bull is hoisted into the air.

Speed and Flippy watch, as Wish joins them.

WISH

As you were saying?

FLIPPY

We're all going to get a bonus for this.

WISH

I work for the government. We don't get bonuses. Just the occasional graft.

SPEED

What?

WISH

Kidding. Government humor.

FLIPPY

Well, I guess the only thing left to do is find out which one of us youj like better and have a love scene with.

WISH

What?

SPEED

That's how it works.

WISH

Guys, I'm married. I like you both, but not in that sexual-tension way.

SPEED & FLIPPY

Oh.

WISH

I'd better get back. I have to get my report together. And I'm certainly going to have to report to D.C. on this one.

SPEED & FLIPPY

Oh, sure, report.

WISH

Don't you boys have to file a report?

SPEED

Naturally.

FLIPPY

We'll just slap something together
in the morning.

WISH

So, er, so-long guys. We'll be in
touch.

SPEED & FLIPPY

Of course. Yeah. In touch.

Wish leaves.

FLIPPY

I really had my heart set on a love
scene.

SPEED

Like I wasn't.

FLIPPY

Are you sure we finished this up?
No more surprise villains or a twist
ending?

They stop to look around. Credit roll.

SPEED

No. No, that's it.

FLIPPY

We do get walk off into the sunset
as heroes.

SPEED

We're on the west side piers. If we
walk into the sunset, we'll fall
into the Hudson River. Again.

They exit pier.

FLIPPY

Right, river. And walking into the
sunset always makes me squint.

SPEED

There's always the sequel.

Flippy perks up. They high five and walk off

THE END