

NOTORIOUS LUCKY (CUTSCENES)

Written by

Quain Holtey

CUTSCENE 1

EXT. LIBERTY FALLS PARK - DAY

What once was the Statue of Liberty stands tilted with its feet buried in a fertile clearing surrounded by trees. Newark city stands to the west, tall and glamorous.

LUCKY, 14, a monkey-human hybrid with a red leather jacket and backwards ball cap, sits atop the statue's crown, a large cliff growing out of its back with waterfalls going down either shoulder.

Lucky tosses a sphere of intricately carved metal up and down like a baseball. It's trail streaks electric blue vapor.

LUCKY

Man, it feels good to be free again.

Lucky pauses his throw and looks into the metal with one eye closed.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

And with a pretty prize to boot.

MIK (O.S.)

Did we really have to steal the Arc Stone, Lucky? You should know not to underestimate the gang better than anyone.

Lucky chuckles and tosses it in the air one last time. He turns and walks back to MIK, a seven foot tall robot made from bulky scrap parts.

Lucky slams the Arc Stone onto Mik's chest without letting it go. Mik grabs it, panicked. Lucky looks up at Mik's flat metal face.

LUCKY

Ain't nobody gonna miss this piece of junk, Mik. Besides, Tony owed us a souvenir. Hell, after everything we did, he's lucky we only took one.

Mik raises his head to look past Lucky and toward Newark city. He drops his hands from the stone.

MIK

What's your plan when they come looking for us, then?

LUCKY
They won't.

Mik points at the tree line where the highway enters the park.

MIK
Are you sure?

Lucky flips around and squints toward the distance. Hovering cars and motorcycles speed into the surrounding clearing, half of them flashing blue and red sirens.

LUCKY
Ha, Tony must have every goon on his payroll coming to greet us! I didn't know he cared so much.

Lucky wipes a fake tear from his eye.

MIK
So, no plan, then.

Lucky raises an eyebrow at Mik.

LUCKY
Of course I got a plan. It's the same plan it always is.

Lucky rasps twice against Mik's leg. Mik transforms himself into his own one person flying speeder.

Lucky swings onto the driver's seat by the handlebars and pulls the ball cap right side around.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Shock and awe.

Mik's bumper clatters to the ground. Lucky drops his jaw.

Mik's hand reaches forward out of the speeder, grabs the bumper, and slams it back into place. Lucky settles back into his seat.

They teeter on the edge of the statue's crown as Tony's forces barrel ever closer. Lucky squints his eyes. Their pursuers near the base of the statue. He revs the engine.

Lucky pulls back on the throttle. They launch over the statue's crown and speed straight toward the ground, with the statue itself as their road. Tony's speeders reach the statue's feet, then pull up and charge up the statue.

TONY, 45, a fat gorilla in a suit, leans out of the window of the lead limousine style speeder. It's edge dips with the weight, grinding the green road.

TONY

Thought you could steal from me and get away with it, punk? I treated you like family.

Tony looks back to the following speeders. He waves one of his hands, then points at Lucky and Mik. Bullets fly.

Lucky and Mik weave back and forth through the incoming fire, stray bullets hitting them every now and then and bouncing off of a protective blue forcefield that appears and disappears with each impact.

LUCKY

Ready, Mik?

Lucky and Mik dip forward as Lucky removes his hand from the throttle. He down-shifts, and then twists the throttle all the way back. The two lurch upward, breaking free from the statue and sailing through the air.

They glide over the heads of their pursuers, glancing off Tony's roof. Tony watches overhead as Lucky pulls out the Arc Stone and waves it in front of his face, smiling. Tony's face contorts with rage.

Mik and Lucky land on the dirt ground. Mik's rear end grinds a bit before stabilizing. Lucky clips the Arc Stone onto his belt.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Woo, that was a close one, huh?
Haha!

MIK

I fear there is an ancient proverb that summarizes our current situation quite accurately, Lucky.

Lucky pats Mik's side as Tony's posse turn around, still on the mountain.

LUCKY

Oh yeah? And what's that?

MIK

Out of the frying pan...

Mik juts his hand out of the front of the speeder and points to the encroaching city limits ahead of them. It's filled with more of Tony's men, who have created a blockade.

MIK (CONT'D)
...And into the fire.

Lucky grits his teeth. He looks behind them and sees Tony's speeders already on the ground, redoubling their pursuit.

LUCKY
We can't outrun them. Not with our
run down parts.

He searches for an answer, and finds a dense tree line to the right.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Hold on, Mik.

Lucky steers hard to the right. Mik leans hard and kicks up dust as bullets from the blockade wiz past. They speed forward as Tony's speeders drift to follow them.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They enter the tree line. Branches and bushes whoosh past as they dodge over and under fallen trunks and slip between the still standing trees.

Tony and several other speeders keep up in the forest. Tony pulls up next to Lucky and leans out of the car. He swipes at Lucky's belt where the Arc Stone flaps in the chaos.

TONY
Give me the stone, Lucky. I'll let
you leave my Rockefellers, no
questions asked.

Tony takes another swipe at the Arc Stone. Lucky scoots away from Tony's grasp, his butt hanging off the side of the seat while still holding onto Mik by the handlebars.

TONY (CONT'D)
We both know you ain't worth this
trouble, kid.

Another swipe. Lucky sits on Tony's hand, pinning it.

LUCKY
Counter offer. How about I keep the
fancy rock and you leave me alone
forever. Deal?

Tony grunts and yanks his arm back into the limousine, pulling Lucky inside with him.

INT. TONY'S LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Lucky scrambles to escape the car, climbing over and around Tony and the seats as Tony's massive arms punch the air trying to slam against Lucky.

One of the punches land, pinning Lucky's tail against the door of the car. Tony reaches out and plucks the Arc Stone from Lucky's belt.

TONY

This is worth more than you can
imagine, kid.

LUCKY

Huh, really? And here I thought it
was just a hunk of metal. Well, in
that case.

Lucky bites Tony's thumb. Tony screeches, recoiling his hand and releasing Lucky. Lucky turns his head toward the still open window.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Now!

The car jolts to the left as Mik rams it from outside. The Arc Stone launches out of Tony's hand and into the air. Lucky and Tony grab at the stone as it slips through their fingers until Lucky finally catches it with his foot.

Tony hits the other side of the car and watches as Lucky flips the Arc Stone up and into his hand. Lucky gives Tony a wink before kicking him in the face and launching himself out of the speeder where Mik catches him on his seat.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The force of Lucky's jump throws Mik's rear end off the edge of the road. It dangles in the open air before slamming back onto solid ground.

LUCKY

Whoa.

Lucky repositions himself to be more in the driver's seat. He pulls on the throttle to get ahead of Tony's car so they are no longer side by side.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
Thanks for the catch, Mik.

Lucky slaps Mik on the side.

LUCKY (CONT'D)
I'll be sure to buy you a nice oil
change when we get out of this.

MIK
If we get out of this.

Tony leans back out of the speeder's window with a rocket
launcher aimed directly at Lucky and Mik.

TONY
Fine. I'll just pry it off your
corpse!

Lucky looks back at Tony, eyebrow cocked.

LUCKY
Well that's a little dark.

Tony fires the missile at them. It hits Mik, breaking the
impact force field and destroying the road. Mik and Lucky fly
into the air and off the cliff.

Tony's speeders stop before going off the destroyed road.
Tony looks over the cliff and screams out in frustration.

TONY
Find them. Now.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE CLEARING - DAY

At the bottom of the cliff, Lucky and Mik roll onto a
clearing. They grunt and yelp as they tumble to a stop. One
of Mik's arms flies off his body and skids to a halt next to
Lucky.

Lucky grunts as he stands up and dusts himself off. Mik sits
up and shakes his head.

LUCKY
Well, we've definitely had better
landings.

Lucky picks up the arm and walks over to Mik, who holds his
head with his still attached hand. Lucky clicks the arm back
into place at the shoulder, and Mik rotates it around,
checking its functionality.

MIK

Why didn't we just give him the Arc stone?

Lucky plucks the Arc Stone out of his jacket and tosses it up and down like a baseball again.

LUCKY

Well, at first it was a matter of principle. But old Tony got me thinking. If he's going through all this trouble just for this...

Lucky shoots a sly, half cocked eyebrow smirk at Mik.

LUCKY

Then it's gotta be worth some serious cash.

Lucky stashes the Arc Stone back on his belt.

LUCKY

So I'm thinking we find a buyer, sell it, and use the money to start our new lives. It'll be out of our hair, out of our minds.

Lucky looks sideways at Mik.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Or, you know, whatever the equivalent of hair is for you.

MIK

Haha.

Mik transforms himself into a backpack with arms and legs. Lucky slips him on, and Mik clamps himself around Lucky, creating an exoskeleton.

MIK (CONT'D)

So how do we find someone willing to buy something we stole from Tony and the Rockefellers?

Lucky taps a metal finger to his head.

LUCKY

Oh I've got someone in mind.

MIK

Of course you do.

TRANSITION TO GAMEPLAY