

BLANK CHECK

Written by

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BLANK CHECK

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - OAK STREET - DAY

An upscale California cul de sac. SUMMER. At the end of the block, two houses face each other from opposite sides of the street. Both are split-level, ranch-style beauties. The larger of the two has a "FOR SALE" sign on the front lawn.

ANGLE - A BLUE MERCEDES

pulls up in front of the house for sale.

INT. BLUE MERCEDES - DAY

At the wheel is CARL QUIGLEY, 50's, mean and nasty. He stops to scribble down the address and number off the sign. On the seat beside him is a mysterious-looking BRIEFCASE. Quigley takes a last look at the house, CHUCKLES and starts the car.

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

CLOSE ON: A child's toy lies in the gutter in front of Quigley's Mercedes. It is a TOY MOTORCYCLE POLICEMAN. As Quigley pulls away, his front tire SMASHES the toy.

EXT. HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

We see a tall tree leading to an upstairs window.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

A boy's bedroom. It's like a pack rat lives here. A Leggo house is built atop a kid's dresser. A Laker banner spans the wall above an unmade, Kermit-the-Frog-sheeted bed. Fun stickers and clothes scattered everywhere and on a desk...

CLOSE - A SHEET OF PAPER

It says, "Preston's Birthday List" 1) Party at Funland. 2) A Mountain Bike. 3) New Brothers. 4) A trip to "Acapulco." In the b.g. we hear childish GRUNTS and GROANS.

ALONE IN HIS ROOM

Skinny PRESTON WATERS, age nine, is shirtless as he works out with a pair of dumbbells. Preston looks as the door opens.

VOICE (O.S.)

Out of the way stick man!

Carrying boxes is RALPH WATERS, 14.

PRESTON

Get outta here, Ralph.

DAMIAN WATERS, age 16, enters next, clearly the eldest.

DAMIAN

Give it up flyweight. We're moving in today...

The two wear T-Shirts that read: "HAND AND FOOT CLEANING."

PRESTON

You guys aren't going to make a dime at your stupid business.

DAMIAN

We're going to clean up this summer.
(slapping hands with Ralph)
"Hand and Foot" all the way.

PRESTON

More like butt to face...

Damian SLUGS Preston in the arm. Ralph grins.

RALPH

Don't rub it. Be a man.

Preston endures the pain as a TELEPHONE WOMAN enters, 30's.

WOMAN

(re: Preston) Do you want the phone jack by Tarzan over there?

DAMIAN

Yeah, thanks. Look out, Preston.

Realizing he's near naked, Preston scrambles to cover up.

WOMAN

Don't worry, kid. You seen one pair of skivvies you seen 'em all.

Accidentally, she tips over Preston's LEGGO HOUSE. SMASH! Leggos scatter everywhere. Preston is shocked.

WOMAN

Ooops.

Carrying more boxes, FRED WATERS enters, 40's, a likeable guy, weary from parenthood. Preston rushes up to him.

PRESTON

Dad, they're wrecking my stuff.

FRED

Preston, you've had over a week's notice to move your things out of the way. Your brothers need this space for their new business.

PRESTON

What's wrong with the garage?

FRED

We can't have these chemicals around my golf clubs now can we? Remember the golden rule. Look out, son.

(calling)

Up here, Bob.

Fred stutter-steps around Preston and exits.

PRESTON

What's the golden rule?

DAMIAN

He who has the gold makes the rules, dummy.

RALPH

Yeah, you know... Money talks and bullsnot has to share his room.

WOMAN

I gotta get another cable. Be right back... (to Preston) and don't touch anything.

As the Woman exits, Preston deals with a new problem: Damian has picked up his COW PIGGY BANK. Preston's eyes widen.

PRESTON

Give it.

RALPH

We haven't milked the cow in awhile. (to cow) Say "Moooo-la!"

Ralph and Damian snicker as they SHAKE OUT the coins.

DAMIAN

Consider yourself a silent partner. (hears Fred coming)
Say something and you're dead.

Preston glares at Damian as Fred enters. With him is a Computer World Rep, BOB, 30's nebbish, carrying a heavy box.

FRED

Right this way, Bob....Preston, move it or lose it, buddy.

Bob shoves Preston aside with a bump from his fat butt and pulls a computer from the box, placing it on the desk.

BOB

There she is, Mr. Waters, the MacIntosh Plus 6. Best business computer on the market. It'll teach your boys how to do everything but make love to a woman.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's one piece of software you guys have to figure out yourselves.

SANDRA WATERS, a pleasant, pretty woman, late 30's appears. Bob and Fred are a little embarrassed by their "guy talk."

SANDRA

(at Fred)

Helping your dad, Preston?

FRED

Sure is, hon.

PRESTON

We have these at school. They're a cinch.

Preston sits at the computer and begins to type. He's good.

DAMIAN

I don't need a computer to tell me how to handle babes, Dad.

PRESTON

Ha!

DAMIAN

All I know is that when you have dough, girls start knocking at your door.

SANDRA

It's not what's in your pocket, Damian. It's what's in your heart that counts.

RALPH

Huh?

PRESTON
It's over your head, Ralph.

RALPH
(pushing Preston)
Grow some pubes!

Preston is about to attack Ralph. Sandra breaks it up.

SANDRA
We better get going, Preston.

DAMIAN
Yeah, go to your stupid little party,
squirt. We have work to do.

PRESTON gives in, but before he goes, he smiles and punches the ENTER button on the computer and dashes out. Confused, all look. Suddenly the VOICE BOX on the computer SQUAWKS.

COMPUTER VOICE
Butt-to-face-..Butt-to-face....
Damian-and-Ralph-sleep-butt-to
face...butt-to-face...butt-to

The boys scramble to shut the machine off. Bob puts them out of their misery by pulling the plug. The computer dies.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sandra is still smiling at her youngest as she drives. Preston is buckled in a little too tight next to her.

SANDRA
That's no way for a boy with a birthday coming up to be acting. Preston?

PRESTON
What's the point of being good. I never get what I want anyway.

SANDRA
Maybe someday you'll realize what a lucky young man you are.

Sandra pulls to a stop. Preston hesitates.

SANDRA
Well?

PRESTON
Do I haveta?

SANDRA
It'll be fun. Here's some money.
It should be plenty.

Sandra hands Preston a few dollar bills. He frowns at them.

PRESTON
Obviously you don't get out much.

Sandra reaches across him and pushes Preston's door open.
For once Preston knows he's gone too far and goes quietly.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Left alone, Preston looks up at the sign. It reads
"FUNLAND." Within the chain link fence is an entertainment
park with MINI RACE CARS, BATTING CAGES and the huge FUN
SLIDE. Also inside is a GROUP OF NINE YEAR OLDS gathered for
a party and at the center BUTCH WILLEY, birthday brat, 10.

BUTCH
It's Presto-chango!

The KIDS laugh. Preston shrivels.

EXT. FUNLAND - DAY - LATER

At a TOKEN BOOTH, kids line up to purchase "Fun Tokens" from
a VENDOR. Preston watches as another KID precedes him.

KID
Tokens, please.

The Kid hands a fifty dollar bill to the Vendor. The
resulting jackpot of tokens sounds like RAINFALL. The Kid
collects his huge pile and moves on. Preston's turn.

PRESTON
Tokens, please.

Preston sheepishly hands the Vendor his bills. A BEAT.
PLUNK! Ker-plunk! About seven tokens. Preston turns red.

BUTCH
Hey Preston, somebody rob your
piggy bank?

As a GRINDING METAL TUNE plays, a MONTAGE BEGINS.

EXT. FUNLAND - MINI INDY RACE CARS - DAY

Around an oval track, kids in mini INDY RACE CARS power
through the course. The NOISE is amazing. But as Preston
speeds around the corner, he is flagged by an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT
Time's up!!

PRESTON
I only went one lap!!

ATTENDANT
You only gave me one token!!

Preston gets out of his car and walks to the sidelines. He has to jump out of the way as Butch speeds past LAUGHING.

EXT. FUNLAND - "FUN SLIDE" - DAY

A two story structure of slides includes figure eights, twists, tunnels and loop-de-loops. All the kids run to the entrance and pay their tokens. Preston stops and looks.

HIS POV

A SIGN. The FUN SLIDE is divided into levels. The more tokens, the higher up you go. 10 tokens to go to the top.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston watches as the other kids fork over their tokens.

EXT. TOP OF THE SLIDE - DAY

Butch happily leads the other kids in a long, fun slide.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE SLIDE - DAY

The bunny slope. Alone, Preston climbs to the top, sits and slides. A very short drop. He looks miserable.

EXT. FUNLAND - BATTING CAGE - DAY

With a batting helmet in place, Preston approaches the automatic pitching machine. Getting set to swing, he is unprepared as the ball flies right past his head.

PRESTON
Is that it?
(throwing helmet)
I only got one lousy pitch!

An ATTENDANT leads Preston away.

EXT. FUNLAND - WISHING POND - DAY

Preston mopes by himself. The other kids spot him.

BUTCH
Whatsa matter, Preston? Don't have
any tokens. Here's one for you. On me.

Butch tosses the token into the air.

CLOSE - TOKEN

It's gold. It SPINS, catching the light.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston reaches for the token, but it flies past him, landing
with a SPLASH in the wishing pond. The sound of childish
LAUGHTER grows louder and LOUDER as the METAL TUNE fades.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dinner time. Preston sits at the table not eating a bite.
He stares an X-ray beam at his mother and father.

FRED
(noticing Preston)
So. Did you have fun at Butch's
birthday party?

Sandra looks at her husband, shakes her head. Wrong topic.

PRESTON
I have a question. Are we broke?

SANDRA
No dear. Your father and I both
have very good jobs.

PRESTON
So if we're not poverty stricken, there
must be some other reason I'm deprived.

Damian and Ralph bounce into the room, dressed to go out.

DAMIAN
We're outta here.

PRESTON
Where are they going?

RALPH
Laker game, toad.

PRESTON
What about me?

DAMIAN
Only two tickets. Can I have
the keys, Dad?

Fred tosses them the keys.

FRED
Need some cash?

Ralph jingles a pocket full of COINS.

RALPH
Nahh, we got a bunch of change.

DAMIAN
Hey Preston. Don't mess with
those bottles of detergent on
your bed. They're poison. See ya.

Laughing, Damian and Ralph leave. DOORSLAM. Preston fumes.

PRESTON
Why didn't I get to go?

FRED
Tickets cost money. They have
jobs. You have to learn to save.

Preston bites his tongue. He's no snitch.

PRESTON
I want to add one thing to my
birthday list.

SANDRA
What's that?

PRESTON
Money. So I can pay to have Ralph
and Damian knocked off.

SANDRA
That's a terrible thing to say.

PRESTON
I want my room back.

FRED
Well you don't always get what you
want, Preston.

PRESTON
I would if I had money.

Fred's about to go 'off'. Sandra tries her trump card.

SANDRA

Fred, maybe we could give Preston one of his presents early.

Preston looks at his parents who seem to have planned this.

PRESTON

What's the catch?

SANDRA

Your birthday card from Grandma came today.

PRESTON

I can open it now? Grandma's always good for five bucks, maybe even ten!

Smiling, Sandra hands the CARD to Preston who grabs it.

FRED

Careful hombre, don't rip it.

Card open, Preston sees the enclosed CHECK. His face sours.

PRESTON

What a gyp. It's a check for nothing. I'm having a bad day.

Preston shows the check to his dad. Fred explains.

FRED

It's lucky we opened this together, son. Grandma forgot to fill in how much it was for, but she signed it at the bottom, see? An unscrupulous person could fill in whatever amount he wants. It's a blank check.

PRESTON

Hey, wait a minute! Any amount?!

Preston grabs for the check. Fred holds him at bay.

FRED

But since Grandma sent you five dollars last year, that's what we'll put in. Five dollars is a lot for a boy your age.

PRESTON

Dad don't! What about inflation?!

Too late. Fred already has his pen in hand.

CLOSE-UP - THE CHECK

With heightened SOUND EFFECTS, the scratch of Fred's pen against the paper is heard. Five bucks it is.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston acts as if he'd been stabbed. Fred hands him the check. Preston looks at his parents. Fools! Traitors!

PRESTON

Maybe Grandma wanted me to have a blank check! Did you think of that? No! You said yourself she's loaded.

FRED

(checking watch)
Let's see, three hours difference to the East Coast. Well, if she's not loaded now she oughta be soon.

SANDRA

Fred.

Preston doesn't get it. He's too consumed with looking at the check. So close, yet so far. He could have been rich.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

A lone figure in a cone of light. Preston sits at his desk, working the computer. Around him, STACKS of his brother's cleaning supplies and files. Not much room for Preston.

PRESTON

(inputs) Interest on five dollars. Go.

He hits ENTER and the computer responds in broken english usually reserved for "4-1-1" callers.

COMPUTER VOICE

With-current-money-market-rates
at-three-point-four-five-percent,
your-account-will-reach-one-million
dollars-in-342,506-years...

PRESTON

I'm stuck here forever.

INT. FRED AND SANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Preston's parents look up from their reading.

SANDRA
He's talking to himself again.

Fred POUNDS on the wall.

FRED
Lights out in there.

PRESTON (O.S.)
I can't even stay up late!

FRED
My house--my rules young man.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

With more than a little caution, Preston moves the dangerous detergent bottles out of the way and climbs into bed.

PRESTON
(to himself)
"My house--my rules!" Well I'll
get my own house...in 342,506 years.

Lying back in bed, Preston SIGHS.

EXT. HILLSDALE, CALIFORNIA - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

It's a pleasant morning. A small, friendly community.

INT. HILLSDALE BANK - DAY

TELLERS deal with customers. PHONES RING.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's the use of being president of
a bank if you can't help your friends...

INT. BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

ED BIDERMAN, 50's, a bespectacled Yupoid. He's on the phone, feet propped on his desk. He doesn't see his DOOR open.

BIDERMAN
(into phone)
Absolutely. That's why I'm here.

ANGLE - DOOR

TILT UP TO REVEAL the expensive shoes, familiar BRIEFCASE and finally the scowling face of Carl Quigley. He looks even meaner than we remember as he steps in and closes the door.

BACK TO SCENE

Before Biderman knows what happened, Quigley hangs up the phone for him. Biderman looks like he's seen a UFO.

BIDERMAN
(into dead phone)
I'll call you back...

QUIGLEY
You don't look happy to see me.

BIDERMAN
Qu-- Qu--

QUIGLEY
Quigley. I don't remember you having a stutter, Biderman, but then I've been in the can for ten years.

Biderman starts for the phone, Quigley stops him.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
The only reason you're alive, banker, is because I knew I might need you again.

BIDERMAN
What do you you want?

QUIGLEY
Not bad. English becomes you.
(beat)
I've got a little laundry job for you, Biderman. I need it back..tomorrow.

BIDERMAN
I don't know, Carl I...

Before Biderman can protest, Quigley SLAMS his briefcase on the desk, opens it. Biderman's eyes widen at what's inside.

QUIGLEY
One million dollars. A little seed money from the Tucker brothers. The boys want me to make a new life for myself here. All I have to do is pick a new name.

BIDERMAN
I'm not sure I'm comfortable with this much cash.

QUIGLEY
Get comfortable. I've got a courier coming in tomorrow. No screw-ups.

BIDERMAN
Do I know this guy?

QUIGLEY
His name's "Juice"
(smiles)
You'll know him when you see him.

BIDERMAN
But...why such short notice?

QUIGLEY
I'm gonna buy a house and start working
this corny little town by next week.

With an evil smile, Quigley sits down.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
Who knows? I may even be mayor of
Hillsdale someday.

Quigley laughs his horrible laugh.

EXT. HILLSDALE BANK - DAY

Preston pedals up on his old bicycle and SQUEAKS to a stop.
He sees a sign: "Highest Interest in Town! FREE CHECKING!"

PRESTON
(to himself) Big deal.

Below the sign is a taped FLIER welcoming the bank's newest
employee, SHAY STANLEY.

CLOSE - FLIER

SHAY STANLEY looks about 20 and is fairy tale pretty.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston is unimpressed.

PRESTON
(scoffing)
Women...

INT. HILLSDALE BANK - LOBBY - DAY

It's adult land in here and deadly QUIET as Preston enters
and looks about wondering where to go. After several false
starts, he is pointed toward a long teller's line.

INT. HILLSDALE BANK - LINE - DAY

Preston gets into line. He's short. All he sees are adult BUTTS. Directly in front of him, a MAN notices Preston's sudden fascination with his and tries to shift away from him.

PRESTON'S POV - THE MAN'S BUTT

There appears to be a big wad of GUM stuck to his pants.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston carefully reaches out to remove the GUM. But just touching the Man's pants causes the guy to JUMP!

MAN

AAAAagh!

Everyone in the entire bank turns and looks at the Man. Several "SHOOSH" him. He wheels to face Preston.

MAN

(whispering)

What are you doing?!

PRESTON

(whispering back)

There's something on your pants. At first I thought it was gum, but now I think you musta sat in barf.

TELLER (O.S.)

Next please.

Disconcerted, the Man steps away from Preston. As he does, Preston turns to see something that makes his heart stop.

HIS POV

SHAY STANLEY. Much prettier than her picture. Wow! With MUSIC building, Shay turns in SLOW MOTION, looking directly at him and smiles. As of now she is Preston's first crush.

SHAY

Next.

INT. BANK - SHAY'S WINDOW - DAY

In a daze, Preston crosses toward Shay's window. He stands on his toes to peer above the counter. He smiles sweetly.

PRESTON

Hi.

SHAY

Can you see okay, little boy?

It's the "little boy" that snaps Preston out of his stupor.

PRESTON

Sorta. I have a check. I'd like to open an account and get interest.

He hands Shay his APPLICATION. He can't stop looking at her.

SHAY

Do you have any other money you'd like to deposit, Mr. Waters?

PRESTON

I could've. But my dad wouldn't let me. It's sort of a long story.

SHAY

Well, we do have a minimum balance, I'm afraid. Twenty-five dollars.

PRESTON

It's kinda hard to save money around my house. That's why I'm here.

SHAY

(feeling for him)

I'll tell you what. I'll keep your application in my drawer and when you're ready, we'll get you started.

(big smile)

My name is Shay.

Preston waves as he walks away, trying hard not to stare.

EXT. HILLSDALE BANK - REAR - DAY

Quigley is being led out by Biderman. Quigley is chipper.

QUIGLEY

Yup. Just like old times, eh Biderman?

BIDERMAN

From now on don't come through the front.

QUIGLEY

You forget who you're talking to. Just make sure it all goes smooth.

Nervous, Biderman heads inside. Quigley crosses to his car.

EXT. HILLSDALE BANK - FRONT - DAY

With his Grandmother's check shoved halfway into his back pocket, Preston is unlocking his bicycle when a hand reaches out and snatches the check. Preston spins and sees...BUTCH.

PRESTON

Hey!

BUTCH

Sucker.

PRESTON

That's mine!

Too late. Butch laughs, hops on his bicycle and pedals away. With no other choice, Preston jumps on his bike and follows.

ACROSS THE BANK PARKING LOT

Butch and Preston weave in and out of parked and moving cars headed for the exit. A Toyota HONKS and puts on its brakes.

INT. CAR - DAY

Unaware of the trouble headed his way, Quigley gets in his car. He pops in a cassette: RAY STEVENS' "EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL." Quigley hums along as he turns on the ignition.

CLOSE - QUIGLEY

He checks his teeth in the rear view mirror. As he puts the car in gear and backs out, he picks at a stuck corn kernel.

EXT. HILLSDALE BANK - PARKING LOT - DAY

The CHASE continues as Butch goes out the exit, but as Preston follows, his bike chain drops. He slows to a stop.

INT. CAR - DAY

Still fighting at the piece of popcorn with his tongue, Quigley continues to back out. He doesn't see Preston.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Preston crouches over his bike. In the b.g., the Mercedes backs toward him. It's going to FLATTEN the little kid! It's just then that Preston happens to look up and see...

HIS POV

The Mercedes is LOOMING ever larger.

ANGLE - BUTCH

Half a block away Butch looks back and CRINGES.

INT. CAR - DAY

Quigley is unaware anything is wrong until he hears the loud CRUNCHING of automobile on bicycle. He SLAMS on the brakes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Quigley's Mercedes rests atop Preston's bike. Preston has stretched himself just out of harm's way. He lies nearby as Quigley gets out of his car and investigates the trouble.

QUIGLEY

What do you think you're doing?

Preston struggles to get up. Quigley looks intimidating.

PRESTON

I--I--

Quigley looks around as Butch runs up.

BUTCH

I saw the whole thing! I could be a witness if the price was decent.

QUIGLEY

Get out of here. He's perfectly all right. (to Preston) Aren't you!?

PRESTON

(scared to death)

I guess.

Quigley turns to go.

QUIGLEY

And get that bike out from under my car.

Preston looks at his bike. It's smashed. With growing anger and courage, Preston steps forward to Quigley and yells.

PRESTON

What about my bike!!!

Quigley stops in his tracks. With a look death in his eyes, he slowly turns to face Preston. Preston holds his ground.

QUIGLEY

Why you little... you little...

Butch can't look. Preston is about to die twice. Suddenly...

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh my word!!

Quigley turns the other way. A sweet OLD WOMAN is there. And in the b.g. a small CROWD of people are gathering.

OLD WOMAN

Are you all right, little boy?

Butch opens his eyes. And his mouth...

BUTCH

(pointing to Quigley)

This anal-brain hit him.

Quigley looks around... This is looking bad.

QUIGLEY

He's okay. Just an accident.

BUTCH

I saw the whole thing. I think this guy's been drinking vodka.

OLD WOMAN

Oh my!

QUIGLEY

I haven't been drinking! Here!

Quigley pulls out his CHECKBOOK and starts to write.

QUIGLEY

Here. Look, look, little boy. How much do you want for the bike?

BUTCH

A thousand bucks---

QUIGLEY

Not you.

The Old Woman goes over to Preston. Quigley peruses the street and knows this could get ugly fast. Then he sees something that makes him even more nervous...

HIS POV

A POLICE CAR is making a turn onto the street.

BACK TO SCENE

Hurriedly, Quigley rips a check out of his checkbook and stuffs it into Preston's shirt pocket.

QUIGLEY

Here. Your dad'll know what to do with this.

(to the crowd)

Everything's fine.

Quigley hustles to his car and squeals away. Butch kicks it.

BUTCH

And don't come back!

Still DAZED, Preston looks down at his mangled bicycle.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

As evening falls, Preston walks his bike towards home. The SQUEAK-SQUEAK of its broken wheel only reinforces his woe.

PRESTON

They're gonna kill me. I know it.

Pushing his bike along, Preston STUMBLES. It's a POTHOLE. Looking down the street, he sees several more. The street lights are flicking. Half of them are burned out.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Even my own street is crummy.

Preston stands in front of the empty house for sale, then turns and looks at his own house and takes a deep breath.

INT. WATERS DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is at the dinner table alone finishing his meal. Sandra is on the TELEPHONE. Preston enters and tries to sneak past and head up the stairs, but Fred stops him in his tracks.

FRED

Hold it! And where in the Sam Hill have you been, young man? Dinner was over nine minutes ago.

Preston enters the dining room.

PRESTON

I had to walk home.

FRED

Why? What happened to your bike?

PRESTON
It got....run over.

FRED
I thought we talked about taking care
of our valuables.

PRESTON
It wasn't valuable. It was a piece
of junk.

FRED
Don't push me young man.

Sandra comes back in. She isn't happy.

SANDRA
That was Butch's mother, Preston.
She said Butch found Grandma's
check. Did you lose it already?

PRESTON
He's lying! He took it.

SANDRA
Preston.

PRESTON
He did!

FRED
Look, let's not argue. I hope you
didn't ruin your bike on purpose so
you'd get a new one for your birthday.
We can't afford it.

PRESTON
Oh, sure, but you can buy Ralph and
Damian all the stuff they want!

SANDRA
I know one young man who might as
well forget about having a party
at Funland...or anywhere.

PRESTON
Like I'd want to invite you!

Sandra is a little hurt. Preston knows he went too far.

FRED
Maybe you should go to bed right now.

Preston looks to Sandra for sympathy but gets none. Slowly, he trudges out of the room and up the stairs.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Preston enters. He thinks he's alone but... Damian is sitting at the computer. He doesn't bother to look up.

DAMIAN

Were you using the computer!?

PRESTON

Get out of my room.

DAMIAN

Hey, this is my office now. Just curl up in your little corner there.

Preston's had it. Reaching for a bottle of CLEANING FLUID he runs for the window. Damian watches with growing horror...

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Hey!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sounds of a SCUFFLE are heard. Fred turns to Sandra

FRED

Now what?

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Fred and Sandra enter, Preston holds Damian at bay by threatening to drop the bottle of cleaner out the window.

FRED

Preston, put down that bottle.
I'm warning you.

PRESTON

What're you going to do, send me
to my room?

FRED

Preston!

Sandra approaches Preston as one might a building jumper.

SANDRA

Preston. Put down the ammonia...

Preston gives in. Hands her the bottle.

SANDRA

Damian? Can't you go out for awhile.
I think Preston needs a time out to
take a good hard look at himself.

Damian leaves with Fred. Sandra lingers.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Honestly, Preston what is the matter
with you?

Sandra leaves Preston to think about this. All alone, he
slumps at his desk. It's been a rough couple of days.

PRESTON

Everyone's against me that's all...

Idly, Preston takes something from his pocket. It's the
FLIER from the bank. Shay's smiling picture brightens him.
He is holding it up to the light when something else falls.

INSERT - THE CHECK

Preston picks up the folded check Quigley gave him.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston unfolds the check and looks at it. He's curious.

CLOSE - THE CHECK

Quigley has signed the check... but no amount is filled in.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston stares at the check with growing realization of what
he has in his hand. It's a BLANK CHECK. With enthusiasm he
jumps up and starts for the bedroom door, but stops short.

PRESTON

Hey, Da---!

FLASHBACK - THE NIGHT BEFORE

At the dinner table, Dad takes Grandma's check from Preston.

FRED

...An unscrupulous person could
fill in whatever amount he wants.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston smirks. Sitting back down at the desk, he grabs a
pen and piece of paper.

CLOSE - SCRATCH PAPER

Preston practices. He writes "One Thousand and 00/100 dollars." Then... "Ten Thousand and 00/100 dollars."

BACK TO SCENE

Preston can't believe it. Could he? Should he? He takes a breath and writes...

CLOSE - CHECK

"One Million and 00/100 -----dollars."

BACK TO SCENE

Preston is giddy. He picks up the check and....

PRESTON

YAHHHHH!

FRED (O.S.)

It won't do any good to cry.

Preston covers his mouth.

EXT. HILLSDALE BANK - DAY

Excitedly, Preston runs into the bank.

INT. TELLER'S LINE - DAY

Preston stands again among the skyscrapers of adult bodies. He looks infinitely more confident about it all this time until he sees...A POLICE OFFICER get in line behind him.

OFFICER

(noticing Preston)

Cashing a big one today?

Preston nods at the Officer and tries hard not to blow it as, one by one, he moves to the front. He's up next.

HIS POV

At the Teller's Window, Shay is all smiles as she helps a Customer. She is just finishing up when she is tapped on the shoulder. She puts out a SIGN that says "WINDOW CLOSED."

BACK TO SCENE

Crestfallen, Preston is watching Shay cross the room when...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Over here----Little boy!

Preston turns to see another teller, UDOWITZ, 50's. The type that would invite two kids in for a bite and then cook them.

UDOWITZ
You're next.

INT. TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY

With no other choice, Preston approaches Udowitz's window.

UDOWITZ
Well?

PRESTON
I'd like to cash this please.

Udowitz takes the check, reads it for what seems an eternity.

UDOWITZ
Do you think this is funny?
(no response)
Do you want me to go to Mr.
Biderman with this?

Preston shrugs his shoulders. Holds his ground.

UDOWITZ
Okay then.

She presses a BUZZER and admits Preston behind the counter. Preston is starting to sweat. He follows Udowitz.

INT. BIDERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Biderman is gazing out his window. A KNOCK at the door. Udowitz enters with Preston.

UDOWITZ
Excuse me, Mr. Biderman. We have a
little problem here.

She hands Biderman the check and scowls at Preston.

UDOWITZ (CONT'D)
Someone thinks this is some kind
of game.

BIDERMAN
Hmmm. I see.

Udowitz starts to feel a victory coming.

BIDERMAN (CONT'D)
Is there much of a line out there,
Mrs. Udowitz?

UDOWITZ
We're swamped, sir.

BIDERMAN
Then what are you doing in here?

Udowitz looks at Preston, he at her.

UDOWITZ
Well!

Biderman waits for Udowitz to leave, then turns to Preston.
He stares long and hard at the little guy.

BIDERMAN
Juice?

PRESTON
No thanks, I had some with breakfast.

Biderman looks confused. Then, he thinks it's a joke.

BIDERMAN
(laughs)
Juice with breakfast, I get it.
So Carl wrote you this check?

PRESTON
(guessing)
Uh-huh.

A long beat. Preston is getting scared. What has he done?
Then...Biderman smiles.

BIDERMAN
Brilliant.

In a flash, Biderman walks to his desk, grabs a lighter and
sets fire to the check. Preston starts to protest, but...

BIDERMAN
Brilliant. Is that all you brought?

Biderman points to Preston's backback. It has a "MIGHTY
DUCKS" logo.

PRESTON
Yeah.

BIDERMAN

Cute. Then I guess you want big bills.

PRESTON

The regular size is okay.

BIDERMAN

That's great...regular size...

A little bit giddy, Biderman crosses to a wall safe. Spinning the tumblers, he grabs the handle and pulls.

BIDERMAN

I assume you know what to do with this?

PRESTON

Oh. Yeah.

BIDERMAN

Come on. Come on. Open'er up.

Eagerly Preston opens his backpack. Giggling, Biderman begins stuffing stacks of hundreds inside until it bulges.

BIDERMAN

Okay, wait here.

Biderman goes to the door, opens it, looks both ways. He turns to Preston.

BIDERMAN

Tell Carl...he sure hasn't lost his touch. Brilliant!

Nodding, Preston quickly picks up the backpack and heads for the door. Will they actually let him walk out of here?

BIDERMAN

Stay away from the race track...

Smiling, Biderman watches as Preston walks away.

EXT. HILLSDALE BANK - DAY

As Preston exits the bank, his smile threatens his ears. A BEAT. Like a guy who won the lottery, Preston starts running.

EXT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY

Preston runs in the front door...

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Up the stairs and...

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - DAY

Preston races in and SLAMS the door behind him. Alone for once, Preston opens his backpack and looks inside.

CLOSE - BACKPACK

One million dollars in cash.

PRESTON (O.S.)

Wow...

BACK TO SCENE

Hearing VOICES from the hallway, Preston gets paranoid. He closes the backpack and holds it tight, trying to look casual. Damian and Ralph enter and begin to gather supplies.

DAMIAN

Hey, lazy.

RALPH

Yeah, move it, lazy. We got a job.

PRESTON

Time to wait on somebody hand and foot.

RALPH

You're just jealous, little man.

PRESTON

Of what?

RALPH

That we're going to be rich.

PRESTON

Ha!

DAMIAN

Well, if you're so smart how come you have to share your room.

PRESTON

Not for long.

DAMIAN

Oh, are you moving somewhere?

RALPH

The hall closet maybe?

The brothers pat each other appreciatively as they leave. Preston locks the door behind them and dumps the money on the bed. STACKS OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS everywhere. With a glint in his eye, Preston crosses to the window.

HIS POV

The house across the street. The sign on the lawn reads "FOR SALE! CALL BETTY JAY AT HOMEFINDERS REALTY FOR MORE DETAILS!"

BACK TO SCENE

Preston gets an idea. He sits down at the COMPUTER. He types in, "Preston's Birthday List -- Part Two." He smiles excitedly as he pounds away on the keyboard like crazy.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

#1 on the Birthday List is....MY OWN HOUSE.

INT. HILLSDALE BANK - TELLER'S WINDOW - DAY

Udowitz is standing at her window without a customer. Things have slowed considerably at the bank.

UDOWITZ

Next.

Coming to her window, an odd-looking clod in his 30's, JUICE. He speaks in a monotone without emotion, maybe without brains.

JUICE

Good day, m'am.

UDOWITZ

Yes, sir. Can I help you?

JUICE

I need to cash a check.

UDOWITZ

(trying for a laugh)

Don't tell me. For a million dollars?

No laugh. Juice eyes her oddly.

JUICE

Is Biderman here?

UDOWITZ

Sir I can....

JUICE

I think I really need to see Mr.
Biderman.

Udowitz excuse herself. Juice checks out the place.

HIS POV

Shay is looking right at him, but turns away.

BACK TO SCENE

Juice turns back as Biderman approaches the teller's window.

BIDERMAN

What can I do for you, sir?

Juice looks both ways and leans in towards Biderman.

JUICE

(whispers)

Quigley sent me.

Biderman takes a beat, then leans in.

BIDERMAN

(whispers)

Not to worry. The eagle has landed.
It's all taken care of.

Juice motions Biderman in closer. Hands him a check.

JUICE

Nothing's taken care of until I
walk out of here with the money.

Biderman looks at the check, made out for a million dollars.

BIDERMAN

What's going on here?

Biderman looks around for an answer. Udowitz stands
impatiently, arms crossed. Biderman's on his own.

ANGLE - SHAY

She monitors the goings-on curiously. Suddenly, she begins to
talk to herself, speaking into a stickpin on her jacket.

SHAY

(lightly)

Something's wrong. Biderman looks
like he's about to wet his pants.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A RED VAN is parked inconspicuously on a nearby s.

INT. RED VAN - DAY

A handsome man, JOE RIGGS, 30's. He is wearing an FBI and listening to a shortwave. Shay's voice is coming ov

SHAY (V.O.)

I must've missed something. There's no money for the courier. I don't get it.

INT. BANK - UDOWITZ' WINDOW - DAY

Biderman is beginning to sweat.

BIDERMAN

What about the kid?

JUICE

What kid?

BIDERMAN

(losing it)

THE MIGHTY DUCK KID!

INT. BANK - WIDE

All eyes turn to Biderman.

INT. HOMEFINDERS REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

At a conference table in a private conference room, BETTY JAY, an energetic realtor in her 30's, sits between Quigley and MR. AND MRS. APPLETON, a nice old couple, 70's.

BETTY

I think Mr. Quigley's offer is very fair Mr. Appleton. The house has been on the market for two years now.

MR. APPLETON

(a little disappointed)

It's so much less than our asking price.

QUIGLEY

What can I say, it's a buyer's market.

MRS. APPLETON

(to Betty)

Do you mind if we take a minute to think about it?

QUIGLEY

Sure. We're still waiting for my courier to arrive with the money. I'm paying cash you know.

BETTY

(to the Appletons)

Cash offers are hard to come by these days.

QUIGLEY

That way I can move right in. Do you mind if I smoke? Of course you don't.

Quigley pulls out a big cigar. He hands one to Appleton.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

Cheer up, Applesauce, you're about to sell a house.

As Quigley lights up there is a KNOCK at the door. A pretty RECEPTIONIST, 20's, sticks her head in.

RECEPTIONIST

Betty. There's someone on the phone about the Appleton house. He wants to make an offer. He wants to pay cash.

QUIGLEY

(choking on his cigar)

What!?

Curious, Betty pulls up a modular phone and pushes the flashing light. She presses the speaker button so all can hear.

BETTY

Hello? This is Betty.

CALLER (V.O.)

(in a strangely familiar voice)

I'd-like-to-make-a-cash-offer-on your-house.

QUIGLEY

Is this some kind of gag?

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - DAY

Preston is at the computer. Beside the unit is a software box entitled "Real Estate in the 90's." Preston types quickly. The phone is leaned up to the COMPUTER SPEAKER so that the words he types will be spoken into the receiver.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

Maybe Preston is typing too quickly: "No, it's no bag..."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

All lean into the telephone speaker.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

No-it's-no-bag... How-muck-you-do-want?

MRS. APPLETON

He sounds foreign.

MR. APPLETON

(leaning closer)

We won't take anything less than two-fifty.

QUIGLEY

What is this? We're going to sit here and listen to a talking box?

Quigley picks up the phone. It speaks right in his face.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Two-sixty...

Startled, Quigley sets the phone down. He looks around at the Appletons who are starting to perk up.

QUIGLEY

If this is some kind of hustle...

(a beat)

I'll give you folks Two-seventy.
Cash. Right now. Take it or leave it.

MRS. APPLETON

(to Betty)

Ask the box there.

BETTY

Would you like to counter offer?

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - DAY

Preston looks through the Real Estate Manual. He types.

COMPUTER

Two-eighty. And-I'll-pay-all
closing-costs.

QUIGLEY (V.O.)

Oh yeah?! Two-ninety. Top that!

There is a KNOCK at the door. Preston panics.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Preston!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sandra is poised at Preston's door.

SANDRA

You have the door locked. I'm making lunch now. Do you want hamburgers or fish sticks?

PRESTON (O.S.)

Uh...Fish sticks.

SANDRA

Okay.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Quigley is pacing. All stare at the speaker eagerly.

BETTY

(into phone) One last time sir. The offer is two-ninety to you. What do you have to say?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Fish-sticks.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - DAY

In horror, Preston looks down at the keyboard. He's typed in "fish sticks." Quickly he types in a new replay.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

All are looking at each other in confusion when...

COMPUTER (V.O.)

I-mean-four-hundred...

QUIGLEY

WHAT!

BETTY

THAT'S FULL PRICE!

MR. AND MRS. APPLETON

(in unison) WE'LL TAKE IT...

COMPUTER (V.O.)
I'll-send-a-messenger.

BETTY
Sold. Just one thing, sir. What's
your name?

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - DAY

Preston struggles for a name. His mind is a blank until he
looks straight ahead and sees the shiny "MACINTOSH" logo.

SANDRA (O.S.)
Preston, ketchup or tartar sauce?
Preston?

PRESTON
Wait...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Quigley looks like he's about to hemorrhage. Mr. Appleton is
smoking his cigar. He's loosened up considerably.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
My-name-is-Mr.-MacIntosh.

QUIGLEY
(furious) MacIntosh!!

Quigley smashes the speaker box and tosses it on the floor.
The Appletons and Betty kneel down beside it.

BETTY
Mr. MacIntosh, are you all right?
Is there anything we can get for you?

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Tartar-sauce.

INT. BIDERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Biderman paces while Juice sits at the banker's desk.

JUICE
Might as well get exercise now.
You'll be dead in two days.

BIDERMAN
Me? What about you? You're the
one not returning his calls.

JUICE
I'm trying to buy you some time.

BIDERMAN

If you hadn't been late we wouldn't be sitting here.

JUICE

It's not my fault you gave a million dollars to some kid.

BIDERMAN

He had a check. Quigley gave the kid a check. He screwed up.

The phone RINGS. They both jump like scared cats. Neither wants to answer. Finally, the phone machine picks up. BEEP.

QUIGLEY (V.O.)

Biderman if you get this message before I kill you I just want you to know you're a dead man. I'm on my way in and someone better give me my money. Juice, if you're there I'm calling from what's left of your house. I've got some kitty litter to drop off.

A loud CAT SCREECH as the line goes dead.

JUICE

(concerned)

That sounded like my Cleo.

BIDERMAN

We've got to find that kid.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Dressed for a night out, Fred and Sandra fuss with each other's clothing. Ralph and Damian look on.

FRED

Okay, men. You know where we'll be.

RALPH

We can handle it, pops.

FRED

Don't call me that.

(to Damian)

Make sure "you know who" stays in his room. He's grounded.

RALPH

We'll watch the little monster.

SANDRA
Watch yourself, Ralph.

FRED
(to Ralph)
And lay off the 976 calls.
(to Damian)
Get your brother a date. I can't
afford the phone bills.

RALPH
It wasn't me.

FRED
Goodnight.

Fred and Sandra leave.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Preston paces. Talk about money burning a hole in your
pocket. Sitting down at his desk, he clicks on the computer.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

A list of games includes "BRUCE LEE VS. GODZILLA."

BACK TO SCENE

Hearing something, Preston goes to his window and watches his
parents drive off. Thinking, he picks up the phone and dials.

PRESTON
Hello..Eagle Limousines?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ralph and Damian sit on the couch doing nothing. Suddenly,
COMPUTER GAME SOUND EFFECTS are heard from upstairs.

DAMIAN
(yelling upstairs)
Turn it down up there!

RALPH
Brat. Nothing better to do than
play video games.
(a beat)
What do you wanna do?

DAMIAN
I dunno.

RALPH
I'll put on MTV.

Ralph brings the phone beside him on the couch.

DAMIAN
Stay off the phone.

EXT. OAK STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the "For Sale" sign across the street. It now has "SOLD" posted across it. A WHITE STRETCH LIMOUSINE pulls up.

EXT. PRESTON'S BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

Backpack on his shoulder, Preston climbs out and down a tree. The SOUNDS of the video game ECHO throughout the neighborhood.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Preston approaches the limo, stopping at the driver's window.

PRESTON
Excuse me.

The DRIVER, late 20's, is a headbanger type.

DRIVER
Get out of here kid. I'm waiting
for a client.

PRESTON
I'm your client.

DRIVER
I keep telling 'em to check out
customers before sending me all
over town.

The Driver starts up the limo.

PRESTON
Wait!

A WAD OF CASH plops on the Driver's lap. He looks up.

DRIVER
(all smiles)
Let me help you in, sir.

EXT. FUNLAND - NIGHT

Lit up and packed with people. The limousine pulls up.

EXT. MINI INDY RACE CAR TRACK - NIGHT

Preston approaches the grubby teenage CASHIER.

PRESTON

A thousand dollars worth of

CASHIER

It's thirty dollars unlimited. Duu
could buy the car cheaper than that.

PRESTON

Is that right?

Off Preston's look of realization, we hear RANDY NEWMAN'S
"MONEY THAT MATTERS" and a MONTAGE begins.

EXT. MINI INDY RACE TRACK - NIGHT

Preston points to the shiniest of the RACE CARS and plops down
a WAD OF CASH into the hands of the ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT

Okay, 1604 Oak Street, right?

EXT. FUN SLIDE CASHIER - NIGHT

Preston is drawing a MINI-POWER SLIDE on a chalk board. The
CASHIER smiles as Preston hands him a big bunch of BILLS.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - NIGHT

Preston hands the ATTENDANT another wad of BILLS and points to
one of the pitching machines zinging baseballs at a backstop.
Preston signs an order form and receives another smile and
handshake from an ATTENDANT. He's off.

EXT. HILLSDALE - NIGHT

The limo cruises down the street. Preston's on the move.

INT. LIMOUSINE

In the backseat, Preston picks up the in-car telephone and
talks to the Driver, who seems more than pleased to help.

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

A video MANAGER signs another order. Preston smiles.

VIDEO MANGER

That was every R rated movie in
stock. Right?

Preston reaches into his backpack and pulls out more money.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

On the move again, Preston picks up the car phone.

PRESTON

Open the moonroof, please.

ANGLE - THE DRIVER

who follows orders. At this point, considering the stack of bills at his side, he'd get out and push the limo for Preston

EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Preston stands out the roof enjoying the cool SUMMER wind.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As the MONTAGE ENDS and the MUSIC FADES, we see Preston standing up in the limo, cruising down the street.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nothing fancy. Fred and Sandra are with their friends, ROSIE and BILL WILLIAMS, a happy couple in their 30's.

ROSIE

Nice to get out. Without the kids I mean. I mean I love 'em but...you know what I mean.

SANDRA

Sure.

BILL

How's the boys' business coming?

FRED

Fine. Working like dogs.

BILL

Preston?

Fred and Sandra look at each other.

BILL

Oh come on. He's just your average nine year old.

FRED

Well, he's grounded for life right now.

BILL
What did he do?

FRED
Funny. I can't even remember
just needed to be humbled.

BILL
That's a good lesson all right.

FRED
He looked pretty sheepish tonight. I
think he's finally accepting his place.

In the b.g. just out of eyeshot of the table, we see Preston's
Limousine cruise past. M.O.S. Preston whoops it up happily.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Damian and Ralph are passed out on the couch. Ralph is leaned
against his brother unknowingly dozing. He nuzzles closer
and...WAKES UP DAMIAN. Damian hits Ralph.

DAMIAN
Fag!

Upstairs the NOISES from the Computer Game continue to ECHO.

RALPH
He's still playing that game.

DAMIAN
He hates video games. I don't get it.

RALPH
He's dull. He's ten.

DAMIAN
You're dull and you're fourteen.

Suddenly Damian realizes something is amiss.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
He hates video games.

He rushes up the stairs. Ralph follows.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Damian and Ralph enter. The Computer is playing by itself!

RALPH
He's dead. We're dead.

DAMIAN
We've got to find him. Mom
Dad'll be home any minute.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The limousine is just pulling away from 31 FLAVORS IC.
Preston is winding down from the excitement.

PRESTON
(into in-car phone)
That's all I have time for tonight.
Home please.

Then Preston looks out his window and sees something.

PRESTON
STOPPPP!!

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The limo SCREECHES to a stop. On the sidewalk, a JOGGER.
Preston sticks his head out the moonroof. It's Shay. Wow.

PRESTON
Hi.

SHAY
You scared me. Preston, right?

PRESTON
Sorry. You've got a good memory.

DRIVER (O.S.)
That's not all that's good 'bout her.

PRESTON
(smirking in at
the Driver)
Just drive please...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The limo pulls out again, pacing Shay as she jogs.

SHAY
Nice car...

PRESTON
Thanks. It's...It's my boss's.
Mr. MacIntosh.

SHAY
MacIntosh. Have I seen him in the bank?

PRESTON
No. He's new in town. Do you want a ride?

SHAY
No thanks, I'm out of shape.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Like where for instance?

Preston looks embarrassed. He hopes she didn't hear that.

PRESTON
Is it okay if I come in and start that account?

SHAY
You've got the twenty-five dollars?

Preston smiles.

PRESTON
Yeah, I'll be in tomorrow.

SHAY
See you then.

Preston pulls his head inside the car. The limo drives off.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Kid's on a roll.

Shay runs on a few more steps then stops at the RED VAN. Waiting for her is Riggs, the FBI man we saw earlier.

SHAY
That was strange?

RIGGS
What?

SHAY
Oh, nothing.

Embracing Riggs, Shay gives him a KISS. He smiles.

RIGGS
We should work together more often.

EXT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up across the street. Preston looks.

HIS POV

Damian and Ralph guard the front door and side entrance.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Preston sees his brothers and ducks. He gets on the phone.

PRESTON

(into phone)

Drive past.

Poking his head up, Preston sees a new problem.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Oh no...

As the limo pulls away, Preston's parents' car pulls up.

EXT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Just a litte tipsy perhaps, Fred is friendlier than usual as he helps Sandra out when he sees Damian and Ralph.

FRED

Did you lock yourselves out?

DAMIAN

Of course not. Preston got out.
We're going to catch him before he
sneaks back in.

FRED

He what!?

RALPH

Yup, he got out right under our
noses.

SANDRA

Are you sure?

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

All stand at the front door. Fred decides to test Ralph.

FRED

Open the door Ralph...

Ralph turns the knob. Oops. It's locked. Damian looks to the heavens. What a dork! Fred grumbles, unlocks the door.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Everyone rushes up the stairs.

FRED

Couple of brilliant sons I got.

RALPH

The little runt must have gone out the window on us.

FRED

If he did he's in big trouble.

With that Fred flings open Preston's door.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

The LIGHT from the hall reveals Preston fast asleep in bed. There might as well be a halo over this sleeping angel.

SANDRA

Sound asleep. Shhhh.

They close the door.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sandra is ready to chew some butt.

SANDRA

Pretty low thing to do. Blame your little brother for your stupidity.

FRED

Pretty slimey even for you, Ralph. Damian?

Damian knows enough not to squirm at this point. He's lost this battle. Instead, he WHACKS Ralph on the head.

INT. PRESTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

He heaves a sigh of relief. He pushes off his covers and starts to undress, placing the backpack under his pillow.

PRESTON

Goodnight money.

He turns off the lights.

INT. HILLSDALE BANK - BIDERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: Quigley who is absolutely fuming.

QUIGLEY

You did WHAT with the money!

Juice and Biderman can't help looking stupid.

JUICE

He gave it to a kid, boss.

QUIGLEY

You gave one million dollars to a little boy!

BIDERMAN

The boy had an endorsed check. What was I supposed to do? Have you ever heard the expression, "the customer is always right?" Why'd you write him a check?

Quigley PACES.

QUIGLEY

I didn't write a million dollar check to anybody except numbnuts here.

BIDERMAN

It was your writing.

Quigley loses it. He grabs Biderman by the throat.

QUIGLEY

I didn't write a check to anyone!
So help me God I'm going to----

Quigley suddenly remembers something.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

The kid on the bike....

BIDERMAN

(while strangled)
The Mighty Duck kid.

JUICE

You mean there was a kid?

QUIGLEY

First MacIntosh, now this.

The door suddenly opens and Quigley lets Biderman go. All turn to see Shay. Was she eavesdropping?

BIDERMAN

What is it, Ms. Stanley?

SHAY

I just wanted to see if I could get you some coffee or...

QUIGLEY

Don't bother us.

Quigley walks over and closes the door in her face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Shay goes away extra slowly. She stops to hear.

BIDERMAN (O.S.)

Who's MacIntosh?

QUIGLEY (O.S.)

Nevermind, find that kid!

JUICE (O.S.)

Where do we find him boss?

QUIGLEY (O.S.)

Where do you think you idiots!

Quigley, Juice and Biderman storm out. Shay just makes it around the corner and watches them pass. She thinks.

INT. BANK - DAY

Shay goes back to her window.

SHAY

(to herself)

MacIntosh.

She realizes why the name sounds familiar and pulls something from her drawer. CLOSE ON: PRESTON'S APPLICATION.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY

Fred is tiptoeing with his golf bag under his arms.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Fred?

Fred jumps out of his skin. Sandra approaches.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I thought you were working
home today.

FRED
Just squeezing in a quick nine
holes first. I've got a nine
o'clock tee time.

SANDRA
Oh, I see.

EXT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY

At the wheel of the Volvo, Fred starts to back out of the
driveway. He is almost out when...he SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

ANGLE - A MOVING VAN

blocks the driveway.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred gets out the car to investigate.

FRED
Hey! Move it! I've got a tee time.

VAN DRIVER
I got no place to go, pal.

Sure enough the guy can't move his Van because....

ANGLE - OAK STREET - DAY

The whole STREET is backed up with TRUCKS including; Circuit
City, Carpeteria, Roche Buboils, Toys R Us, Soloflex, A
Mercedes Benz transportation truck, Westpac Security Systems,
Fred Segals, Straw Hat Pizza, 31 flavors and Office Mart.

A CROWD of NEIGHBORS has gathered around 1604 Oak Street.
HORNS HONK. People SHOUT orders. It is total CHAOS.

EXT. MACINTOSH HOUSE - DAY

Preston is directing traffic, in charge of the whole thing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fred storms over to his son.

FRED
What is going on here?

PRESTON
Moving in.

FRED
Who's moving in?

A DELIVERY GUY interrupts hands Preston a slip.

DELIVERY GUY
MacIntosh?

PRESTON
Right upstairs.

FRED
Who's MacIntosh?

PRESTON
He just moved in. I'm working
for him. He's paying me.

FRED
Well, he's blocking my driveway.

PRESTON
(eyeing Fred's golf shoes)
I thought you were going to work
at home today, Dad?

FRED
Nevermind what I'm doing. Just..
get these trucks out of here.

EXT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY

Fred comes over steaming. His golf spikes crackling on the
cement. Damian comes outside to grab the paper. He's
stretching, YAWNING. Just waking up. Ralph is with him.

DAMIAN
Hey, Dad, I thought you were
working at home today...

Fred is too angry to answer. Even at his favorite son.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)
(re: Preston)
What's the little termite doing?

FRED
Working. Like you're not.

Fred storms inside. Damian looks at Preston in amazement.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - DAY

Golf game aborted, Fred storms in. Sandra flags him down.

SANDRA

I didn't know you were here. Frank called from work. He said he heard somebody named MacIntosh was moving in. He said he heard he was rich.

FRED

What?!

SANDRA

He sounded like it was important.

Fred grabs the phone and dials furiously.

FRED

Great. Now I'll have to start kissing my neighbor's butt. You didn't tell him I was golfing did you?

Sandra looks upward. Cooops. Fred rolls his eyes.

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

A THRONG of NEIGHBORS. Among them is BUTCH who pulls up on his bike. He sees Preston going in and out the front door.

INT. MACINTOSH HOUSE - DAY

Preston orchestrates as DELIVERY PEOPLE begin to bump into each other as supplies are sent to all parts of the house.

INT. MACINTOSH ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - DAY

Four wide screen TELEVISIONS with VCR'S cover each wall. There is a different R movie on each one.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

A rock and roll fantasy. A drum set and full amplifier set up. A DRY ICE MACHINE provides the smoke as we see....PRESTON THROUGH THE SMOKE all "grunged out," GUITAR in hand, ready to lay down some riffs.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - DAY

The latest in business decor, includes an Oak desk and a fancy SWIVEL CHAIR facing the door. There is a giant computer setup, fax machine, and SILENT RADIO news ticker that winds around the room.

An INSTALLATION MAN finishes working on the swivel chair.

INSTALLATION MAN

There you go. Finest chair in the world. It rocks itself.

Preston climbs aboard. Automatically, the chair begins to rock. The Installation Man points to a timing device.

INSTALLATION MAN

It even turns every few minutes so that a busy guy like Mr. MacIntosh doesn't overwork himself.

The automatic chair begins to turn. Preston enjoys the ride. It's too big for him. But then again, so is this house. As the SOUND of the last trucks PULLING AWAY are heard we see...

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - DAY

A kid's dreamland. Part Disneyland, part Willy Wonka. We see an oval racetrack with two shiny MINI RACE CARS. In another part of the yard a BATTING CAGE. And alongside the pool, three huge FREEZERS with spigots marked "Chocolate," "Vanilla," and "Cookies 'N' Cream." And, leading up from the pool, A GIANT SLIDE that is a replica of the one at Funland.

ANGLE - WATER SLIDE

It leads all the way up to an upstairs window.

EXT. WINDOW SILL - DAY

In his bathing suit, Preston is standing on the edge.

PRESTON

And now the American diver will attempt the most difficult dive ever. A full frontal lobotomy....

Preston falls forward and SWOOSHES down the slide.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Preston lands with a huge SPLASH. He jumps out of the pool. Let's do that again! An enormous, SECURITY GUARD stops him politely. He's holding Butch by the boy's pant loops.

SECURITY GUARD

He says he knows you. Is that right, Mr. Waters?

Butch gives Preston a threatening look. Preston debates.

PRESTON
(finally)
He looks kind of familiar.
sure Mr. MacIntosh wouldn't
him creeping around here tho.

The Security Guard drags Butch away.

BUTCH (O.S.)
You little runt. I'll get you!

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

On the screen, a matinee showing of "Aladdin." The AUDIENCE is almost entirely restless KIDS. No one watches the movie. YELLING. Flying Jujufruits. Insanity.

ANGLE - AMONG THE CROWD - QUIGLEY

He's ended up in hell! He'd like to kill somebody but he wouldn't know who to 'off' first. Biderman leans to Quigley.

BIDERMAN
See anyone who looks like him?

QUIGLEY
(a little loud)
Yeah, about three hundred fifty
of 'em.

Next to Biderman, Juice munches on popcorn.

JUICE
(whispers to Biderman)
Robin Williams is so versatile.

Quigley leans forward angrily.

QUIGLEY
We're not here to watch the film!
Spread out and find that kid!

The three of them stand and begin casing the theater. Quigley is hit with a MALT BALL and reaches for the nearest KID.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
You little worm! That hurt!

A FLASHLIGHT shines on Quigley. It's an USHER. Not any usher though. This Usher's as big as a house. Probably a retired middle linebacker for the Bears. Quigley smiles shyly and sets the kid down.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - DAY

Preston is floating in a pool toy. He uses a remote control to adjust the volume of the stereo. He is so absorbed he doesn't notice a pair of pretty legs until he turns to see..

HIS POV

It's Shay, flashing one of her unstoppable smiles.

SHAY

They told me I could find you here.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston scrambles to get out of the pool, suddenly self-conscious about his nine year-old body. He grabs a robe.

SHAY

You didn't stop by the bank.

PRESTON

I had to work.

SHAY

Nice place.

PRESTON

Thanks. I mean, it is.

SHAY

Is Mr. MacIntosh around?

PRESTON

Uh no. He's in a meeting.

SHAY

(looking all around)

I see. Well I brought your application. Do you still want to open an account with me?

PRESTON

Yes!

SHAY

I could take your deposit.

PRESTON

Oh yeah. Sure.

He checks his pockets. They're empty.

PRESTON
I'll just go get it.

Shay waits, looking around at the childish pa.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - DAY

Preston runs in and rips open the "Mighty Ducks" bag, but the hundred is nowhere to be found. He pulls out a hundred and starts to run back down the stairs but can't resist....

EXT. POOL - DAY

Preston comes flying back down the slide and lands in the pool with a big SPLASH! Shay applauds as he gets out.

PRESTON
(out of breath)
Here it is.

Preston hands her a hundred. It's all wet.

SHAY
Looks like you fell into some money.

PRESTON
Huh?

SHAY
Will Mr. MacIntosh be setting up an account with us?

PRESTON
Yeah, sure.

SHAY
I'd like to meet him. Maybe come over and talk to him about it.

PRESTON
Come over here?

SHAY
Tonight maybe?

PRESTON
Mr. MacIntosh is sort of busy.

SHAY
Oh, too bad.

Preston can't stand to see her disappointed.

PRESTON
I could tell you about him.

SHAY
You could?

PRESTON
Sure. He wouldn't mind.

SHAY
Fantastic. I'll be by about eight.

PRESTON
I could send a car for you.

SHAY
Well. It's date then... bye.

Preston watches her walk off and then suddenly realizes...

PRESTON
(to himself)
A date?! I've never been on a date.

As BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S "(LOVING YOU IS A) MAN'S JOB" PLAYS, A MONTAGE BEGINS.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - DAY

Preston sits at the computer, a software box entitled "Dating in the 90's" beside him. He reads with interest.

INT. FRED SEGAL'S - DAY

Preston is being custom fit in a new hip suit. A TAILOR chalks his pants and is about to go for his inseam when Preston jumps back. He refuses to cooperate with the guy.

EXT. FLOWER STAND - DAY

Preston picks a single ROSE and hands it to the PROPRIETOR who in turn adds it to an ENORMOUS BOUQUET.

INT. HILLSDALE BANK - DAY

All employee's eyes are on Shay as the BOUQUET is delivered.

INT. CHEZ MARIE RESTAURANT - DAY

Preston slips a snobby MAITRE D' some cash. He gives Preston the okay and they awkwardly slap five.

INT. HAIR STYLIST - DAY

A STYLIST spins Preston around to face the mirror. He FREAKS at his new hair design. He looks like the guy from Kid N Play. MINUTES LATER, he's spun around again and now sports a Pat Riley hairdo. Better... MINUTES LATER, Preston turns, looks and SMILES big. He looks like he's ready for "STUDS."

INT. MACINTOSH WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Preston works out on the heavy bag. His new GYM is loaded with the latest equipment. We see him... skip rope, pump iron and finish with a performance on the SPEED BAG that would make Sugar Ray Leonard jealous. No doubt about it, as he flexes his tiny muscles, they actually seem bigger!!

As the MONTAGE ends, Preston is DRESSED and ready to go.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The family is sitting down for dinner. We STAY ON them as Preston rushes in the front door. SLAM! All look at each other as he stomps upstairs. SLAM! Just as quickly, Preston flies back down and is almost out the door, when...

FRED

Hold it! Hold it! And where do you think you're going?

Caught mid-step, Preston approaches.

PRESTON

To work?

SANDRA

Excuse me. Are you nuts?

Ralph and Damian look on CONFIDENTLY. Sandra waits for Fred to join in, but strangely he takes a different tact.

FRED

For Mr. MacIntosh, son?

PRESTON

Uh...yeah.

SANDRA

Absolutely not, I--

FRED

(interrupting)

When am I going to meet the man?

PRESTON
I dunno. Soon?

Ralph and Damian exchange CONFUSED looks.

FRED
Do you know if he has an IRA? Mutual funds? Any short term investments? Son, have you seen his portfolio?

SANDRA
Fred, you're talking to a nine year-old boy... who's not going anywhere.

FRED
(ignoring her)
Real Estate! Of course. If that's what he's thinking about investing in I've got some much better ideas... Maybe MacIntosh and I should get together.

SANDRA
This is insane. Where'd you get those clothes?

DAMIAN
Yeah!

A CAR is heard pulling up O.S. A HORN sounds.

PRESTON
(pleading his case to Fred)
Dad? I gotta go. You don't want me to lose my job do you...
(Fred thinks about it)
You let Ralph and Damian work.

RALPH
But that's different, that's...

FRED
Enough, Ralph.

Ralph and Damian are STUNNED.

FRED (CONT'D)
Okay son, you go on. Work is work.

SANDRA
But...

FRED
Sandra, please. I'll wait up for you, Preston. We'll have a nice talk.

Preston runs out before anyone can change their mind. Fred and Sandra exchange looks. Ralph goes to the window.

RALPH
Look at this!

HIS POV

Shay has the window down in the backseat of the limo. Preston gets in to join her.

RALPH (O.S.)
Hey it's a girl.

BACK TO SCENE

All approach the window and watch the LIMO pull away. Ralph is so excited he goes out the front door for a better look. It swings shut. A beat. A couple of sheepish KNOCKS at the door follow. Locked out. What a dork! Fred shakes his head.

FRED
Don't answer it.

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. CHEZ MARIE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A restaurant right off the cover of Trend Magazine. As we pass tables of elegantly dressed PATRONS, all turn to see the unusual couple sitting at the best table in the house.

SHAY (O.S.)
I can't believe Mr. MacIntosh went to all this trouble. This place is great.

Shay and Preston sit across a candlelit table. They look great together, except Preston's feet don't touch the ground.

PRESTON
Mr. MacIntosh eats here all the time.

SHAY
I thought he just moved here?

PRESTON
There was a Chez Marie where he used to live.

SHAY
Where was that?

PRESTON
(thinking fast)
Hawaii.

SHAY
Which island?

PRESTON
All of 'em.

Shay looks at the Menu.

SHAY
Sure is expensive here.

PRESTON
That's all right. It's Mr. MacIntosh's
money. He's buying.

SHAY
How did he get so rich?

PRESTON
Stock market.

SHAY
Which one? Wall Street? NASDAQ?

PRESTON
All of 'em.

SHAY
Well, thank him for the flowers.
And the beautiful diamond necklace.

Preston smiles. Shay wears a HEART-SHAPED DIAMOND NECKLACE.

PRESTON
Can I ask you some questions?
For Mr. MacIntosh.

SHAY
Sure.

Preston pulls out a piece of paper. Shay is curious.

PRESTON
(reading)
Uh... Do you have a lot of
experience in banking?

SHAY
I'd say.

PRESTON
Are you married?

SHAY
No.

PRESTON
What's the shortest guy you've ever dated?

Shay laughs. She loves this.

SHAY
I don't know.

PRESTON
How about the youngest?

SHAY
These are pretty personal questions.

PRESTON
Well, Mr. MacIntosh is pretty interested in you.

SHAY
Oh, I see. Tell Mr. MacIntosh I don't even notice the age or height of a person. The important thing is what's inside of them. They have to have spunk. Like you for instance.

Preston drops the sheet of paper. Nearly drops dead.

PRESTON
That sounds like something my Mom would say.

SHAY
Any other questions?

PRESTON
Do you like basketball?

SHAY
Sure.

Off Preston's wide SMILE...

INT. GREAT WESTERN FORUM - NIGHT

The Lakers are in the midst of a playoff drive.

INT. FORUM - ON THE FLOOR - NIGHT

A WHISTLE. During a timeout, an USHER accompanies Preston and Shay as they make their way to some courtside seats.

USHER

Hmmm. Someone's in your spot.

The Usher moves ahead and taps a FAN on the shoulder.

USHER (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I think you're in the wrong seat.

The Usher begins to check the stub of a certain patron who can't quite locate his ticket. It's JACK NICHOLSON. And he is indeed in the wrong place. Graciously, he moves over one.

NICHOLSON

Sorry.

Preston accepts the apology and sits down with Shay beside Hollywood's biggest dude.

PRESTON

Can you see okay?

SHAY

Are you kidding? I'm usually way up in the boonies.

INT. FORUM - BOONIES - NIGHT

The cheap seats. At the very tip top of the nosebleed section. It is there we find Quigley, Biderman and Juice. Juice watches the game through binoculars.

QUIGLEY

Nice seats, Biderman. Is this the banker's VIP section?

BIDERMAN

Hey, you said you wanted something to take your mind off the money.

JUICE

(to Biderman)

Boy, that James Worthy is some talent.

QUIGLEY

(to Juice)

Give me the binoculars. I can't see dick!

INT. FORUM - FLOOR - NIGHT

Shay and Preston are having a ball.

SHAY

My old boyfriend used to love the Lakers. He never took me to the games, though.

PRESTON

Why not?

SHAY

He said it was a guy thing.

PRESTON

What's a guy thing?

SHAY

Exactly.

Just then... Preston is sent reeling when a PLAYER crashes into him. The crowd OOHS and AHHS at the violent collision.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

CHICK HEARN is concerned, too, as he talks into the mic.

HEARN

The crowd is hushed. I don't know if I've heard 17,000 people this quiet before. They're all waiting to see the condition of the little boy.

INT. FORUM - FLOOR - NIGHT

Preston suddenly jumps to his feet and dusts himself off.

ANGLE - THE CROWD

cheers its approval. What a resilient kid.

ANOTHER POV - PRESTON THROUGH BINOCULARS

From way up high, someone else is watching Preston.

INT. FORUM - BOONIES - NIGHT

The binoculars lower to reveal the SNARLING face of Quigley.

QUIGLEY

It's him. The kid!

Quigley, Biderman and Juice start down the aisle.

INT. FORUM - FLOOR - NIGHT

APPLAUSE is still sounding for Preston. Shay leans to him.

SHAY

You're a great date, Preston.

Preston is warmly surprised. Suddenly he sees...

HIS POV

Across the court is Quigley! A face he'll never forget. The two of them lock eyes and Preston is scared to death.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston stands up like a shot.

PRESTON

(to Shay)

Let's go.

SHAY

What? But the game isn't over.

PRESTON

I forgot something. Come on.

Reluctantly, Shay follows Preston out.

INT. FORUM - TUNNEL - NIGHT

Shay disappears into the tunnel as Preston turns back.

HIS POV

Quigley is fighting his way up the aisle toward Preston.

BACK TO SCENE

With Quigley getting closer, Preston reaches into his pocket and tosses a WAD OF CASH into the CROWD in front of Quigley.

ANGLE - FLYING HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS

filtering into the stands. The FANS go crazy and crowd the aisles. Quigley couldn't fight his way past with a machete.

EXT. FORUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Quigley, Juice and Biderman race outside. It's too late. The limo pulls away.

QUIGLEY

Quick, let's get our car.

BIDERMAN

Where'd we park?

The three bad guys look at a sea of parked CARS.

EXT. HARRY'S TROPICAL FISH STORE - NIGHT

A little hole-in-the-wall shop. The limo is parked outside.

INT. HARRY'S TROPICAL FISH STORE - NIGHT

A pair of beautifully colored ANGEL FISH glide through a decorative tank. PULLING BACK we see Preston and Shay are seated in front watching. The SHOPKEEPER sits in the b.g. reading a Racing Form. Otherwise, the shop is empty.

SHAY

Do you come here a lot?

PRESTON

Kinda. They're fun to watch.
That's Sheila.

He points to a graceful ANGEL FISH.

SHAY

She's pretty.

PRESTON

Seventy-two bucks. She's not worth
it. She'd probably croak in a week.
(spotting another one)
.....He's my favorite.

Preston points to a black and white DAMSEL.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

That's Ollie. He's my pal. Only six
bucks.

SHAY

He's pretty cheap. I like him though.

PRESTON

Yeah, he's cheap but he doesn't take
any guff from the more expensive
fish. I think that's why I like him.

SHAY

Like you, huh? Before you got your
job?

PRESTON

I guess. In the old days.

Shay looks at him fondly. He's a pretty neat kid.

EXT. MACINTOSH HOME - NIGHT

The Limo pulls up.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Uncertain how a date ends, Preston hops out of the car.

SHAY

I had a wonderful time. Probably the best date ever.

PRESTON

Me, too. (beat) Really? I'm sorry Mr. MacIntosh couldn't meet you tonight, but I... I mean he's having a party this Friday. Do you want to come?

SHAY

He'll be there?

PRESTON

Sure.

SHAY

I'd love to.

PRESTON

Great. It's a date then.

SHAY

Goodnight.

Preston shuts the door and goes up the Driver and pays him.

PRESTON

Make sure she gets home okay.

DRIVER

Sure thing, boss.

(beat)

You should have kissed her goodnight.

Preston ponders the idea as the limo drives off. He is still lost in thought when a SHADOWY FIGURE approaches from behind. Preston sees this and turns just as he's tackled hard.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Butch comes up on top, sitting astride Preston's chest.

BUTCH

What's with the limo, runt? I want some answers. Who's this MacIntosh guy?

PRESTON

Get off of me!

A FLASHLIGHT shines on Butch's face. It's Fred in a bathrobe.

FRED

Butch? Preston? What are you boys doing out here? It's almost eleven.

BUTCH

Hey, Mr. Waters. I brought back Preston's check.

Both stand. Butch hands over Grandma's check.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

We were just messing around.

FRED

(to Preston)

Come on son. It's late.

Fred and Preston go into the house. Butch smirks and then notices something....

BUTCH'S POV - STREET

A WAD OF BILLS has fallen out of Preston's pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

Butch scoops up the money with sinister glee.

BUTCH

Cool.

INT. PRESTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is looking at the computer.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

He is looking at his birthday list. Underneath #3 - Biggest Birthday Party EVER!, he types #4 - Girlfriend.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston gets into bed and pats his backpack.

PRESTON
Goodnight, money.

Pasted to his wall is the FLIER welcoming Shay to the bank.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Goodnight, girlfriend.

The lights go out. Preston smiles.

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

A group of NEIGHBORS are out. Fred steps outside to look.

FRED'S POV - THE STREET

WORKMEN jackhammer the street, others replace lamp posts, fix stop signs and repave the sidewalks. From every angle, the street is undergoing a complete and NOISY renovation.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred spots Sandra and rushes over to her.

FRED
What's going on?

SANDRA
Mr. MacIntosh is fixing up the whole street.

FRED
He what?

Fred sees a nearby sign "MACINTOSH IMPROVEMENT PROJECT."

FRED
You mean to tell me he's footing the bill?

SANDRA
The city never will. I guess he cares. Everyone's ecstatic.

MAGGIE, an old woman in curlers, interrupts. She's aflutter.

MAGGIE
I think I spotted him. He looked just like Clark Gable.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
There he is. It's MacIntosh!

The MOB collects around an unseen person. Sandra follows.

FRED
(calling after her)
Where are the boys?!!

SANDRA
(over her shoulder)
Working for MacIntosh!!

The MOB has gathered around a scared MAN. He wears a UPS uniform. He is not MacIntosh.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - BATTING CAGE - DAY

Batting helmet on his head, batting glove and aluminum bat in hand, Preston swings at balls tossed by the PITCHING MACHINE.

ANGLE - RALPH

Wearing his "HAND AND FOOT" shirt, Ralph is loading baseballs in the machine and shagging hits.

PRESTON (O.S.)
Keep 'em coming. Mr. MacIntosh
wants me to get a lot of practice.

A line drive whizzes by Ralph.

RALPH
Watch it, runt.

ANGLE - POOLSIDE

Damian is scrubbing down the pool tiles with a toothbrush.

PRESTON (O.S.)
(to Damian)
Faster. There's a whole list of
things he wants done around here.

Damian bites his tongue. He needs the job.

ANGLE - BATTING CAGE

Preston swings and makes solid contact. The ball hits Ralph in the shin.

RALPH
Owww.

PRESTON

Be a man....That's enough for
now. (starts away) I've got to go.

Ralph and Damian look at each other, then JUMP when...

PRESTON (CONT'D)

And no slacking off.

Hurriedly, Preston's older brothers get back to work.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Quigley's Mercedes makes its way through the streets ever so
meticulously. There are KIDS everywhere.

INT. CAR - DAY

Juice is at the wheel. Quigley scans the neighborhood.

JUICE

Must be some kind of baby boom.

QUIGLEY

Just keep driving. I don't care if we
have to cover every inch of this town.

JUICE

How'd you run the kid over anyway?

QUIGLEY

I didn't, you idiot. I ran over his
bike.

JUICE

How sad. I remember I had a dog
who got hit by a train. Ol' King
Cole we called him. I cried for days.
(getting misty)
He was a merry old soul.

QUIGLEY

Too bad you didn't hold onto the leash.

Seeing something, Juice BRAKES hard throwing Quigley forward.

CLOSE SIGN - ROAD CONSTRUCTION AHEAD - OAK STREET

It reads: "MACINTOSH IMPROVEMENT PROJECT."

QUIGLEY (O.S.)

Macintosh!!

BACK TO SCENE

Quigley is infuriated.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)

Keep going.

JUICE

But it says do not enter... They're repaving the road.

Quigley pulls a GUN.

QUIGLEY

And I'm saying enter. Who are you going to listen to?

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

Serious road work going on. They're tearing up the street.

ANGLE - BUTCH

who's riding his bike past the workmen. He checks his pocket. Sees the wad of cash. Smiles happily.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Quigley and Juice bump their way along. The Mercedes is getting trashed. Then Quigley sees something.

QUIGLEY

It's the punk from the accident.

Butch is directly in front of them. Butch turns and...

QUIGLEY

Get that kid.

EXT. STREET - DAY

In wide-eyed terror, Butch sees Quigley and pedals like crazy. The Blue Mercedes is closing in, but Butch veers off just in time to avoid a deep open trench. The Mercedes is not so lucky and plummets down, nosediving into the hole.

INT. TRENCH - DAY

The Mercedes is butt end up. Workmen scramble to help.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Butch looks down at his combatants.

BUTCH

Suckers...

But as Quigley pokes his head out of the Mercedes window, Butch gets scared and pedals off as fast as he can.

QUIGLEY

Get me out of here!

ANGLE - LIMOUSINE

Coming along the street, a limo approaches.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The Driver pulls safely around the trench.

DRIVER

Looks like somebody went in.

Preston is in the backseat.

PRESTON

(on the phone)

Hold on.

Preston leans out of the car window, looks down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quigley is climbing up. They meet eyes!

QUIGLEY

YOU!!!

Quigley points at Preston, losing his grip and falling back.

PRESTON

Drive!

INT. LIMO - DAY

The limo SQUEALS AWAY. Sitting back in his seat, Preston watches the angry Quigley fade in the distance.

DRIVER (O.S.)

You look like you just saw
a ghost.

PRESTON

Ghosts aren't that scary.

But Preston is clearly shaken.

EXT. HILLSDALE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The RED FBI VAN is parked down the street from the bank.

RIGGS (O.S.)

What do you mean we don't have
enough evidence?

INT. RED VAN - DAY

Shay is sitting with Riggs. They are examining the HUNDRED
DOLLAR BILL Preston gave her the day before by the pool.

RIGGS

It's the money we planted. We've got
the kid for money laundering right now.

SHAY

Don't be dense, Joe. He's nine. You
think a nine-year-old could pull this
off? MacIntosh is the guy we're after
and the key to finding him is Preston.

RIGGS

Preston, huh? (beat) You got in kind
of late last night.

SHAY

The game went into overtime.

RIGGS

I thought you hated basketball.

SHAY

Nobody ever took me before.

RIGGS

(points to her necklace)

Don't you think you better put that
in the evidence bag?

SHAY

Honestly, Joe. I'll tag it and
file it with everything else as soon
as the case is over. You don't want
me to break the little guy's trust...

(a beat, she looks at necklace)

It is kind of sweet. I think he has a
crush on me. Anyway, gotta go. Don't
want to be late.

Shay starts out. Riggs can't leave it alone.

RIGGS

How old is this kid?

SHAY

Joe, if we're going to work together you have to learn to trust me.

Riggs nods. Shay gets out of the van. Riggs waits for a kiss goodbye as the door shuts dangerously close to his face

EXT. "IN ANY EVENT" PARTY PLANNING - DAY

A very chic little shop in the boutique section of Hillsdale.

INT. "IN ANY EVENT" - DAY

A dynamo coordinator, YVONNE is helping Preston. She's late 30's, tough as sheet metal and obnoxiously good at her job.

YVONNE

Okay kid. I've checked with Fredo, he says he can do the catering. And the invitations will go out today.

PRESTON

Great.

Preston reaches into the Mighty Duck backpack. Yvonne is impressed with the cash. He hands her a thousand.

YVONNE

This is just a deposit. I'll need the rest at the party. Mr. MacIntosh is good for it?

Preston nods.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Great. I hate to talk about money, but it's what keeps the silk teddies on these buns.

For emphasis she places Preston's hand on her butt.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Used to be hard as a brick. Now it's soft and lumpy like cottage cheese. Got any older brothers, Princeton?

PRESTON

(grossed out)

It's Preston.

YVONNE

Great. Now, as far as entertainment goes I know for a fact that Guns 'N' Roses won't do a small party like this. I've got some tricks up my sleeve though so don't worry. God, you're delicious.

She comes near Preston. He backs away.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Great. I'll have my staff over early tomorrow morning. I hope Mr. MacIntosh will be available. I'd love to meet him.

Preston nods. So would everyone else.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - DAY

Damian and Ralph are waxing the Mini Racing Cars. Damian stands and slings a towel to the ground.

DAMIAN

That does it. I'm going to give MacIntosh a piece of my mind. This is just too much.

Ralph follows Damian toward the house.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - DOOR - DAY

Damian and Ralph come up the stairs and stop at the door of MacIntosh's library. It's slightly ajar. From inside, MUZAK. Mustering courage, Damian swings the door open. Both look.

THEIR POV

Looking into the library, we see a desk with big chair pulled up to it, its back to us. It is ROCKING. Squeak-Squeak. On the desk a cigar rests in an ashtray. It is SMOKING.

CLOSE ON - BEHIND THE DESK

Preston hid a box of DRY ICE, the source of the cigar smoke.

BACK TO SCENE

Damian and Ralph whisper.

DAMIAN

Go talk to him, Ralph.

RALPH

What do I say?

DAMIAN
Ask him for a raise.

RALPH
You.

The brothers begin to push each other. Suddenly, the chair's automatic timing device SOUNDS. The two brothers look up.

THEIR POV

The CHAIR slowly swings around. Finally, it faces the door and we see for sure... it's empty. But it doesn't matter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ralph and Damian have hightailed it out of there.

INT. CHUCK'S TOWING - DAY

Quigley, Juice and Biderman are in the Waiting Room. Quigley is on the telephone. He hangs up.

JUICE
What happened?

QUIGLEY
Nevermind. We've got big problems.

BIDERMAN
Now what?

QUIGLEY
The Tucker Brothers are coming to town tomorrow night. They think I'm set up in a house.
(grabbing Biderman)
Do you hear what I'm saying. Do I look set up in a house to you?

JUICE
No.

Quigley lets Biderman go and glares at Juice.

QUIGLEY
I was speaking rhetorically, you dim piece of squat.

A REPAIRMAN comes into the room.

REPAIRMAN
Will that be cash or charge?

QUIGLEY
(eyeing Juice)
I'm a little low on cash these
days...Charge.

REPAIRMAN
Okay then. No five percent discount.

The Repairman leaves.

JUICE
Too bad. Those credit card rates
will kill you.

QUIGLEY
When this is over. Even if we
find the money. I'm going to
kill you both.....Slow.

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

At day's end, Preston talks with a STREET WORKER. The street
sparkles. Potholes filled, lamps lit and lawns replanted.

STREET WORKER
Looks great, huh? I've never seen
the people around here this happy.

PRESTON
Nice, huh?

STREET WORKER
You bet. That MacIntosh is a great
guy.

PRESTON
The greatest...

Preston reaches into the "Mighty Duck" backpack to the pay
the man. CLOSE ON: Is it our imagination or did Preston
reach his arm in a little further than usual?

INT. WATERS HOME - NIGHT

Preston is helping Sandra set the table.

SANDRA
That sure was a nice thing Mr. MacIntosh
did today. The block looks super.

PRESTON
See. And you didn't want me
to work for him.

SANDRA

It's not that I didn't want you to work for him, it's just that you're my little boy and I worry about you. I thought you were too young to work, but maybe you're more grown up than I thought.

Fred comes in the front door. He looks frazzled.

SANDRA

Honey, dinner was ready seven minutes ago.

FRED

Go easy on me dear, I just had my entire ass chewed off at work.

SANDRA

Why?

FRED

(irate)

BECAUSE!

(then cautiously)

Because Preston hasn't arranged my meeting with Mr. MacIntosh yet.

SANDRA

Don't yell at Preston. He worked all day too you know. It's not his fault Mr. MacIntosh is busy.

Damian and Ralph come in exhausted and filthy.

PRESTON

(to his brothers)

Dinner was ready seven minutes ago, toads.

DAMIAN

Excuse me but I just spent the last three hours under the house scooping rat crap. Who does MacIntosh think he is anyway.

PRESTON

What's the matter Damian, have you forgotten the golden rule?

DAMIAN

Mind your business you little roach.

Preston sits down in Damian's chair.

DAMIAN
Get out of my chair, runt.

FRED
You're late Damian, find any seat.

Damian is shocked to say the least. There's a new order now. Fred pulls Preston's chair a little closer to him.

FRED
So Preston, you've got to get me a meeting with Mr. MacIntosh.

PRESTON
Oh Dad, didn't I tell you?

FRED
Tell me what?

PRESTON
Mr. MacIntosh signed all those papers. He said yes.

FRED
Yes to which proposal?

PRESTON
All of them.

A moment of silence. Then...

FRED
YEEEEHAW! Fantastic!

Fred gives Sandra a GIANT HUG. He even pulls Ralph towards him and kisses his head. He puts out a hand to Preston and they shake heartily.

FRED
Good man, Presto! I knew you'd come through for your ol' man.

PRESTON
No problem, Dad.

SANDRA
Well, now that that's settled, I was thinking we'd all go to Disneyland tomorrow for Preston's birthday.

RALPH
Bitchen! Toontown!

Damian just shakes his head...and this is his partner!

SANDRA

Preston? What do you think?

PRESTON

Friday's kind of bad for me. How about Saturday?

SANDRA

But Friday's your birthday.

PRESTON

Mr. MacIntosh is throwing me a party that night.

A beat. All look at Preston.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

(to Fred)

You told me I couldn't have a party.

Fred knows he's right. Sandra is hot.

FRED

(calmly)

Not to worry, hon'. Mr. MacIntosh probably went to a lot of trouble.

SANDRA

(under breath)

I already bought the tickets.

FRED

(double under breath)

I'm trying to close a deal. Don't screw it up.

The PHONE RINGS. Sandra glares at Fred, goes to answer.

FRED

(changes subject)

I rented a movie tonight. I thought we'd all watch it later. What do you think Preston?

PRESTON

(a little haughty)

I don't know, Dad. I may go over to Mr. MacIntosh's house. Our TV gives me a headache. The screen's sorta small.

Fred, Damian, and Ralph say nothing. It's almost as if they're afraid of offending him. All three nod in agreement

SANDRA (O.S.)
Preston, it's Butch.

PRESTON
Excuse me.

Preston exits the room. All stare after him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Preston grabs the phone with a look of apprehension.

PRESTON
(into phone)
What do you want?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Looking sinister at a dimly lit pay phone is Butch.

BUTCH (V.O.)
Hey, moneybags. Thanks for the cash the other night...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Preston's face grows concerned.

PRESTON
What're you talking about?

BUTCH (V.O.)
You dropped a little dough the other night when we were wrestling. The problem is I already spent it. I'm gonna need more. A lot more.

Preston can't speak.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Butch knows he's got him.

BUTCH
Hello? Hello, runt? I'm talking to you. I need more money. I need more or I'll tell your parents about your little scam. You cashed ol' Mr. Mercedes' check didn't you? Pretty smart for a runt. How much did you write it for?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Preston tries to talk quietly.

PRESTON

Butch, you better not tell anyone.

BUTCH (V.O.)

Wouldn't think of it, buddy.
That is as long as you bring me
a few more thousand tomorrow. Funland
at one o'clock. Be there or I'll tell
everyone about your scam.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Preston hangs up the phone and happens to look out the kitchen window.

PRESTON'S POV - OAK STREET - NIGHT

Quigley's Mercedes cruises past, casing the neighborhood.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston closes the shades and WHEELS away from the window.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - DAY

Decorations are being brought in for the big party. Yvonne is firmly in command, working everyone like a lion tamer. CATERERS bring in food, a big TENT is being set up, lighting and sound equipment carted in. It's going to be some bash.

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

Watching the delivery people from the sidewalk is SHAY.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - DAY

Ralph and Damian are already covered in dirt from yard work. They stop what they're doing when they see Shay walk up. She appears to be spying. The boys look at each other.

RALPH

It's that babe from the other night.

Shay notices Ralph and Damian's interest and approaches.

SHAY

Morning. Do you speak English?

DAMIAN

Sure, we're just getting ready for the party. Can I help you?

SHAY

I came to see Mr. MacIntosh. Is he around?

RALPH

He's never around.

SHAY

Never? How about Preston? Is he here?

DAMIAN

No. He died in his sleep. Maybe I can tell you about it over dinner? I'm sure he'd want us to be together.

PRESTON (O.S.)

Hey. You guys are supposed to be working. Mr. MacIntosh left you a list.

All turn. Preston is dressed incognito. Sunglasses and turned up coat. He looks like a star avoiding the media.

DAMIAN

Watch yourself little man. The old buzzard isn't here to protect you.

PRESTON

Yeah. But he's upstairs.

All three of them look surprised.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Remember what goes in these ears goes up those stairs to the man.

Damian and Ralph go back to work obediently.

SHAY

He's upstairs now? Maybe I--

PRESTON

He's sick. He's resting for the party.

Shay looks frustrated.

PRESTON

You're coming aren't you?

SHAY

Sure, honey. I'll be here. I have to go now.

Shay leaves. Damian and Ralph come over to watch her leave.

RALPH

Hot stuff.

PRESTON

Shut up, Ralph.

RALPH

Oooh. Little man's got a girlfriend.

DAMIAN

The little man's a sucker. That chick's a golddigger if I ever saw one.

PRESTON

What's that?

DAMIAN

It's someone who's after money. I know women and that girl's after MacIntosh's money. Face it you little brain surgeon.

RALPH

It's obvious.

Preston looks hurt.

DAMIAN

What'd you think she wanted to settle down and marry a nine year-old. Get a clue. She wants a guy with cash, not some wimp with an empty piggy bank.

Preston is so mad that with all his might he... SLUGS Damian in the arm. A beat. Preston stares his older brother down.

PRESTON

(as he leaves)

Don't rub it.

Damian watches his feisty little brother leave. Suddenly he can't help it. Preston hit him hard. He starts to rub his arm. Ralph can't believe what he's seeing.

DAMIAN

(to Ralph)

What're you looking at?

CLOSE - PRESTON

He got off a good punch all right, but he's hurting too.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quigley's Mercedes, much the worse for wear and tear from the fall in the trench, continues the hunt.

INT. MERCEDES

Quigley, Biderman and Juice are at their wit's end.

QUIGLEY

We're running out of time, boys.

BIDERMAN

Maybe we should make a run for it?

QUIGLEY

These guys run faster. We wouldn't make it ten miles out of town. They're probably following us right now.

QUIGLEY'S POV - REAR VIEW MIRROR

Juice is playing GAMEBOY in the backseat.

QUIGLEY (O.S.)

Come on Juice. You've got the mind of a nine year-old. What would you do if you had a million dollars?

JUICE

That's easy. I'd go to Fun Land. That place is the greatest.

QUIGLEY

Fun Land? Okay, why not.

EXT. FUNLAND - DAY

Preston hops out of the limousine.

PRESTON

(to the Driver)

I'll be ready in an hour.

INT. ARCADE AREA - DAY

Preston looks down as he plays pinball. If it wasn't Coca Cola he was drinking, we'd swear he was drowning his sorrows.

EXT. RACEWAY - DAY

Preston gives the WORKER a handful of tokens. He has the track to himself as he climbs in one of the racers.

CLOSE - PRESTON AT THE WHEEL

Sometimes a man just needs to drive fast.

EXT. FUNLAND - DAY

Quigley, Biderman and Juice are just entering the park.

EXT. TOKEN BOOTH - DAY

Quigley looks like a giant in line with all these kids. One KID tries to take cuts in front of him, but Quigley thumps him to the back of the line. Finally, Quigley gets to the front of the line. The Cashier eyes him up and down.

CASHIER

How many tokens, Grandpa?

QUIGLEY

I have a question.

CASHIER

I do too. How many tokens?

Quigley gets tough. He pulls the Cashier's ear until his face is nearly smashed on the counter.

QUIGLEY

Have you seen a kid spending a lot of money?

CASHIER

Yes! Yes! Let go. A kid just bought a thousand dollars worth ten minutes ago.

QUIGLEY

What was he wearing?

CASHIER

I don't know.

Quigley squeezes the Cashier's ear.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

An Armani suit. I dunno!

Quigley lets go, leaves. The Cashier regains his composure as if nothing ever happened. He must have tough ears.

CASHIER

(deadpan)

Next...

EXT. FUNLAND - WIDE - DAY

Biderman, Quigley and Juice spread out in pursuit of the kid.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Biderman walks in the b.g. searching.

EXT. THE RACE TRACK - DAY

Juice smiles and wants to go for a ride, but Quigley pulls him back. They keep looking.

EXT. VIDEO GAME ROOM - DAY

Quigley approaches. He stops in his tracks.

HIS POV

A little BOY with his back to us surrounded by GIRLS. He's handing out tokens like they grow on trees.

BACK TO SCENE

With the methodical pace of a mad man Quigley moves in for the nab. He comes up behind the little boy and...lifts him up. Quigley turns the boy around and we see...IT'S BUTCH.

BUTCH

Put me down.

QUIGLEY

You! You're coming with me.

Butch tries to fight briefly, but Quigley shows him his gun. As they leave we see...

EXT. FUNLAND - DAY

The limousine is just pulling away.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Preston is slumped in the backseat.

PRESTON

(into phone)

Take me to the fish store, please.

EXT. HARRY'S TROPICAL FISH STORE - DAY

The limousine pulls to a stop. Preston gets out.

PRESTON
(to Driver)
I'll be right back.

Preston stops when through the window he sees...

INT. HARRY'S TROPICAL FISH STORE - DAY

Shay is buying a FISH. She is with Riggs. They hold hands.

RIGGS
Since when do you like fish?

SHAY
I want to get Preston something.

RIGGS
Something to keep him occupied in jail?

SHAY
I forgot my wallet.

RIGGS
Let me. It's the least I can do.

Riggs pulls out his wallet and purchases the fish.

EXT. HARRY'S TROPICAL FISH - FRONT WINDOW - DAY

Preston can't believe what he's seeing. To rub insult into injury, Shay points at "Sheila" the expensive Angel Fish.

PRESTON
(sadly)
That's a seventy-two dollar fish.
(a long beat)
What a golddigger.

He ducks out of Shay's view and goes back to the limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Sitting in the back seat, Preston is one sad little boy.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - DAY

As night falls, we see that preparations for the party are almost complete. A HUGE STRIPED TENT is set up in the back. SWANS swim in the pool. O.S. THIRTY PIECE ORCHESTRA warms up. The atmosphere is very high society. Elegant all the way.

ANGLE - WAITERS AND WAITRESSES

BUSTLING back and forth.

ANGLE - FOOD

Tons of it. All being prepared and readied for serving.

BACK TO SCENE

And stepping from the shadows, Preston. Like a mini-Gatsby, he is dressed in a summer tuxedo, hair perfect. All he's missing is a cigarette. Sadly, he pulls out a cigarette case and whips out a stick of gum. With everything so elegantly set why does he look so depressed? Yvonne approaches.

YVONNE

(proud of her work)

Oh, I think Mr. MacIntosh will be pleased. Don't you Princeton?

PRESTON

(distant)

Yeah. Sure.

YVONNE

Well, I'd like to meet him before I go change into my party clothes.

PRESTON

He's not here.

YVONNE

But I always present my bill to my employers. In case there's any heart attacks.

She laughs and hands Preston an INVOICE. He reads it.

PRESTON

(shocked)

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND??!!

YVONNE

Seems like a lot to you and me. But not to a man like Mr. MacIntosh. He has very expensive taste.

PRESTON

I'll go get your money.

YVONNE

Not now. I'm going to go home and shower up. My pits smell like camel piss right now.

Preston is grossed out. Yvonne rushes off.

EXT. TRI-LEVEL PARKING STRUCTURE - ROOF - NIGHT

Butch strikes a casual pose as he leans against a railing. He doesn't know what he's fooling around with here.

BUTCH

Yeah... I could tell you where to find this kid you're looking for. So how much is it worth to you?

Biderman approaches, pleading.

BIDERMAN

Please, kid. We're running out of time.

BUTCH

Hey, I'm strictly cash and carry.

JUICE

How much were you thinking?

Quigley storms over and grabs Butch.

QUIGLEY

You don't get the picture, sonny. Maybe if you had a better view...

BUTCH

Aaaaahhh!

Butch is picked up by his feet and hung over the railing.

BUTCH'S POV

The street below looks miles away and people look like ants.

QUIGLEY (O.S.)

How's this for cash and carry?

BACK TO SCENE

Hanging upside down, Butch spills his guts.

BUTCH

I only spent ten dollars. I'll pay ya back. It was Preston. PRESTON WATERS.... HELP!

Quigley turns to Juice.

QUIGLEY

See? And who says kids don't like me?

EXT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

The family Volvo is loaded up for their trip to Disneyland.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Ralph is wearing his Mickey Mouse ears.

RALPH

It's still just as fun as it was when I was little.

DAMIAN

You're an incredible dork, Ralph.

Fred turns the ignition. But then stops.

FRED

I can't go like this.

SANDRA

What do you mean?

FRED

I have to thank him.

SANDRA

Preston?

FRED

No. MacIntosh. He's gonna get me two years worth of commissions.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - NIGHT

Preston enters and sits at the big oak desk. He reaches for his Mighty Duck backpack and puts his hand inside. He can't feel anything. Panicking a little, he digs further until he pulls out...A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL... That's all that's left. Worried, Preston flicks on the COMPUTER.

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

It flashes the net proceeds of MacIntosh Industries at a whopping...NEGATIVE \$100,000.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston looks around the desk for an answer. He comes across his father's investment proposals and looks at them for the first time with a growing sense of horror...

CLOSE - FRED'S BUSINESS PROPOSALS

outlining a number of complicated investments. Preston shuffles to the back page which says, TOTAL INVESTMENT BY MACINTOSH.....\$500,000.

CLOSE - PRESTON

He wanted to be a grown up. He looks about 50 right now.

FRED (O.S.)

Hello? Mr. MacIntosh?

Hearing his father, Preston freezes in his chair.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred is at the doorway. He stands where Damian and Ralph die earlier. The chair is turned away from him. The illusion that a man is rocking in a chair, smoking a cigar lives.

FRED

(to the chair)

I see you enjoy a good cigar. I don't recognize the tobacco. Seems light scented. But nice.

A beat. Nothing. Preston doesn't dare move.

FRED (CONT'D)

Anyways, I understand how you like your privacy. I just had to thank you for the opportunity to work with you.

Preston is trying not to breathe.

FRED (CONT'D)

What I really want to do is thank you for reminding me how rich I am. I mean for getting me to realize my finest achievement, my son Preston.

Preston rolls his eyes. He thinks his Dad is lying.

FRED (CONT'D)

It's funny. I'm sure he thinks I pick on him. But the truth of the matter is my father didn't push me to be my best by challenging me to make it on my own. Like all true success stories. Anyways, my other boys need all the mollycoddling they can get just to give them the guts

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

to at least try and make something of themselves. But not Preston. He always had it within him to fight. And pound for pound I'd put him up against anyone or anything.

The words hit Preston hard. He's getting teary.

FRED (CONT'D)

I guess I'm rambling like a proud father, but that's my privilege since I have a son I'm truly proud of. Well, so long now and thanks.

Fred starts to go. Preston is silent.

FRED (CONT'D)

Oh, and one more thing. I'd appreciate it if you could let Preston off a little early tonight, we're having a little cake later. Nothing fancy. Sandra would love to meet you. Thanks again.

A beat. Preston SWINGS AROUND, but Fred is gone. He stares off into space wondering how it ever got this crazy.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Preston emerges from the MacIntosh house running. Too late.

PRESTON

Wait! Dad....

The BRAKE LIGHTS from the Volvo disappear in the distance. Preston watches his family go, then looks to his own house.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Sadly, Preston enters and sees...

HIS POV - DINNER TABLE

Place settings for a simple paper plate birthday party. Just family. A simple cake and in the corner something that catches his eye...A NEW BIKE with a ribbon on it. It's not the greatest bike in the world, but a gift from the heart.

CLOSE - PRESTON

who looks like he wants to cry.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - NIGHT

Hillsdale gone Hollywood. The party is in full swing. There are food carts everywhere. There is dancing. The place is packed with what must be THREE HUNDRED of Hillsdale's finest.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

PEOPLE arrive in droves. VALET PARKERS scramble to help new arrivals and down the street a little further...

EXT. OAK STREET - NIGHT

The red FBI van pulls up. Shay gets out. She looks great in her cocktail wear. Riggs doesn't look happy at all.

RIGGS

I still think I should go with you.

SHAY

I've got to do this myself.

RIGGS

I thought we were a team.

SHAY

Joe, please...

In a huff, Riggs drives away. Shay looks guilty.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - NIGHT

Preston appears. Suddenly aware of the extravagance. He has created a monster. He listens to a pair of GUESTS talk.

GUEST #1

Who's this party for?

GUEST #2

Some kid.

GUEST #1

Must be a spoiled brat.

Preston turns away only to overhear another GUEST.

GUEST #3

Can you imagine spending this much on a nine year-old boy?

Preston moves on. In the b.g. Yvonne spots him and follows.

YVONNE

Princeton!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Preston watches food being tossed away into big garbage bags.

PRESTON'S POV - AROUND THE YARD

Everyone in the place seems to be stuffing their faces. Some take a bite and throw out the rest. It seems as if they are all throwing full plates away. What a room full of wasters! We SHUDDER when we hear...a vase crash! A couple of tipsy GUESTS giggle sheepishly at their expensive mishap, but do nothing. On the DANCE FLOOR, guests step on hors d'oeuvres.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston starts away, but Yvonne taps him on the shoulder.

YVONNE

Princeton! What about my money?

PRESTON

I'll go get it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shay arrives looking great. Preston sees her. She waves, but Preston walks past, ignoring her.

SHAY

(perplexed)

Preston?

Shay follows.

INT. WATERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS. Suddenly...the Front Door is KICKED OPEN and in walk Quigley, Juice, Biderman and Butch.

JUICE

It looks like nobody's home.

QUIGLEY

What was your first clue?

BUTCH

(frantic)

He must be next door at the party.

QUIGLEY

I hope you're right. For your sake.

And taking a WHIMPERING Butch by the ear, Quigley et al exit.

INT. MACINTOSH HALLWAY - NIGHT

PARTY SOUNDS and MUSIC fade in b.g. Shay is upstairs. She sees the door to the library is open. Shay enters quietly.

SHAY

Preston...

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - NIGHT

The chair rocks. Its back to Shay, she too is confused.

SHAY

Mr. MacIntosh?

The AUTOMATIC BUZZER sounds. Slowly the chair swings around. It's empty. Shay approaches and sits at the desk. She looks at the computer and sees the horrible financial truth.

PRESTON (O.S.)

What are you doing?.

Shay turns. Preston stands at the door.

PRESTON

I suppose you're mad there's no money left.

SHAY

What?

PRESTON

You just used me to get to MacIntosh. To get to his money. Golddigger!

SHAY

You're wrong. I was trying to find him to protect you. The only thing I didn't realize was...

(beat, she can't believe it)

There is no MacIntosh. Is there?

Preston looks the part of a little boy caught.

SHAY (CONT'D)

You did this all yourself. How?

Preston is dying.

SHAY (CONT'D)

Honey, you're in a lot of danger. We've got to get the police.

A SECURITY GUARD pokes his head in the room

SECURITY GUARD
Everything okay?

There is long beat. Preston eyes Shay.

PRESTON
She was going through Mr. MacIntosh's things. She stole that necklace.

SECURITY GUARD
You'd better come with me, miss.

Sadly, Shay takes off the necklace and hands it to Preston.

SHAY
This isn't right, Preston.

The Guard takes Shay out. A BEAT. Yvonne storms in the room.

YVONNE
All right. Where is he!? I want my fees taken care of.

She slams her bill down on the desk.

PRESTON
He's not here.

YVONNE
I'm warning you young man. I mean business.

A standoff.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
That's it then!

She storms out.

EXT. MACINTOSH BACKYARD - NIGHT

Quigley, Juice and Biderman enter. The party is LOUD.

JUICE
Hey, look.

THEIR POV

On a small stage, PHIL COLLINS is standing at the microphone about to sing. A small crowd APPLAUDS, getting ready to hear him perform when suddenly... the P.A. squeals FEEDBACK and...

BACK TO SCENE

Like a wild turkey, Yvonne BURSTS onto the stage, pushing Phil Collins aside and grabbing the microphone from him.

YVONNE
(loudly, into mic)
Everyone out!! This party's over.

Collins tries to grab the mic from Yvonne. She ELBOWS him.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
MacIntosh can't pay his bills!

The CROWD is SHOCKED. Bewildered, they are hustled out by Yvonne and her STAFF. Hors d'oeuvres are taken from guests' mouths. Yvonne is extra rough with Quigley, SHOVING him.

EXT. MACINTOSH HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Partygoers spill out onto the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shay is trying to break free from the Security Guard.

SHAY
Lay off, pal.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't struggle.

SHAY'S POV

Biderman, Juice and Quigley are jostled out with a HUGE CROWD being pushed out of the front door. Women SCREAM. Men push.

BACK TO SCENE

Shay fights harder.

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am I'm authorized to handcuff you. Don't make me do it.

Shay struggles. The beefcake handcuffs her.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
I'm calling the police.

SHAY
I am the police, you moron.

INT. WATERS VOLVO WAGON - NIGHT

The family finishes singing the last chorus of "Under the Sea" as they approach the Disneyland turnoff on the freeway

FRED

Too bad ol' Preston couldn't come.

SANDRA

He's working too much lately.

FRED

Don't worry honey, I spoke to Mr. Mac' about it. He's gonna give Preston some time off.

(to the boys)

You rugrats should slow down on your work for awhile, too. It's time for us to be a family again. Have some fun this summer. You've got the rest of your lives to work.

Damian and Ralph HOOT! After all, work sucks.

DAMIAN

Next summer, I'm going into business with Preston. The little blister is a real whiz with the computer.

RALPH

What about me?

DAMIAN

I need someone who uses more than just one percent of his brain.

RALPH

Is that some kind of a cut?

SANDRA

(all smiles)

Preston sure does have a feel for that computer.

FRED

Speak of the devil.

FRED'S POV - BILLBOARD "MACINTOSH COMPUTERS" - NIGHT

"A Computer that practically runs the business for you."

BACK TO SCENE

It begins to dawn on Fred.

FRED
Good old MacIntosh.
(a long beat)
A computer that runs the business
for you. MacIntosh...Wait a
minute! Sandra, have you ever
seen MacIntosh?

SANDRA
No.

FRED
Boys?

DAMIAN
No. We went in to see him yesterday.
He was in his chair smoking a cigar.
We didn't want to disturb him.

FRED
Yeah, neither did I!

Fred slams on the brakes.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The VOLVO goes across six lanes of traffic, narrowly avoids
an accident and speeds toward an offramp to turn around.

INT. MACINTOSH LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is cleared out. Preston is alone with Yvonne.

YVONNE
You tell Mr. MacIntosh he'll be
hearing from my lawyers.

She storms out. SLAMS the door. Preston is alone. He scans
the room. It's a disaster. Who'll clean it up? He starts to
do it himself when the DOORBELL rings. He starts toward it.

PRESTON
I told you, lady, I'll...

Opening the door, Preston comes face to face with...

HIS POV

QUIGLEY'S UGLY MUG stares right at Preston.

QUIGLEY
I want my money, kid.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston starts to run but it's no use. Quigley reaches out and grabs him, then enters with Juice and Biderman.

QUIGLEY

Lock the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Shay is waiting with the Security Guard.

SHAY

You idiot. That little boy is going to get killed because of you.

A DESK SERGEANT calls them over.

SERGEANT

(re: Shay)

Is this the thief?

SECURITY GUARD

That's her.

Just then, Riggs bursts into the room, flashing his badge.

RIGGS

Let her go. She's FBI.

SECURITY GUARD

She is?

RIGGS

Unlock the cuffs.

The Security Guard begins to fumble through his pockets.

SECURITY GUARD

I think I left 'em back at the house.

SHAY

Idiot. There's no time. Let's go.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - NIGHT

Quigley sits at the desk. Preston is being cross-examined.

QUIGLEY

(angrily)

All right, I'll ask you one more time. Who's MacIntosh?

PRESTON
Nobody. I made him up.

QUIGLEY
Who bought this house then?

PRESTON
I did.

QUIGLEY
You? You mean you outbid me?

JUICE
That means he outbid you with your own money, Carl.

QUIGLEY
Be a fly on the wall, Juice.
(to Preston)
That wasn't a smart thing you did.
People get mad when you steal things from them.

Preston eyes the group. He's not giving up without a fight.

PRESTON
How come you didn't go to the police then?

JUICE
(laughing)
Carl, go to the police for help?

The smile leaves Juice's face when Quigley glares at him.

QUIGLEY
I don't work with the police.
Now where's my money?

BIDERMAN
Aha! The Mighty Duck backpack.

Biderman grabs the backpack and reaches in. It's empty.

PRESTON
It's all gone.

QUIGLEY
The Tuckers will be here any minute...

Quigley lifts Preston off the ground and against the wall.

QUIGLEY (CONT'D)
I'm a dead man because of you.

BIDERMAN

Wait a minute. Carl, let's think for a minute.

PRESTON

Yeah, let's think for a minute.

QUIGLEY

What?

BIDERMAN

Maybe we're looking at Mr. MacIntosh the wrong way.

QUIGLEY

What're you talking about?

JUICE

I get it.

QUIGLEY

Well, if he gets it. It must be stupid.

BIDERMAN

It's easy. You needed a house. A new identity. The kid did it for you. Hell, MacIntosh could even run for mayor around here.

Quigley thinks it over. He puts Preston down.

QUIGLEY

I like it.

BIDERMAN

Only one problem.

The three bad guys take a beat. Look at each other. Then at Preston who....makes a DASH for the window! Before they can grab him, he jumps out.

EXT. BACKYARD - POWERSLIDE - NIGHT

Preston sails down and splashes into the pool. He swims to the side of the pool and hustles to maneuver the slide.

CLOSE - THE BOTTOM OF THE SLIDE

as Preston drags it towards the garbage area. Most of the night's food remains are stacked sloppily. Looking up, Preston is satisfied and quickly runs on.

INT. MACINTOSH LIBRARY - NIGHT

Quigley, Biderman and Juice go to the window.

QUIGLEY

Jump you idiots.

EXT. BACKYARD SLIDE - NIGHT

Juice leads the way down the slide.

JUICE

Yahooo!

ANGLE - QUIGLEY AND BIDERMAN

Clinging to each other as they follow Juice down the slide.

CLOSE - THE TRASH HEAP

Juice smashes face first into a bag full of salad. Quigley flies into the main course of pasta. Biderman flies into the dessert pile. They scramble to their feet when suddenly...

BRIGHT LIGHTS FLASH ON

temporarily blinding the threesome.

EXT. BACKYARD - AT THE PITCHING MACHINE - NIGHT

Preston is at the automatic pitching machine. Pulling the switch, he lets them fly RAPID FIRE at the blinded trio.

ANGLE - QUIGLEY

trying to shield his eyes from the bright lights. A BASEBALL hits him right in the leg.

QUIGLEY

Yowww!

ANGLE - THE BASEBALLS

sailing in every direction clipping Biderman and Juice.

ANGLE - JUICE AND BIDERMAN

getting clobbered by fastballs.

EXT. BACKYARD - RACE TRACK - NIGHT

Preston runs toward the track and gets into the...MINI INDY 500 CAR. He starts the engine and drives.

EXT. BACKYARD RACE TRACK - WIDE - NIGHT

Preston BUZZES around the pool. Biderman and Juice get in his way, but Preston races by, knocking them into the pool.

CLOSE ON

Quigley standing before the onrushing Preston. He's daring him to crash into him. It's a game of chicken.

BACK TO SCENE

Without hesitation, Preston guns it at Quigley. He leaps out of the way. Spotting something, Quigley pulls a MOUNTAIN BIKE from the rack. He boards it and pedals after Preston.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Biderman and Juice climb out of the pool.

CLOSE ON

Quigley riding his bike. He turns to see Preston and his RACE CAR have lapped him and are now bearing down... WHAM! The CAR runs Quigley over, pinning him beneath the bike.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Preston jumps out of his car. He starts to run when the sound of SIRENS is heard. LIGHTS flash and...

EXT. BACKYARD GATE - NIGHT

POLICE CARS PULL UP. COPS clamber in the yard to see Juice, Quigley and Biderman held at bay. Preston stands over them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shay and Riggs race over to Preston.

SHAY

Preston! Are you okay?

Preston brushes himself off. Nods.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quigley rises to greet the officers.

QUIGLEY

What's the meaning of this? You'd better all have a warrant.

SRAY

Preston, what's going on?

Juice and Biderman stand, wiping food off themselves.

BIDERMAN

Ms. Stanley? What're you doing here? You're fired young lady!

SHAY

I'm with the F.B.I., you idiot.

BIDERMAN

You are?

PRESTON

You are?

Sweetly, Shay kneels beside Preston.

SHAY

That's right, Preston.

PRESTON

Then you really were only interested in finding MacIntosh.

SHAY

We'll talk about it later.

Another car is heard O.S. Now Fred RUSHES onto the scene.

FRED

I've got it. I've got it! There is no MacIntosh. Preston, there's no MacIntosh. Is there?

PRESTON

Dad. What're you doing here?

FRED

Nevermind. Son, am I right?

SHAY

Preston?

All look at Preston. He looks at Shay. Preston is cornered.

FRED

Son, I'm going to ask you one more time. Is there a MacIntosh or isn't there?

Preston doesn't know what to do.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quigley is looking for an exit when he sees...

HIS POV

The TUCKER BROTHERS have finally arrived and stand at the back of the crowd. In their 30's, two tougher-looking THUGS we've never seen. They are staring right at Quigley.

BACK TO SCENE

Before Preston can speak, Quigley raises his hand.

QUIGLEY

I'm MacIntosh!

All turn in amazement as Quigley steps forward.

SHAY

Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You're MacIntosh.

QUIGLEY

That's right young lady.
(loudly for the Tuckers)
And this is my house.

Shay looks at Riggs and shrugs her shoulders.

SHAY

He's MacIntosh.

RIGGS

That's what the man said.

JUICE

(trying to help)
No doubt about it. He's MacIntosh.
Same as his parents.

SHAY

Okay then, Mr. MacIntosh you're under arrest for fraud, money laundering and grand theft.

OFFICERS surround Quigley who is beginning to struggle.

QUIGLEY

Wait a minute....

SHAY

Biderman, you too...

The officers lead the two felons away. Juice feels left out.

JUICE

Fair's fair. I was in on it, too.
My name's Garth, by the way, but my
friends call me "Juice."

Juice holds his hands out to be cuffed.

EXT. MACINTOSH HOUSE - NIGHT

A huge THrong has gathered to see the goings-on out front.
All look on anxiously for a glimpse of the great MacIntosh.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A NEWS REPORTER does a standup by the curb.

NEWSCASTER

(into camera)

Believe me, Hal it comes to the
disappointment of an entire community
that one of its most beloved heroes
has gone bankrupt out of the kindness
of his heart. No doubt about it MacIntosh
did all he could for this city even
if it was more than he could afford.

BACK TO SCENE

Quigley is led out the MacIntosh front door by the police.
He is snarling and protesting as he goes. As he's brought
forward, the arresting officers stop. The CROWD is HUSHED.

ANGLE - THE CROWD

All stare. They're not sure what to make of Quigley. Then...

SOMEONE IN THE CROWD

Give 'em hell, MacIntosh!

ANOTHER VOICE

We don't care what they say!!

BACK TO SCENE

Confused by the adoration, Quigley is led away. He's a hero.

STILL ANOTHER VOICE

We'll be waiting for you!

Quigley gives the crowd a shy little wave, then sees...

HIS POV

THE TUCKER BROTHERS. They'll be waiting, too.

BACK TO SCENE

Juice and Biderman wave as they're hustled into a squad car. Quigley about to join them when a WOMAN calls out. He turns.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. MacIntosh, wait....

YVONNE approaches Quigley, smiling. She looks like a loving supporter. The OFFICER lets Quigley address her.

YVONNE

Are you Mr. MacIntosh?

QUIGLEY

Yes, I suppose so.

Yvonne rears back and.....PUNCHES QUIGLEY IN THE NOSE! Some BOO! as Yvonne is dragged off. Out like a light, Quigley is put into the car. It drives off. The MOB slowly disperses.

EXT. MACINTOSH HOUSE - NIGHT

Preston and his family stand watching the CROWD break up. Preston is a little down. Fred pats Preston on the shoulder.

FRED

I figured he was up to something.

PRESTON

Sure, Dad.

FRED

You okay?

Shay and Riggs approach the family. Preston steps forward to talk to Shay. All let them have a private moment.

PRESTON

Sorry about earlier.

SHAY

It's okay.

PRESTON

I was acting like a little kid.
I shouldn't have had you booted out.

SHAY

I forgive you.

CLOSE ON

PRESTON'S HANDS. He holds the DIAMOND HEART NECKLACE he took back earlier that evening. He holds it out for Shay.

BACK TO SCENE

Shay is hesitant to take the necklace, but knows it means a lot to the little boy.

ANGLE - DAMIAN AND RALPH

shrug their shoulders in unison. What's with the runt?

BACK TO SCENE

All watch as Shay puts the necklace back on where it belongs.

PRESTON

Is Mr. MacIntosh going to jail?

SHAY

I'm afraid so. He broke the law.

PRESTON

He did some good things too...

(thinking)

But I guess it was wrong of him to fool everybody.

SHAY

At least I finally met him.

(beat)

That ~~was~~ Mr. MacIntosh, right?

Shay looks long into Preston's eyes, he holds back a smile.

PRESTON

Will I ever see you again?

SHAY

Give me a call in about ten years.

PRESTON

Eight.

Shay smiles at Preston.

SHAY

You know something?

PRESTON

What?

SHAY

That driver was right.

Preston doesn't understand.

SHAY (CONT'D)

You should have kissed me goodnight.

She leans towards Preston. He doesn't back away.

CLOSE ON

Shay kisses Preston. Some first kisses just seem to work.

ANGLE - DAMIAN AND RALPH

Their eyes bulge out of their sockets.

ANGLE - SANDRA AND FRED

They share a look themselves.

ANGLE - RIGGS

Maybe he should be jealous after all?

BACK TO SCENE

Shay steps back from a lovestruck Preston. He becomes scared, however, as Riggs steps forward menacingly.

RIGGS

One more thing, kid.

Riggs reaches into his pocket. For what? a gun??!!

CLOSE - RIGGS'S HAND

as it pulls out a baggie with "OLLIE" the DAMSEL FISH in it.

BACK TO SCENE

Preston takes the gift. Riggs actually cracks a smile.

RIGGS

Happy birthday, kid.

Shay takes Riggs's arm and they walk away. Riggs looks over his shoulder, still unsure about Preston. Preston rejoins his family who'll view him a little differently from now on.

PRESTON

Bye.

As Shay and the police pull away, Fred drapes an arm around his youngest.

FRED

Looks like we're both out of a job.

Preston nods sadly.

FRED (CONT'D)

We learn from our mistakes. Why do you think your old man's such a genius?

A NOISE distracts everyone.

ANGLE - QUIGLEY'S BLUE MERCEDES

A TRUCK is about to tow Quigley's car away when the SOUND OF BANGING is heard along with MUFFLED yelling. Curious, the DRIVER opens the trunk and out jumps.. BUTCH, cranky as ever.

BUTCH

I'll sue. I swear.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred and Preston smile.

FRED

I never liked that kid.

EXT. OAK STREET - NIGHT

As the Blue Mercedes is towed away. Fred and Preston head for their own house to join Sandra, Ralph and Damian.

FRED

Anyways, I've been thinking maybe you should start coming in to the office. Spend some time with your old man this summer.

Preston stops. He turns for one last look at the MacIntosh house. It was fun while it lasted. He smiles.

PRESTON

We'll talk salary in the morning.

FADE OUT

END