

THE MASKED RIDER  
EPISODE 4 - "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, PART 2"

Written by  
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**THE MASKED RIDER - "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, PART 2"**

PRE-TITLES 1. EXT. RIVERSIDE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT- DAY

The MONEY TROJANITE spreads his feet and holds out his hands, launching two streams of coins. They explode against the ground and engulf RENÉ in flames.

CUT TO  
The WHITE SUITED MAN stops and turns back towards RENÉ, but a car passes by before we can see him, disappearing as it moves. The car comes to a stop and a WAREHOUSE WORKER runs out towards RENÉ.

**WAREHOUSE WORKER**

Holy crows, boy! What happened to you?! Guys! Get an ambulance!

**RENÉ**

Ms...Fontaine...

**WAREHOUSE WORKER**

Easy there, buddy. Save your strength. Dang it, where's that ambulance?!

**RENÉ**

I'm...sorry...

He loses consciousness.

**(ROLL OPENING TITLES)**

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1. EXT. SISKO & SISKO OFFICE- DAWN

EST. SHOT of the office door.

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FADE TO

2. EXT. VILLE VENTEUSE GENERAL HOSPITAL- NIGHT

EST. SHOT of the building.

3. INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM- NIGHT

RENÉ is lying in a bed, hooked up to a heart monitor (which is showing him as stable). Slowly ZOOM OUT to show BELINDA sitting on the chair beside him and PHILIP standing behind her. Several seconds of silence pass before PHILIP retrieves Bugsy (in mobile phone form) from his pocket. He looks down at it, then at RENÉ. He exhales to calm himself and turns towards the door.

**BELINDA**

Where are you going? Phil?

PHILIP leaves without answering.

4. EXT. VILLE VENTEUSE GENERAL HOSPITAL- NIGHT

PHILIP emerges from the hospital and climbs into an awaiting taxi, which drives away from the hospital.

5. EXT. STREET- NIGHT

The taxi cab passes by a black Rolls-Royce going in the opposite direction.

6. INT. ROLLS-ROYCE- CONTINUOUS

BERNARD is sitting on the back seat with a silver briefcase on his lap. Next to him is DIAHNNE. She puts a hand on his.

**DIAHNNE**

Nervous?

**BERNARD**

Just a touch. This is the grand master, after all. I haven't seen him since..

FLASH TO

7. INT. INITIATION ROOM- DUSK (FLASHBACK)

The TERROR TROJANITE - little more than a silhouette - oversees the initiation ritual. The TERROR TROJANITE raises his hands and begins to chant in a strange language as the rhythm of the drums grows faster and more powerful. Black ritualistic tattoos appear over BERNARD'S body and the keyhole on his belt glows with a golden light. BERNARD'S body tenses and he releases a pained scream.

8. INT. ROLLS-ROYCE- PRESENT

DIAHNNE squeezes BERNARD'S wrist in an assuring manner.

**DIAHNNE**

You'll be fine. Daddy will like you, trust me. He'll be especially happy to hear you stopped that 'Masked Rider,' before he caused us too much trouble.

She kisses him on the cheek. BERNARD smiles slightly. A blue glow emits from beneath his sleeves for a moment.

9. EXT. STREET- NIGHT

The Rolls-Royce turns the corner and disappears from view.

10. INT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER- NIGHT

EST. SHOT of the *Golden Gates* riverboat chugging along the water. All the lights both inside and outside are on and a jazz band can be heard playing.

11. INT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, FIRST FLOOR- NIGHT

The place is as busy as ever. NATASHA is standing at a one-armed bandit. She pulls the lever and the slots stop at three '\$,' signs. A mass of gold coins pools in the trough.

**NATASHA**

I did it! I won again! I can't go wrong tonight!

A tone plays over the tannoy and all eyes fall on the middle of the room, where CARSON 'COLD,' CASH and a CROUPIER stand by a roulette table.

CUT TO

Batsy hangs upside down from the rafters. SLOW ZOOM IN on its lens.

12. INT. SISKO & SISKO OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

PHILIP is watching the display from Batsy's lens on Bugsy's screen with curiosity.

13. INT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, FIRST FLOOR- CONTINUOUS

CASH is addressing the crowd.

**CASH**

Ladies and gentlemen, thank ya'll for your attendance. It's now exactly midnight and we've made all our stops, which means it's time for tonight's big raffle.

The CROUPIER reveals a wooden tombola and turns it. After it stops, CASH reaches in and retrieves a slip of paper.

**CASH (Cont'd)**

And the winner is...Grace Walker! Come up here!

GRACE - looking horribly dishevelled and weak - creeps out of the crowd. She has an almost rictus grin on her face, as if the energy has been drained out of her.

**CASH (Cont'd)**

Grace, you've been a wonderful player. Worst losin' streak I've seen in all my years but dad-gummit if you ain't got guts!

He claps a hand on her shoulders and her knees actually buckle.

14. INT. SISKO & SISKO OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

PHILIP stands up with a start, still looking into the screen.

**PHILIP**

So she was still onboard this whole time? What happened to her?

15. INT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, FIRST FLOOR- CONTINUOUS

GRACE is sitting in a chair on one side of the roulette table as CASH seats himself opposite her.

**GRACE**

I'm sorry...Mr Cash...I've...got no money left...

**CASH**

That's just fine, Missy. Remember, if you ain't got nothin' else, you get one more chance. So how about it?

**GRACE**

Please...need...game...

**CASH**

I'll take that as a 'yes.' So let's play.

**GRACE**

I'll bet it all on...red 36.

The CROUPIER spins the wheel and the ball skitters around inside. The crowd gather even closer to watch.

16. INT. SSKO & SSKO OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

PHILIP shakes his head.

**PHILIP**

It won't be red 36. The calculation is all wrong.

17. INT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, FIRST FLOOR- CONTINUOUS

The ball lands on 'black 17.' GRACE slides off of her chair and lands in a crumpled heap on the floor. CASH stands up and walks around to her.

**CASH**

Sorry, darlin'. Looks like you lose.

He reaches into his pocket and retrieves a large, silver coin. GRACE tries to back away.

**GRACE**

Oh, please, God, no...

CASH holds the coin inches away from her heart.

**CASH**

This...is *God*.

He presses the coin to her heart. GRACE'S body stiffens in a silent scream as the coin glows and the colour is drained from her body, leaving an empty husk, which slumps against the side of the roulette table. The crowd all seem perfectly calm, if slightly chilled, while NATASHA is totally horrified.

**NATASHA**

Oh...my...

CASH smiles evilly to the crowd.

**CASH**

'Nother one for the vaults. Everyone, enjoy the rest of your evenin'.

18. INT. PHILIP'S WORKSHOP- CONTINUOUS

PHILIP is now pacing up and down the cat-walk in the midst of contemplation.

**PHILIP (V.O.)**

This is very bad. We have found Grace, but under less positive circumstances than we initially hoped. René is incapacitated, which means..

He stops and looks at his desk. The belt lies there, as if calling out to him. PHILIP puts a finger to his lips and considers what he is about to do, then smiles mischievously.

FADE TO

19. INT. SISKO & SISKO OFFICE- SOON AFTER

CLOSE-UP of PHILIP'S hands flipping open Buggy and pressing a button. A map of Louisiana State appears with a red dot travelling down the Mississippi River.

CUT TO

CLOSE-UP of PHILIP grabbing a set of keys from a hook by the door.

CUT TO

CLOSE-UP of PHILIP pulling open a drawer in the desk and pulling out the Rider Keys.

CUT TO

PHILIP is standing in the middle of the office, wearing the belt, one hand grasping the keys and one holding Buggy.

**PHILIP**

Show time.

PHILIP leaves the office, pulling the door shut behind him.

20. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NATASHA'S BUILDING- NIGHT

PHILIP rides away from the building on RENÉ'S motorcycle.  
Slowly TILT UP to a view of the cityscape.

FADE TO

21. EXT. MUSEUM OF CULTURE & MYSTICISM- NIGHT

TILT DOWN from the cityscape to the three-storey building.

22. INT. GREAT HALL- NIGHT

Like the rest of the house, the great hall is a marvel of modern architecture and art deco. The walls are red and painted with all manner of strange imagery mainly featuring snakes and half human-half animal abominations. A chandelier hangs from the ceiling, which is carved to resemble a three-eyed monster glaring hungrily down at everybody below it. Long candles in valuable silver candlesticks decorate the long table. The floor is polished wood. BERNARD and DIAHNNE sit on one side, hand-in-hand, with ANIKA on the other side checking her hair in a pocket mirror. SIR TIGSWORTHY is curled up on top of the table. ANIKA snaps the mirror shut, catching the cat's attention.

**ANIKA**

Where the heck is Dad? He's late!

**DIAHNNE**

You know how he gets. He has to be theatrical about it. And Bernard, for heaven's sake stop squeezing my hand so tightly or you'll wrench it off.

**BERNARD**

Uh, sorry, Diahnne.

**DIAHNNE**

Still nervous?

**BERNARD**

Mm-hmm.

**DIAHNNE**

Seriously, don't be, it's starting to irk me.

Suddenly, all the lights go down and the paintings on the walls cast an eerie red glow over the hall. BERNARD looks around in an alert way but DIAHNNE and ANIKA remain calm. The figure of SYLVESTRO TORRANCE - an aged African-American man

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wearing dark glasses and a burgundy suit over a black shirt - appears from the shadows, arms spread for emphasis.

**SYLVESTRO**

Good evening, family.

He vanishes in a puff of red smoke and reappears in a second one between DIAHNNE and BERNARD, clapping a hand on both their shoulders.

**DIAHNNE**

What did I tell you? Hi, Daddy.

**SYLVESTRO**

Hello, my magnificent first daughter! Ah, and Mr Locke, it seemed like only yesterday we initiated you into our merry brood.

**BERNARD**

G-good evening, s-sir. You have a ch-charming home.

**SYLVESTRO**

Don't I?

He lets them go as the lights return to normal. The sudden shift causes BERNARD to rub his eyes. SYLVESTRO walks to the head of the table and takes his seat. SIR TIGSWORTHY pads over and hops up on his shoulder.

**SYLVESTRO (Cont'd)**

When I first came to this country with my parents and left my dear native Tanzania, I didn't have a penny to my name, but almost fifty years of hard work and smooth business decisions later and look at me now, eh? And now!

He slams his palms down on the table.

**SYLVESTRO (Cont'd)**

We have, sitting with us tonight, a young man who my daughter believes worthy of sharing my home and my wealth, and tonight, we will see if she is right.

He clicks his fingers and SERVANTS flock in with silver trays covered by ornately carved lids. BERNARD starts to relax as DIAHNNE pats his hand comfortingly.

FADE TO

23. EXT. MUSEUM COURTYARD- NIGHT

An amber lamppost glows down on the courtyard as BERNARD and SYLVESTRO walk together. SYLVESTRO is now holding a skull-tipped cane and SIR TIGSWORTHY is padding along at his feet.

**BERNARD**

It's really an honour, sir.

**SYLVESTRO**

Please, dear boy, don't be on edge like that. You act like I'm going to say 'no.'

**BERNARD**

You mean you won't?

**SYLVESTRO**

Not right now. Diahnne seems to like you, and you're certainly one of our better salesmen. Did you know that before you entered our employ we hadn't sold a Trojanite Key in almost six months?

**BERNARD**

If I may ask, sir, why's that?

**SYLVESTRO**

A few things, least of which was our then-head of sales just disappearing off the face of the Earth.

**BERNARD**

You're kidding.

**SYLVESTRO**

How I wish. He was a good man, an old friend of mine. I've suspected foul play for quite some time but I've had no luck in finding the evidence. Oh, well. That's all in the past now. Let's get back to you. Do you think you have what it takes to be a part of my family?

**BERNARD**

I'm not sure, sir.

SYLVESTRO plants his cane into BERNARD'S back and shoves him forward a little. He is able to keep his balance and turns to face the old man.

**SYLVESTRO**

I'm afraid that's not an answer, Mr Locke. I will just have to test your capabilities myself.

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He reveals a golden Trojanite Key from his pocket and raises it above his head. BERNARD looks fearful. SYLVESTRO smirks.

**ANIKA (O.O.S.)**

Daddy!

SYLVESTRO stops and both men turn in the direction of the voice. ANIKA is standing in the doorway.

**ANIKA (Cont'd)**

Let me do the honours. I need to blow off some steam.

**SYLVESTRO**

By all means, my treasure. I will simply watch. Come, Sir Tigsaworthy.

He goes to a stone bench and sits on it. The cat hops up onto his lap. ANIKA walks towards BERNARD, taking a gold Trojanite Key of her own out of her pocket as an iron padlock belt materialises on her waist. She slots the Key into the lock, which speaks in a rattling, hoarse voice.

**BELT'S A.I.**

Clay Doll!

Golden particles spiral out of the belt and fly around ANIKA before exploding outwards in a ball of white light, which fades to reveal she has turned into the CLAY DOLL TROJANITE.

**ANIKA**

Let's play.

**BERNARD**

*(Gulps)* Oh, dear.

ANIKA launches a fireball from her right arm cannon. BERNARD cartwheels out of the way, then launches himself into the air to avoid a second attack, lands, jumps over a third blast and lands behind ANIKA. She whirls around to club him but he kicks her arm away, making her stumble backwards.

**ANIKA**

You...BAST-!

The last part of her curse is cut off by an extra loud blast from her left arm cannon. It streaks right towards BERNARD, striking him and engulfing him in a column of white flames. ANIKA blows steam off the end of her cannon.

**ANIKA (Cont'd)**

You're toast.

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SYLVESTRO chuckles as a voice echoes from somewhere within the column.

**BELT'S A.I.**

Nazca!

A sword disperses the flames, revealing BERNARD has transformed into the NAZCA TROJANITE. ANIKA back-pedals from him.

**ANIKA**

Uh-oh...

BERNARD growls and raises his sword, the blade of which glows an eerie blue.

**BERNARD**

Have a taste of Bloodbottler, witch!

BERNARD charges forward and swings his sword at ANIKA, who ducks out of the way just in time. He goes to bring it down at her, she blocks it with her right arm and powers up the cannon in her left arm, which BERNARD kicks aside just as the fireball shoots out. It travels inches over SYLVESTRO'S head, causing SIR TIGSWORTHY to hiss in astonishment while he remains utterly focussed on the fight. BERNARD presses his sword against ANIKA'S stomach and drags it across, drawing out sparks and knocking her screaming to the ground. He raises the sword over his head.

**ANIKA**

I yield!

BERNARD smirks and dismisses his sword and TROJANITE form in a spiral of particles. ANIKA does the same. SYLVESTRO stands up and claps slowly while walking towards them.

**SYLVESTRO**

Well done, my boy. Excellent show. I think you may have Torrance potential after all. It's not often I see Anika put in her place.

**ANIKA**

Hmph! Beginner's luck.

**SYLVESTRO**

Come. Let's go back inside for a celebratory drink. I've got rather a fine collection of Beaujolais just for such an occasion.

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SYLVESTRO leads BERNARD back towards the house. ANIKA stands up, frowning spitefully at them.

FADE TO

24. EXT. BANK OF THE MISSISSIPPI- NIGHT

PHILIP is walking along the muddy bank, holding out Bugsy, which still displays the tracking signal. The sound of a chugging motor fades into hearing. PHILIP looks up as the *Golden Gates* riverboat appears. PHILIP smiles, stashes Bugsy back in his pocket and pulls his sleeve back to show Webster on his wrist. An electronic beeping emanates as the wristwatch shifts to spider mode and fires towards the boat, trailing webbing behind it.

25. EXT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, DECK- NIGHT

PHILIP climbs up onto the river and retracts Webster. He pulls his sleeve down and looks around, then creeps off-screen.

26. INT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, HALLWAY- NIGHT

One of CASH'S MASKED DEALERS emerges from the doors of what seems to be the bar, holding a glass of beer. There is a whistling sound. The DEALER looks in the direction of the whistle and sees Bugsy, now in stag beetle mode, floating in mid-air. The drone flies around the corner and the DEALER follows. Once he is out of sight, we hear the sounds of struggling.

CUT TO

The DEALER sits against the wall, dazed, bound and wearing only his socks and pants. PHILIP is fixing the bow-tie and mask of his stolen costume.

**PHILIP**

A little baggy, but it'll do. Let me just pop you out of the way, sir.

He opens a nearby locker, shoves the DEALER inside and locks it.

CUT TO

The interior of the locker. Through the slits, PHILIP can be seen waving his fingers cheekily before walking away.

27. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, FIRST FLOOR- NIGHT

NATASHA is hiding behind some large potted plants and watching the room cautiously. Some of the CUSTOMERS seem to have retired but a good many still remain.

**NATASHA (V.O.)**

Come on, Sisko, where the heck are you? It's been hours!

The CROUPIER from early appears behind NATASHA and claps a hand on her shoulder, causing her to stiffen.

**CROUPIER**

Ma'am, Mr Cash wants to see ya.

28. INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM/MR CASH'S OFFICE- SOON AFTER

The door of the room opens as the CROUPIER steers NATASHA into the room by the shoulder. A bank of monitors takes up the entire back wall. In front of that is a leather swivel-chair behind a mahogany desk. The chair spins to reveal CASH, twirling a bronze Trojanite Key in his fingers.

**CASH**

Evenin', ma'am. Noticed ya ain't been playin' so much. Did my little show with Ms Walker discomfort ya somehow?

NATASHA steels herself.

**NATASHA**

Mr Cash, I believe that what I saw you do to my niece was nothing short of murder!

**CASH**

Oh! Family, were ya? Well, that confirms a sneakin' suspicion I've been having.

He points an accusing finger at her.

**CASH (Cont'd)**

Ya'll got yerself aboard my establishment to spy on me like some two-bit private dick. I don't much appreciate bein' played, darlin'.

He whips out a Life Coin from his pocket and holds it up in front of his face.

**CASH (Cont'd)**

Play time's over!

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NATASHA recoils as CASH thrusts his arm out to hit her with the Coin, but a foot comes up to kick the Life Coin aside. It skitters across the floor. CASH growls as the assailant - PHILIP - lowers his foot gracefully back down.

**CASH (Cont'd)**

Who the Sam Hill are you?! You ain't one o' mine!

PHILIP whips off his domino mask and disguise, revealing his usual clothes beneath.

**PHILIP**

Correct. My name is Philip Sisko and I ask that you unhand that woman.

**NATASHA**

Phil! Oh, thank goodness...

The CROUPIER snarls and is about to let NATASHA go to grab PHILIP, but CASH raises a hand to stop him.

**CASH**

Wait! Mr Sisko, I hope ya appreciate how very, very angry I am right now, so ya'll had better gimme a good reason not to fill ya both wi' lead.

**PHILIP**

Is this not a casino, Mr Cash? Why don't we have a game? I'm very good at games.

**CASH**

Well that's mighty interestin', partner, 'cause so am I. Okay, what's the stakes?

PHILIP reaches both hands beneath his hoodie and retrieves the Joker, Metal and Trigger Keys in his right, then his Cyclone, Heat and Lunar Keys in his left. CASH and the CROUPIER look astonished while NATASHA is confused.

**CROUPIER**

No way...

**CASH**

Are those...?

**PHILIP**

All six Rider Keys, courtesy of a...friend of mine.

FLASH; the MASKED RIDER is SUPERIMPOSED over PHILIP for a few moments. CASH and the CROUPIER grin like Cheshire Cats.

**PHILIP (Cont'd)**

If you win, you get all of them, but if I win, not only do Ms Fontaine and I go free, you must release everybody whose soul you took with your coins.

PHILIP pockets the Keys again as CASH considers this. Finally, he holds out his hand.

**CASH**

You got yourself a deal, sonny.

They shake hands.

FADE TO

29. INT. GOLDEN GATES CASINO, FIRST FLOOR- NIGHT

PHILIP and CASH sit opposite each other at a table as the CROUPIER stands ready at the roulette wheel. NATASHA is positioned right behind PHILIP with one hand on his shoulder. Six equally stacked piles of Life Coins and the six Rider Keys are set up at the side of the table. The other CUSTOMERS have gathered to watch curiously.

**CASH (Cont'd)**

Six for six. Ready?

**PHILIP**

I'm ready.

The CROUPIER spins the roulette wheel and the ball bounces around inside. PHILIP'S eyes scan the ball.

**PHILIP (Cont'd)**

Cyclone on black 31.

The room becomes tense. The ball stops on black 31. CASH frowns and the CROUPIER slides the first pile of Life Coins to PHILIP'S side.

**NATASHA**

Well done, Phil!

**CASH**

Beginner's luck. It's not over yet. Spin it again.

The CROUPIER nods and obliges. PHILIP scans the ball again.

**PHILIP**

I'll bet Cyclone and Joker on red 32.

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The ball lands on red 32. CASH and the CROUPIER look at each other, astounded.

**NATASHA**

Yes! You got him! You got him!

The CROUPIER slides two piles of Life Coins over to PHILIP.

**CASH**

You're good, boy, but don't count me out yet. Lady Luck's an old tease, she won't be kissin' yer ear forever.

**NATASHA**

He's just trying to psyche you out. Don't fall for it.

The CROUPIER spins the wheel again.

**PHILIP**

Trigger, Lunar and Heat on black 20. If this goes to me, I win the game.

The ball lands on black 20.

**NATASHA**

Oh, my God! You did it! You won!

The CROUPIER uses the tip of his shoe to press a panel on the table leg. The ball whizzes from black 20 to black 15.

**CASH**

Oh, I'm sorry, look again.

**PHILIP**

What?

**NATASHA**

But-!

**CASH**

The ball don't lie. I'll take what's mine.

The CROUPIER slides the three Keys along with three of the Life Coin stacks back towards CASH, who smiles wolfishly. PHILIP bites his lower lip, trying to hide his dismay.

**PHILIP**

It cannot be. I was so sure.

**NATASHA**

Easy, Phil, just stay focussed.

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PHILIP nods as the wheel spins again.

**CASH**

Why don't you bet it all, boy? Go on, ya know ya wanna.

**PHILIP**

All on black 17...no, 11.

**NATASHA**

Oh, excuse me, my shoe's untied.

She ducks out of sight.

CUT TO

NATASHA is underneath the table and her eyes are tracing two black wires attached to crocodile clips to something under the roulette wheel itself.

**NATASHA (Cont'd)**

I knew it, the dirty cheater.

She removes the crocodile clips and looks over to CASH'S leg. She lifts his trouser leg to reveal a leather garter holding his sock up. Smirking, she attaches the clips to the garter.

CUT TO

NATASHA stands up next to PHILIP and rubs his shoulder in an assuring fashion. The ball stops on black 11.

**PHILIP**

Phew. I was worried for a moment there.

**CROUPIER**

Sorry, sir, but I'm afraid that's-

He presses the panel again, but this time the crocodile clip sends the charge through CASH, who yelps as he starts convulsing violently. His hair and moustache bristle and the strings of his bootlace tie become perfectly horizontal.

**NATASHA**

This whole game was fixed, Phil. From the moment Cash decided to play things his own way, you didn't have a snowball's chance in hell.

**CASH**

Shut it off ya tin-horned eejit! SHUT IT OFF!

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The CROUPIER reaches under the table and wrenches the wires as hard as he can. With a final burst of electricity, CASH'S hat explodes off his head and he becomes completely still. An awkward silence falls before he collapses to the floor, twitching and gurgling. PHILIP stands up and picks up all six Rider Keys.

**PHILIP**

I will take what is mine, Mr Money Trojanite, playing against you was *not* a pleasure.

The CROUPIER helps CASH to his feet. CASH groans, then realises what PHILIP has said and starts chuckling.

**CASH**

Trojanite? You think I'm...? Oh, that is rich, boy! Dad-gummit, that's gold, I must say!

**PHILIP**

But, if not you, then...

CASH sits back down in his chair, pulls a comb from his pocket and starts tidying his hair.

**CASH**

Guess the game's up, and with all these here witnesses too. Wipe 'em all out, son.

The CROUPIER, in actuality CARSON CASH, JR., takes off his domino mask and reveals the bronze Trojanite Key.

**CASH, JR.**

Whatever you say, Daddy.

He plugs the Key into the back of his neck and in a flash of bronze light transforms into the MONEY TROJANITE. PHILIP puts his arm out in front of NATASHA as the CROWD become frightened.

**PHILIP**

Everybody, run for the exits!

CASH snaps his fingers and the other CROUPIERS and DEALERS block the doors. He points at NATASHA.

**CASH**

Her first.

CASH, JR. holds up a Life Coin and advances quickly on NATASHA, who backs away only to find her path blocked by two burly DEALERS who grab her by the arms.

**CASH, JR.**

Lights out.

He thrusts the Life Coin forward but PHILIP'S hand shoots out in front of it at the last second. Despite this, PHILIP does not seem affected. He closes his fist around the Life Coin and shoves it backwards.

**CASH, JR.**

What?! The coin should've sucked yer soul right out! What are you?!

**PHILIP**

I don't know.

He punches CASH, JR. across the face, causing him to stumble back a bit. Suddenly, a loud voice can be heard outside through a megaphone.

**CHARBONNEAU (O.O.S., Through megaphone)**

Freeze! Police! You are surrounded!

**CASH**

The police? It can't be!

**PHILIP**

It is. I alerted them on my way here. I'll leave you and your staff to their tender mercies, but you...

He points to CASH, JR.

**CASH**

Run, boy!

CASH, JR. hesitates, then runs for the exit. PHILIP frowns and gives chase as NATASHA moves to catch him by the wrist just a little too late.

30. EXT. CITY DOCKS- MORNING

CASH, JR. runs down the docks with PHILIP, with the belt now visible, in hot pursuit. PHILIP leaps into the air and holds out the Cyclone and Joker Keys.

**PHILIP**

Ride up!

**BELT'S A.I.**

Cyclone-Joker!

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CRASH ZOOM IN on the buckle as the Keys crackle with power.  
CRASH ZOOM OUT to show PHILIP clad in the armour, slowly  
descending towards the camera.

31. EXT. STREET- MORNING

CASH, JR. emerges from a tunnel as a car screeches towards  
him. The surprised DRIVER pulls to a halt just in time. CASH,  
JR. pounds on the bonnet.

**CASH, JR.**

Road hog! What?

The sound of a roaring motor fills the air. PHILIP rides into  
view on RENÉ'S motorcycle, flooring the TROJANITE, who cries  
in pain. The DRIVER in the car watches in wide-eyed shock. He  
pulls out his mobile phone and starts punching the numbers.  
PHILIP turns the motorcycle and hits the TROJANITE second  
time, propelling him through the air and towards the  
buildings.

CUT TO

CASH, JR. lands with a sickening 'THUD!' on the pavement. He  
manages to stand up just as PHILIP is walking towards him on  
foot. PHILIP stops to do a graceful arm movement.

**PHILIP**

I...am the Masked Rider.

CASH, JR. growls and charges. PHILIP does the same and does a  
jump-kick, which CASH, JR. ducks, but a series of three more  
kicks to the chest and head knock the TROJANITE back.

**PHILIP (Cont'd)**

You're mine, Cash!

32. INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM- MEANWHILE

RENÉ is still lying in his bed. BELINDA is sitting at his  
bedside reading a book. Suddenly, RENÉ stirs. BELINDA looks at  
him.

**BELINDA**

René?

His eyes fly open.

**RENÉ**

(Whisper) Philip!

33. EXT. STREET- MEANWHILE

PHILIP has just transformed into his Lunar-Joker form.

**BELT'S A.I.**

Lunar-Joker!

CASH, JR. unleashes a stream of explosive coins, which PHILIP deflects with his elastic right arm. The arm pulls back to normal size and PHILIP plants six kicks across CASH, JR.'S chest and head, flooring him. PHILIP pulls out the Joker Key and replaces it with the Metal Key.

**BELT'S A.I. (Cont'd)**

Lunar-Metal!

The left side of his armour changes from black to silver and the quarterstaff materialises on his back. He draws this and in a flash of yellow, the end of the staff extends into a rubbery whip, which PHILIP snaps seven times across the TROJANITE'S body, causing sparks to erupt, before swinging it over his head and charging at CASH, JR. He thrusts the staff forward and CASH, JR. is barely able to catch it under his arms.

**CASH, JR.**

My daddy'll have yer head for this, Bug-boy! Don't you realise who I am?!

**PHILIP**

I do. You are a criminal.

He holds up the Heat Key with one hand and uses the other to thrust CASH, JR. away with the quarterstaff.

**PHILIP (Cont'd)**

And must therefore be punished.

**BELT'S A.I.**

Heat-Metal!

The right side of his armour changes from yellow to red. He hits CASH, JR. twice with the quarterstaff, then super-heats his fist and punches him twice, knocking him several yards away. As CASH, JR. squirms on the ground, PHILIP plucks the Metal Key from his belt and slots it into the middle of the staff. He spins the quarterstaff in the air as both ends start spewing white hot flames.

**BELT'S A.I. (Cont'd)**

Rider Inferno!

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**CASH, JR.**

No! Wait! Can't we talk about this?!

**PHILIP**

Sorry, but you lose.

PHILIP runs forward and slices the end of the quarterstaff across CASH, JR., who cries out as he flies through the air and lands - now human again - at the side of the street. The Trojanite Key hits the ground beside him and shatters. PHILIP stands over the fallen man and rests his staff against his shoulder.

FADE TO

34. EXT. STREET- LATER

CASH and CASH, JR. are sitting in the back of a police van with their hands cuffed. The door slams shut and the van drives away.

CUT TO

CHARBONNEAU and the other CHIEF OF POLICE watch it pulling away.

**CHARBONNEAU**

Thanks for helping catch these two, cousin.

**CHIEF OF POLICE**

Nothin' to it, cousin. Just, uh, next time? Try and keep your bad guys in your city, okay? 'Sides, we only cornered the Fat Man, I hear tell your bug-eyed pal caught the young'un.

**CHARBONNEAU**

I'll thank him when I see him...with an arrest warrant. I tell ya, whenever that Masked Rider gets involved, the paperwork goes through the roof, and so does my wife when I get home late.

They start walking away from where the van once was.

**CHIEF OF POLICE**

I feel your pain, Toussaint. Come on, I'll drive you back so I can be on your side during the shouting match, but let's get some coffee first.

**CHARBONNEAU**

That Plaquemines mud? Thanks but no thanks, once you've had Belinda's *café au lait* there's just no substitute.

They continue to talk and walk. They pass by an alleyway, where a MYSTERIOUS MAN IN A SUIT is listening. He pulls out a notebook and writes in it.

**MYSTERIOUS MAN**

Masked...Rider...

He snaps the notebook shut and tucks it in his jacket pocket, then slinks back into the shadows of the alleyway.

FADE TO

35. EXT. VILLE VENTEUSE GENERAL HOSPITAL- MORNING

EST. SHOT of the building.

**RENÉ (V.O.)**

You solved the case by yourself?

36. INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM- MORNING

RENÉ is sitting up in bed. PHILIP is sitting at his bedside. They are playing Old Maid together. PHILIP plucks a card from RENÉ'S hand and drops one from his own.

**PHILIP**

Indeed, and once the Money Trojanite's Key was destroyed, the victims' soul was returned, including Grace Walker's.

**RENÉ**

And...the belt really worked for you?

**PHILIP**

That is right.

RENÉ takes a card from PHILIP'S hand and drops one.

**RENÉ**

Up until now I assumed it would only work for me, but it looks like I can count on you to handle things if I'm out of action.

**PHILIP**

I assumed nothing.

PHILIP plucks a card from RENÉ, leaving him with only the Joker. RENÉ curses, knocks the cards off the bed and sulks while PHILIP smirks to himself. The radio sitting on the windowsill crackles and the voice of ANIKA speaks over it.

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**ANIKA (Over radio)**

Good morning, Ville Venteuse, it's 9 o'clock and you're listening to Legends F.M. with your Princess of the Airwaves, Anika Torrance. From the calls we've been getting, it looks like this city doesn't just have its fair share of monsters, but a mysterious defender of the innocent calling himself the Masked Rider.

**PHILIP**

Oh?

**RENÉ**

Quick, turn it up!

PHILIP goes to the radio and turns the dial, increasing the volume.

**ANIKA (Over radio)**

There have been stories about this quirky character for the past few months but almost nothing has been seen of him until recently, now we at Legends F.M. are convinced there's something to it.

RENÉ and PHILIP grin at each other, then start laughing.

37. EXT. VILLE VENTEUSE RADIO STATION- MORNING

EST. SHOT of the building.

**ANIKA (Over radio, Cont'd)**

If you can hear me, Masked Rider, this city owes you.

38. INT. LEGENDS F.M. OFFICES, BROADCASTING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

ANIKA is sitting at her desk and speaking into her microphone. We can see her PRODUCER through the glass wall of the adjoining room.

**ANIKA (Over radio, Cont'd)**

We'll be back right after this word from our sponsors to listen to some reports from our callers.

The PRODUCER gives her the 'OKAY,' sign and switches off the 'On Air,' function on the console. ANIKA pulls a curtain over the window, takes off her headset and turns to face BERNARD and DIAHNNE standing behind her.

**ANIKA (Cont'd)**

You said you'd dealt with that freak.

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**DIAHNNE**

Somehow I don't think Father will be very pleased. Things don't look good for you, Bernard.

**BERNARD**

I promise you both that the next time I encounter the Masked Rider...he won't survive.

In a flash, he, DIAHNNE and ANIKA transform into the NAZCA, TABOO and CLAY DOLL TROJANITES.

**BERNARD (Cont'd)**

Just you wait.

FADE OUT.

THE END