

Synopsis

It's the last wild field in a mega city swarming with nature and all her creatures. Then one morning the music from Sweet Tweet's early morning bird songs are replaced with the barbaric sound of heavy equipment and men with chainsaws crashing into their untouched world

Characters

Sweet Tweet, a bird of the field who lives in the old wild peach tree. She has the sweetest song of all the bird songs. Everyone would listen for her to start their day.

Rudy the big gray fish and self-appointed boss of the whole area who lives in an old sunken armored truck body beneath the river.

Morey the eel and Rudy's right hand man who knows how to handle the electronics in Rudy's armored truck body.

Buzz E the buzzard, large, strong, intimidating, and one of Rudy's closest allies.

Elvis and Priscilla, once pet souvenir alligators from Florida flushed down the toilet as babies. Now full grown and killing it in the river and sewer systems of the big city.

Zuno and Miji, super sonic fast, super smart, fighting Asian cats.

Sonny and Sammy, rats who know all the nooks and crannies of the big city. Sammy likes to sing and find songs to fit the occasion.

Denzel and Treat, dogs who spend most of the time eluding the dog catcher. Denzel sharp and slick. Treat, a dog's dog.

Chuckie the piranha, also flushed down the toilet as a baby. Usually found hanging around with Elvis and Priscilla.

Sharkton the shark, once the river's adversary of Rudy but now old friends. He uses a plastic set of teeth to scare, his are all but gone.

Prehensile Ersatz, the obnoxious big wig fat cat developer about to underhandedly destroy the fields forever.

The Author

You can unfasten your seatbelt for my bio, you won't be thrown from the vehicle. I was a heavy equipment operator my whole life. Sweet Tweet came in a dream back in two thousand. I had to figure out how to write and promote it on my own. If I learned anything from my old profession it's was how to move the biggest objects the easiest way.

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“Sweet Tweet”

(an old fashioned modern day animated tale)

by Charlie Patiro

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INT. RUDY'S HOME

RUDY, the boss, and the big fish in the river, wakes up in his home. (A truck body from an armored car robbery on the bottom of the river).

RUDY

Wow, what a beautiful morning! (looking
perplexed, and talking to himself)
There's something really wrong this
morning, there's something missing.

He's about his morning routine when he notices a sweet, distant sound he listens to every morning is not there. He has some flashbacks to the beautiful morning sounds (the lovely sounds of Sweet Tweet's early morning bird songs), and becomes even more enraged. He summons his helper, butler, do-all- companion, Morey the eel, in a fit of rage, to find out what has happened to the lovely morning songs.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Morey go up to the shoreline and find
out why the music's not playing. I knew
there was something wrong up there
this morning. That's it! That's it!

Morey slithers out to the riverbank only to discover bulldozers and a construction crew starting to level and clear the trees and foliage from what may very well be the last large vacant field in the entire city. Sweet Tweet, so named for having the sweetest song of all the birds in the trees by the river, has just lost her nest. Her family, a mate and two chicks displaced from the downing of the old wild peach tree. Quickly they gather their chicks and fly off to a distant

undisturbed corner of the field where Buzz E their friend makes his nest.

EXT. BUZZ E.'S NEST

Sweet Tweet (only able to communicate with her lovely bird song voice) frantically tells Buzz E. what happened to them.

SWEET TWEET
Tweet tweet tweet, chirp chirp
chirp chirp, tweet tweet tweet
tweet....

Buzz E quickly and quietly takes the chicks in and covers them with his large wing.

BUZZ E.
Don't worry Sweet, everyone will
be just fine up here for a while.
Does Rudy know what's
happened?

SWEET TWEET
Tweet tweeta tweet, twe tweeta
tweet...tweet-a-talee tweet ta
tweet

BUZZ E.
We're all going to have to stick
together. Keep the small ones out
of sight and I'll go see if I can find
Morey.

INTERCUTS

THE FIELD - CREATURES SCURRYING IN FEAR

The field, a very small parcel of land compared to the large metropolis, was home to many of the city's creatures and morning birds for centuries because of a 17th century land declaration. It now stood on the edge of extinction. All the creatures of the field were scurrying about, mice and snakes dive for cover. Birds of all different shapes and sizes fly every which way high above the field up towards the tall buildings. Fish and turtles race back into the protection of the cold dark river. Sonny and Sammy the singing rat, dogs Denzel and Treat, and karate cats Zuno and Miji, are all sprinting off in different directions. Out into the cold, unforgiving streets of the forbidden-city.

THE RIVER'S EDGE

Morey reads a large sign up next to the road. It says the field would be a future home for some high rise condos, a shopping center and a parking garage. He quickly records all the names and addresses in his electronic memory, then disappears into the icy waters.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Rudy and Morey are pacing around his home, and what a home it is, lit and powered from buried cables that run beneath the river and scattered with collectibles and valuables gathered from the river's floor. There is a large air bubble in back filled with computer and communications equipment for Morey to keep Rudy informed on what is going on in the world around them, outside the river. Rudy contemplates intensely for a while and begins to instruct Morey on what they are going to do.

RUDY

Morey, start rounding up all the principals in our area for a meeting...And get a hold of Elvis

and Priscilla, right away, I'm going
to need them to.....

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - CLOSE TO ROAD - DUSK

The construction workers bid each other farewell for the day and walk off into the loud city. Bright with holiday lights and trim.

DOWNRIVER – UNDERWATER - LATER

Morey is down river underwater in a deep channel where the sewer system dumps out into the river. He is in the midst of instructing some of Rudy's friends on what he wants them to do. They are: Elvis and Priscilla (an alligator couple), and Chuckie. the piranha, a very enervating companion.

MOREY
.. it's still down there somewhere.
Rudy said to find it and bring it
back, so he can

FADE TO BLACK

RIVERS END – ONE HOUR LATER – BEAMING MOONLIGHT

Elvis, Priscilla and Chuckie. are swimming through the natural maze of the river bottom, with Chuckie. hovering right above their tails. They go left and right, swimming through different channels. Then past old ship hulls, abandoned vehicles, old city debris and a

collection of interesting river creatures. The alligators are searching with purpose as if they have something in mind they are looking for. All of a sudden they stop short when they come upon a skeleton stuck on the river's floor by a pair of concrete shoes. It's floating erect and waving around almost alive in the river's currents. It's an old mob hit, Luca Broccoli, complete with gold chains and diamond pinky ring still intact.

THE FIELD -THE NEXT DAY – 7 A.M

The construction workers return to work and pal around with one another. As work begins we see one of the workers walking down toward the river to cut some trees down with his chainsaw. He notices some gold coins coming out from under a toppled tree and sneaks over to collect them before anyone else sees. He spots a peculiar looking skeleton dressed as a Native American. The sight of it sends him yelling in terror.

WORKER

Ahhhh!..Ooooh! (tripping while he runs) Oh Lord please don't let me see what I just saw....Woow!

It all eventually creates quite a spectacular scene at the sight. Not long after that there are police cars with flashing lights, big black S.U.V.'s with the doors left opened and TV news trucks and their crew (with cameras on shoulder) running down to the water's edge. Around the skeleton is a swarm of detectives, police officers, city officials, reporters and some people from the state historical society. Rudy's plan works and the construction is temporarily halted

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Rudy, pacing back and forth in his river bottom home is cooking up the second part of the plan with Morey.

RUDY

Don't forget to double-check all the addresses and delivery

companies. We're not going to have a lot of time. Morey, move away from the computer before you have one of your electric surges, you know what that does to the computer.

Morey's fins are typing up a storm, sending emails and making phone calls that use a computerized female's voice. We hear, in the background, that voice ordering a limousine ride as the scene fades out.

EXT. THE RIVER'S EDGE - DUSK

Morey has summoned everyone to the river's edge again, where he is huddled with creatures who normally spend their time preying on one another. Now they're all gathered together around him. He is quietly instructing them all in their own individual groups, so as not to confuse some of them. After his instruction they all take off with a determination of task; river creatures back into the water, rats running down sewers, and dogs and cats darting out through evening traffic. Before the birds take off, Morey hands Sweet Tweet what looks to be a small paper scroll.

MOREY

I'm sorry we had to ask you to do this, under these circumstances. You're the smartest one up there, and this place is going to be hard to find. The chicks will be safe with Buzz E. until you get back. Good luck, and we'll be waiting for you to get back sometime tomorrow.

They all depart. Sweet Tweet flies up from the field past the trees, up over the tall buildings, then past a long, well lit bridge and over a large, cold dark body of water towards another distant -shoreline, on a dangerous and lonely, turbulent flight.

A COUNTRY CASTLE – HOURS LATER – EARLY MORNING

Dawn approaches and Sweet Tweet, fatigued from her long flight, descends upon a large estate to a windowsill that looks down into a huge stately room. There he is PREHENSILE ERSATZ, the owner and developer of the field. He is almost fully dressed, and is seated alone at a long elaborate carved wooden table. He is having breakfast alone in a large, luxuriant dining room. In between bites of breakfast, he is loudly berating his servants and yelling at the guard dogs, which are trying to hide from him behind some furniture.

INT. - DINING ROOM

PREHENSILE

(shouting) Twelve hundred dollars each I paid for your training. For what? To sit around and watch me eat?...SOMEBODY!..Get these dogs out of here before I have them butchered and fed to the homeless!

When told by one of the servants to go outside and patrol the grounds, like they are supposed to be doing, they are most eager to do so.

EXT. - WINDOW SILL

Sweet Tweet sees one of the many garage doors open with a car in it, warming up and getting ready to go. It's Prehensile's car, a very large and expensive automobile. Sweet Tweet spots a sticker on the bumper and flies down to it. She unrolls the scroll of paper she has carried all this way. It's the same bumper sticker that is already on Prehensile's car with a different number. After pulling the backing off with her bill, she begins to press it over the other sticker. The guard dogs have already spotted her and are racing at her full speed. They

bark, and growl. She can barely flap up off the bumper before they come crashing and slamming into it trying to snap her up in their jaws. Flapping high around the inside of the garage, the dogs won't relent. Prehensile walks across the lawn toward the garages. She only has a few moments to complete her task. Sweet Tweet spots a box of dog treats high on the shelf, scoops some out, and begins to drop them one at a time. She flies out and away from the garages. The dogs back off of their vicious persona and begin to chase after the falling treats, fighting one another for them. Prehensile, unconcerned over the dogs' ramblings, gets in his car and begins to drive away with the new bumper sticker hanging from one corner, almost certain to fall off as he drives out the gates of his estate. Sweet Tweet races after the automobile, down a bumpy road, barely catching its bumper with one wing while smoothing down the sticker with the other. The speeding car hits another big bump and knocks her loose. She tumbles, spins and bounces down the bumpy road with feathers flying, and out of control.

STREET SIDE – THE FIELD - DAY

Back at the vacant field, a limo driver stands with his back turned to his vehicle. The doors and trunk are wide-open. He looks curiously puzzled out at the abandoned field yelling

LIMO DRIVER

Mr Jagger, Mr Jagger,,,, car for
Mr. Jagger.

Meanwhile some of the inhabitants of the field, unbeknownst to its driver, are piling into the huge limo. The larger ones going in the trunk and the smaller ones are behind his seat and into the many nooks and crannies of the large automobile. The driver blurts out once more.

LIMO DRIVER (CONT'D)

(insecure) Mr Jagger, Mr Jagger,
car for Mr.....,

He turns and hurriedly walks back to his car. He looks puzzled to find his door closed. He gets in and drives off, the car sagging from all its stowaways. Then on to his next locations which have all been unwittingly set up by Morey and his computer voice program.

THE CITY

The bewildered driver continues on from one point to another not picking up any riders at all and unknowingly drops off the conspirators throughout the city. Zuno and Miji go to an ancient tea and potion maker's shop in old Chinatown to heist a potent sleeping potion disguised as tea. Elvis, Sonny, and Sammy the singing rat run to Prehensile's sky rise office complex to dispatch him and his laptop computer back to Morey and Rudy in his river bottom home. Denzell and Treat go to the permitted parking area where Prehensile parks his expensive automobile and report back to Rudy on the fate of that vehicle. Buzz E. and Sweet Tweet (whose mate and chicks have temporarily relocated to Buzz E's nest) are standing by to pigeon any messages or transport any lightweight contraband among the conspirators.

CHINATOWN

Zuno and Miji are working their way through the crowded, neighborhood, down a long Street and around the corner, then upstairs to the potion maker's shop. The Chinese cat gangs of the neighborhood are wearing their colors and stationed precipitously along all key points of the street, to gain full advantage of any situation. They spot the two outsiders.

GANG MEMBER

Hey fellas, who deez two sissy
boys comin down here wearin no
color (the whole gang turns)
Maybe we go ova an teach dem
some respet.

They begin to converge down to a point to cut them off. Zuno and Miji, have fished, hunted, fought in water, trees, sewers, and the streets together. Although they're not gang leaders, they are the two most respected and feared fighters in a much larger population of animals than these overdressed cat chow munching pussy cats would ever imagine. Zuno and Miji have already decided fate is about to be kind to them. Now that's not because they wouldn't totally enjoy putting a hurting on them all, it's just that they don't have a few extra seconds to waste. Being masters of speed and deception they approach the assembled gang and take turns, one a time, disappearing then reappearing at a slightly different location. Then speeding it up and appearing twice before their last image disappears. Then three times each. Then four times each, without missing a step towards the other gang. This leaves the other gang suddenly and totally bewildered, confused, outnumbered, and scared. They pass the other gang as if they were in the eye of a hurricane. Scratching them all up a bit as they helplessly try to flail back, leaving them terror stricken and running off in opposite directions. Slowly, they wind back from four times their image, to three, to two, then finally back to the original pace alongside one another to the potion maker's door and then up the stairs disguising themselves as two harmless mouse cats.

INT. POTION MAKER'S SHOP

Purring and rubbing against the woodwork, they work their way innocently into the shop past the potion wizard. Zuno and Miji sense something wrong as they purr around the shop looking for the right jar. Speed could not help them until they've found the right jar and have the tea in their possession. Miji slowly works his way towards the shelves of jars while Zuno deliberately jumps to a lower shelf in front of the wizard. He tries to get his attention, meowing and playfully pawing at him.

POTION MAKER

Hello my little friend. Yours is a new face here. Maybe I should close the door so we can warm up a little?

Miji marks the right jar then jumps to a high shelf. He flips the lid off another jar causing it to crash to the floor, then reaches into it to grab a small package of tea. The wizard, knowing he was about to be robbed by the two cats, is already twisting around swinging his slender stick-like cane at Miji. He chases him around the shelves trying to knock the package from his jaws. Miji sees his mission accomplished. He takes a giant leap from the top shelf, high over the spinning ceiling fan and crashes to the floor. He drops the package as he races out that the door behind Zuno, who is racing away with the right potion. Zuno and Miji knew as they walked through the door that the wizard knew they were going to rob him. Zuno distracted him long enough for Miji to mark the right jar and get up to a high shelf. There he would be safe to steal a bogus package to get the wizard to chase him. That gave Zuno more than enough time to get the right package from its jar and out the door. They knew full well that this potion wizard used cats in some remedies. They would have been trapped if the wizard closed the door on them. They caused him to doubt his first impression long enough to set the diversion. (an old hunting trick).

EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO PREH.'S OFFICE - DAY

Denzell, smooth and mannered, and Treat, a dawg's dawg, are hiding out in the corner of the permitted parking area watching Prehensile's car. Sweet Tweet had changed his sticker number to the number of a car with hundreds of unpaid parking tickets. They have to get Prehensile's car towed away and keep him in his office just a little longer at the end of the day, for the plan to work. They had to get to Prehensile before the weekend when the construction ban is lifted and work resumes around the clock. There were plenty of cops around, but no one notices the sticker. Denzell and Treat are on their own, they had to come up with something in time.

INT. PREH.'S OFFICE

Prehensile is screaming on the phone to someone he owns and controls at City Hall.

PREHENSILE

Get the ban lifted or everybody's
vacation and play money down
there was going to dry up!

Slamming the phone down he turns, yelling at his secretary.

PREHENSILE (CONT'D)

Have you gotten that &^%#@\$^
no good contractor to triple the
machinery and work shifts yet. I
want that entire field cleared and
chipped in 48 hours. (Pausing
only to swallow his pill, and taking
deep breath, he gets right in his
secretary's face yelling.) Call him
up right now and tell him if he
doesn't have three shifts on by
this weekend he'll never get
another construction permit in this
town as long as he lives. He'll
build dog and bird houses till he
dies.

CITY MORGUE

Seven or eight "suits" are gathered around an open draw at the city
morgue discussing the real identity of the so-called Native American
remains found at the field. Another crony of Prehensile's is there
sweating it out trying to convince all the other officials there to lift
the construction ban immediately because it's all a hoax from
Greenpeace.

CRONY

Look, this isn't a real Indian head
dress, and these are rubber
tipped arrows, what Indian ever
had rubber tipped arrows, and

these coins, they're not coins at all, they're video tokens. It's those weirdoes with the rubber rafts sneaking in here at night and making trouble for Mr. Ersatz. There aren't any whales around here, nobody cares about that field, nobody even lives there yet.

The others talk and mull around a bit then finally the head suit looks up.

HEAD SUIT
(with authority) Lift the construction ban in 24 hours (then walks out)

This gives the conspirators the rest of that day and one more full day to perfect their scheme.

PREH.'S OFFICE BUILDING – G.FLOOR - DAY

Elvis is hiding out in an old construction elevator at the rear of Prehensile's building. Dressed in a doorman/ elevator operator type uniform, he is waiting for a special delivery arranged by Morey and killing time until the workday is over. The door opens up and a young businesswoman steps in, her head buried in some sort of legal brief .

YOUNG WOMAN

(head still buried) Fourteenth floor please.

Elvis not sure what to do, but always confident because he is an alligator, pauses for a second. He then smiles with his sharp teeth dripping a little slime, pushes the button for the 14th floor, the door closes and the elevator starts up. She glances up to see how far they've gotten, then over towards Elvis.

INT. ELEVATOR

YOUNG W. (CONT'D)

Wow, what a great costume. Is someone having a masquerade party after work

Elvis' eyes are blinking and bouncing around, while searching for an answer.

ELVIS

No ma'am, I'm an actor in a small play that begins after work. My character is an alligator that escapes from a tourist trap in Florida and gets a job as an elevator attendant in the big city. What a stretch, huh?

YOUNG W.

(amazed) Your jaws and teeth look so unbelievably real.

Elvis seeing his chance to, what he thinks is act, recalls a Saturday morning cartoon he once saw while visiting Morey. He puts on a mean scowl, deepens his voice, and raises its tone.

ELVIS

Ha!...Ha!... Ha!....Ha!... the better
to eat you with my dear!

The obvious fear races right through her body at that moment. Her cackles and goose-bumps still rising, the legal brief now dangles by a two finger pinch on the corner of a single page, eyeglasses jilted, staring wide eyed and shocked, back toward Elvis. She tries to compose herself back one or two levels of the ten she just lost. Her body squirms and contorts in an insecure posture..

YOUNG W.

Wow! (after exhaling her fright)
You're really good..REALLY good!

ELVIS

Oh , I bet you say that to all the
boys.

YOUNG W.

No, you're really really good, and
the special effects are just
awesome. You must be a method
actor. You know I used to study
acting in college but gave it up to
pursue my law career. Hey, what's
your name anyway?

ELVIS

Elvis, what's yours?

YOUNG W.

(still removed) Oh I'm sorry! It's
Shannon Stone

Noticing her own excitement from his character and admiring the effect it had on her.

YOUNG W. (CONT'D)
Wow! I think I'm going to have to
remember this ride over and over
again.

"Ding," the elevator stops and the doors slide open.

YOUNG W. (CONT'D)
You're doing great, you're so
believable, you're scary! .

She walks off the elevator. Elvis' teeth and jaws let out a pool of
slime as he watches her graceful sexy body move uncomfortably
down the hallway. She turns back once more quickly.

YOUNG W. (CONT'D)
(yelling back) What's the name of
your play? I have to come see you
in it.

ELVIS
It's called "If You Don't Mind I'll Bite You Later".

The doors slide closed, Elvis licks his chops and goes back to his
hidden anonymity.

EXT. MIDTOWN

Zuno and Miji are racing back through traffic with the tea, like true
ninja warriors. They zigzag between pedestrians and blaze across
the busiest avenues sometimes almost inevitably about to be run
over. They then disappear, and reappear in the very next traffic lane,
in the tight small space in between vehicles traveling in opposite
directions. They disappear and reappear in that same tight small
space in the next lane until they get across the avenue.

PARKING LOT

The day is moving along and Prehensile's car is still sitting there. Denzell looking out from his hiding place in the corner of the parking lot, turns to Treat and he's not there. Peering out from under all the parked cars he spots Treat's paws roaming around the parking lot sniffing and marking the tires of the cars, one of his favorite pastimes, out next to the sidewalk where pedestrians and police are. (Being a stray dog in this town is not just dangerous, but highly illegal, and deadly. If captured strays are only housed for seven days, and if not adopted, are put to sleep.) Denzell crawls under some of the cars over towards Treat to try and get his attention but it's too late. The police already spotted him and called for animal control to come pick him up. (Dogs on the move are hard to find and capture when reported. Dogs in one place wind up in the pen.) The dogcatcher is already there and exiting the truck with his net, mumbling to himself.

DOGCATCHER

I've been waiting to catch this no
good mutt and his slick pal for a
long time.....

Treat doesn't even notice what's going on. He just keeps sniffin and markin in true dawg fashion. Denzell jumps out onto the sidewalk where Prehensile's car is parked. He lifts his leg way up next to the bumper, and starts to bark, loud and uncontrollably.

DENZELL

Ra-ra-ra-ruff ra-ra-ra-ra-ruff
(watch out Treat! Watch out Treat)

Then Denzell takes a long, soaking, dripping wiz all over the parking sticker no one seems to want to notice. Treat looks up, spots the posse that's after him, and takes off towards Denzell. The dog is catcher not far behind, running with his large net waving overhead and yelling.

DOGCATCHER

You won't get away this time, now
you're mine.

The two police officers are standing there laughing at the sight of it all, but can't help notice the still dripping parking sticker on Prehensile's car.

ERNIE

Hey Joe, look at the number on
that parking sticker, "2468", that
sound familiar to you.

Joe the cop, flips to the back of his ticket book, arms stretched way out so he can focus without his bifocals on the back page with a handwritten list. He squints hard, holding a pencil sideways, going down the list.

JOE

Yea, yea, there it is right here,
2468, this guy is on the ten most
wanted scofflaw list. Quick call
the hook Ernie, we got us a big
one here.

The two officers wait with resolve with their feet on the bumper, (like an old photo of two proud hunters that just shot a rogue elephant on the Serengeti), for the tow truck to arrive.

DOWN THE STREET – MOMENTS LATER

The dogcatcher, a tall older fellow with a long neck large adams apple, hooked nose, and looking more like the milk man with a net, than the dogcatcher, is literally right on Denzell and Treats tails. Feeling the net wooshing right behind his paws, Treat panics and

runs into a dead-end alley, instead of following Denzell. The dogcatcher knowing he has him trapped runs in after him and stops.

DOGCATCHER
(breathing heavily) I got you now
you filthy little mongrel!

Denzell skids to a halt. Skidding and running back to the alley he sees his friend helplessly trapped. Denzell can do nothing more for his friend now than helplessly bark and growl ferociously at the dogcatcher from the sidewalk. He frets as he watches his friend about to be captured. The dogcatcher looks over his shoulder for a moment back at Denzell.

DOGCATCHER
One butt nugget down, and one
butt nugget to go! He's going right
to the gas chamber Sparky, and
you'll be next.

WIDE BUSY AVENUE – ACROSS FROM PREH.'S OFFICE

At that moment Miji and Zuno are rapidly making their way back in the opposite direction (with the potion) to Prehensile's office complex when they spot Denzell barking on the sidewalk. They work their way across the avenue and past the alley, where Treat is trapped, and assesses the situation in a flash, Zuno never breaks stride and continues on with the potion. Miji has already stopped and frozen in midair, or at least his image has. Treat, down the alley, looks helpless and realizes he is about to be captured.

INT. PREH.'S OFFICE

SECRETARY

Mr. Ersatz would you care for your
two o'clock tea and cookies
today ?

(A daily ritual for Mr. Ersatz found out by Sonny and Sammy from
some mice who live on that floor and used to watch and wait to
collect the crumbs.) She busies herself preparing the tea when the
phone rings.

PREHENSILE

I'll get it Miss Flowers.

Prehensile answers the phone and chats in a mumbling tone to
someone on the other end. After a moment of chatting, Prehensile
has to leave for a mid-afternoon meeting with a city construction
official about the status of the work stay.

PREHENSILE

(on phone) And how much does
he want now? Doesn't he know
we're in the middle of a recession.
Okay tell him to wait right there.
(to secretary) I'll be about an
hour, hold my calls and messages
until I get back. If the mayor calls,
patch him through to my car
phone.

SECRETARY

Mr. Ersatz, what about your two
o'clock tea?

PREHENSILE

I'll have it when I get back. (grabs
coat and heads-out)

EXT. REAR OF PARKING LOT

Zuno ,Miji, Denzell and Treat are all supposed to meet at a pre-designated spot in the back of that same parking lot. Sweet Tweet is already waiting for them, trying to stay hidden, in a safe spot, from the other small creatures of the city that inhabit the area. She is occasionally dodging rats and cats as she waits. Buzz E. drops in, sent by Morey, to find out why he hasn't heard from her yet. She tweets to him that they're all still waiting.

SWEET TWEET

Tweet te la tweet a tweet...chirp a
chirp a tweet a le

Now Buzz E. sits and waits with Sweet Tweet. At least she is much safer now. Buzz E. just sits and stares down all the parking lots intruders, all somewhat bewildered and apprehensive of his presence.

THE ALLEY

In his simple ignorance and fear, Treat is about to run right into the dogcatcher's net when Miji reappears at the rear of the net screaming a cat like karate scream. He slices the entire back of the net wide open with one lightning fast slash of his claw. Treat, with eyes closed, runs right through it in miraculous disbelief, without even breaking stride. The dogcatcher's eyes and mouth drop wide open. He pauses and pulls his net up for a quick moment to stare at the hole. Slowly gathering the anger in his face, he turns to chase but runs right into a ferocious cat about to land on his face with claws extended and snarling fangs ready to attack. He bends back quickly covering his face and screaming in horror.

DOGCATCHER

NO!...PLEASE...DON'T...good cat,
good cat!

Miji's image slowly deteriorates and fades away right in front of his face.

THE PARKING LOT - CURBSIDE

The culprits, now with a good head start, make their get away back towards the office complex, past the tow truck just pulling away with Prehensile's car. They dash around and through the legs of Joe and Ernie the proud cops, who have just rewarded themselves with a large latte and some fresh-berry croissants from a nearby coffee cart.

JOE

(balancing his latte) Ernie, ain't those the same...maybe we should..(Ernie interrupts)

ERNIE

As soon as I'm done with coffee Joey-Boy, as soon as I'm done with my coffee.

The conspirators race back around to another side entrance of the parking lot they are supposed to meet in.

THE REAR OF THE PARKING LOT

Zuno transfers the potion to Sonny and Sammy, who dash into a building roof drainage system, and start working their way up to Prehensile's office on the 14th floor. Sweet Tweet flies off to get a message to Morey that the potion is there.(The car has been towed and they can resume as planned). Buzz E. stays behind and relaxes, all the time totally intimidating any creature within eye-shot with a deadly stare and his his intimidating looks. He's waiting for the right moment to perch on Prehensile's office window and observe the status of the plan.

A NEARBY CITY STORM SEWER

Zuno and Miji begin to scout and clear a route through the sewer near the side entrance of the building that they will use to transport Prehensile's laptop back to Morey to investigate.

INT. PREH.'S OFFICE BUILD. – G.FLOOR

Prehensile works his way out the building right through the midst of all the conspirators, without him, or them , being aware of one another.

PARKING LOT - CURBSIDE

He heads out of the building and around corner to where he parked his car that morning. A look of disbelief strikes him as he realizes his treasured, expensive automobile, has been stolen. He starts to rant like a maniac;

PREHENSILE

My car, my car, someone stole in
my car (screams at innocent
pedestrian) I'LL CATCH THE
SLIME WHO DID THIS AND.....

Passersby in fear, keep their distance. His eyes scan the neighborhood, all four corners; the cars on the street, the coffee cart, and of course, not a police officer in sight. He flips out his cell phone and begins to dial the police as he storms back towards the

building, bumping pedestrians and berating those left staring at his behavior.

PREH.'S OFFICE – THE WOODWORK

Sonny and Sammy are watching Miss Flowers, Prehensile's Secretary, through the tiny mouse hole under the copy machine. She's sitting next to the teapot and small refrigerator, filing her nails, and talking to one of her single girlfriends on the phone.

SECRETARY

You know Shelley, this temp job
isn't working out so well, I can
take a lot less grief and make a
lot more money slinging burgers.
This guy's so tight he got a set of
vice grips for a money clip.

Sonny and Sammy, knowing Prehensile will be right back up, need to switch the potion for the tea begs in the teapot. Sonny sends Sammy out to distract her (which shouldn't be hard) and scare her out of the room.

SONNY

Sammy, we don't want her to get
hurt or nutin...and don't crawl up
her dress eider, she don't look
like dat kinda gerl. Just kinda
crawl around da woodwork and let
her spot you in her persipial
vision.

Sammy, now scatting the theme from Mission Impossible, squeezes through the small mouse hole, with a "Pop!", and crawls his way around the woodwork right in front of her. She doesn't even notice. Now she has her legs up on the table, head back talking to her friend, and files her nails all at the same time. Sonny looks at Sammy, and Sammy looks at Sonny and shrugs his shoulders. Now he's standing directly underneath her elevated legs. Sonny yells at Sammy in a loud whisper.

SONNY

Start singing Sammy. Ya know, a
little airiola, somtin da ladies like.

SAMMY

Wad'ya say Sonny?

SONNY

SING!..Sammy..SING!

Sammy nods, thrilled to have the opportunity to sing anyone a song, thinks for moment, takes a deep breath, and looks up at her from under her legs, and in a deep operatic voice, sings out.

SAMMY

"You Never Close Your Eyes
Anymore When I Kiss,,Your
Lips.,There's No Tenderness Like
Before In Your....."

She stops what she's doing and begins to look around as if she's being serenaded by a long-awaited romantic lover, but sees no one. Her face turns from dreamlike to curious as she looks around the room and can't find the source of the romantic voice. She looks down at her legs with a puzzled fearful look on her face and she slowly spreads her legs to look down through them, when she sees Sammy the singing rat pouring his heart out to her. That was more than enough to send her jumping, running and screaming hysterically, right out of the room. Sonny squeezes through the hole too, "Pop!", then over to the tea table. He opens the teapot and throws two pouches of the potion in, then puts the lid back. Sonny and Sammy race back to the mouse hole and through, "Pop! Pop!".

RUDY'S HOME

Rudy is pacing back and forth in his river bottom home while Morey sits idly, occasionally letting out an uncontrollable jolt of his own electric charge that surrounds his head like a halo, then travels down to the tip of his tale and disappears. He sits at his computer terminals, tapping his fins waiting for word on how things are going.

Chuckie. swims in, in a turbulent streak nodding and motioning towards the shoreline. Morey and Chuckie. head out of the truck body.

EXT. THE FIELD – RIVER’S EDGE

Sweet Tweet is waiting when they appear. Sweet Tweet is hopping up-and-down and telling Morey what's happening downtown.

SWEET TWEET

Chirp a la chirp a la tweet tweet
chirp ala twee da le tweet

INT. PREH.’S OFFICE – MAIN ELEVATORS

The elevator doors rattle open and out storms Prehensile back towards his office. Barking out orders while he fumbles with his keys before he even enters his office.

PREHENSILE

Have the police called back yet?
(now entering) I can't believe this happened to ME!, Whoever did this is going to rot in jail for a long long time. I know a lot of judges in this town. Call the limo service and get me a ride home tonight, and call and cancel my meeting uptown, I'm going to need something to eat before I leave tonight, and they don't deliver on Fridays, so you're going to have to rundown and get it before you leave today, and where's my tea, get me my tea!....

He looks around the room and sees no one.

PREH.(CONT'D)
(alone, yelling) I leave here for
five minutes and when I get back
she's already out taking a break
from her work... that she can't do
correctly in the first place anyway!

Looking around he heads back towards the door and sticks his head
out.

PREH.(CONT'D)
(still yelling) Flowers, Flowers,
where the hell are you?

He hears a voice coming from the back of the room.

SECRETARY
I didn't go anywhere (she pours
his tea, rattling the tea cup
against the saucer while she
pours it). I saw a giant rat in here
and ran into the vacant office next
door...but then I got afraid there
might be more rats in there, so I
came back in here.

He turns and looks at her in her shaken state

PREHENSILE
Don't exaggerate Miss Flowers
there are only a few tiny mice
living on the entire floor.

He gestures to her with one hand, his thumb and index finger shaped in the form of a tiny little U. (She shakes her head, looking in disbelief)

SECRETARY

Oh no it wasn't, this thing was gigantic (she puts the tea cup down and holds her hands about a foot apart). I saw it myself, he was right under my chair, and was about that big.

PREHENSILE

Okay Miss Flowers, now I'm going to imagine that you're not just filing your nails and really getting some work done around here (yelling) NOW GET BACK TO TO WORK!

SECRETARY

I most certainly will not, this is not the environment the agency told me I should have to work in.

PREHENSILE

(sarcastic) What's the matter Miss Flowers, did you see another little mouse running around the room?

Miss Flowers, (hand on hip, the other waving in the air, her head-sliding side to side) responds back to him in an even more sarcastic manner.

SECRETARY

No, (then points at him with her waving hand) just a big fat rat dressed in an expensive suit...

YOU!.... Do-it-yourself cookie
breath, I quit.

She grabs the days work and throws it at him on the way out, the papers float and settle to the floor as the door slams behind her. Prehensile's face turns beet red, but there's nothing he can do about it. He grabs his tea cup rattling and almost spilling it, then sits at the phone to make his own calls. Buzz E. sits perched on the sill silently watching him drink his tea while he rants on the phone. By the time he gets to his last phone call, he is beginning to fall into a deep trance. He leans back in his chair, feet up and eyes blinking heavily, his vision is blurry. He thinks he sees a giant vulture on a distant window. He blinks hard for two or three seconds, opens his eyes again and nothing's there.

EXT. PREH.'S. BUILD. – 13TH STORIE - MIDAIR

Buzz E. with his giant wingspan, is flapping his way down to the back of the parking lot first to let the conspirators know the target is ready. He flies behind a parked van in the corner of the parking lot where his friends are. A minute later he flies off again towards the field.

INT. PREH.'S OFFICE – THE WOODWORK

Sonny and Sammy watch from the mouse hole. They hear the tea cup crash to the floor as Prehensile drifts into unconsciousness. Hurriedly, they squeeze out through the mouse hole. "Pop! Pop!" They go over to Prehensile's open briefcase and grab his laptop and tape it up in plastic and bubble-wrap. They're dragging it over to the door when they hear Prehensile.

PREHENSILE
Hey what do you guys think you're
doing taking that car apart.

They freeze for a moment like they are busted, and look back at Prehensile only to see he is talking in a comatose state. They recompose themselves and continue dragging the laptop to the door. Buzz E. has already let Zuno and Miji know to start heading up for the laptop.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

Inside the rear freight elevator Elvis is taking Zuno and Miji up to the 14th floor. There is a sense of tension and uncertainty in there. The three of them have never was that confined before. Except for the plot they are carrying out, they have no business being locked together in a small room. No one says a word, while all three's peripheral vision is trained on one another (just a normal elevator ride in the big city). "Ding" the elevator doors rattle open and the cats go racing out, down the hallway around the corner to Prehensile's office door. Cats on one side, rats and laptop on the other. There's one problem, the door is locked and no one knows how to open it. Zuno and Miji are stuck in the hall and have to put on their mouse catching cat act when two, slightly plump, secretaries come clapping down the hall with their clunky shoes.

1ST SEC.

(spotting the cats) Well it's about
time someone tried to do
something about all the mice on
this floor.

The other bends over to scratch Miji between the ears, as he purrs with his back arched high, tail up in the air, rubbing against her warm, smooth, perfumed nylon stockings.

2ND SEC.

Nice little kitty, I hope you eat
good tonight.

Clop clop clop clop, they walk off down the hall and into another door.

EXT. PREH.'S OFF. BUILD – MAIN ENTR. - STREET

Prehensile's limo ride has just pulled up to his building. Oddly enough, it's the same limousine driver Morey had duped into dropping off the conspirators around the city. The driver enters the building ... He's also holding up a sign with Prehensile's name on it. He finds the intercom board and pushes the button for his office on the 14th floor.

LIMO DRIVER

Prehensile Ersatz, Prehensile
Ersatz, limousine for Mr.
Prehensile Ersatz...(he waits for
moment and tries again)
Prehensile Ersatz, Prehensile
Ersatz, limousine for Prehensile
Ersatz...

It's rush hour, quitting time, in back in the rear of the building he hears a slight "ding" and the light of an elevator door opening. He sees two cats dragging a plastic bag out the side door. After seeing that, he's ready to go. What a night and day, driving all over town, and not being able to pick anyone up (pretty common in the big city). He storms off angrily dragging his feet and swinging his arms with fists tightly clenched.

INT. PREH.'S OFFICE

"Ring, ring, ring ring", another phone in Prehensile's office is ringing, Sammy and Sonny are looking to see if Prehensile wakes up, but he doesn't. The phone answers on speakerphone, it's a familiar female's voice (Morey's computer).

COMPUTER VOICE

Please do not forget to push the
electronic door lock buzzer button
on the receptionist's desk to allow
entry.

It's the voice of Morey's computer sending along a last-minute note that may have been overlooked in planning, and was noticed by Buzz E. from the windowsill. Sonny leaps to the desk and stands on the buzzer button, Zuno pushes the door open. The four of them stand motionless for a moment, knowing they all do not belong that close in one place for too long (what else is new, in the big city?). Miji grabs the now plastic bag packaged laptop and heads off with Zuno for another elevator ride with the alligator. "Ding" the elevator door rattles open, the cats drag the laptop in, "ding", the door rattles shut and the number scale outside the door starts descending.

EXT. LOWER PART OF CITY – FLORIST SHOP - RUSH HOUR

A shiny new flatbed truck with the power tailgate is trying to deliver a large heavy electronic cabinet to a tiny floral shop run by two brightly dressed young gentlemen.

1ST SHOP OWNER

Oh I'm sorry sir, there's no way either one of us would ever order such a tacky vessel. It's so clumsy looking, and that color! Phyllis Dillerworth wouldn't be caught dead wearing that!

2ND SHOP OWNER

Please, what do we look like, bus mechanics?

(It seems whenever Morey is at the computer and gets one of his electronic power surges to his body, things don't turn out exactly the way they're supposed to.)

TRUCK DRIVER

Well could I at least use your
phone inside to call my shop?

1ST SHOP OWNER

Why sure "Rocky", I thought you'd
never ask. How about a little
something to warm the bones on
this nice brisk day?

INT. CITY SEWER SYSTEM

Zuno and Miji have made their way through the smaller sewer shafts and are heading for a larger one that will take them to the river. When they turn the corner into the intermediate tunnel it's gridlock with sub city travelers heading out of town for the weekend. A sea of turtle taxis (with tiny passengers and luggage on their backs), snakes, alligators, snails, and large fish squiggle up stream through the packed tunnel, half in water and half out. The sounds of turtle taxis yelling out to one another and horns coming from the streets above combine in a tunnel well lit, by sewer grates, for as far as the eye can see.

TURTLE TAXI

Come on, wat dis de problem,
movit up some.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Rudy is watching the computer waiting for a confirmation from the trucking company that the large metal cabinet has been delivered. Knowing the time is now for grabbing Prehensile, Morey gets his computer voice to call the trucking company. Without the airtight cabinet it will be impossible to get Prehensile down to the river, and then beneath it. His computer dials up the trucking company,

COMPUTER VOICE

Hello this is Mrs. Scales from Deep Water Enterprises, I am calling to inquire about the delivery to three one eight East 40th Street..... What do you mean it is down on Fourth Street?..... Of course I need it for today, absolutely not tomorrow morning..... I can update what traffic is like in the city now, would you like me to scan it for you while you wait..... No that will not be a problem, you can tack on the overtime , and a ten dollar tip for the driver too, if he gets it there by six o'clock..... Thank you, too.

Rudy is pacing around behind Morey knowing he goofed-up. There already is a truck from another Delivery Company set to pick up and deliver the cabinet at eight o'clock (with Prehensile in it) to the river's edge after dusk. Rudy is keeping a close eye on the events of the waning day.

INT. CITY SEWER SYSTEM

Zuno and Miji have spotted a wide row of conduit suspended and hanging from the top of the sewer tunnel. They give each other one look and start to work their way up the crevices and protrusions in the wall, up to the duct bank, which is going to be a very pleasant surprise for all the mice and rats that also use it. They make it up and you can hear the sound and see the dust of the laptop being dragged along the conduits towards the river. Small mice and big rats leap for the wall or down to the water as Zuno and Miji pass.

EXT. THE RIVERS EDGE

Morey is at the river bank again where Buzz E. is waiting.

MOREY

Buzz E., it's getting late. If the cabinet doesn't make it by six, Rudy needs to know. It's just leaving a flower shop on Fourth Street now. See if you can find it and stay with it until it gets there.

Buzz E. takes several dust raising, large flapping strokes and is off.

INT. END OF SEWER SHAFT

Priscilla is just under the water, waiting at the end of the sewer tunnel (just before it submerges under the river) for the laptop to get there. She is staying hidden under the water because two men have just descended an open manhole and long stationary rusted metal ladder to inspect the tunnel shaft. Slopping around in the mud, with rubber boots, one man is dressed in a suit, the other in smudged coveralls. They look up at the walls and point to a large crack.

NORTON (coveralls)

This is the stress crack that's causing the holes in the road above. It's not scheduled for repair yet because of budget cuts. That's why they keep patching the road up there. It's cheaper.

Priscilla is watching through the water and sees Zuno and Miji approaching up on the conduits, with mice and rats still leaping from it as they get closer. They stop a short distance before the inspectors and peer around each side of the conduit row. They can see the open manhole and the inspectors. Then they spot Priscilla, lying perfectly still in a dark corner just under the water waiting for them. Priscilla looks up through the still pool which comes up from the depths of the river through the long tunnel shaft, and spots them.

COMMISSIONER (suit)

Norton, the city has hired divers from the Cable Company to inspect the submerged parts of the sewer tunnels along with their annual cable inspections all along the river. Tell me, is it true what they say about creatures that live down here, you know, alligators, piranhas, gigantic snakes?

NORTON

I can speak to you from personal experience sir, thirty years, absolutely positively hogwash. Plenty of rats and mice though.

The two both look up and notice a few rats crawling on the underside of the conduit away from the spot Zuno and Miji are hiding.

NORTON

We're a proud breed, that live down here. Did you know some of our top city officials started out down here?

The commissioner still staring at the fleeing rats,

COMMISSIONER
(in a retaliatory voice) What the
hell is that supposed to mean?

Norton looks back up at the rats.

NORTON
Oh, no, sir, I didn't mean, I wasn't
trying to say, I would never admit
that to a commissioner, I mean,
no, I meant some of the guys that
used to work down here, sort of
climbed the ladder up into city
politics, that's what I meant Sir,
yea, that's what I meant.

COMMISSIONER
(deep toned) You mean like the
rest of the rats that are in City
Hall Norton?

NORTON
(flustered) Exactly sir, I mean no,
just in the literal sense sir, the
way I've seen rats climbing the
ladders down here sir....

COMMISSIONER
(deep toned) Never mind Norton,
you've explained enough about
your views on politics to me!

Priscilla, knowing she needs to speed the process up, catches the inspectors totally off guard. She thrashes her tail violently for a moment just beneath the water's surface. Norton and the commissioner turn (with eyes and mouths wide-open, backbones straight and stiff) towards the now-stopped disturbance.

NORTON & COMMISSIONER
(simultaneously) WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?

They race muddily back towards the ladder, almost climbing over one another (in the truest political fashion), muddily trying to get to the top. Moments later the lights from the manhole disappear as the grate slams back into place and Zuno and Miji descend down to Priscilla with the laptop.

EXT. MIDAIR – 1,000 ABOVE CITY

The view is beautiful and colorful from high atop the city as the descending sun has lit the tips of the skyscrapers. The sky has a golden hue and is turning into rich pastel colors. Buzz E. is floating above it all like a large, winged almost stationary glider looking down on the now rush hour packed city streets and arteries. He spots the open-bed delivery truck easily, and although it doesn't have really far to go, just a few miles, getting caught in rush-hour could take hours. Buzz E. hangs high for now while it's still light, as a traffic helicopter flies by in amazement at Buzz E. and expects him to fly off in fear. As they get closer and eventually pass, Buzz E. doesn't even budge and just gives them a look in his confident, intimidating, and unavoidable presence. His feathers become mildly ruffled by the helicopters turbulence.

INTERCUTS:

EVENING IS FALLING

Everyone is in their proper position and location, waiting for the next step in the conspiracy, and wondering what life would be like for them without the field:

Zuno and Miji are up on the street now, working their way back in rush hour to Prehensile's office building.

Denzell and Treat, hurriedly remarking all his bushes, are back at the field awaiting the evening delivery.

Sweet Tweet has a few moments to visit her mate and chicks at Buzz E.'s nest.

Morey is hooking up to Prehensile's personal laptop

Priscilla and Chuckie. hang around outside the truck body.

INT. PREH.'S OFFICE

Sammy is singing and dancing on the desk right in front of the comatose Prehensile, while Sonny looks on in disbelief.

SAMMY
No Where To Run To Baby, No
Where To Hide, Got No Where To
Run To Baby...

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Rudy, is visited by an old shark friend, Sharkton. He used to swim up river every year chasing prey and always locked horns with Rudy whenever he came through his territory. Now old and almost toothless, he still has a large presence, but not much bite. He roams the protected areas, like his old pal Rudy's territory. There he can pick up some easy meals, away from the threats of the big sea. Rudy is explaining to Sharkton what has been going on at the vacant field. Sharkton seems to agree and already knows something was going on up there.

SHARKTON
You know Rudy your priorities
seem to change as you get older.

Same with your likes and dislikes. I used to hear the sweet songs all morning while I was up chasing breakfast along the bank. At first I thought it was my hearing, things begin to wear out at our age. I was hoping the people hadn't gotten to big field and chased the creatures out up there. That would ruin the balance for us down here in the river too. I was just figuring we'd probably be next, and where can I go now? Just hearing all of those sweet songs in the morning made me feel good. Gave me something to look forward to everyday. I used to sneak as close to shore as possible, just to hear them better.

Rudy is hoping for some positive input from Sharkton.

RUDY

You know Sharkton, maybe you should hang around here for a day or so, there's a lot going on around here. The divers are inspecting even more of the river this year, and I might be able to use an old friend like you to keep this place off limits. You know, the way it used to be.

SHARKTON

No problem buddy. I'll do it just the way you used to do it. Take a piece out of everybody who crosses the line, no exceptions! Take a little bite out of crime around here.

RUDY

Thanks pal, I feel a little safer already.

EXT. DELIVERY TRUCK – RUSH HOUR - NIGHT

The sky is dark now, and evening is almost set. Buzz E., unable to follow the truck from above has descended and is just sitting motionless on it as it moves, then stops, in the midst of rush-hour traffic. The noise, horns, sounds and chatter of the city all are around him. Drivers and passengers in the immediate area stare in disbelief at the huge buzzard, wondering if it is real or some sort of decoration on the cabinet, that is, until he flexes his wings open to keep his balance occasionally. Buzz E. just stares back not intimidated at all and ignores their presence, with determination of mission, and occasionally wishing something would die, because it is way past dinner time.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Morey, along with his unlimited ability to tap into whatever flows through some of the fiber-optic cables beneath the truck body, has begun to crack Prehensile's security codes on his personal laptop. It's turning out to be Prehensile's little black book of hidden and illegal finances and accounts. Records of illegal political payoffs and pardons, and some interesting archaic copies of old land right claims. The then federal government issued them on the properties already developed on both sides and the field that Prehensile owns and operates. Prehensile had the documents stolen from the city's tax record archives and then destroyed so he could get the properties rezoned public use to development use without leaving any room for legal a challenge. Rudy is looking over Morey shoulder, as usual.

MOREY

The documents stated the properties shall be deemed "Public Use" and "Recreational" for all eternity. To be used by natives, incoming immigrants of that era regardless of future political or religious bias and natures' creatures. That

translates into parks, trees, grass and bushes to me. Prehensile must have had the need to keep a record of what he had stolen and destroyed. Probably some sort of trophy to him.

RUDY

Probably some sort of trophy to a federal prosecutor too!

EXT. 40TH STREET - GRIDLOCK

It's almost six o'clock and the delivery truck has just turned the corner to Prehensile's office building and is working its way slowly down the gridlock street.

INT. PREH.'S OFF.BUILD.

The building is quieter now and Elvis is up by the front door, still in uniform, looking through the glass down the street for a sign, then back up at the clock on the wall. Occasionally he holds the door open for an exiting employee that looks at him with cautious disbelief but is not willing to stop and get a good look, hesitant to delay their exodus home.

EXT. PREH.'S OFF.BUILD. – MAIN ENTRANCE - CURB

The truck comes to a stop in front of the building. Elvis slides out of sight while the truck driver jumps out to unload the cabinet. While going to untie the load he sees Buzz E. still sitting on top of the cabinet. The driver goes to shush him away in a threatening, degrading manner. Buzz E. doesn't like that. He shrugs over just a little bit further towards the driver and just stares at him. The truck driver, not pleased with his obvious own lack of authority, thinks he needs to be more intimidating. Wrong! He goes to swat Buzz E.. Big mistake! Buzz E. snaps his beak out and bites his finger while his

arm is halfway in motion. Buzz E., makes a small cut, and draws blood. The driver jumps back shaking his hand in disbelief, and looking up at Buzz E.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in shock) Hey what'd you do that for?

Buzz E. goes back to slouch, unaffected but licking the blood from his bill in a way that says, can I get another taste on that. When he's good and ready, and only because of his loyalty to Rudy, Buzz E. spreads his large wings, takes a few flaps and rises up off the truck back into the heights of the city and back to let them know the cabinet has made it.

Elvis speaks from behind the truck driver.

ELVIS

Well that was a stupid question, you should have said thanks. He probably could have bitten your finger off and it'd be flying away right now somewhere between first and second avenue.

TRUCK DRIVER

(not turning around yet, starts to answer) Well I wasn't trying to hurt him (he turns around) I was just... (frightened) hey, who are you?"

ELVIS

Oh I'm the doorman...in a play after work... gotta stay in character. You know, I can get out of here as soon as you get that box into the freight elevator. I've been waiting all afternoon, come on, get moving.

On Elvis' command the truck driver hurries to accomplish the task at hand. He moves the large cabinet back onto the now horizontal powered tailgate and lowers it to the ground. He wrestles it onto a dolly and across the sidewalk in through the opened door Elvis is holding. Then back down the long corridor to the freight elevator. A little uneasily, he hands Elvis the clipboard with the receipt for him to sign and Elvis punches a perfect hole in it with his eye tooth.

ELVIS

This will be fine, I'll take it from here.

The truck driver, wide-eyed and feeling a sense of danger trapped with Elvis at the end of the deserted corridor, rips the receipt from the clipboard. He hands it to Elvis, and takes off for the front door and yells back (in a derogatory way).

TRUCK DRIVER

See you in St. Louie screwy.

Elvis yells back as he disappears into the elevator with the large cabinet.

ELVIS

Yup, I'll see ya later alligator.

PREH.'S OFFICE

Sonny is pacing around while Sammy, right on the edge of the desk, in front of Prehensile (like a stage), is still singing an endless array of hits and oldies to the comatose Prehensile. The two cat-petting, chunky secretaries, are leaving late, after working some overtime and walk back past Prehensile's door. Sammy dashes over to the door and sticks his head through the mail slot unnoticed. He sings out in a loud voice, echoing through the hallway as they walk past.

SAMMY
Wild Thing!..You Make My Heart
Sing,..You Make Everythang....
Groovy!...Wildthang.....
Ca'mon..Ca'mon..Ca'mon...Wild
Thing...

The secretaries are giggling as the walk past.

FIRST SECRETARY
Sounds like someone left an
oldies station on in Mr. Ersatz's
office.

SECOND SECRETARY
I didn't know the old gas-bag even
liked music. It sounds like all he
ever has time for is yelling and
barking out orders.

The secretaries chat and disappear down the corridor, with Sammy still belting out tunes, to the main elevators. Inside the office Sonny can hear the service elevator's doors rattle open. First they hear some clunking and banging and then the sound of wheels rolling down the hallway and stopping in front of their door. Sonny scoots over to the mail slot in the door and peeks out. It's Elvis just getting ready to ring the buzzer. "Buzzzzzz" Sonny points to Sammy to step on the buzzer. Sammy never misses a note, keeps on singing, and choreographs his dance steps, spinning and twisting with his arms out, goes over to the buzzer and steps on it, in beat. The door buzzes and Elvis pushes the human transport vessel in.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Under the river the truck body is glowing with dimly lit light coming from inside. The river bottom is dark, quiet, and still tonight. Inside Morey is at his computer. This time he is double-checking the route and schedule of the second delivery truck. It's set to pick up and

deliver the large cabinet to the field on the river's edge. Rudy is looking over some of the screens that were downloaded from Prehensile's little black desktop.

RUDY

Morey, what are these numbers that keep turning up on these financial sheets?

MOREY

I think they might be off shore bank accounts.

RUDY

What's that mean Morey? Is he's hiding his money buried under the ocean somewhere?

MOREY

No boss, they're bank accounts in other countries where people hide money they've made illegally. The problem is, they have sophisticated passwords and entry codes that are hard to break.

RUDY

We might need them to bargain with Prehensile Ersatz, would you keep trying to break the codes?

MOREY

I've tapped into the latest hi-tech state-of-the-art password and encryption decoding companies in the world. I've got them, and all their software working on it right now.

RUDY

Great job Morey, I don't know what I'd do without you.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE MIDWEST – UNIVERSITY DORM ROOM - DUSK

For a brief moment we see the inside of a sloppy dorm room tucked away somewhere in Middle America with four young nerdy college students. One of them is eating pizza from a sprawled open empty pizza box, with just a few bent up crusts in it. Another one is looking down totally focused on a hand-held computer game he is playing with both hands. Two others are fighting over a computer's keyboard.

1ST STUDENT

Stevie J you had your turn, now
let me try. You're not entering the
decimals in an abstract reversed
sequential order. You're never
going to crack those codes, now
move over and let me try.

EXT. PREH.'S OFF.BUILD. – FRONT – TWO STORIES UP

Buzz E. is back at Prehensile's office building now, perched over the Front door about two stories up on a short heavy flagpole that protrudes from the front of the building. A truck pulls up and stops in front of the building. The name on the door is "Buzzard's Late Night Deliveries". This time it's a box truck with a closed body. The young, carefree looking driver is hanging out the window holding his clipboard and looking back and forth towards the building.

YOUNG DRIVER

(to himself) Well, this says it's the
right place.

He pulls up the brake, leaps from the truck and walks into the building right past Elvis.

ELVIS

Excuse me, where are you going?
May I help you young man?

YOUNG DRIVER

Yo dude! What are you an actor or something?

ELVIS

Well, how very flattering of you to notice. Are you here to deliver the cabinet?

YOUNG DRIVER

That's what the dude said. I'll be picking up a large cabinet and delivering it to a construction site down along the river.

ELVIS

Well the "Dude" was correct and you're in the right place too. However the person you're supposed to meet there just called and said he'd be very, very late. He asked me if I can wait there with the delivery until he gets there. So if it's okay with you I'll catch a ride in the back of your truck, so you won't have to.

YOUNG DRIVER

Sorry man, no can do, that's illegal.

Elvis, unable to drive the truck himself, is defeated. Stuck there for now, he needs to get back to the water's edge and get the cabinet down to Morey's home.

YOUNG DRIVER (CONT'D)

You'll have to ride up front with me, is that cool with you man?"

Elvis' troubled sagging face, brightens back up to its usual confident composure.

ELVIS

Why that's downright neighborly of you young man, You know, I think I really like you man. But we'll have to hurry, I'm in a big play tonight.

YOUNG DRIVER

Well then, let's rock'n roll.

ELVIS

Yes dude, let's roll and rock.

The two of them grab the delivery from the freight elevator and start heading for the door. They load it up, hop the truck, crank up the tunes and drive off rock'n out to the music. Buzz E., a little tired, flies down to the top of the truck's body and sits there like a hood ornament, only on the roof instead. The truck heads off down the now empty streets. The sounds of rock music fading into the distance.

THE FIELD – ROAD SIDE

A short time later the delivery truck is at the field. Elvis, still in his bus boy uniform, is standing about thirty feet from the road in the glare of the truck's back-up lights. He waves him in, past the small, cleared section where the construction machinery and trailers are parked.

ELVIS

Okay, that's good, let's drop her right there.

The young driver springs from his truck, leaving his door open the sounds of loud rock music escaping into the quiet, tranquil night air. The truck revs-up its own engine as the young driver operates the power tailgate. After the gate is down and the cabinet has been shrugged off, he closes the gate, pats Elvis on the shoulder and heads back to the cab. He bids Elvis farewell, over the truck noise and rock music.

YOUNG DRIVER

(loud) I hope you're not late for your play, what's the name of it anyway?

ELVIS

(yelling back) "People on the River Are Happy to Give."

The young driver flashes the thumbs-up sign. Elvis, not knowing what it means, hurriedly flashes both thumbs up back to his new friend. The rock music quiets with the slam of the door. The truck grinds into gear, bounces down off the curb into the street, and out into the consuming night of the city. Elvis is caught in a moment of affectionate curiosity for his departing new friend, still staring at the truck and holding both thumbs up, as the truck fades-out in the distance. Priscilla, hiding in the shadows, comes out to greet Elvis. Together they drag the large stainless steel, airtight cabinet back to the river's edge. They pull it out into the water and then with several powerful thrashes of their tails, drag the buoyantly stubborn air-filled cabinet under. The wake and splash of the water subside back into the night's quiet tranquility. Prehensile is on his way down to Rudy's home beneath the river.

EXT. RUDY'S HOME – WELL PAST MIDNIGHT

The bottom of the river is quiet, cold and still. The river's inhabitants are crowded around and in Rudy's truck body.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Prehensile is still under from the potent potion. He has been dressed in a diver's suit and placed into the air bubble in the back of Rudy's home. He is starting to stir, and looks more like a baby coming out of a relaxing night's sleep, than a tyrant. Morey and Rudy are up in the air bubble with Prehensile, with computers on and copies of documents hanging on the wall. Sharkton, who has been fitted with a fake set of shiny plastic teeth, and Elvis, are in the water-filled side and of Rudy's home, out of Prehensile's view. Prehensile is drifting from his deep sleep into consciousness, and mumbling

PREHENSILE

Wow. I haven't slept like that
since summer camp.

He yawns and stretches like an old cat sleeping in the sun, the sounds of water splashing and dripping off his arms and legs as he twists around.

PREH.(CONT'D)

What dreams I'm having!

He starts to wake a bit more to the sounds of his own splashing and the now clearing image of Rudy and Morey and where he is. First he thinks he is between dreams and reality, and then reality gradually kicks in. He is looking right at Rudy and Morey.

PREH.(CONT'D)

Hey, I dreamt you guys were in my
dream and now we're all here
under the river in a truck body
filled with computers.

Fear and disbelief grip Prehensile.

PREH.(CONT'D)

Wait a second!... I'm really here!..
Who are you?... What are you
doing here?...This isn't in my
bedroom. Why am I here? How did
I get here?

Rudy interrupts and tries to calm his fright and paranoia.

RUDY

Calm down and be quiet. This is
my house you're in and I'm in
charge here.

Prehensile, snapping back into his arrogance and cockiness,

PREHENSILE

Who the hell are you? You're
nothing more than a big smelly
fish. (off Rudy's ferocious look)
You'll never get away with this,
are you as stupid as you look?
This place stinks! I'm leaving.

Prehensile turns as if he's going to try to leave. When from beneath
the water a large shark's head emerges, thrashing, and flashing his
shiny teeth then disappears back beneath the waters surface.
Prehensile screams in horror and jumps back in fear to the air
pocket of the truck body.

RUDY

I'm sorry, today it smells a little
like rotten people.

Morey snickers and nods in agreement

RUDY(CONT'D)

You're about ten seconds away from becoming two hundred fifty pounds of chum, chum. You're going to sit, listen and like it.

Rudy points to the computer monitors displaying some of Prehensile's confidential financial information.

RUDY(CONT'D)

We know the whole story Mr. Ersatz. We have a record of all the bribes you paid to develop your other properties along the river here, and copies of the archaic documents you stole and destroyed so you could build here.

PREHENSILE

Oh really, and who told you all this?

Morey holds up Prehensile's little black laptop, open and displaying a list of names and dollar amounts.

PREHENSILE

That? Why that's just a list of perfectly legal, political contributions. You'll have a hard time proving they're anything else. What's criminal about that?

Morey hits a key on the laptop and changes the screen to a copy of a stolen document.

RUDY

And what happened to this land use document that forbid the

development of the riverfront here
for all time, and use to be filed in
the city's legal archives?

PREHENSILE

I have no idea. It's perfectly legal
to make copies of city documents.
That proves nothing. Why don't
you just get me out of here, and
we'll forget the whole thing.

RUDY

You won't be going anywhere
soon Mr. Ersatz we have lots of
documents and files to go through
tonight....

INTERCUTS:

EXT. THE FIELD AND RIVER – VARIED LOCATIONS - DAWN

Morning is about to arrive and all the creatures have returned home
to the river and field. There's a sense of uncertainty and anxiety
struck into all its inhabitants. No one seems to be himself or herself,
everyone looks worried about their fate.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Morey and Rudy look fatigued but continue through the files to try
and find something that will make Prehensile bend. Chuckie. comes
swimming, at full speed, into the bubble, unable to stop himself from
bouncing around the walls and equipment. Dancing around on his
tail, Rudy and Morey know something is wrong as they both go to
the window to look out. It's the divers. Morey darkens the equipment
and puts them on standby in a flash. Rudy throws a fishing net and
big divers helmet over Prehensile and pulls it tight to immobilize and
keep him quiet.

EXT.THE RIVER'S BOTTOM

Three divers are swimming down low along the cables. In the distance is Rudy's home. The divers are talking to one another through microphones built into their mouthpieces.

1ST DIVER

These cables look like they're going to run right under that truck body up there.

2ND DIVER

Maybe we should get the tugboat to circle over us, drop a hook and a line, and drag this thing out to sea.

3RD DIVER

That old truck body has been sitting in that spot for about twenty years and hasn't budged. I don't think we need to worry about it now. Probably do more damage moving it.

The divers are now clustered together over the top of the old armored car's truck body.

2ND DIVER

Maybe we should take a look inside?

3RD DIVER

Now what would you want to do that for if the cables are running underneath it in the mud?

2ND DIVER

To see if there's any money in there, what else?

1ST DIVER

I've heard a bunch of stories about alligators flushed down toilets (jokingly). You go in and have a look and if there's a pile of gold bars in there, we'll help you get 'em out.

3RD DIVER

I've heard stories, used to be an ornery old fish in there, no gold though.

2ND DIVER

Curiosity killed a cat...Com'on lets have a look.

3RD DIVER

Maybe it was just stupidity that did him in.

The divers are swimming around and trying to look through the tiny windows. Chuckie. sees one of the diver's masks pressed against the small window trying to see in. He sticks his face in front of the thick, small glass, which seems to magnify Chuckie.'s whole head, and starts chopping his teeth wildly. The diver pulls back in a knee-jerk reaction.

2ND DIVER

There's a piranha in there.

1ST DIVER

Now you're really having delusions, this water's way to cold for piranha.

The second diver heads for a open door in front of the armored car. Prehensile now knows the divers are outside and starts to stomp his feet and holler. The diver hears banging coming from the truck body. Divers one and three freeze and look at each other with a haunting curiosity. Diver two is just about to open the door wider when the banging gets louder. He hurriedly swims backwards a few feet and out pops Elvis's head. He's doing a classic "Wild Kingdom" vogue alligator look, with eyes and head focused in one direction and jaws slamming wide open and shut. The three divers start to swim backwards slowly, away from the truck.

2ND DIVER

Hold on, he's more afraid of us. I think I can scare him away.

He reaches down and picks up a long branch then swims around to the other door and attempts to prod Elvis and scare him away. Chuckie. appears at the door and starts chattering his teeth at the diver. He pokes at Chuckie. until he gets him wedged between the twigs on the branch. Feeling more confident now and getting way too brave for his situation, he reaches the branch through to prod at Elvis. A giant gray head with flashing teeth squeezes slowly out through the open door, it's Sharkton. He stops and stares right into the diver's mask. Then he slides his enormous body out the door. The diver is still frozen in fear and dwarfed by his shadow and huge stature. Elvis snaps at the branch shattering it to splinters and freeing Chuckie. Elvis exits the truck body followed by Priscilla and Chuckie. They start to chase the two other divers away. The second diver is paralyzed in fear, shaking at what he thinks is about to happen. Sharkton bends down into his facemask and slowly opens his mouth, which looks like a tunnel with shiny teeth, as wide as he can. The diver takes off in another direction, so as not to follow the alligators chasing his two companions, and escapes with Sharkton chomping his teeth right behind him. Sharkton's false teeth almost slide out but the diver never turns around to notice. He just keeps swimming at a very high rate of speed away from the truck body. The three divers eventually swim out of sight chased by the four, who let them all get away.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Rudy takes the big divers helmet off Prehensile while Morey boots the computers again. Prehensile sensing Morey and Rudy are too ethical to throw him to the sharks, so to speak, begins to regain his confidence.

PREHENSILE

I'll tell you what, I'll make you a deal. Get me out of here right now and I won't drive all those piles out here in the river to make my pier and boat marina. How's that? You see I'm not such a bad guy after all, am I?

Rudy and Morey, knowing their plan could be souring, might not be able to find anything they can use on Prehensile. That is, without going to court, which would be impossible for them. Keeping Prehensile, without life-support, for one more day would be impossible. They begin to worry. Even throwing Prehensile to the sharks won't stop the development of the field already in progress. Rudy and Morey just stare at one another with a sense of loss and regret, while Prehensile rambles on incoherently in the background..

VISION OF LIFELESS RIVER BOTTOM - FUTURE

Rudy and Morey can't help but picture the lifeless, piling-filled waters scattered with boaters' debris

THE RIVERS EDGE – LATE MORNING

The creatures are all gathered around after a long night of worry and apprehension. No one seems to notice their absence of caution to

one another. The spirit of loss and parting has fallen upon them. The dangerous, the timid and the feeble sit closely by at one another's side. They know things were supposed to have been finalized last evening and they should have heard something.

INTERCUTS:

THE FIELD AND RIVER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - FUTURE

The creatures individually envision themselves homeless and fleeing the soon-to-be concrete and window filled high-rise development....

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE MIDWEST – UNIVERSITY DORM ROOM - PREDAWN

Somewhere, at that moment, at a large university in the middle of the country, still waiting for dawn to arrive, the four nerdy college students are tucked cozily and sloppily into their dorm room. Two are half dressed sleeping in their bunks. One crashed out in a beat-up easy chair with his head now resting in the open pizza box, with the bent up crusts. One is still leaning over a computer. He sits with pad and pencil in front of him, rubbing his half open, computer irritated, eyes. His face is changing colors in unison with the flashing computer screens. He drags his pencil up one more time to scratch out another calculation on his already filled pad. He finishes his calculation and hits a key on the keyboard. The monitor goes pitch black for a second and then opens up to a bright green screen filled with numbers, dollar amounts, and dates. He flips his pencil in the air, like a baton, and his mouth drops wide open, and then yells and awakes the others.

1ST STUDENT

Billy G, guys, I did it, I did it, I broke the code!

The young man sleeping in the pizza box and one in the bunk sit up and crudely awaken.

2ND STUDENT

How did you do it?

3RD STUDENT

What time as it anyway?

2nd STUDENT

How many accounts are there?

Still typing and scanning up and down through the different screens.

1ST STUDENT

Never mind, if we get an email to the client by midnight Eastern, we can collect. There's only about ten minutes left.

He is typing furiously while the two others continue awakening and look on. The fourth roommate sleeps comfortably through the whole disturbance.

2ND STUDENT

Quick, hit send!.. Hit send!

The computer operator finishes typing and hits the send button, all three waiting and watching the computer screen, as it flashes through some blank color screens and finally reads out "MESSAGE SENT". Fists rise, and chants filled with college cheers ring out in the quiet, sleepy dormitory.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Morey and Rudy, still in a heartfelt stare towards one another, hear a "Ding", come from one of the computers. Morey leans over and hits a key to open the message. One screen after another appears and scrolls through as Morey, Rudy, and Prehensile, who has now shut up at the sight of them, watch them scroll by.

MOREY

The code is broken. They're
international bank accounts.
Looks like ten, maybe more.
Millions Rudy, there's millions
here!

RUDY

Millions of dollars? How many are
there?

MOREY

It looks like a hundred, maybe
more. We got'em Rudy, we
got'em!

Prehensile is just sitting there helpless with his mouth gaping wide open.

RUDY

Get in their Morey and start
setting up the transactions before
those day changes.

PREHENSILE

(distraught) Setting up what
transactions, what are you doing,
that's not your money, you can't
do this...

Rudy and Morey's plan was to decode the accounts and empty them into new ones made by Morey.

RUDY

Well Mr. Ersatz, that seems like an enormous amount of money in relation to your asset sheets. Morey and I really don't need to know where it came from. What you need to know, is where it's going. You are about to donate your entire fortune to charitable organizations that deal with land conservation and animal rights.

Morey is busily changing numbers on each individual account and setting up transactions to transfer the monies out. Numbers on some screens go from millions to zero as they empty out. Numbers on other screens go from zero into millions with every click of Morey's keyboard. Morey is having one electrical surge after another, but can't stop now. Rudy looks worried and Prehensile looks on helplessly.

RUDY

Well Mr. Ersatz, I guess there is a downside to having all that money stored secretly in anonymous accounts. It seems the money can be entirely controlled with the pass codes, and we have all of yours. Once it leaves the accounts you'll never get it back. (Rudy looks at Morey) Are you almost ready Morey?

Morey is still getting hit with one electric surge after another because of all the excitement. Rudy still worried they may affect the computers accuracy.

MOREY

I'll be finished in one more minute.

Morey is busily typing and transferring money as Prehensile looks on and sees the bottom line of his accounts go to zero in one screen after another. Morey points to a red key on the keyboard.

MOREY (CONT'D)

Okay it's ready. Just one push on this red key and your money is gone forever.

RUDY

Okay Mr. Ersatz, "we're going to make you an offer you can't refuse". As soon as Morey is finished with the paperwork, you're going to donate the remaining land that you are in control of, including our space here along the river, as parks and public conservation lands for all-time. You know, the way they were before you stole and destroyed the documents. The paperwork will be signed and sealed here before you leave, then electronically delivered to its proper department and agency. You will donate twenty million-dollars towards education for animal rights and conservation. Then you'll sign a binding agreement not to develop or redesign any properties, within a two hundred-mile radius of this city, as long as you live. And as a reminder of our covenant, and a credit to yourself you can name it "Prehensile Park". Then and only then will you get some money back. We'll take good care of it till then

PREHENSILE

(sly and cunning) Good deal, good deal. As soon as I get back I'll follow through and make sure of

all the details. Now just put the money back and I promise I'll keep my end of the bargain.

RUDY

Morey and I know you'll be good for it. We know because you're going to do it on TV while we're watching. And because we're going to hold half of your money in our new accounts until everything is finalized. So that's why I say Morey and I know you're good for it. There are no other options. You'll get half your money back now before you leave, as soon as the documents are signed and filed. Then the other half in about a day or so, depending on how quickly you finalize all those little details. Pretty good deal huh, Prehensile?

Prehensile obviously angered and frustrated, unwillingly agrees.

PREHENSILE

Well, I guess there isn't any room for negotiation.

RUDY

None at all. The way you like to do business.

PREHENSILE

(angrily) Okay give me those papers, I'll sign them. Then get me out of here.

Morey hands Prehensile the papers. He signs them one after the other.

MOREY

Geez Prehensile, you drive a hard bargain.

RUDY

Elvis and Priscilla will move you in your box, to a moored barge out in the bay until dark, where you can get some fresh air until early morning. Then they'll bring you back on shore. There'll be a limo waiting to take you back to your expensive car.

RUDY

You figure it out. I truly hope you can turn your life around for your own sake. Good-bye Mr. Ersatz... Now get back in your box and leave my house.

Elvis thrashes, then drags in the cabinet in and flings it open for Prehensile. He gladly climbs back into it. Elvis, slams it shut, and drags it away. Rudy sits back and takes a deep breath while Morey slides out to let the creatures of the field know what is going on.

EXT. THE RIVERS EDGE – JUST BEFOR DAWN

The large stainless-steel cabinet splashes up onto the shore. Elvis twists the handle and pulls the door open. Prehensile stands up in a rage, ready to rip into someone. He turns and sees Elvis standing behind him, teeth dripping, wearing a very mean look. Prehensile swallows his pride and his anger along with it. He starts sloshing his way towards the street. In the distance you can make out a limo, the same one again, with the driver yelling out into the field.

LIMO DRIVER
Prehensile Ersatz, Prehensile
Ersatz, limousine for Prehensile
Ersatz...

It's noisy up by the road. The driver's face has a look of worry, like he is about to get stiffed again, when he hears someone down by the river...

PREHENSILE
Hold that taxi, I'm down here, I'll
be right there, don't go anywhere
yet.

The driver looks shocked but happy.

LIMO DRIVER
(yelling back) Okay, come up
here, I'll wait for you, I promise.

Prehensile's image emerges from the darkness still dripping as he painfully tries to walk barefoot over the twigs and stones.

PREHENSILE
Ooh! Ouch! Whoa! Ouch!.

The driver stares in disbelief as Prehensile opens the door and plops into the back of the limo.

INT. RUDY'S HOME – NEXT EVENING

It's Monday evening. Rudy's home is filled with river creatures. They are watching a TV monitor and waiting for the evening news to begin. They're listening to the upcoming headlines when they hear,

TV MONITOR WITH NEWS ANCHOR

NEWSMAN

Big city businessman donates
acreage for conservation,
education and animal rights. More
news coming up at six o'clock.

Morey's computer screens are still fixed with Prehensile's account information from the day before. The TV monitor flashes to City Hall where Prehensile, the mayor, and some conservationist groups are all gathered at the podium. Prehensile is wearing several large medals with colorful ribbons around his neck, as he speaks to the crowd.

TV MONITOR – WITH GROUP

PREHENSILE

I'd like to thank everyone for giving me the opportunity to get back, I mean give back, some of what this great city has afforded me. I'm donating all the acreage along the riverfront, and the money for the goodness of all mankind, and animals too. I want only to be remembered for my love of money, I mean nature and its creatures. If it's not asking too much I'd like for the acreage along the river front park to be called "Prehensile Park", in a humble remembrance of my life here and my tireless efforts to protect conservation and animal

rights. Thank you all so much for coming out.

The TV monitor flashes back to the anchor person who starts to praise Prehensile, but is drowned out by a roar of excitement and thumping of tails all around Rudy's home.

INTERCUTS:

EXT. THE RIVER'S EDGE

All the creatures of the field are waiting to join with their friends in the river to celebrate their victory. They're also celebrating the permanency of their lives, and the lives of those that will come after them. Fish are dancing on the water. Birds are flying and singing. Cats are purring and rubbing against one another. Dogs are running around playing tag and marking their trees, that won't be cut down. Squirrels are hopping from one branch to another. The sounds of animal music can be heard one over the top of the other, creating a symphony throughout the park. On top of it all, and tying it all together in perfect creature harmony, is the sound of Sweet Tweet's lovely songs. Standing perched on the side of her new nest with her mate and her chicks swaying behind her, sings her heart of joy out to the world.

INT. RUDY'S HOME

Down in Rudy's empty river bottom home a large happy river snail is crawling and frolicking around the equipment. While bouncing across the desk, she bounces around on the keyboard and then the red enter key that Morey had set up to transfer all of Prehensile's money. The computer screens still fixed with all the transactions start to blink. Flashing and changing so fast it's a blur. It stops flashing and focuses on a screen for a vending company. It reads, "Good Fellas Big City Vending Company". The computer automatically goes into their site. It pulls up their itemized cost sheets, which list all the item prices in their computer controlled

vending machines instead. As the screens scroll through, all the prices next to the items are turning to zero.

INTERCUTS:

THE CITY – VARIOUS LOCATIONS

It looks like the river snail, and has accidentally laid way to an even bigger citywide celebration. Vending machines everywhere are emptying their contents out.

School children in a cafeteria are crowded around some vending machines filling their lunch pails.

Construction workers are standing around eating ice cream sandwiches, bags of chips, and candy bars, instead of working.

A busy intersection is left jammed and unattended as a pair of traffic cops (Joe&Ernie) stand on the sidewalk guzzling down a machine's free soda.

The two chunky secretaries walking past the vending machines are taken by surprise when they empty out their contents in a deluge, out onto the floor

All over the city everyone is being treated to free soda, chips, ice cream, coffee, and snacks.

PREHENSILE PARK

Things are unintentionally turning back the way they used to be. Cats are licking their chops and regaining their fowl intentions eyeing the low flying birds. Dogs are becoming uncomfortable and starting to growl at the closeness of cats. Rats are starting to sneak around where they don't belong. River creatures are about to start chomping on anyone smaller than themselves

Morey, Rudy, Sharkton, Elvis, Pricilla, Chuckie., Denzel, Treat, Sonny Sammy, Sweet Tweet, Buzz E., Zuno, and Miji are gathered in a land-sea circle at the river's edge. They gaze at one another in solidarity. Rudy is dismissing his loyal troops.

RUDY

Today was a victory for us all and
every one of this great city. We
are all indebted to one another.
Thank you all so much.

The small circle of friends disappears, back out of sight to their own
places of privacy and anonymity. For a second there's a pause, the
last moment of peace. Then the wheels of cooperation and harmony
fall off, everyone starts to chase, and hide, and pursue the ones
they've done so with for hundreds of years. Life goes back the way it
was supposed to be.

PREHENSILE PARK – SWEET TWEET'S NEST

Sweet Tweet exerts a tune from high above the field that can still be
heard by all.

SWEET TWEET

Tweet a li tweet tweet a li tweet
tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet....

THE END