

HEELS TV PILOT

by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

It is morning in a very modern coffee shop in the downtown business district. Men and women in business suits order their cappuccinos, frappuccinos and espressos and rush their way out the door.

Entering the coffee shop is an average looking middle-aged man, JACK PARKER. He is dressed in a nice button up shirt and slacks, but wearing a ratty brown leather jacket. He has obviously preened himself recently, but it is apparent that this is not his regular "look".

Taking a seat at one of the few empty tables against the wall, he takes out his laptop and sets it up at his table. A waitress, who's nametag reads BECKY, approaches him. As she gets nearer, her friendly smile disappears and she proceeds to walk right by him, checking on the customers seated behind him.

On Jack's computer desktop is a picture that probably was a default photo that came with the computer. He brings up a Workopolis style webpage and begins to scan through the new job postings. Almost immediately a message window pops up, asking if he would like to have a chat with SAM. The man hits YES and a window pops up.

SAM (TEXT)

How'd it go man!?

Jack looks up from his computer and gestures to Becky that he is ready to order. Becky seems not to notice and walks by. Dismissing anything out of the ordinary, he returns to his chat.

JACK (TEXT)

Same old same old.

SAM (TEXT)

Bummer.

Jack looks around to see if anyone is available to serve him. He almost catches Becky's eye and holds up his hand. Becky turns around and heads towards the barista counter.

JACK (TEXT)

All looked good, but I could tell he was struggling to remember me from somewhere through half the interview....

SAM (TEXT)

Uh oh.

JACK (TEXT)
Once he did, that was the end of
the interview.

SAM (TEXT)
You should sue! That's such
bullshit!

From out of the blue comes a voice, startling Jack.

BARISTA (O.S.)
Can I help you sir?

Jack laughs a little at himself, but the Barista's expression
does not change.

JACK
Geez, you surprised me there.

BARISTA
Can I help you sir?

Jack's smile is replaced by a frown.

JACK
Yeah, you can get me a coffee.

The Barista heads back to the counter as Jack's mood visibly
darkens.

JACK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Or get plastic surgery.

He closes the Workopolis type site and brings up his email
account. Junk mail seems to be the only incoming messages he
has received

SAM (TEXT)
I know you are sick of hearing it,
but you should really come work
with me! They won't care who you
are.

JACK (TEXT)
Among the many other things they
don't care about. I'll work at
McDonalds before that.

SAM (TEXT)
They would never hire you! :)

A coffee is set beside Jack's computer, a little spilling
precariously close to his laptop. Jack pushes his laptop
aside quickly and looks the Barista.

BARISTA
(insincerely)
Sorry about that sir.

JACK
Yeah. Thanks.

SAM (TEXT)
How are you doing for money?

JACK (TEXT)
I'm fine. Almost had to buy a new computer when this jerk at the coffee shop nearly spilled my coffee on it. That's all I'd need. This computer is the most expensive thing I own.

SAM (TEXT)
You're at a coffee shop? Which one? I'll come and meet you!

JACK (TEXT)
I'm going to be taking off soon.

SAM (TEXT)
Come on! We'll kick his ass!

Suddenly there is a commotion by the window. The customers have gathered to look outside, where high in the air two men in gaudy costumes are duking it out while flying around the buildings.

COFFEE CUSTOMER #1
(excitedly)
That's The Metro Missile! He hasn't been around in ages!

BARISTA
Who's he fighting?

COFFEE CUSTOMER #1
I don't know. Must be a new guy. Never seen him before.
(pause)
Thought I knew all the fliers.

COFFEE CUSTOMER #2
That's The Banker. He's going for a new look.

COFFEE CUSTOMER #1
Really?

COFFEE CUSTOMER #2
Yeah. Pretty terrible.

Jack looks over the customers' heads at the hero and villain fighting above the city.

JACK
(to himself)
Assholes.

JACK (TEXT) (CONT'D)
Looks like one of your chums is brawling with the Metro Missile outside, so I'm going to take off before they destroy the block.

SAM (TEXT)
Take it easy.

JACK (TEXT)
Later.

Jack shuts the computer off and takes a sip of his coffee. He looks exhausted. He runs his hands through his hair and lets out a sigh. He picks up his mug to take another sip when the customers gathered at the window let out a scream.

COFFEE CUSTOMER #1
Look out!

The customers scatter as an object crashes through the front window. They all manage to get out of the way, but the object is heading at full speed towards Jack's table. Before he has time to register what happens, the object demolishes the table in front of him, including his laptop.

Jack looks down at the destruction and sees THE BANKER amongst the wreckage of his computer and splinters of wood. The villain is dressed in what looks to be a Halloween costume from the discount bin in a dollar store. Jack drops his cup of coffee on the ground, dumbfounded.

METRO MISSILE (O.S.)
Give up Banker. You can't win this fight.

Jack looks over to the broken window and sees the METRO MISSILE posed heroically as the customers pile out of the coffee shop. He is wearing a much better costume, his cape flapping in the wind.

Banker looks towards his nemesis, the zoned out look he had moments ago now replaced with fury.

BANKER

It's not "The Banker" anymore
asshole! It's Horrorshow!

METRO MISSLE

What does it matter? Both are
pretty stupid.

This seems to infuriate The Banker even more. Jack finally
snaps out of his daze.

JACK

(to himself)
My computer....

The Banker stands up, seemingly unhurt after being thrown
into a wall at the speed of a bullet.

BANKER

Says the Metro Missle!

He grabs Jack by the neck and holds him in front of him.

BANKER (CONT'D)

Now, smart guy, don't you move or
else this cappuccino sipping pansy
here dies. Horribly.

This seems to have finally given The Metro Missle something
to worry about. He raises both his hands, a look of concern
on his face.

METRO MISSLE

Whoa! Listen Ban... Horrorshow.
There's no reason to bring citizens
into this. Let him go and we can
take this back outside.

BANKER

I have a better idea. Let me go,
and I won't break his neck.

The Metro Missle seems to be considering this.

METRO MISSLE

Look, if you let him go, I will....

The Metro Missle looks Jack, who has been staying silent, up
and down. His look of concern turns into a sly smile.

METRO MISSLE (CONT'D)

This isn't your lucky day.

BANKER

(confused)

What the hell are you talking
about?

METRO MISSLE

(smiling)

Look at your hostage.

The Banker turns Jack around and looks him in the face. It takes The Banker a moment before he recognizes him and his jaw goes slack.

BANKER

Goddammit.

Metro Missle's fist smashes into The Banker's face and Jack falls backwards onto his ass. As the Metro Missle subdues The Banker, Jack checks to see if any of his computer is salvageable. It isn't.

The Metro Missle zooms out of the coffee shop with The Banker's unconscious body over his shoulder. The customers who were watching from the sidewalk return to get their possessions they abandoned. Jack slowly gets up and begins to head for the door.

BECKY (O.S.)

That's two fifty.

Jack, who already looks defeated, stops and turns. The waitress, Becky, is staring right at him from across the destroyed cafe.

BECKY (CONT'D)

The coffee's two dollars and fifty
cents.

Jack stares at her in disbelief for a moment before reaching into his jacket pocket and shuffling towards her. Once he reaches her he pulls out some money and hands it to her.

JACK

(somewhat indignant)

I wasn't trying to get away with a
free coffee. With everything that
just happened, it's pretty
understandable that it just slipped
my mind.

Becky begins to tear up a bit and her bottom lip quivers.

BECKY
You should fucking die.

CUT TO:

HEELS

INT. SAM'S CAR - MORNING

SAM, a man in his mid to late twenties is playing a game on his phone while waiting in his parked car. He is well dressed, has his long hair pulled back into a ponytail and wears designer sunglasses. He has got the radio blaring and is singing along with the song.

SAM

Get down on it. Get down on it. Get
down on it. Get down on it.

The back door opens and Sam immediately jumps to attention, turning off the radio and putting away his phone. A very angry looking, built like a brick shithouse, dressed to the nines, man named ROB climbs in. He slams the door angrily as Sam turns the ignition.

SAM (CONT'D)

Where to sir?

ROB

You don't get the fucking door for me? What the fuck is that about?

Sam looks visibly nervous, but does very well at keeping it hidden.

SAM

My apologies sir. Since you've never requested it before, I thought...

ROB

You should just fucking do it!

Rob leans up so his mouth is right next to Sam's ear.

ROB (CONT'D)

You know I could fucking tear you apart? Limb from limb. And you wouldn't be the first person I've done it to...

(pause)

...this week.

SAM

I know that very well sir. And I appreciate you not doing so even if I haven't been doing my job in a satisfactory manner. Thank you very much.

ROB

The day isn't over fucker. We're picking up H2o on the way to the shop, so step on it.

Sam puts the car into drive and pulls into traffic.

SAM

Right away sir.

Rob looks out the window and calms himself down. Sam looks a little relieved.

ROB

(calmly)

I could fucking kill you right now. I think I'd like that. You really seem fucking stupid to me. I hate that.

Sam tries to ignore Rob as he continues to navigate through the heavy traffic.

ROB (CONT'D)

It shouldn't even be illegal to kill stupid people. What the fuck do they do? Eat our food and breathe our air and contribute nothing. Look at you. A fucking henchman. How fucking stupid do you have to be to do that?

SAM

I consider it an honour....

ROB

I'd just shut the fuck up if I were you.

(smiling)

Yeah. I think I am going to kill you when we get to headquarters. Just for fun. I wonder how I'm going to do it...

(pause)

I know it will be painful. No fucking way in hell am I not going to make you suffer. What do you think about getting your stupid dick ripped off? And by that, I mean, shut the fuck up, I don't give a shit what you think.

(nodding to himself)

For sure I'm going to rip your dick off. That's a guarantee. Then I'll just do whatever come to mind. But you will be seeing your intestines. I should guarantee that as well.

Suddenly Rob's expression changes as he notices something out the window.

ROB (CONT'D)

There's H2o up there! On the right.

Sam starts to pull over the car.

SAM

Yup. I see him.

As Sam stops the car in pops the villain known as H2o. He seems like an average, ordinary looking man in his thirties, but as he sits down a faint ripple can be seen through his body.

H2O

Howdy folks.

ROB
You a fucking cowboy now?

H2o sits back, looking disappointed.

H2O
(to Sam)
Don't tell me he's in one of his
moods.

ROB
(to Sam)
You keep shutting the fuck up up
there.

H2O
Delightful.

Sam begins to drive again and H2o's body begins to show waves
going through it.

ROB
Fuck!

H2O
What it is?

ROB
I forgot my fucking water!
(to Sam)
Do you have any fucking water?

SAM
Sorry sir, no I don't.

ROB
Fuck!

H2o holds out his arm to Rob.

H2O
Just have some of me.

ROB
I'm not going to drink you! That's
sick!

H2O
Rob, I'm made of 100% water. It's
the exact same as having a bottle
of water. I'll just replenish when
we get to work.

ROB

I am not drinking you.

H2o pulls off his hand and it transforms into a water bottle. Only made of water.

H2O

This should make it better. Look, it's like drinking from a bottle.

ROB

Except I'd have you inside me. That ain't fucking happening.

H2O

It's just water. You need it.

ROB

You say it's just water. You could be lying.

H2O

Fine.

H2o re-transforms the bottle back to his hand and reattaches it. He looks out the window, obviously a little hurt.

Sam pulls the car over next to a convenience store and puts it in park. He turns around to face the passengers.

SAM

I'll be right back with water.

He races out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Sam walks at a good pace towards the refrigerators inside the tiny convenience store. He grabs a six pack of bottled water and quickly heads to the cash counter.

At the counter, there is a line up of five people. Sam reaches into his wallet and pulls out a twenty. He approaches the second person in line, a friendly looking LADY in her seventies.

SAM

Excuse me, Miss. This pack of water is five ninety nine, and I was wondering, if I give you a twenty to pay for it, you can keep the change.

LADY

Excuse me?

SAM

I'm in a hurry and I don't have time to wait in line. Would that be all right?

A rough looking TRUCKER behind her perks up when he hears the offer.

TRUCKER

I'll do it.

Sam ignores the trucker and hands the lady the twenty. The CASHIER has been paying attention to the exchange.

CASHIER

I'll need the barcode.

SAM

No problem. Use this one.

He puts the pack of water on the counter and gives the old lady a nod. She gives him a pleasant smile before he goes back to the fridge, grabs another pack and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S CAR - MORNING

Sam hops back in the car and passes back the case of water. H2o and Rob are mid-conversation.

ROB

That's fucked up. Even for IQ.

H2O

It's going to work. It goes without saying that she's got it all figured out.

Rob opens one of the bottles of water and downs the whole thing as Sam begins to drive again. Rob opens the second bottle and takes a sip.

ROB
(to Sam)
Sorry about before man. I was just
blowing off steam. You're cool.

SAM
Thank you sir.

ROB
And don't worry about getting the
door for me. I ain't a fucking
cripple.

Sam continues driving as all the tension in the car
completely dissipates.

CUT TO:

INT. DUGAN'S PUB - DAY

Dugan's, a faux Irish pub, is surprisingly busy despite it
being the middle of the day. The patrons all look to be on
the shady side, with the odd drunk sleeping at the bar just
to keep things depressing.

Jack walks in and sits down at a secluded section of the bar.
The BARTENDER notices him and tries to cover up his smile.
Once he has composed himself he approaches Jack.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

JACK
Something strong. You choose.

The bartender grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels and pours a
double.

BARTENDER
This seems to usually do the trick.

Jack quickly tosses it back and slams the glass on the bar.

JACK
Good call.

BARTENDER
Another?

JACK
If you insist.

The bartender pours Jack another when a very unimpressed Sam walks to the bar.

SAM
Why the hell did you choose here?

JACK
They have this drink called Jack Daniels. You really oughta try it.

Sam sighs and sits next to Jack.

SAM
Sold.

The bartender pours Sam a double as well and goes back to his duties.

SAM (CONT'D)
The kind of day I had, it's either this or a gun in my mouth.

JACK
Really? You had a bad day being a henchmen to psychotic supervillains? Will wonders ever cease?

SAM
Please, I don't need a sermon right now.

JACK
Yeah. Like you'd listen anyway.

Sam downs his glass and immediately makes a face reacting to the harshness of the bourbon.

SAM
Jack Daniels you say? Is it a paint thinner?

He motions to the bartender for two more.

SAM (CONT'D)
This guy I've been assigned to. Psychotic is the right word for him.

JACK
Would I know of him?

SAM

No. I'd never heard of him before I was told I'd be working for him. I don't even know what his power is, let alone if he has one. The guy looks like a goddamn bodybuilder, but I can't imagine benchpresses gets you into the supervillain clubhouse.

(pause)

Far as I can tell, his power must be being an asshole.

JACK

He should fit right in.

SAM

(annoyed)

They're not all bad Jack. Some are really nice guys actually.

JACK

They are called supervillains Sam. They aren't nice guys by any stretch. If they were, they wouldn't be called supervillains.

SAM

And the heroes are so much better? Like the Metro Missile was being super nice to you when.... Shit.

JACK

Don't tell me.

SAM

I take it you haven't watched TV?

JACK

Fuck me.

SAM

Someone recorded the whole thing on their phone. I was going to slowly segue into telling you. I'm sorry man.

Any of Jack's earlier bravado fades away and a look of utter despair wafts over him.

JACK

How bad is it?

SAM
Every station. Most of those
assholes seem to be having a field
day with it.

JACK
Fuck me.

Sam gives Jack a winning smile and shrugs his shoulders.

SAM
They'll forget about it by tomorrow
when some other super-asshole saves
a kitten from a tree.

Jack barely notices Sam has spoken.

JACK
There's probably a news crew
outside my apartment right now.

SAM
Stay at my place.

JACK
I might just take you up on that.

They both sip their drinks in silence for a moment, Jack lost
in his thoughts. Sam orders two more drinks.

SAM
I saw your computer got totalled.

JACK
Yup.

SAM
You're going to need a new one.

JACK
It's going to have to wait. I'm
officially broke after the next
couple drinks.

SAM
Let me loan you some cash, man.
You've helped me out when I needed
it, I definitely owe you more than
one.

JACK
I'll be fine.

SAM

I know. But in the meantime though,
some money might make things
easier.

JACK

Thanks man, but I'll be fine.
Seriously.

SAM

How? No place within seven hundred
miles would hire you. And that's a
generous estimation.

JACK

I think I know someone who'll hire
me.

SAM

(confused)
Who?

Suddenly Sam seems to have finally clued into something. His
look of surprise quickly turns to anger.

SAM (CONT'D)

I wondered why we came to this
shithole. You can't work for Brian
man. The guy is scum. Let alone
that creepy son of his.

JACK

At least they're human beings. You
work for guys who think of us like
we're houseflies.

SAM

(emphasizing each word)
Brian is a fucking scumbag. Dustin
is a fucking scumbag. Everyone
knows this.

Suddenly two thick hands land on Jack and Sam's shoulder.
They turn around to see a well dressed, but very rough
looking man in his sixties. This is BRIAN.

BRIAN

Were my ears burning just then?

SAM

Too bad it's just your ears.

Brian laughs and motions to the bartender.

BRIAN

(to bartender)

They drink for free.

(to Jack)

We have a real life celebrity in our midst. Can we get your autograph for our wall of fame?

JACK

(deadpan)

Ha ha.

BRIAN

No really. It's so nice that you are finally back to joining us lowly citizens. What did we do to merit your presence?

JACK

I was thirsty.

BRIAN

More like things didn't work out quite the way you thought they would, eh?

Sam spins around on his barstool.

SAM

Fuck off.

Brian's jovial attitude turns to rage.

BRIAN

(to Sam)

You talk to me that way in my own bar? You have a death wish?

Sam is completely unshaken by this.

SAM

Fuck.

(pause)

Off.

Brian sneers at him and then lets out a laugh.

BRIAN

(to bartender)

Come to think of it, drinks aren't free for these turds. And get the fuck out of my bar.

Jack throws money onto the bar and gets up. Sam maneuvers his way past Brian who is not budging and inch. They both exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack and Sam walk down the street of the rundown neighborhood Dugan's pub is located in.

SAM

I can't believe you wanted to work for that asshole.

JACK

Well, you sabotaged any chance of that happening.

SAM

Come on. I know the reason you invited me is so I would talk some sense into you.

(pause)

You're right. I did cost you.

(pause)

So, you should take my money until you find something. You know, since I fucked you over.

JACK

You make a good case, but I'm not taking your money.

Sam is beginning to look quite hurt. He is really trying to help Jack out. Jack notices and shows some pity.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look Sam, if I'm in really dire straits, like I have no food in the fridge and rent is due, I promise I'll hit you up. Until then, I'd like the chance to try and earn it myself.

SAM

How are you going to look for work without a computer?

JACK

Want ads. Like the old days.

SAM

I'm buying you a computer whether
you like it or not.

Jack sees that Sam is actually getting quite down about his
refusing his help. He smiles and slaps Sam on the back.

JACK

Okay. But only if it's used.

This cheers Sam up as they get into his car.

SAM

(smiling)

I'll make sure to surf porn before
giving it to you then.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A group of reporters are gathered around the steps of a
courthouse. They are putting on make-up, doing microphone
checks and setting up shots. One reporter, a beautiful woman
in her twenties, EMILIA, looks more focused than everyone
else. She is scanning the surroundings; examining the
bystanders and other reporters. She turns to her Cameraman,
CLINT.

EMILIA

Shouldn't he be out by now?

CLINT

He should've been out half an hour
ago. Maybe he's taking a dump.

EMILIA

(unimpressed)

Thank you.

CLINT

I'm just saying, he's got
superpowers. Maybe his dumps take
more time than others.

EMILIA

Please stop.

CLINT

I'm just saying.

EMILIA

Really? I'm sure when you first said it, you intended it to be a joke. What was it that made you fully commit to the scenario where Hunter is, in fact, taking a super shit?

Clint does not respond, which is just fine with Emilia since she has obviously grown bored with his conversational skills. She sighs and continues to scan the surroundings.

Amongst the bystanders is a handsome man in his twenties wearing a very expensive suit. He waits impatiently for the courthouse doors to open. He frowns, making his whole face contort.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

CLINT

What?

EMILIA

That's Maxim. Over there.

Emilia points towards the bystanders and Clint gets very worried.

CLINT

I don't think so.

EMILIA

No. That's definitely him. He's out of costume.

She picks up her microphone and motions to Clint.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Let's go!

Clint does not budge.

CLINT

Emilia, if that is him, it's probably best we don't go anywhere near.

EMILIA

He's not going to do anything. We're in public. Come on!

Clint hesitantly picks up his camera and follows Emilia, not looking thrilled at all about the whole endeavour.

Emilia races up towards the handsome man she is certain is MAXIM. Before the man even notices her she has a microphone up to his face.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Hello, Emilia Campbell, CPV News.

(to camera)

We are standing outside the courthouse where The Hunter is on trial for extortion speaking to the supervillain known as Maxim.

(to Maxim)

Excuse me Maxim, what is it that brought you to the courthouse today?

Maxim looks into the camera, completely shocked.

MAXIM

(rattled)

Maxim? I'm afraid you have the wrong person Miss.

EMILIA

I'm sure I don't. Do you have any affiliations with The Hunter or any of his associates?

MAXIM

(getting angry)

Once again lady, you got the wrong person.

EMILIA

There has been speculation that Hunter, who is known almost primarily for his heroic deeds, has been falsely accused of extortion in order to....

MAXIM

Fuuuuuuuck this.

Maxim grabs Emilia roughly by the shoulders and rockets into the sky, leaving the bystanders and Clint looking upwards in shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

Once Maxim has got Emilia high above the city he stops flying upwards and stares at the now terrified reporter intensely.

MAXIM
Any more questions cunt?

Emilia is at a loss for words.

MAXIM (CONT'D)
I got one.
(sneers)
What happens to a person when
they're dropped one thousand meters
onto concrete?

EMILIA
(nervously)
I think I've got all the answers I
need for today. Thank you for your
time.

Maxim snickers at this and seems to calm down.

MAXIM
Look, Emilia is it?

EMILIA
Y....yes.

MAXIM
Emilia, you did something dumb. You
don't just start questioning one of
us. Especially when we're in our
civilian clothes....
(pause)
Was it that easy to tell it was me?
I thought it was a pretty good
disguise.

EMILIA
It... it's just an expensive suit.

MAXIM
Yeah. I guess I was just hoping to
blend in.
(pause)
Oh well. Bye.

Maxim lets go of her and with a scream Emilia plummets
towards the ground. Maxim flies away without looking back.

Suddenly a flash races towards Emilia and stops her fall,
whisking her safely to the roof of a nearby building.

She catches her breath as her rescuer seemingly speeds away.

CHAMPION (O.S.)

We have to stop meeting like this.

Emilia looks to where her rescuer sped away to and sees CHAMPION, a handsome superhero dressed in a very spiffy looking, heroic costume leaning against a exhaust pipe.

EMILIA

Champion. Oh, thank God you were there.

CHAMPION

(smiling)

Not a problem. It looked like you forgot your parachute.

EMILIA

Thank you so much. I've never been so scared in my life.

CHAMPION

Really? You seemed more scared when I rescued you from that sabotaged subway train.

EMILIA

That was pretty scary.

CHAMPION

Or when I saved you from that infected alien.

EMILIA

(nodding)

Pretty scary as well.

CHAMPION

And it looked like that was Maxim you rubbed the wrong way this time.

EMILIA

(cheering up)

He's too sensitive.

CHAMPION

Absolutely. Sensitive is the first thing I think of when I think of Maxim.

(pause)

Are you all right?

EMILIA

Yes. Thank you.

CHAMPION

Did you find out what Maxim was doing at the courthouse?

EMILIA

No. Unfortunately he just seemed interested in killing me. Whatever happened to villains having the common courtesy to at least tell you their plans before murdering you?

CHAMPION

Crazy world we live in.

(pause)

You do know that Hunter is completely innocent by the way.

EMILIA

I figured as much.

CHAMPION

I'm working on it. The Rocco family is pressuring businesses to say that Hunter is threatening them unless he gets paid.

EMILIA

Roccos eh? What do they care about superhumans?

CHAMPION

I guess we're cutting into their profits... and I like to think we're making citizens braver when standing up against evil.

EMILIA

That certainly can't be good for business.

CHAMPION

If we can just get one of the people accusing Hunter to tell the truth, I think the whole house of cards will tumble.

EMILIA

I'll help in anyway I can.

Champion approaches her slowly and runs his hands through her hair.

CHAMPION

I know you will. That's why I'm
telling you.

Emilia is quite flustered and gives a giddy laugh.

EMILIA

It's, it's the least I can do after
you've saved me all those times.

CHAMPION

I'll always be there for you.

He kisses her and flies away. Emilia stands in shock for a
moment until she smiles and waves goodbye into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sam is digging through a pile of DVDs and Blu-rays as Jack
relaxes on the couch with a beer.

SAM

We'll just kick back, have a couple
beers and watch a flick.

JACK

Sure. Sounds great.

SAM

I got a couple awesome horror films
here. You ever see The Evil
Underneath?

JACK

Yup. If I remember correctly, it's
the same as all the other ones.

SAM

No way!

JACK

They're all the same man. Bunch of
people get killed by something or
other, then a superhero comes and
saves the day. The end.

SAM

Well, if you are just going to look
at them on surface level, then I
guess they are kinda the same.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
You gotta look into them deeper
than that.

Jack laughs and takes a drink from his beer.

JACK
Whatever you say. You're the
expert.
(pause)
You still do that podcast?

SAM
I though you listened to it!

JACK
I do. I do. I've just fallen
behind.

SAM
Oh.
(pause)
Well, we don't do it anymore. My
partner and I couldn't get our
schedules in sync.

JACK
That's too bad. It was really good.

SAM
(excitedly)
Would you want to do it? That would
be awesome! We could record one
tonight!

JACK
Besides knowing fuck all about
movies, do you rally think people
would want to hear what I think?

Sam thinks about this for a moment, then gets excited once
again.

SAM
It would make you more human
though. People would see you like I
do, and not how the media portrays
you.

JACK
That's very nice, but no. The
further away I am from anything
public, the happier I'll be.

SAM
Fair enough.

Sam looks as if he has struck gold, pulls a DVD out of the pile and holds it up.

SAM (CONT'D)
This one's a classic! Vampire
Justice!

Jack looks horrified at the idea of watching it. He puts down his beer and seems quite on edge.

JACK
Look at the cast list.

SAM
(confused)
What?

Sam immediately realizes his mistake and drops the DVD to the ground.

SAM (CONT'D)
Shit man! I'm sorry. I completely
forgot. Shit!

Jack gets up from the couch and grabs his jacket.

SAM (CONT'D)
You don't have to leave.

JACK
It's not that. I've just had a shit
day and I want to go home and pass
out. The vultures have to have
given up by now.

SAM
I'm sorry Jack. I don't even know
what that DVD is doing in my place.

JACK
It was just a mistake Sam. No
worries.
(pause)
And it is a good movie. She was
great in it.

Jack seems depressed as he leaves Sam's apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

One lone PAPARAZZI waits at the door of Jack's apartment smoking on a cigarette. Jack tries to quickly walk by him to enter his building.

PAPARAZZI

Jack Parker! Just a few questions!

JACK

No thanks.

PAPARAZZI

How did you feel about the events of this morning?

Jack fumbles for his keys as the Paparazzi sticks his digital camera in his face, shaking it a little too much to make the shot seem more frantic.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Is there a message you'd like to give the Metro Missile? Or The Banker?

JACK

(calmly)

Please respect my privacy.

Jack finally gets the door open and steps inside. The Paparazzi stops it from closing and keeps aiming the camera on him.

PAPARAZZI

(smiling)

How does it feel to know even the city's greatest heroes wouldn't lift a finger to save your miserable life?

Jack turns around and starts heading back towards the Paparazzi, fists clenched.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

Come on! Hit me! I have it all on camera! Hit me!

Jack slams the door, nearly taking off the Paparazzi's fingers in the process.

PAPARAZZI (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Ah! My arm. I think you dislocated my shoulder. I'm going to sue.

Jack ignores him and walks to his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack enters his sparsely decorated living room and collapses onto the couch. He can still faintly hear the Paparazzi screaming outside about suing him and having to go to the hospital. He turns on the TV to drown out the sound. Flipping through the channels he cant decide on anything. He notices a station playing his poorly recorded encounter in the coffee shop that morning and turns off the TV quickly.

JACK

Jesus!

He angrily gets up and heads toward his kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack opens the fridge and the only thing in it is a six pack of beer and random condiments. He goes to the cupboard and sees it is pretty barren as well.

He grabs some spaghetti and prepares to make it. Once the water is on the stove he grabs a margarine container from the fridge, only to find out that it is empty. He slams it roughly onto the counter and sighs. Turning off the oven he leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits on his bed and stares at the wall. He slowly turns to look at the side table drawer next to his bed. With a breath of defeat he opens the drawer and looks at the gun inside. The clock on the table displays 10:32PM.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack is squeezing the balaclava in his hand, nervously checking out the convenience store across the street. TWO CUSTOMERS are shopping inside while the STORE CLERK is reading a magazine.

JACK
(to himself)
Just this one time. Just so I can
buy some groceries. That's all.

He checks the gun in his belt and starts to breath unsteadily.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll come back later and buy a
couple hundred dollars worth of
their stuff. And leave a tip. This
is just for now.

He sees one of the customers leave and the other one is now paying at the counter. He has to go in soon. He continues trying to work himself up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Okay. It's time. I can do this.
It's like riding a bike.

The other customer is getting his groceries put in a bag and is ready to exit. Jack grabs the balaclava and puts it up to his face.

CHAMPION (O.S.)
Warm night tonight.

Jack nearly jumps out of his skin. He swings his head to see Champion leaning in his window, smiling pleasantly.

Jack's mouth seems to be having difficulty forming words until he just plain gives up. He leans back in his seat.

JACK
A perfect ending to a perfect day.

CHAMPION
Ah, it's not so bad. You haven't
done anything wrong, have you?

JACK
No.

CHAMPION
So relax. I'm only here to
apologize.

Jack straightens in his seat a bit and eyes Champion suspiciously.

JACK
For what?

CHAMPION

Before we go on, mind if I hop in?
I kind of draw a lot of attention.

JACK

Like I could stop you.

CHAMPION

(seriously)
You could. By saying "no".

JACK

Hop in.

Champion walks around the car and gets into the passenger side. He looks out of place in his costume sitting shotgun in an old, beat up car. He picks up a discarded fast food wrapper off the seat and puts it on the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)

Maid's day off.

CHAMPION

What happened this morning was a disgrace. The Metro Missile should be here apologizing himself, but he's been suspended from duty for the time being.

JACK

Poor guy.

CHAMPION

What he did was wrong. He should have taken your life as seriously as he would anyone else's. Everybody's life is precious.

JACK

(sarcastic)
Even mine? Why thank you. That's so nice of you to say.

Champion maintains his composure and looks at Jack very seriously.

CHAMPION

I mean it. What he did goes against everything we stand for.

JACK

(smiling)
Wait a minute.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You're just doing damage control, aren't you? Making sure I don't sue or something.

CHAMPION

I don't care if that's what you think, but I want you to know that my apology is sincere. You can sue us if you want, and I will still maintain that what he did was wrong.

Jack continues to look at Champion with suspicion, but finally just sighs.

JACK

I'm not going to sue you. I have enough shit in my life without another court case.

Champion reaches over and takes the balaclava from Jack's hands and shows it to him.

CHAMPION

I agree that you have enough troubles. More than most. You really shouldn't be making things worse.

JACK

Just being so famous, I like to hide my face.

CHAMPION

(laughing)

It took you this long to think that up?

(pause)

Not bad really. If you had said that right away, it would've been almost believable.

JACK

It's the truth.

CHAMPION

Of course it is.

(pause)

Don't worry Jack, I'm not here to make your day any shittier. Why not just go home and watch some TV.

JACK

Yeah, thanks.

Champion reaches for the door handle and pauses.

CHAMPION

For what it's worth Jack, for some reason, I've always believed you were innocent.

Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK

Really?

CHAMPION

Yes, really. It maybe had something to do with the horrible way you composed yourself during the whole trial. A guilty person would have been more level-headed I believe.

JACK

Thank you?

CHAMPION

And you don't seem like a murderer.

Jack is taken aback by this. He relaxes and puts his hands on the steering wheel.

JACK

(sadly)

I'm not.

Champion sits down and gets comfortable again.

CHAMPION

Look, I know it has got to be impossibly tough living under the dark cloud that follows you. But you have to rise above it. You can't let what other people think dictate who you are.

JACK

That's easy for you to say. People trip over themselves praising you for anything you do.

(pause)

Try even getting a job at Mr. Sub being the guy who everyone is absolutely, positively, fucking certain killed the first movie star to be called "Canada's Sweetheart".

Champion goes to say something and stops. He looks out the window at the convenience store he's certain Jack was intending to rob.

CHAMPION

I would never compare myself to you. If you're innocent, as I believe, you must be going through hell.

JACK

She was my wife. And she died in front of me.

CHAMPION

I'm sorry.

JACK

Yeah.

They both sit in the car silently for a moment.

CHAMPION

You know, I'm not always in this get-up. I have a civilian life as well. And if I can be frank, it's a mess. It's a mess I can't seem to be able to fix. Or I don't even know if I should at this point.

JACK

Sorry to hear that.

Champion looks over at Jack very seriously.

CHAMPION

All we can do is keep trying to do the right thing. You've been seeming to do a great job at that. I really admire you.

He holds up the balaclava.

CHAMPION (CONT'D)

(imploring)

Don't make a mess of it.

He gives the balaclava back to Jack and leaves the car. Before he flies away he goes back to Jack's window.

CHAMPION (CONT'D)

Jack, I'll talk to this guy I know. He seems like a decent person.

(MORE)

CHAMPION (CONT'D)

I can probably convince him to hire you and have you working mostly by yourself. That way you don't have to worry about co-workers and such.

(pause)

I'll be in touch.

Champion flies into the night sky and Jack turns the ignition and drives back home.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S CAR - MORNING

Sam is driving a very quiet Rob to work. Rob stares out the window, lost in thought. Suddenly, as per usual, he gets very agitated.

ROB

Can you put on some music or something?

SAM

Yes sir.

Sam turns the radio on and a rock song plays. Rob takes a giant swig of water and looks out the window again.

ROB

(quietly)

There he is.

Sam pulls over the car and H2o climbs in the back seat next to Rob. He looks quite dour.

H2O

Morning.

ROB

Yes it is.

H2O

Not another mood.

ROB

(smiling)

I'm fine.

H2O

Thank God. We've got enough stress today.

ROB
It's not that bad.

H2O
Not that bad? Are you kidding? I've never been involved in anything so big.

ROB
Yeah, and IQ has got it all planned out. You're stressing over nothing.

H2O
How can you be so calm?

ROB
Because I'm a professional. And so are you.

H2O
I don't know man. This is a big, big move.

ROB
It'll be okay.

They both sit in silence as Sam continues driving. Rob taps him on the shoulder.

ROB (CONT'D)
Turn left on Coxwell up ahead. I got to pick something up for work.

SAM
Yes sir.

This catches H2o's attention. He turns to Rob warily.

H2O
What do you need to pick up?

ROB
It's nothing.

Sam takes a left onto Coxwell. Rob continues looking out the window, not paying any attention to H2o.

H2O
Where are we going?

ROB
Just a buddy's house. Will you quit it with all the questions?

H2o looks very worried now as Rob leans towards Sam.

ROB (CONT'D)
(to Sam)
It's the house up on your right.
Number 22. Just pull in the
driveway.

As Sam pulls in the driveway he sees someone peering at the car from the front widow. They quickly pull the curtain back into place.

H2o turns to Rob, suddenly very worried.

H2O
You know, when we are talking on
the way to work, that's all it is.
Just talk.

ROB
Yeah sure. Can you come in and give
me a hand?

Rob opens the door and walks around the car to open H2o's door.

ROB (CONT'D)
Come on. We got a lot to do. It's a
big day.

H2o begins to unbuckle his seat belt and looks to Rob one last time.

H2O
We're friends.

ROB
Yes. And friends help each other
out. So come on.

H2o exits and heads to the house with Rob. He takes a look back at Sam before the door closes. He looks sad.

Sam has been listening nervously the whole time and even when they are out of sight he stays rigid. He turns off the radio, which is obviously now annoying him. Moments after they both enter, only Rob leaves and heads back to the car.

He gets in the front seat this time and motions Sam to drive.

ROB (CONT'D)
Let's get to work.

As they drive Rob turns back on the radio and downs an entire water bottle.

ROB (CONT'D)
(offhandedly)
Guy had a big fucking mouth.

Sam does not respond and continues driving. Rob goes back to staring out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Emilia sits at her desk working on her computer. She is going through a list of the people who are accusing Hunter of extortion. She scans through a list of very suspicious looking characters until she stops at one particular person. Her name is KATE BENNINGER and she looks very unassuming. Emilia goes to Facebook and looks her up. There are many photos of Kate and her family posing happily with each other. Along with her husband, she has a young son and daughter.

Emilia gets up and starts to gather her things. A co-worker, DAVE, notices her getting up to leave and spins in his chair to face her.

DAVE
Lunch?

EMILIA
Maybe. If I get around to it.

DAVE
You want company?

EMILIA
Nope. Might be a long one. You ever hear of Astina's Restaurant?

CUT TO:

INT. ASTINA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Emilia browses through a menu while sitting in a booth. The restaurant is brimming with customers there on their lunch breaks. A smiling waitress who's name tag reads MARY approaches her with a notepad.

MARY
And how are you doing?

EMILIA

Great.

MARY

Can I get you anything to start out with? Anything to drink.

EMILIA

Actually I was wondering if Kate was working today.

Mary's smile fades and she lets out a sigh.

MARY

Are you going to be ordering anything?

EMILIA

Absolutely. From Kate if she's available.

Mary turns around.

MARY

I'll get her.

EMILIA

Thank you for your help.

Mary gets out her recorder and a pad and pen. Across the restaurant she notices KATE approaching her, a very unimpressed look on her face. Emilia rises to shake her hand.

EMILIA (CONT'D)

Kate Benninger. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Kate looks at the recorder and notepaper on the table.

KATE

You're a reporter.

EMILIA

Yes I am. I just wanted to ask you a few questions.

KATE

Are you going to order something?

EMILIA

Yes. A clubhouse sandwich and a Coke. But first, please have a seat.

KATE
As you can see, it's very busy
here.

EMILIA
This won't be but a minute. I'm a
great tipper.

Kate sighs and sits down. Emilia gets to work.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
So, if my research is correct, you
and your husband are the owners of
this restaurant.

KATE
Your research is correct.

EMILIA
Why call it Astina's?

KATE
That's our daughters name.

EMILIA
Beautiful name.

Kate continues staring at Emilia, unflinching.

EMILIA (CONT'D)
So, I understand that you are one
of the business owners accusing
Hunter of extortion?

KATE
Correct again.

Emilia makes a big production of shutting off her tape
recorder.

EMILIA
Do you have any affiliation with
the Rocco family?

Kate is taken aback by the question.

KATE
Who?

EMILIA

The Rocco family. Suspected of being involved in organized crime and pressuring local businesses to implicate Hunter in an extortion scam.

Kate sits back and crosses her arms defiantly.

KATE

Roccos? Never heard of them. Sound like a Flinstone character.

(pause)

I'm afraid I have a lot of work to do. So I'll have Mary serve you your sandwich and drink. You can leave her your big tip.

As Kate begins to rise Emilia makes a last play.

EMILIA

Look Kate, it's obvious from your reaction that you know the Rocco family.

(leaning in)

You don't have to be scared of them. We have people who can protect you and your family if you testify against them.

Kate laughs at the thought of this.

KATE

Scared of them?

(pause)

Let me tell you something, if I did know these Roccos, they wouldn't have to coerce me to testify against Hunter. Whether he has extorted people for money or not, it's obvious that him and his superfriends will be the death of us all. They have to be stopped.

(pause)

Goodbye.

Kate leaves and Emilia sighs and picks up her phone. She signals to Mary.

EMILIA

Make that clubhouse to go.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sam is sitting on the couch watching his television. He is smoking a cigarette while having a beer, looking quite frazzled after his day. On TV comes the sound of a game show where contestants excitedly answer trivia questions. Sam opens another beer and continues watching despite the program seeming to annoy him. Suddenly the buzzer for his door sounds and he shoots up from the couch to answer it.

At the door is a young, average looking man carrying a knapsack.

SAM

Steve! Thanks for showing up so quickly.

STEVE enters Sam's apartment and shuts the door.

STEVE

Of course dude. You're my favourite customer.

SAM

Cool. Cool.
(anxiously)
Have a seat.

Steve falls onto the couch and eyes the beers Sam has been drinking.

STEVE

You got an extra one of those?

Sam rushes to the fridge and grabs Steve a beer. He hurries back and gives it to Steve. Instead of sitting down beside him though, he stays standing. Steve looks at the television playing the game show quizzically.

STEVE (CONT'D)

This is the first time I've ever come here and you don't have a movie playing.

SAM

Uh, yeah. Just got home.

STEVE

I get it. Haven't had time to chill yet.

Steve reaches into his bag and pulls out a baggie of weed.

STEVE (CONT'D)

This will help with that. Primo stuff. Will get you super high.

SAM

Uh, yeah. About that. Is that all you have on you?

STEVE

(concerned)

Why?

SAM

I was thinking of grabbing something else.

Steve puts the bag of weed back in his bag.

STEVE

You've been buying weed off me for years. That's all I have.

SAM

Bummer.

(pause)

I've just been a little down lately. Was hoping to get something to put a little pep in my step.

STEVE

Shit man. I don't know. I usually just deal with pot.

SAM

Do you know anyone who could help me out? I could really use it.

Steve sighs and takes a drink of beer. He opens the bag again.

STEVE

Look man, we're friends...

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY

Through the rearview mirror Sam is watching H2o looking up at Rob.

H2O
We're friends.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sam shakes off the memory, though he still seems disturbed by it.

STEVE
And I feel I should warn you, a lot of the stuff that picks you up can be fairly addictive to some people.

SAM
I know man. I'm not asking for a lifetime supply. I just need some for now.

Steve leans back and pretends to think about it.

STEVE
Fuck. All right.

Steve reaches in his bag and takes out small baggie of cocaine.

STEVE (CONT'D)
This is grade a shit. It doesn't come cheap.

Sam takes out his wallet.

SAM
How much more do you have?

STEVE
(angrily)
This should be fine.
(pause)
Fuck man, are you sure you want this?

SAM
Stop worrying. I don't have an addictive personality anyway.

Sam hands Steve some money in exchange for the baggie and sits down beside him.

SAM (CONT'D)
You gotta show me how to do it.

STEVE
You sniff it. Like in the movies.

SAM
You don't wanna join me?

Steve takes another swig off his beer and leans forward.

STEVE
Why not?

Sam runs out of the room and comes back with a cutting board and a credit card and lays it on the coffee table.

SAM
Just like the movies.

Steve pours a little of the cocaine onto the cutting board and begins to make individual lines.

SAM (CONT'D)
Easier than rolling a joint.

Steve rolls up one of the bills Sam gave him and offers it to him.

STEVE
You just sniff it through this. Not too much though. As I said, it's really potent stuff.

Sam happily takes the rolled up bill from him and goes to snort a line. Before he does so, something occurs to him and he looks back at Steve.

SAM
Do me a favour man. If you run into Jack, don't mention this, okay?

STEVE
Not like I ever would, but of course I won't.

Sam smiles and snorts the line of coke.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING

Jack walks in the convenience store he had been scoping out the night before. He seems in a much better mood than when we have seen him previously, he could even be described as having a "spring in his step". He smiles at the Cashier who is still reading the same magazine. The cashier does not acknowledge him as he heads back to the refrigerated section.

Standing at the food section Jack sees tubs of margarine. He looks at the overpriced margarine with some regret.

Jack approaches the counter with an iced coffee and sets it down with a smile.

CASHIER

That'll be two bucks.

Jack hands him a five. The cashier grabs his change and suddenly recognizes Jack. He can barely maintain his composure and looks down at his feet. He hands Jack his change without looking at him.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Three dollars is your change.

JACK

Thanks. Have a good night.

The cashier does not respond as Jack exits.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - EVENING

Jack gets in his car and pulls the margarine he shoplifted out of his jacket pocket and puts it on the passenger seat. He drives away, still in a great mood.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door is thrown open violently and two men tumble in laughing and holding each other. Both are very drunk. They barely close the door as they start to make out messily. The taller and more muscular of the two, JERRY, flips on the lights and starts to take off his companion, BURT'S, jacket.

JERRY

I want you.

BURT

(laughing)

Right here? Don't you want to go to
the bedroom?

JERRY

Here's perfect.

They begin to kiss passionately while making their way to the living room.

INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As they enter the living room, still kissing, Jerry reaches for the light. Burt grabs him and pulls him away while undoing his pants.

BURT

Let's fuck right here.

As they begin to strip down proper a voice comes from out of the darkness.

BRUISER (O.S.)

Hey faggot.

Jerry stops kissing and looks over towards the darkness in shock. A loud THUMP is heard and it takes Jerry a moment to comprehend what has happened before he screams. Burt is holding a bloody meat cleaver and Jerry's dismembered hand. Without missing a beat Burt quickly takes a golden ring of the now severed hand's finger.

BURT

(angrily)

Thanks, I never get to have any
fun.

Jerry sinks to his knees trying to stop the blood that is spraying from his bloody stump. The light turns on from where the voice came from and sitting casually is the well dressed super villain IQ. She wears an expensive suit and smiles smugly at Jerry as he bleeds out. Standing over IQ is the half rotten, drooling, zombie-like ED who is being held at bay on a stick leash held by the intimidating BRUISER. Ed is wearing a superhero costume that looks like it has not been washed in years. It is covered with dried blood.

Bruiser's head looks like it is made of jagged rock and his black tank top shows his massive build.

He wears black gloves with various spikes sticking out of them. At the very end is RAPTOR, who, despite having the face of an iguana crossed with a man, wears a very traditional superhero costume with a cape and crest.

Burt walks over to the group and throws the ring to IQ who catches it and smiles at Jerry, who is now gaining his composure.

IQ
Not much without this eh?

JERRY
(through the pain)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

IQ laughs and holds up a gaudy blue costume that was lying in a pile at his side.

IQ
You probably don't know where this
came from either then?

Jerry looks at the costume and begins to deflate. It is obviously Champion's superhero costume judging by the cape and the letter C emblazed on the front.

BURT
(laughing)
He probably was going to a costume
party. Dressed as a fuckin' goof.

As Burt laughs his entire body morphs. He becomes a very scruffy man with long hair and a handlebar mustache. A super villain known to the world as PERV.

JERRY
(shocked)
Perv?
(suddenly righteous)
You'll never get away with this.

IQ
I think we will.

She holds up the ring.

IQ (CONT'D)
We both know you're powerless
without this little ring here.
(MORE)

IQ (CONT'D)

And from what ole Perv here left on your hard drive, I think the world will be more than happy that you're dead.

Jerry is in shock.

PERV

I had to borrow your costume, but once I knew what you looked like I had lots of fun with your face.

Jerry attempt so rush at IQ, but Perv easily restrains him.

PERV (CONT'D)

It's odd. I can shape shift. I have greater than average strength. But what people have chosen to dub me with has to do with my most memorable trait.

IQ stands up and puts on the ring. She smiles at Jerry.

IQ

And now, thanks to you, I now have superpowers to match my intelligence.

IQ pauses and holds out her hand displaying the ring.

IQ (CONT'D)

So, apparently this ring of yours will do what whatever the wearer thinks. Interesting.

As IQ concentrates Raptor grabs at his throat. His reptilian eyes bulge as blood starts to pour from his mouth. That is followed by his entire digestive system. The other villains look at him in horror as IQ gives them a reassuring smile.

IQ (CONT'D)

Don't worry guys, I didn't kill him for no reason. I have irrefutable proof that he was an informant.

The villains relax as IQ smiles to Jerry conspiratorially and winks.

IQ (CONT'D)

(mouthing the words)
No he wasn't.

JERRY

If you're going to kill me, get it over with. Death seems preferable to watching you gloat.

IQ

(pleased)

That's the thing. I originally thought it might be fun to see the world's reaction to the manly Champion being revealed as a queer. But you know what? After a while I don't think anyone would care.

He walks over to Perv and pats him on the shoulder.

IQ (CONT'D)

But then I thought of something the world would never forgive you for.

IQ claps her hands together and smiles at Jerry.

IQ (CONT'D)

So the good news is, we're going to kill you. I'm gonna sic brain dead Ed here on you. Going to make sure he doesn't eat all of you so you're easily identifiable. But I'm willing to make you a deal.

IQ throws the costume at Jerry's knees.

IQ (CONT'D)

If you put on the costume we'll give you a 5 minute head start. Who knows, you might get lucky? Maybe Sniper will be out doing a patrol or we could just simply lose you.

(pause)

But I wouldn't want you going to any populated areas though. We will kill anyone who is anywhere in the vicinity. You get someone killed, coupled with the fact that you're gay,

(smiling)

there ain't no way you're getting into heaven.

(shrugs)

Or you don't put on the costume and Ed kills and eats you right here.

Jerry looks over all the super villains piled in his living room.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEYS - NIGHT

Jerry is now dressed in his Champion outfit as he runs through the nooks and crannies of his suburban area. Despite his costume being the archetypal heroic costume, he now looks like a mess. He ignores the pain in his arm and continues forward. However valiantly he acts though, he cannot hide his panic. Finally he has reached his destination.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry is in the living room of an abandoned house. He struggles with his one good hand to lift up a floor board to reveal a secret room. He heads down the stairs.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry flicks on the light to see the computer and radio console smashed to pieces as RAGNAR stands beside it with his arms crossed. He is dressed in a outfit that seems like a costumed villain's from the fifties, a one piece spandex outfit and a black mask to cover his eyes. He tips his bowler cap at Jerry.

RAGNAR

C'mon, you think we didn't know about this?

(pause)

I'd run if I were you Champion. Ed must be getting here by now. He moves fast when he's hungry.

Jerry turns and starts towards the stairs. Ragnar laughs and puts his cellphone up to his ear.

RAGNAR (CONT'D)

The queer just left.

IQ (O.S.)

Is he still there?

RAGNAR

No. He left.

IQ (O.S.)

If you're not goading him, then I would ask you to refrain from using that language. I'm the smartest person in the world, not one of your redneck supervillain pals. On top of that, and hopefully you don't need a reminder on this, I'm your boss.

Ragnar grimaces into the phone.

RAGNAR

Sorry "boss". He just went upstairs

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

IQ grins happily and hangs up the phone.

IQ

Good.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry goes to exit the house but as he grabs the door knob, he hears a creaking behind him. He turns but there is no one there. He jiggles the knob only to find it jammed. There is another creak on the other side of the room this time. He peers in the direction and sees something move in the darkness. He wrenches on the door handle to no avail until he gives up entirely and looks towards the noise. Heavy breathing can now be heard as he sees what looks like a FIGURE hunkered down in the corner. The breathing turns to a wheezing as Jerry continues to look on in horror. It begins to rise, showing a sinewy frame.

Just as Jerry goes to gasp the jammed door beside him bursts open and Ed falls on top of him. Jerry screams as Ed starts tearing into his stomach. As he is taking his last breaths he turns his head to see the sinewy Figure approaching slowly. It bends down over his dying body, and as Jerry watches in horror, gouges out both his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - MORNING

A BUSINESSMAN walks into his kitchen and heads to the fridge. He is well dressed, but unshaven and very weary looking. On his fridge there are pictures of him and his family. They are happy photos of him, his wife and young son posed in many fun locations. The businessman looks like he has aged one hundred years since they were taken. As he opens the fridge door he deliberately does not look at them.

He grabs his lunch and heads to the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

As the man goes to leave the house he turns to see his WIFE standing on the stairs. She is looking worse for wear too. She forces a smile.

WIFE

Have a good day.

The husband walks up to her and gives her a loving kiss on the cheek.

BUSINESSMAN

You too dear.

WIFE

I love you.

BUSINESSMAN

I love you to.

He walks towards the door to leave when he is struck by an idea. He turns to his wife.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Let's go out tonight.

WIFE

I don't know....

BUSINESSMAN

Let's do it.

His wife tries to smile, but it's unconvincing.

WIFE

Okay.

BUSINESSMAN
(smiling)
Okay then.

He leaves the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The businessman punches in the number to open his garage on the keypad. As the garage slowly opens he looks back at the door of his house longingly, like there was something there that he can never have again. He turns back to the garage and his eyes open wide.

The businessman falls onto his ass as he lets out a scream. He gets up and rushes back into the house.

Hanging in his garage is the eviscerated corpse of Champion, dangling above his entrails. Around his neck hangs a sign reading BABY RAPER.

FADE TO BLACK.