

"They're Playing My Song!"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. D-TOWN RECORDS BUILDING - NIGHT

A unique and easily identifiable office building dominates the downtown Dakota skyline.

INT. RECORD EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Establishing a large and modern executive office suite, all black glass and chrome. Gold Records are on the walls, alongside pictures of various musical acts (black, white, Latino and mixed). On the far side of the room are a bunch of standees of musical acts (these are floor dumps of the type you'd find in a record store, filled with CD's for sale).

Seated at the desk that dominates the room is a RECORD EXECUTIVE (white, mid-20's, downtown hip). He's in the middle of a phone call.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

...I'm telling you, they're going to fly off the shelves. The single's at #1 and it doesn't even hit the stores until tomorrow! Uh huh,...

A RUBBER BALL

On the floor and unnoticed by the Record Executive, it ROLLS into the open door and across his carpeted floor towards his desk.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

...Yeah, Ice Pack's going to be our biggest act yet, he-

The ball rolls under his desk and hits him in his foot.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

(reacting to ball)

Hey!

THE RECORD EXECUTIVE

sees the ball by his foot. Puzzled, he reaches down and picks it up.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

(to phone)

Nah, I'm all right. Thought I was the last one here. Somebody's cranking me.

Still holding the ball, he hangs up the phone and wanders towards his door.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

Hello? Who's out there?

As he peers into the outer office, he absently bounces the ball a couple of times.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

I told you guys you could go home.

THE BALL IN HIS HAND

It EXPLODES, growing rapidly into the human shape of RUBBERBAND MAN (black, early 20's, light-skinned and handsome, with African-American facial features. His hair is processed and plastered to his head like a Ken doll's as if it were one piece instead of individual strands).

RUBBERBAND MAN

Remember me?

THE RECORD EXECUTIVE

is startled. He backs away from Rubberband Man.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

No, I'm sorry. I uh, I see a lot of people...

RUBBERBAND MAN

My fault then. This time I'll try and leave a more lasting impression.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Throws a punch at the seemingly out-of-range Record Executive, his arm STRETCHES impossibly to close the distance. He hits the Record Executive in the jaw, propelling him through the air.

THE RECORD EXECUTIVE

slams into the ICE PACK STANDEE halfway across the room, smashing it and spilling CD's all over the floor.

RUBBERBAND MAN

His distended arm stretches back to normal shape.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Bet you wouldn't have stolen from me if
you knew I could do this.

THE RECORD EXECUTIVE

On the floor in a pile of broken CD cases. Rubberband Man's arm stretches into the shot, grabs him by his shirt collar and yanks him to his feet.

RUBBERBAND MAN

stretching his torso from the waist to put his face right in the Record Executive's.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Let's keep this simple. You stole from
me. Time to pay up.

Rubberband Man raises his fist to strike the terrified Record Executive.

RECORD EXECUTIVE

Wait! I'm not the one! It's somebody
else!

RUBBERBAND MAN

I'm listening. But talk fast, or the
hits just keep on coming.

CUT TO:

INT. A LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

In the back is ghetto-glam rapper ICE PACK (black, early 20's, gravel-voiced, like DMX) and a multiracial group of HANGERS-ON, both male and female, all dressed for clubbing. It's a party atmosphere, Ice's new single "Cooler Than Cold" is blasting through the speakers.

BACKGROUND GIRLS

(singing on recording)

Ice Pack, Ice Pack. Ice Pack, Ice Pack.

ICE PACK

(rapping on recording)

*Got a pain? Just apply me.
Got a brain? Don't defy me.
I'm cooler than cold, cooler than cold.*

*Absolute zero. I'm freezing!
Ready to chill. I ain't teasing.*

I'm cooler than cold, cooler than cold.

Ice Pack is paying particularly close attention to the ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (black, early 20's) he's got his arm around. She looks up into his eyes, totally buying his rap.

ICE PACK
(bragging)

...so Ice Pack always knew he had mad skills and whatnot. Ice Pack just had to figure out how to bring them to the peoples. You know?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
It's my favorite record ever, Ice.
You're a musical genius.

THE TINTED DRIVER'S WINDOW

slides down, revealing a disturbed LIMO DRIVER. He looks at Ice Pack through the rear view mirror.

LIMO DRIVER
Sir? We're being followed.

ICE PACK
(disinterested)
So? Lose 'em.

LIMO DRIVER
You better take a look for yourself.

ICE PACK

rolls down the window, irritated. He looks back behind him and reacts in disbelief as he sees:

RUBBERBAND MAN

bouncing along behind the Limo at 50 M.P.H., flowing in arcs and splashing, like a liquid Slinky. The thing is gaining on them.

ICE PACK

reacts, as his disbelief turns to fear.

ICE PACK
(scared)
It's one of those Bang Babies, step on it!

THE LIMO

screeches away from the camera, Rubberband Man still in pursuit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

RICHIE is practically towing a reluctant VIRGIL up the street.

VIRGIL
Where are we going, Richie?

RICHIE
Patience, Virgil. We're almost there.
It'll be easier once we're old enough
to drive.

VIRGIL
Hey, I offered. We could'a got on my
disk and flown.

RICHIE
No disrespect, Man. But I've seen you
fall off that thing.

VIRGIL
(offended)
One time! And they were shooting at me!

RICHIE
Whatever. Anyway, we're here.

RICHIE

indicates the dilapidated, darkened gas station behind him. Virgil looks askance at the place as Richie shoves the door open.

VIRGIL
We're where?

RICHIE
Your secret headquarters. Every
superhero has to have a secret
headquarters.

Richie goes inside. Virgil follows.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

It's pitch black inside, until part of the room is suddenly ILLUMINATED by the ELECTRICAL ARC at the tip of Virgil's finger. Virgil looks up at the fluorescent lights in the ceiling.

VIRGIL

Hope those bulbs are good...

THE ELECTRICAL ARC

leaps from Virgil's finger to the bulbs, which light up.

THE INTERIOR

is now well-lit. The garage is revealed as a dump.

VIRGIL

You gotta be kidding me. You'd have to renovate before this place could qualify as a dump.

RICHIE

indicates the garage as he gives Virgil the hard-sell. Virgil looks around, unconvinced.

RICHIE

Use your imagination. You may see a broken-down, rat-infested-

VIRGIL

(disgusted)

"Rat-infested?"

RICHIE

(quickly)

We'll get some traps. The point is, this place is going to be the nerve-center of our entire superhero operation.

VIRGIL

What are we going to call it, "the Abandoned Gas Station of Solitude"?

RICHIE

Look, it's either this or my old treehouse. And I don't think those branches'll hold both of us anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION ROOF - NIGHT

Virgil is sitting on the edge of the SKYLIGHT, sulking. Richie opens the skylight.

RICHIE

(still selling)

The skylight's pretty cool, you can fly in and out through here.

VIRGIL

If I had more cash, maybe I could rent a decent headquarters.

RICHIE

Yeah. This superhero gig hasn't exactly turned out to be a profit center.

VIRGIL

You ain't never lied. It's costing me money. I keep tearing my costume, melting my shoes...

SFX OF SQUEALING TIRES from the street. Virgil and Richie react, looking down to see:

ICE PACK'S LIMO

racing up the street, still trying to outrun Rubberband Man.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Virgil quickly begins to change into his Static costume.

VIRGIL

You see that?!

RICHIE

(cagey)

Depends. What do you see?

ON THE STREET

Rubberband Man OVERTAKES the Limo. He secures himself to a lamppost and stretches himself across the road directly in front of the speeding Limo. He wraps his other end around a matching lamppost forming a barrier across the street

THE LIMO

plows right into Rubberband Man. His body GIVES with the impact, stretching for about twenty yards before SNAPPING back into shape, launching the Limo backwards INTO THE AIR in the opposite direction.

INSIDE THE CAR

Ice and his Hangers-On are terrified.

HANGERS-ON
(Cries of surprise and fear.)

BACK ON THE ROOF

STATIC, now in full costume, polarizes his flying disk into stiffness, leaps on it and SURFS through the air after the flying car.

CLOSING ON THE LIMO

Static throws a two-handed ELECTRICAL FIELD.

THE ELECTRICAL FIELD

trails from the Limo back to Static's hands. He grasps the electricity with his fingers, as if pulling on reins.

WIDER ON STATIC

As he grits his teeth, slowing the car's forward motion with a sudden YANK.

STATIC
(Grunt of effort.)

Pulling back on the "reins" and leaning backwards on his disk, Static strains mightily as the car slowly arcs to the ground, supported by his electromagnetic field. The car hits the ground with a solid THUMP. Static lands nearby, sweaty and exhausted.

RUBBERBAND MAN

BOUNCES over to the Limo like a ball, then UNFOLDS into human form in mid-bounce. He reaches for the door of the Limo but Static grabs his wrist.

STATIC
Slow your roll there, Super-Ball.

Rubberband Man's wrist writhes like a snake. Startled, Static lets it go.

RUBBERBAND MAN
I got no beef with you...Static, right?

Static is standing between him and the car.

STATIC
That's me. And you are?

RUBBERBAND MAN
About to kill the guy in this car.

STATIC

Good one. You realize if you try it
I'll have to thump you.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Really?

STATIC

Or we could go all radical, sit down
and talk about it.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Nah. I don't think so, Sparky.

RUBBERBAND MAN

stretches his arm to hit Static in the face with a fast jab.

STATIC

is surprised more than hurt. He clenches his fist, which
crackles with electrical energy.

STATIC

Be that way.

Static steps up to Rubberband Man and clocks him in the chin
with an energy-charged haymaker. Rubberband Man's body doesn't
move but his head is knocked back a couple of yards before his
elastic neck snaps back into place. He grabs his jaw with his
hand as if to see if it's still in one piece.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Nice shot.

RUBBERBAND MAN'S FOOT

unseen by Static, stretches around and behind Static. The foot
forms itself into a low, knee-high bench.

BACK ON RUBBERBAND MAN

RUBBERBAND MAN

Rubber's an insulator. Your electrical
powers can't hurt me, I'm grounded.

WIDER

Rubberband Man gives Static a two-handed push in the chest.
Static trips backwards over the "bench"

RUBBERBAND MAN

And so are you, sucker!

STATIC

Falls flat on his butt, he's mortified. This is humiliating.

STATIC

Aw, Man! I haven't fallen for that one since... well, since last summer actually. But still...

ON THE LIMO

suddenly driving away from the scene, burning rubber.

RUBBERBAND MAN REACTS.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Oh, no you don't!

He stretches his arm into a LASSO and ropes the hitch at the back of the speeding Limo.

STATIC

leaps to his feet and charges up, he's glowing and sparking.

STATIC

A big enough charge can overload any insulator.

Static unleashes a HUGE blast of electricity at Rubberband Man.

RUBBERBAND MAN

(Impact grunt)

RUBBERBAND MAN

is thrown backwards, stunned by the jolt. His arm stretching off frame towards:

THE REAR OF THE LIMO

Rubberband Man's lasso arm tears the hitch and rear bumper off the rear of the Limo, which recedes from the camera, speeding away and into a tunnel.

RUBBERBAND MAN

recovers quickly from the jolt, bouncing back to his feet. He approaches Static, who is obviously weakened from his effort.

STATIC

I so need a new plan...

Rubberband Man forms one arm into an enormous CROQUET Mallet and angrily smacks Static into a wall.

STATIC
(Grunt of pain.)

STATIC

slides off the wall and slumps to his knees, dazed and helpless. Rubberband Man stands above him, hand still in mallet form. He's poised to deliver the finishing blow.

RUBBERBAND MAN

looks at his helpless opponent for a long moment, then changes his mallet back into a regular fist. He can't do it.

RUBBERBAND MAN
(sighs)
You're not the one I'm after.

Rubberband Man lowers his arm, unclenches his fist, rolls himself into a ball and bounces away.

STATIC

slumps face first to the ground, finally unconscious.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAWKINS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Establishing Virgil's house, the next morning.

VIRGIL (O.S.)
Oh, my head...

CUT TO:

INT. HAWKINS' BATHROOM - THE SHOWER

Virgil leans with his palms on either side of the shower head, hanging his head under the hot spray of water.

VIRGIL
Note to self: Avoid playing catch with
flying automobiles.

Virgil reacts to the sound of knocking on the bathroom door. He covers his ears and groans with pain.

SHARON (O.S.)
(shouting)
Little brother! You're running late!-

CUT TO:

EXT. HAWKINS' BATHROOM - HALLWAY

SHARON, Virgil's big sister, is standing outside the door.

SHARON

-Breakfast is already on the table.

Sharon pounds on the door again.

SHARON

Virgil Ovid Hawkins, you get your ashy butt out here right this minute!

ON THE DOOR

It opens a crack. Deadly serious, Virgil peeks out around the door.

VIRGIL

Sharon, my middle name is never to be spoken aloud. You know that.

Virgil slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HAWKINS' KITCHEN -DAY

Sharon is finishing her breakfast, as is her father, ROBERT. He's drinking coffee while his head is buried in an alternative, tabloid format NEWSPAPER (with the headline, "Bang Babies: A Gov't Conspiracy?"). Virgil's plate sits untouched on the table. Virgil enters, now fully dressed. He sits in front of his plate.

SHARON

Finally! What's the matter, 13 hours of sleep not enough for you?

VIRGIL

If you keep being mean to me, I'm going to stop bringing you those Milk Bones you enjoy so much.

ROBERT

Stop sassing your sister.

VIRGIL

Sorry, Dad. So. Uh, did you make up your mind about that raise in my allowance?

Robert finally looks up from his paper.

ROBERT

Actually, I've been thinking about that. I've come up with a different solution for your money troubles.

SHARON

You're going to love this.

ROBERT

I called in a favor from an old friend. I got you a job.

VIRGIL

A job? Where?

SHARON

Her face breaks into a sinister smile.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER FOOL - DAY

CLOSE ON a miserable Virgil. He's wearing a JESTER'S HAT (with little bells sewn on the hat's points).

VIRGIL

Welcome to Burger Fool, where we're a fool for our customers. May I take your order?

WIDE

to reveal that Virgil is working behind the counter in a chain-style fast food restaurant. He's dressed in a jester's costume, consistent with the "royal-court" ambiance of the place.

VIRGIL'S FRIENDS

are across the counter from him; sympathetic FRIEDA (carrying a portable Radio/CD player, she's wearing lightweight headphones and nods her head in time to music we can't hear); and Richie and FELIX (West Indian, Virgil's age. He always carries a big sketchbook), who are highly amused. They are at the head of a long line of kids.

FELIX

(between giggles)

Yeah. I'll have a Big Fool, an order of fries and a Lucky Cola.

RICHIE

And a side order of your self-respect!

Both break down into laughter.

FRIEDA

I happen to think a man with a J-O-B is
nothing to laugh at.

AROUND THE RESTAURANT

we see that the place is full of KIDS (multiracial, both sexes,
some wearing Ice Pack Tee-shirts and/or carrying other Ice Pack
paraphernalia).

AT A TABLE BY HIMSELF

is the surly ADAM EVANS (African American, early 20's. He's
secretly Rubberband Man but he's unrecognizable as such. His
hair is in a short fade and his clothes, body-type and features
are markedly different than they were last time we saw him).
Along with his food, he has a pile of hand-labeled CD-R's on the
table in front of him.

BACK AT THE COUNTER

Virgil puts Felix's food into a paper bag and gives it to him.

VIRGIL

What are you doing here, anyway? I
thought you guys were going to the
record store.

FELIX

It opens at five for the signing.
Daisy's holding our place. You should
see the line, it's like two blocks
long.

RICHIE

Sure, the new Ice Pack comes out today.
Plus he's going to be there!

FRIEDA

is suddenly excited, she takes off her headphones and unplugs
them.

FRIEDA

Shhh! It's coming on! It's playing!

FRIEDA'S HAND

turns up her radio and we hear Ice Pack's single, "Cooler Than
Cold."

FRIEDA, RICHIE and FELIX

begin to DANCE and RAP along with the record.

AROUND THE RESTAURANT

Other kids join in, dancing and singing.

ADAM EVANS

isn't dancing. The music enrages him. He leaps to his feet, gathers the pile of CD-R's in his arms and approaches Frieda.

ADAM

Turn it off! Turn that record off!

Adam reaches over and SHUTS OFF Frieda's radio.

WIDE

The silence is deafening, every eye in the place is on Adam.

FRIEDA

is indignant. Hands on her hips, she scolds Adam.

FRIEDA

What's your major malfunction?

ADAM

Storms out the door, bumping Frieda as he sweeps by. Unnoticed by anyone, the bump sends one of his CD-R's down to the floor.

FRIEDA

Rude.

Frieda jabs her radio's "On" button. The music starts again, blasting as before.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER FOOL ALLEY - DAY

We hear the music from inside, muffled. Adam enters the alley, still angry.

ADAM

Nobody steals from me and gets away
with it. Ice Pack's going to give me my
due-

Adam's features and clothing rearrange themselves, flowing to reveal that he is a vengeful Rubberband Man.

RUBBERBAND MAN
-or he's in for a real bad stretch.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPIRE RECORDS - DUSK

Establishing a Record Superstore, notable for the 100 foot spire on top of its already very high roof.

ICE PACK FANS (male and female, multiracial, mostly high-school age through early 20's), trail out the front door and down the street in a very long line.

SIGNAGE on the store indicates, "It's Here! Ice Pack: Cooler Than Cold on sale today at 5:00 PM" and "Meet Ice Pack Live! Today only!"

CUT TO:

INT. SPIRE RECORDS

The line leads all the way through the store to an area in back where Ice Pack is signing CD's. Two BODYGUARDS (both burly, one white, one black) stand discreetly nearby. Lenny (late teens, white, hip-hop dress) is at the front of the line.

ICE PACK

Who should I sign it to?

LENNY

"To Lenny, My Number One Dog."

ICE PACK

You got it.

ICE PACK

signs the disk and a happy Lenny walks away with his prize.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

is next in line, her face obscured by a wide-brimmed hat and sunglasses. Her voice is a falsetto.

ICE PACK

How you doing, sweet thang?

BEAUTIFUL GIRL (Rubberband Man)

(flirting)

You don't recognize me, do you?

ICE PACK

We never met, I couldn't forget nobody like you.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL (Rubberband Man)
You'd think so, wouldn't you?

THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL

changes her shape, she's actually Rubberband Man!

CROWD
(Gasps and screams)

ICE PACK

leaps to his feet and backs away.

ICE PACK
(to bodyguards)
What do I pay you guys for? Get him!

THE GUARDS

can barely move before Rubberband Man stretches his arms out and grabs their heads.

FIRST GUARD
Hey!

He conks their heads together.

GUARDS
(cries of pain)

They slump to the ground, unconscious.

RUBBERBAND MAN

stretches his arms back to normal. Behind him, Ice Pack has picked up a chair, to bash him with. Rubberband Man spots him.

RUBBERBAND MAN
Oh, there you are.

Rubberband Man snakes out a rope-like arm and binds Ice's wrist. Ice's chair clatters to the ground.

ICE PACK
Hey!

RUBBERBAND MAN

Undulates through the store, normal from the waist up, a thick snake from the waist down. Rubberband Man's head and torso are held high above the FLEEING CROWD. He's literally TOWING Ice Pack behind him.

CROWD
(Screams and shouts)

FRIEDA

is visible among the fleeing crowd as Rubberband Man snakes towards the front door.

ICE PACK
Let me go! Put me down!

CUT TO:

EXT. SPIRE RECORDS - NIGHT

the crowd is panicked, running away as Rubberband Man exits the store. He coils his way up the side of the building, dragging Ice Pack with him all the way to the top of the Spire.

With his lower body coiled around the spire for support, Rubberband Man deposits Ice Pack on the very top of the spire; an eight-inch by eight-inch plane that Ice's feet barely fit on.

ICE PACK

is very precariously balanced, high above the ground. He's terrified but not giving up any ground.

ICE PACK
Why you doing this, Man? What do you want?

RUBBERBAND MAN
Money and credit. It makes me sick watching you in there signing autographs. Your record ain't nothing without the beats you stole from me.

ICE PACK
I ain't got nothing to do with the music. If you wrote it, all props. But I just rap my rhymes.

RUBBERBAND MAN
Who'd you get the music from?

ICE PACK
(defiant)
I ain't telling you Jack!

RUBBERBAND MAN
Oh, you're not afraid of me?

ICE PACK

You ain't the only person involved who
can put the hurt on me.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Bet I'm the only one here. You tell the
name of the guy I'm looking for and
I'll get you down. Otherwise...

ICE PACK

looks down at the ground, far below.

ICE PACK

(gasps)

RUBBERBAND MAN

stretches his neck so his head is right next to Ice Pack's
mouth.

RUBBERBAND MAN

What do you say?

ICE PACK

(whispers inaudibly)

RUBBERBAND MAN

puts his arms behind and above his own head. He interlaces his
fingers and reverses them, as if he were stretching his
shoulders. Instead, he forms his hands into a HANG GLIDER, as
his lower body reverts to human form.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Thanks.

Pushing off the spire, Rubberband Man begins to glide away.

ICE PACK

Wait! You said you were going to get me
down!

RUBBERBAND MAN

And if your story checks out, I will.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER FOOL - NIGHT

The place is empty. Virgil, wearing an apron over his Jester
suit, is pushing a mop. Richie is lounging in one of the booths
and reading a comic book.

VIRGIL
 (grateful)
 You didn't have to stay here and
 baby-sit.

RICHIE
 (dismissive)
 You're the big Ice Pack fan. It
 wouldn't a been any fun without you
 anyway.

VIRGIL'S MOP

hits the CD-R that Rubberband Man dropped on the floor earlier.
 Virgil bends over, picks up the CD and casually examines it.

VIRGIL
 I can't believe some of the stuff
 people leave on the floor. At least
 it's not sticky...

RICHIE

takes the CD from Virgil, who is still examining the case.

RICHIE
 I saw this before, it belongs to that
 creep who yelled at Frieda. He probably
 dropped it when he jetted out of here.

VIRGIL
 There's no writing on it.

Richie pulls out Frieda's CD player. He pops in the CD.

RICHIE
 I'm still holding Frieda's CD player.
 Let's give it a spin.

We HEAR "Cooler Than Cold" but this time without any lyrics.

VIRGIL
 I can name that tune in one note, even
 without the lyrics.

RICHIE
 It must be a dance mix, or something.

VIRGIL
 Then where'd he get it? When he left
 here, it wasn't even on sale yet.

FRIEDA

runs into the restaurant, breathless.

FRIEDA

Did you guys hear? Some snake-man
dragged Ice Pack to the top of Spire
Records! He's going to fall off!

VIRGIL

"Snake-man?"

VIRGIL

pulls his apron off. Behind the counter is the manager, MR.
KRIEG (white, early 20's. A skinny, bored, goateed slacker).

VIRGIL

Mr. Krieg? Can I take my break?

KRIEG

So you can go to the record store?
Forget it!

Thinking quickly, Virgil grabs a sack of garbage and heads out
the back.

VIRGIL

Okay. I'm going to take out the
garbage.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER FOOL ALLEY - NIGHT

Virgil tosses the garbage aside and pulls off his hat. He's
about to change into costume.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPIRE RECORDS - NIGHT

CROWDS look up at the tiny figure of Ice Pack. There are news
crews on the ground.

SHELLY SANDOVAL

(Latina, mid-twenties) is prominent among the reporters. She is
doing a stand-up.

POLICE OFFICERS

have brought out a big SEARCHLIGHT that they train up on Ice
Pack.

ATOP THE SPIRE

Ice Pack is standing very still.

ICE PACK
Oh, man. Oh, man. Oh, man.

IN THE SKY

a Dakota Police ("GDPD") helicopter hovers high above Ice Pack.

A POLICE OFFICER

(Asian American, mid 20's), speaks through a megaphone as he's LOWERED down on a cable and harness.

POLICE OFFICER
(filtered)
Hang on, sir. I'll hook a harness to you and we'll both get pulled up to the copter together. We'll have you down in no time!

ICE PACK

turns his head to look up and back at the Police Officer dropping towards him, the WIND is rising.

ON THE ROTORS

of the Helicopter, whipping up a wind.

ON ICE PACK'S FEET

shifting as he loses his footing.

ON THE POLICE OFFICER

as he stretches a hand out for Ice Pack. He can't reach him!

POLICE OFFICER
No!

WIDER

as Ice Pack falls and falls.

ICE PACK
(Screaming)

Static's hand reaches in to the shot and grabs Ice Pack by the back of his collar, stopping him short.

ICE PACK
(Grunt)

ICE PACK

Hanh? But who? Why? I mean, how..?

WIDER

Static is holding Ice Pack in mid-air.

STATIC

You rappers certainly are an articulate bunch. Was that freestyle?

Static flies Ice down to the roof. Static sits casually on his disk, hovering so he's at eye-level with Ice.

ICE PACK

Thanks and whatnot. I'm Audi.

Ice Pack turns to walk away.

STATIC

We're not done. You're going to tell me why Rubberband Man's so mad at you.

ICE PACK

(over his shoulder)

I ain't telling you nothing.

Static flies over and picks Ice Pack up by the scruff of the neck again, then flies him out past the roof. Ice Pack's dangling in mid-air.

STATIC

(bad Regis imitation)

Is that your final answer?

ICE PACK

(frightened)

You can't let go! I'll fall!

STATIC

Right. Hence the threat.

ICE PACK

All right, Dog! He says he wrote the music to my new single. But I told him I get my music from my producer.

STATIC

Oh, do go on...

CUT TO:

INT. DJ ROOK'S MANSION - CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN

As we saw before (but from below), Rubberband Man stretching and stranding Ice Pack on top the spire.

SHELLY (O.S.)
 ...and even though it appeared to be
 yet another inexplicable Bang Baby
 incident, some are dubious-

ON SHELLY SANDOVAL

doing her stand-up to close the report.

SHELLY
 -claiming it's all just a publicity
 stunt for Ice Pack's new record, in
 stores today. I'm Shelly Sandoval, live
 from Spire Records. Back to yo--

The screen goes black.

WIDER

To reveal that the big screen TV we've been watching is in the huge Living Room of DJ ROOK'S MANSION. DJ ROOK (African American, late 20's, well dressed, tall and very fat) has just shut it off with his remote. AROUND THE ROOM are a dozen beefy BODYGUARDS (multiracial, all male).

DJ ROOK
 If I hadn't seen that, I'd a never
 believed it. What are the odds I'd
 steal beats from one of those Bang
 Babies.

BODYGUARD #1
 Actually they're pretty good, Boss. You
 steal music from a lot of people.

OFF DJ'S NASTY LOOK

Bodyguard #1 drops his head.

DJ ROOK

is serious, almost sinister.

DJ ROOK
 If that freak comes looking for me,
 I'll be ready.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DJ ROOK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rubberband Man is carefully testing the front door.

RUBBERBAND MAN
It's locked. Whatever shall I do?

Rubberband Man MELTS into a puddle and LEAKS under the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DJ ROOK'S MANSION - THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

The puddle solidifies into Rubberband Man.

BODYGUARD #2 (O.S.)
Gotcha!

Bodyguard #2 instantly leaps in from off-screen trying to TACKLE Rubberband Man. He hits Rubberband Man across the middle, deforming him.

BODYGUARD #2
(Impact grunt)

WIDER

as Rubberband Man snaps back into shape, flinging the Bodyguard backwards through the air.

BODYGUARD #2

slams into two other Bodyguards, taking them out as well.

BODYGUARDS
(Impact grunts)

THE REST OF THE BODYGUARDS

converge on Rubberband Man. DJ Rook calls out to them.

DJ ROOK
Hold it guys, hold it! He's our guest.

DJ ROOK

smiles and walks right up to Rubberband Man, pointing at him in recognition.

DJ ROOK
Adam Evans, right? You're a very talented young man. I know why you're here.

Rook puts his arm around a perplexed Rubberband Man and leads him through the mansion.

DJ ROOK

It's because I stole those beats from you, isn't it? I really owe you an apology.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Apology?

DJ ROOK

(explaining)

It was nothing personal. I'm in the music business. It's just the way we do things.

They pause in front of an immense, walk-in VAULT.

DJ ROOK

taps out a combination on an electronic keypad.

DJ ROOK

But not this time. You're too tough to cheat. I'll see that you get your credit on the next pressing. And as for your money...

THE VAULT DOOR

swings open. Inside are shelves filled with hundreds of thick stacks of neatly bundled bills.

ON RUBBERBAND MAN

his jaw dropping at the display of wealth. He pushes it back into place, still staring.

BACK ON DJ ROOK

standing just outside the vault.

DJ ROOK

Just take as much as you can carry for now. We can work out the details tomorrow, okay?

RUBBERBAND MAN

As much as I can carry, huh?

RUBBERBAND MAN

steps inside the vault and transforms into a big bag with arms and a head. He starts scooping armfuls of money into himself.

RUBBERBAND MAN
You just made a bad deal.

DJ ROOK

smirks and slams the door shut, trapping Rubberband Man inside.

DJ ROOK
One of us did.

INSIDE THE VAULT

Rubberband Man turns into a puddle again and sloshes against the crease of the door. No go, it's airtight. He returns to human form and pounds on the vault door with oversized fists. No effect. He keeps on pounding.

ON A SPEAKER, INSIDE THE VAULT

DJ ROOK (O.S.)
(filtered)
You didn't think I was just going to
give you my money, did you? After all,
I stole it from you fair and square.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT

a smug DJ Rook is across the room from the vault, speaking into an intercom on the wall. We can still hear Rubberband Man's muffled and futile pounding.

DJ ROOK
You've got about a half-hour of air
inside that vault.-

INSIDE THE VAULT

Rubberband Man is pounding on the door but with weaker and weaker blows. He's breathing hard.

DJ ROOK (O.S.)
(filtered)
-unless you keep struggling, in which
case you'll use it up even faster.

RUBBERBAND MAN
(Huffing and puffing)

Rubberband Man stops pounding and drops to his knees. He's gasping for breath...

RUBBERBAND MAN
(Deep gasp)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SKIES OF DAKOTA - NIGHT

Static is zooming over the countryside in the ritziest of suburbs. Lots of rolling hills and big mansions.

STATIC

Wow! Dakota Hills. Bet nobody here has
to work at Burger Fool.

Static passes over a well-equipped CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND. Among the slides and sandboxes is a child's merry-go-round.

STATIC

Look at this playground, Six Flags
doesn't even have some of this stuff!

EXT. DJ ROOK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Static approaches DJ's Mansion and sees:

THE BODYGUARDS

on the porch are wielding brass knuckles, blackjacks, baseball bats and lengths of chain. Static pulls up just in front of them, hovering.

STATIC

Bible study group?

BODYGUARD #3

Get him!

Before anyone can respond, Static blankets them all with an ELECTROMAGNETIC CHARGE.

BODYGUARD #3

What the--

BODYGUARD #2

My chain!

THE CHAIN

is attracted towards Static. So is everything else made of metal on the bodyguards' persons; knives; blackjacks; brass knuckles; jewelry; watches and belts all fly into an ever-growing pile at Static's feet.

THE BODYGUARDS

are embarrassed as their beltless and zipperless pants fall down their legs, revealing their boxer shorts. They scramble to try and keep their pants up, with limited success. Some of the Bodyguards try to advance on Static but they trip over their pants and fall all over each other. It's pure slapstick.

BODYGUARDS
(Grunts and whoops.)

STATIC
Whenever I'm nervous about facing a big group, I try and imagine them in their underwear. Sometimes it's easier than others.

STATIC

flies past the downed BODYGUARDS into the open front door.

BODYGUARD #5

has the presence of mind to kick his pants off. He picks up an aluminum BASEBALL BAT and charges at Static from behind. He's going to bash him in the head. Static sees him coming.

STATIC
A purist would never use an aluminum bat.

STATIC

fires an ELECTRICAL CHARGE at the bat, then crooks his finger in a "come here" motion. The bat responds, arcing over Static's head and clear across the room. The hapless Bodyguard #5 is still holding on to it.

Bodyguard #5 slams into the vault door, his bat hits it with a loud PING.

INSIDE THE VAULT

the sound of the bat striking the door awakens Rubberband Man. He extends his ear, stretching it to press against the Vault door. He hears MUFFLED SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE. With the last of his strength, Rubberband Man begins pounding on the vault door.

OUTSIDE THE VAULT

Static levitates a coat hanger, unravels it and ties the hands of Bodyguard #5.

WIDER

Static's been busy. All of the bodyguards are in the house now, hands tied behind their backs. Static turns his attention to DJ Rook who is standing nearby.

STATIC
(bad Ricky Ricardo imitation)
Lucy, you got a lot of splainin' to do.

Static turns, reacting to the rising sound of pounding from inside the vault.

STATIC
Somebody's in there?
(to DJ)
Let them out!

DJ ROOK
Do it yourself, smart guy.

STATIC

holds out his index finger and thumb, like a child pretending his hand is a gun. Sparks crackle from his index finger.

STATIC
Okay. But it seems like a waste of a perfectly good door.

Static puts on a pair of sunglasses and in a SHOWER OF SPARKS, begins arc-welding the door.

DJ ROOK

is enraged. He charges, flinging himself at Static.

DJ ROOK
No skinny kid's going to ruin my plans!

Static turns and sidesteps DJ, trapping him in a one-armed headlock. He gives DJ an electrically-charged "noogie," rubbing the knuckles of his opposite hand across DJ's head. DJ is shocked unconscious.

STATIC
Taser-noogie!

Static lets DJ fall to the ground and returns to his work welding the door.

STATIC
(shouting)
I'm making you some air holes, first.

Static quickly punches three air holes in the vault door.

STATIC
 (shouting)
 Stand back in there! I'm going to try
 and melt the hinges!

Static arc welds the hinges, which quickly begin to glow red hot.

STATIC
 I'm almost through! Just a little mo-

Rubberband Man EXPLODES out the vault door. Static deflects the falling door with a hastily-formed FORCE FIELD but it lands on top of him.

RUBBERBAND MAN

stretches over to the just-recovering DJ and encases his head in a RUBBER BUBBLE made from one of his hands.

RUBBERBAND MAN
 Let's see how you like having your air
 supply cut off.

DJ Rook struggles, pulling at the bubble, which merely stretches like taffy under his fingers.

STATIC (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Let him go, Rubberband Man!-

ON THE VAULT

as a backlit figure glows with Static's signature energy.

STATIC
 (filtered)
 -Or I'm going to have to bruise your
 knuckles up with my face again.

RUBBERBAND MAN

frees DJ and stretches towards "Static."

RUBBERBAND MAN
 (growling)
 Stay out of this!

Rubberband Man crashes into the figure, which explodes into a shower of bills. It's a dummy made of bundles of cash from the vault and covered with an electrical field.

RUBBERBAND MAN
 What...!?!

STATIC (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Kawarimi!!-

ON THE REAL STATIC

speaking into the intercom we saw DJ using earlier.

STATIC
 -Ancient ninja art of misdirection. All
 you need is something some idiot could
 mistake you for...

On RUBBERBAND MAN.

STATIC (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 ...and some idiot.

Rubberband Man finally catches on, he looks up at the speaker
 above his head.

STATIC

leaps on his flying disk and grabs DJ, jerking him off the
 ground.

STATIC
 (Grunt of effort.)

STATIC
 (straining from weight)
 Big fella! I bet you were baptized at
 Sea World.

CUT TO:

Static flies DJ out the front door and over to the CHILDRENS'
 PLAYGROUND he passed earlier. He magnetically wraps some MONKEY
 BARS around DJ, trapping him.

STATIC
 Hang tight. Don't imagine we'll have to
 wait very long.

ON RUBBERBAND MAN

approaching fast. His legs are stretched like stilts and he's
 taking thirty foot strides.

STATIC

flies up into Rubberband Man's path.

RUBBERBAND MAN

Stay out of my way, Static. DJ belongs to me!

STATIC

Calm down! You already made your case. You got proof that you wrote the song. You'll get your money.

RUBBERBAND MAN

(angry)

That's not enough no more! I can't let anybody dog me out and get away with it. I'll lose my street cred.

STATIC

"Street cred"? You wrote a hit record. You're going to be famous! What are you talking about?

RUBBERBAND MAN

I'm talking about my rep. I can't be no rapper without respect.

STATIC

People respect talent and you got plenty of that. You already won. Just let it go.

RUBBERBAND MAN

No! Too late for talk. DJ's got to pay.

RUBBERBAND MAN

stiff-arms Static aside, stretching his arm until Static is 50 feet away. Rubberband Man stretches down to ground level and approaches a fearful DJ Rook.

STATIC

zooms into frame and grabs Rubberband Man's foot.

RUBBERBAND MAN

What are you--

Rubberband Man's leg stretches as Static flies it over to the MERRY-GO-ROUND. Static pulls out a tube of SUPER GLUE.

STATIC

You're rubber? I'm glue.

Static glues Rubberband Man's leg to the Merry-Go-Round. Rubberband Man tries to pull free but he's stuck fast.

RUBBERBAND MAN
I'm stuck! I can't...

STATIC
Super glue, to be exact. Now pay
attention, here's where it gets
interesting.

Static uses his magnetic powers to start the Merry-Go-Round spinning, faster and faster. It begins to reel Rubberband Man in, like a spool.

RUBBERBAND MAN
Whoaaaa...!

RUBBERBAND MAN

tries to stretch away but finally he's reached his limit.

STATIC

glues down Rubberband Man's other end, just as we hear the sound of POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

RUBBERBAND MAN
(distorted from being
stretched so far)
Let me go! Let me go!

Static theatrically cups his hand to his ear.

STATIC
What's that? I can't quite hear you
over all the noise from the police
cars.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME LOCATION - LATER

The police are there. Several are loading Rubberband Man and his Merry-Go-Round on a flatbed truck.

MORE POLICEMEN

are cuffing DJ Rook (the Monkey Bars are bent open, he's obviously already been freed). A defiant DJ Rook shouts at Static as the Police Officers lead him to the squad car.

DJ ROOK
You think I care about jail? It'll just
give me more street cred. When I get
out, my records'll be bigger than ever!

STATIC

(mock innocently)

I dunno, DJ. Seems to me that once the news gets out, the other guys you ripped off'll be coming out of the woodwork. Heck, I'll bet some of the guys you stole from are already in jail. Maybe you can bunk up with them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAKOTA STREET - NIGHT

Virgil and Richie are walking down the street.

RICHIE

That's great, Virg. I wish I could have seen Rubberband Man's face when you spooled him up on that Merry-Go-Round.

VIRGIL

Me too. But I'm pretty sure it was in there somewhere.

RICHIE

(wistful)

All that money and you had to leave it behind. Seems a waste.

VIRGIL

Superheroes don't steal. Superheroes work at Burger Fool.

RICHIE

Superheroes used to work at Burger Fool.

VIRGIL

Hurm?

RICHIE

I been meaning to tell you. After you ran out earlier, you got fired.

VIRGIL

(whining)

Oh, maaan!

RICHIE

In a related note, your dad's been looking for you.

VIRGIL
(despondent)
Anything else?

Richie produces the Ice Pack CD and presents it to Virgil.

RICHIE
It's the new Ice Pack. I know you
wanted it.

Virgil is touched, he puts one arm around Richie's shoulders as they continue walking.

VIRGIL
(sincere)
Thanks, man. You're a good friend.

Unseen by Richie, Virgil pitches the CD into a wire waste can.

FADE OUT.

THE END