

HIDDEN HEROES

PILOT

"Raise Your Voice"

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Never be afraid to raise your voice for honesty and truth and compassion against injustice and lying and greed. If people all over the world...would do this, it would change the earth.

William Faulkner

COLD OPEN

1 **EXT. DOWNTOWN'S TALLEST BUILDING. SUNSET.**

We FLY up to the roof's EDGE. Standing in the most heroic pose possible is CUPID MAN. Sharp jaw-line almost cuts the sky. Power dances across his frame. Closer.

CUPID MAN

Who am I, you ask" - "Well, I'm...

That's when he trips & topples over an A/C cable. Our HERO is plunging towards the ground. Don't worry the concrete will stop his fall. PEOPLE scream, DOGS bark, CHILDREN wowed.

The fall slows, slow-motion | crazy-slow.

Cupid Man voice narrates:

CUPID MAN (V.O.)

I'm jack, a.k.a. Cupid Man, my life really is flashing before my eyes. Let's hope I can explain before/

SPLAT!

A WATERMELON hits the ground.

2 **EXT. SUBURBIA. MIDDAY**

YOUNG JACK & older brother, MIKES rooftop gravity experiment. Peeking over the house's edge: FATHER is covered in MELON OOZE! We can't tell if he's RED with anger or the spatter!

3 **MOMENTS LATER:**

THE PUNISHMENT: Jack cleans roof gutters while Mike catches the falling muck. Mike sees THUNDER CLOUDS looming over.

MIKE

Hey Jack, come down!

One look at Mike's eyes, we know he is the smart one. Jack, not so much, but he makes up for it with kind eyes.

JACK

No. I'm SUPER MA/



A LIGHTNING STRIKE cuts him OFF. ---All goes **BLACK!**

Over the BLACKNESS:

CUPID MAN (V.O.)
That's how I got my superpowers,
well, so I thought.

ACT ONE

4 **EXT. SKY. MIDDAY, BLINK-BLINK...**

Jack's eyes open to his family looking down on him. MOM, RED-FACED-DAD, & MIKE. --Electricity leaps all over him.

CUPID MAN (V.O.)
As long as I can remember, I wanted
to be a Super-Hero. My friend Link
told me once, "*be-careful whatcha
wish for, you might just get it!*" I
didn't know what he meant when he
said that to me. Now I do.

INSERT / QUICK MONTAGE: Young Jack shows-off POWERS, as he...

5 **EXT. WOODED STREET. DAY**

...saves a CAT stuck in a tree. Hands over the feline to a little girl, Jack's face full of scratches. Then...

6 **EXT. CROSSWALK. DAY**

Jack helps an OLD WOMAN cross the street as she beats him with an UMBRELLA. Next Jack hears a weak bark.

7 **EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT**

Jack runs into a BURNING HOUSE. Appears at the 2nd floor window, holding a PUPPY. He jumps out. **BOOM!** One knee Superhero landing: Unfortunately he crashes into the neighbors HOUSE, which causes the FACADE to COLLAPSE. An OLD MAN falls-off his toilet seat, yelling (MOS) &#@\$*!&

CUPID MAN (V.O.)
That's when I realized I better
hide my powers until I learn how to
control them.

8

EXT. LAKE CRAZY HORSE. A GRAY MORNING LIGHT

The Lake's frozen over, mostly. Wind whips across blowing both snow-flakes and a sign that reads **DANGER: THIN ICE**. The DRIFTING FROST has almost covered the painted warning-line.

Jack and brother Mike play ICE HOCKEY, as if the world's fate depended on who will be the winner. Jack slams the puck past his brother. It crosses into the danger zone.

Mike freezes, he's no fool.

Jack heads towards the puck.

MIKE

What are you doing?

Mike grabs Jack's arm.

JACK

What?

MIKE

You can't just walk out there.

JACK

Are-ya chicken?!

MIKE

Watch and learn.

Mike lays down, commando-crawls towards the puck.

MIKE

(Smugly) You gotta distribute your weight evenly.

Ice CRACKS & CRUNCHES

JACK

Forget it, com'n back!

Mike has the puck, more CRACKS form. He made it back to Jack.

MIKE

See!

He tosses the puck to Jack. **CRACK!** The ice opens. In an instant Mike vanishes underneath.

The current pulls the boy away from the hole. Jack's POUNDING on the ice. Mike is slipping away & sinking deeper down:

In a series of quick **FLASHES:**

Jack explodes the ice into SMITHEREENS.

Pulls his BLUE-FACED brother free.

PARENTS are next to them.

FATHER is performing CPR on Mike.

Mike wakes, BARFS water and ice.

The boy's mother slaps Jack's face. --HARD

9 **INT. 1970 BLUE VOLVO. NEXT DAY**

The family's faces show that Holiday trip is ruined. Jack sits in back with Mike.

JACK
Wanna play Hangman?

Mike, still blue faced, turns towards the window, watches a funeral procession pass bye in the opposite direction.

JACK
Fine, be-dat'way. I'll play with myself.

Mike rolls his eyes.

10 **INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE. DAY HALFLIGHT**

Young Jack faces DR. CURTIS who's back is towards us.

DR. CURTIS
You have been coming here for a few weeks Jack; how do you feel about our time?

Jack gives him nothing.

JACK
Fine.

DR. CURTIS
Can we talk about the day Mike fell through the ice.

JACK
Nothing to tell, I used my powers and saved him.

DR. CURTIS

Go on.

JACK

Don't you wanna hear how I got those powers. You know, it was Mike's fault. He wanted to see how gravity worked.

DR. CURTIS

Yes, you have told me that. And how it gave you special powers.

JACK

Everyone thinks I got brain-damage from that lighting-strike.

Curtis is the one that gives nothing now.

JACK

How many more times do I have to come here?

DR. CURTIS

We can't conclude our work together until we understand how you feel about yourself, and your brother.

JACK

So ask him.

The Doctor leans back in his chair.

Right before our eyes...

MATCH TO:

ACT TWO

11 **INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE. DAY HALFLIGHT**

JACK ages to (27), still boyishly cute, soft yet funny manner, likable, & would probably be more confident if he realized any of the above. We have to ask why does he still have a shrink?! --We'll get to that later.

DR. CURTIS

Go on, tell me the good things, sure the positive, in your day to day life, Jack?

JACK

Beverly.

DR. CURTIS

Your girl friend? You're still together?

JACK

Yes, why do you say that?

DR. CURTIS

We've talk'd about this, it's important to be your own person Jack. Take responsibility.

JACK

Yes, responsibility. Sure, We've had our ups and downs. That's why I made her someth'n special.

Doc nods.

JACK

Doc, It took me weeks to make it for her. She's gonna love it.

DR. CURTIS

Will it/

JACK

/Help the relationship, oh totally.

DR. CURTIS

And the dreams, Jack?

JACK

None at all. I'm just a real boy, no imaginary powers, Doc.

DR. CURTIS

So you are feel'n/

JACK

/Feel'n much better.

12

INT. JACK'S HOME. LATE DAY

Jack enters, PACKAGE in hand, comes up behind BEVERLY, (29) who's reading *Less Than Zero*. We can't see her face, but come away with: she's hot, too hot for him. --*Out of his League*.

BEVERLY

What's this?

JACK

Beverly, it's for you.

She peels back the paper. A perfectly colored glass bowl.

BEVERLY

It's fabulous, you know me so well,
I'll treasure it always. I *luv* you!

FLASH TO:

13 **INT. JACK'S HOME. LATE DAY - SAME BUT...**

Jack enters, PACKAGE in hand, comes up behind BEVERLY who's reading *Fifty Shades of Grey*. We can't see her face.

BEVERLY

Whaz-dis?

JACK

Beverly, it's for you.

She half peels back the paper. A malformed glass bowl.

BEVERLY

Thanks.

Back to her book.

14 **INSERT:**

Jack comes home, the BOWL's filled with lost keys & loose change & an expired condom.

CUPID MAN (V.O.)

Men have no *dump'dar*. Our brains
can't process, hey dude, she ain't
into you. Yo, move-on. I needed a
few more lessons-in-love.

15 **INT. HIPSTER RESTAURANT BAR. NIGHT**

Beverly pulls away from Jack, as all possible ASSHOLISH HIPSTERS surround her. Her FACE still obscured, as always.

JACK (V.O.)

I knew then I'd lose her, unless I
did something...

SMASH CUT TO:

16 INT. HIPSTER RESTAURANT BAR. SAME

Jack, a **man-of-pure-action** pushes HIPSTER #1 away from Beverly. HIPSTER #2 sees this & throws several POOL CUES at Jack like javelins. He Matrix dodges each.

HIPSTER #3 breaks a heavy TABLE LEG off, swings it. Jack back flips over it. It crashes into a COLUMN, the ROOF RAFTERS cave in.

People run everywhere, Jack catches the rafter, saving Beverly. UBER-COCKY-HIPSTER picks up a fallen I-beam, swings it at Jack, SMASHING him into the wall. He shakes it off.

Jack races towards Uber-cocky and Uber towards him--->

We expect a **CRASH-OF-POWER**, but we get:

FLASH TO:

FANTASY'S OVER. Jack's back to himself as UBER-COCKY snaps his fingers at him.

UBER-COCKY
Hey Fred Flintstone, are you
boneheaded? *Yabba-dabba dim-whit.*

All the Hipsters ROAR with LAUGHTER. Perhaps they aren't, we're wondering what's real or not with Jack at this point.

UBER-COCKY
Well are you?

Defeated, Jack leaves the bar. Beverly stays.

17 INT. JACK'S JOB, GROCERY STORE. DAY

Jack is bagging for LINK(45) His bestie, super-slow, super-nice, super-intuitive & super-kool.

LINK
Don't feel bad Jack. To get over my
breakup, I lived at the Playboy
Mansion for a spell.

Jack smiles, then narrows his eyes at Link.

JACK
Seriously, Link?

Jack's happiness melts at the sight of...

UBER-COCKY (30s) in line. Nice looking 'sep for the level of cheesiness that should annoy, but somehow works. --*You know the type: always gets the girl.*

UBER-COCKY
Hey, I know you, your Bev's friend.

JACK
Her boyfriend.

UBER-COCKY
Boyfriend. Really?

JACK
Really.

UBER-COCKY
Hey, think you could take those to my car? Bad back. (With a wink)

Jack's eyes narrow.

18 **EXT. OUTSIDE MARKET. A SECOND LATER**

Uber-cocky's CAR is a four-wheel version of him, the kinda thing that would be too garish for a Gypsy King.

UBER-COCKY
Don't hit my CD changer, chief.

Overloaded Jack puts the bags in the trunk.

UBER-COCKY
Wow, your strong, you must work out a lot. Hey chief, do me a favor and say Hi to Bev from Trevor.

JACK
It's Beverly.

UBER-COCKY
Sure Beverly, then.

Uber-cocky shoves a few dollars in Jack's vest pocket. Speeds off, stops at a DUMPSTER. Gets out, throws the bags of food away. Zooms away. Jack tilts his head with a 'WTF!?'

19 **INT. LIVING ROOM. LUNCHTIME**

Jack walks in.

JACK
Hi honey, I'm....

Jack is silenced by an empty 'life.' Room looks like after the 'Grinch Stole Christmas' from little Cindy-Lou Who. One bent nail is all that's left in the wall & the GLASS BOWL.

JACK
...home.

20 **EXT. BACKYARD. DAY**

Jack runs outside. Tries to rip a phonebook in-half. He can't: No power. Turns to the sky.

JACK
FU__!

The __CK SOUND is covered by BIRDS flying out of trees.

21 **OPENING SHOW CREDITS**

Graphic painted frames. "Thor Dark World" with a comic twist. Clips pulled from the first season.

BACK TO:

22 **EXT. DOWNTOWN'S TALLEST BUILDING. SUNSET**

Cupid Man still FALLING towards the unsympathetic concrete.

CUPID MAN (V.O.)
THIS IS GONNA HURT!
(Beat, takes in the air}
Well, I lost my Beverly but made
a new friend who would change my
life, her name is/

CUT-OFF BY:

ANGRY WOMAN (O.S.)
BITCH!

23

EXT. VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD. DAY

Jack with five DOGS is heading for CHRISTY (hi-side of 20s) cute, gentle charm; but look into her eyes you might see something fierce. She's Catwoman wrapped in Shirley Temple's PINK ribbon. --*We'll learn more later.*

Facing her is a LANDLORD (55) a dry woman with too much 'work done.' Her LIPS don't move, no matter what she says.

LANDLORD

You didn't just call me a 'bitch'

CHRIS

No, a witch, wicked-witch of the west.

LANDLORD

Whatever, look, I don't want to see these rat-faced dogs again. Messing my grass, making too much noise.

CHRIS

My puppies are perfectly behaved. The only rat face I see is/

Jack BUMPS right into them.

LANDLORD

Oh great, more of them.

NALLABU, Chris' dog, growls. This has an odd effect on the Landlord, she scurries off, grumbling to herself.

Dogs entangled. Instant attraction! The dog-walkers try to rein in their individual packs.

JACK

I need a pup like that!

CHRIS

This's Nallabu, she's mine, she watches out for me!

JACK

That's great! I'm Jack.

CHRIS

I'm Christy. My friends call me Chris. Oh here comes Daisy.

DAISY(40s) looks(30s) Hands out flyers for her one-woman POETRY PERFORMANCE.

DAISY

Hi Chris, here's the Kinkos prints. Don't they look great? (Not waiting for an answer) Please bring your friends.

Gives Jack a wide smile.

JACK (V.O.)

As it turns out, Daisy writes and performs her own off-beat deeply personal poetry. She likes to drag her friend's friends to the show.

DAISY

It's gonna be the most enlightening four hours you've ever spent. Chris helped me produce the event. I hope you can come.

Jack nods. NALLABU rolls her eyes.

24 **INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE. DAY**

Jack weekly session with Doc Curtis.

DR. CURTIS

Go on.

JACK

Well, I'm making new friends. I met another dog walker, she seems really sweet.

DR. CURTIS

You said friend. No more B/

JACK

No, I'm not thinking bout Beverly, look'n at her Facebook or stalking her anymore. Not that I was!

25 **EXT. VENICE GLASS OFFICE. THAT NIGHT**

Stalker Jack peaks around the corner. Beverly's in the middle of a formal-office-bash, having the time of her life.

JACK (V.O.)

I could tell she's so unhappy.

She makes a toast, everyone claps.

JACK (V.O.)
I need to fix my life, Then she'll
see she's better off with me.

Beverly's boss leaves. MS. PINSKY, (50s) a proper portly lady
all in pink. Jack follows her. Her walk quickens.

JACK
Ms. Pinsky, it's me, Jack.

She turns. Relieved.

MS PINSKY
(English accent) Oh, Jake, you
scared me. I haven't seen you
around in a while, are you looking
for Beverly?

JACK
It's Jake.

MS PINSKY
That's right, sorry.

JACK
Beverly and I are taking a break. I
was wondering if you could put in a
good word for me. I'm/

MS PINSKY
Jake...

JACK
Jack...

MS PINSKY
Whatever. Lemme stop you there. I
don't get involved with my/
(Without warring)

WHOOSH!

A MAN races by; grabs Ms. Pinsky proper pink purse, then
promptly proceeds into the public park.

MS PINSKY
Didcha see that? A pick-pocket
pinched my purse! That rat!

A light goes off above Jake, I mean Jack.

JACK
Stay here! I'll get it back.

MS PINSKY

No, wait!

Too late! Jack races off into the public park, in pursuit of the perpetrator.

26

EXT. VENICE PUBLIC-PARK. NIGHT

Jack's surrounded by FIVE. Including PAT, THE PICK-POCKET.

JACK

Give the purse back.

PAT

Give it back, why?

JACK

Okay, Keep the cash just give me that bag!

PAT

Naw, I like how it matches my shoes.

JACK

Its my girlfriend Beverly bosses' bag. If I can get it back it'll help me with our fix-up.

PAT

Oh, you mean Bev. Naw man, that's never gonna happen. She's a hard ten, you on your best day no more den a five. Yeah, we all have seen your dog-walk'n ass 'round da'nab.

They move closer. Jack's back is pressed against a DUMPSTER. The five, lead by Pat, throw Jack into the dumpster.

The LID comes down on Jack's head, with a...

---PAINFUL CRASH!

The world spins, well, inside of the dumpster at least.

CUPID MAN (V.O.)

Worse then never having something, is having it then loosing it. This is the case with my POWERS. They come and go. It's kinda like a loose wire in your car. Some days it's just not gonna start.

THEN, THE ODDLY UNEXPECTED....

In a muffled-daze Jack hears...

BAM

WAAM

KAPOW

BOOM

The dumpster shakes violently. Jack lifts the lid: VAGABONDS, badly beaten & bruised, bodies lay everywhere. Resting in the middle: The PURSE oddly provided.

A SHAPE of a WOMAN slips into the vale of the night.

JACK
(Dazed & Confused)
BEVERLY?!

Jack stumbles out of the public park, plastic & paper plaster to his person. Lastly, Jack has become Ghastly & Trashy.

CUT TO LATER:

27 **EXT. VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT**

Still dazed & confused & unaware, Jack wonders around with a plastic bag still stuck to his head. A few yards off...

TEEN JOCK
Give us a taste.

TALLER TEEN JOCK
Com'n sweetie.

Between them, a YOUNG GIRL,(9ish), tries to inch away.

JACK
Hey! Whistle dicks!

They turn; facing them is a SWOLLEN MONSTER of a man covered in plastic trash. Over his shoulder is a lovely PINK PURSE.

TEEN JOCK

Let's go!

TALLER TEEN JOCK

Yeah...?

At the site of Jack they take-flight; & not wanting to be under the scrutiny of the city-lights.

YOUNG GIRL

YES-GO! You Fuck'n cock-sucking motherfuckers!

Jack's taken back.

JACK

Do'ya kiss your mother with that mouth?

She spins to him.

Jack reaches to help the girl. She sees a clear view of him, she screams & runs away.

JACK

Is it the purse? Its not mine!

Jack looks down at himself in a PUDDLE, smiles at his discovery of creepy-anonymity.

28 **EXT. VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD. UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT**

PLASTIC-TRASH Jack sneaks along the LA riverside. Streets are empty. Nothing stirring, not even a 'rat.' Jack's flat ahead.

JACK (V.O.)

Home at last.

Tired / Beaten Jack is about to call-it-a-night. When he sees a **TRUCK** dumping **CHEMICALS** into the **LA RIVER**.

JACK

That can't be right?!

29 **EXT. DRIVING A 79 VW-BUG. SUNRISE COMING AS...**

Jack follows the Chemical Truck. It seeps GREEN-OOZE on his Convertible & on him. BEEP-BEEP, glances at his watch.

JACK

Oh shit!

30 **EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT. FIRST LIGHT**

The truck pulls into an industrial lot. Jack watches as two men get out. ONE MAN, the bigger of the two, has a DEEP SCAR on the back of his neck. Again Jack's watch beeps.

JACK

Shit!

Jack speeds away, as fast as his Bug will let him.

31 **INT. GROCERY STORE. THAT MORNING**

Jack races in. The boss, 50s, a bitter steamroller of a man, watches him come in. He's BOSSHOLE. Jack in the back stocking boxes. LINK (40s) on his (perpetual) brake. He's Jack's bestie, a slow handed cashier but fast minded.

LINK

What happened, you're never late?

JACK

I saw sometin' last night, wanted to check it out. Some dudes were dump'n chemicals in the LA river.

Jack omits his masked adventure.

LINK

For real? --Damn.

JACK

(Whispers) I'm gonna stop'em!

LINK

Naw man, don't mess with dat. Go to the Ops. (Hand on Jack) Don't look for evil, less it look back at you!

The Bosshole sees Jack talking.

BOSSHOLE

Move-it or your fired, even old Link is quicker then you.

LINK

-That's cold.

CUPID MAN (V.O.)

Link's my best friend for years. I've never seen him work a hard day, ever.

He has that air 'bout him, you can tell he could sleep through his whole shift and no one's gonna say shit 'bout it.

Bosshole waddles off.

LINK

That man puts the "O" in asshole.
(Leans back) -Jack, go to the cOps.

Jack Nods, smiles. Link always calms him down.

INSERT: A handmade poster reads: POETRY READING. PRODUCED / DIRECTOR / WRITTEN: CHRISTY DEL REY. PERFORMANCE by DAISY WINTERS "I love, you hate, I bleed, you laugh, I die."

32

INT. VENICE POWERHOUSE-THEATER. EVENING

Only a sprinkling of an audience, & Jack, looking lost. Mouth hangs halfway-open at Daisy on the stage, covered with a dress made of FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCTS.

DAISY

(soliloquy)

Her desire, all sad,
Darkness filled and without,
Outside, down inside, all dead.
I am empty, I am zesty.

A few people get up, wonder out.

JACK

Hey, sit down, that's rude.

DAISY

(soliloquy)

It burns as hot as ice.
False concerns, loud advice.
Electronic device.

Daisy takes out a buzzing Dildo, and several other glowing sex-toys, throws them at the audience.

RANDOM DRUNK (O.C.)

This is better than IRON-MAN, or
was it BURNING-MAN?! Rock'on, Girl.

33

INT. VENICE POWERHOUSE-THEATER BAR. LATER

Chris is having a beer with Jack. Daisy gathers her 'stage props' The Random Drunk helps her. She doesn't seem to mind.

JACK

You should totally report her to the police. It's wrong of your landlady to break in to your place.

CHRIS

I'm afraid to go, what if she evicts me.

JACK

I'll go with you. I have to report those dudes polluting the river.

CHRIS

You would do that? That's grand.

JACK

It's a date. ah, Not a date. You know. Ah, a meeting.

CHRIS

A tryst?! I'm a proper southern girl. What are you suggesting?

JACK

Sorry, I didn't mean/

CHRIS

(Full of Smiles)

I'm just messing with you. *I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.*

Jack Nods, blankly.

CHRIS

You didn't tell me what you thought of the show?

JACK

It was, ah, interesting.

Chris touches his arm - a SPARK.

CHRIS

You hated it.

JACK

Yes. I'm so sorry. I so wanted to like it.

34 INT. VENICE POLICE STATION. NEXT DAY

Chris & Jack face a DESK SERGEANT(49) Blank-face tells, he has seen-it-all, & couldn't care less. They just finished their account.

JACK

...So that's our story. Can you help us?

SERGEANT

No.

JACK

'No?' Why not?

SERGEANT

No evidence. No witness. No report. No-way.

CHRIS

What 'bout my crazed-landlord? Can you help me?

SERGEANT

No. Ma'am.

'No' seems to be the Sargent's default.

CHRIS

Look, my landlord broke-in to my apartment last night. It was a home-invasion! She called my place her "Secret-land!"

SERGEANT

You sure she didn't say 'Secret Garden?'

CHRIS

What?

SERGEANT

Is she still there?

CHRIS

Yikes... I hope not!

SERGEANT

Then you're gonna have to take it up with the Court. You'll have'ta file a DV-110-CLETS/TRO. It's \$250 for the court fee. If she breaks that order, then you can call us.

CHRIS

But/

SERGEANT

Look, I got a lot of people to take care of.

Jack & Chris look around the empty room. Their eyes meet.

Out of the shadows a BIG-ASS COP calls out like a clap of thunder sundered.

BIGASS COP

I can help you! Com'n back you two.

Chris & Jack jump. Nallabu growls.

35 **INT. POLICE BACK OFFICE. BLEAK LIGHT ON...**

Chris & Jack in front of Detective. Nallabu still growls.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, she never does that.

BIG COP

Not'a problem. So what's the complaint?

Jack looks at Chris.

CHRIS

Go ahead, I'm talking to Nallabu.

Jack nods.

JACK

It all started when I saw this truck a few nights back/

BIG COP

Hang on, pen's not working.

Big Cop turns, Jack sees a DEEP SCAR on his neck.

Jack turns white.

INSERT. FLASH

Men DUMP CHEMICALS. The dude with a SCAR is the BIG COP.

BIG COP

Continue, what 'bout the truck?

JACK

Well, ah, this, well more of a van, uhh, has a really loud bell. I'm not sure why, seems like a lot of little kids run to it. Did I say the bell is really loud? Seems to be lurking around the playground.

The Detective closes his notebook. Chris looks sideways at Jack as if he has lost his mind.

BIG COP

Didcha consider it might just be an ice cream truck?

JACK

Well no, but now that you mention it, I guess that's possible. See that's why your a policemen, its those powers of deduction.

BIG COP

(trenchant)

And you ma'am, have you seen an odd vehicle stopping at each house and putting something into each home? With suspicious markings like USP?

CHRIS

No, someone broke/

Cutting her off.

JACK

No-no, that was me, remember I was look'n for your camera so I could photograph that van with the bell?

She tilts her head at him.

JACK

We're all good. Sorry to have wasted your time. Com'on honey lets be on our way.

Jack drags Chris out.

36

EXT. VENICE POLICE. LATE DAY

Holding Chris arm, tightly.

CHRIS

Let-go! --What's wrong with you?

JACK

That Cop is one of the chemical dumping dudes.

CHRIS

Are you sure?

JACK

Did you see the scar on his neck?

CHRIS

Yeah.

JACK

It's the same dude I saw the other night.

CHRIS

Let's go ask.

JACK

Are you nutz?

CHRIS

I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation. And what about my crazed landlord.

JACK

I'll take you home and make sure it's safe.

CHRIS

Safe? No thanks, I can take care of myself. Look, its up to each of us to make a difference. Go face your problems, I'll face mine. Learn to solve your own problems first.

She pulls away, & stomps away.

JACK

Fine.

She stops. Seems to bristle. Then turns. Jack is not sure what he's gonna get.

CHRIS

I'm sorry, your just try'n to help. I've a rude side. (Eyes meet-beat) I don't like me when I get crazy.

She takes out a pen & writes her number on his hand. Jack winces. Chris spins and moves off with Nallabu in tow.

CHRIS

Call me.

JACK

(To himself)

I don't like that side either.

CHRIS

I heard that.

JACK

Whoa! - Super hearing.

37 **EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT. MORNING**

Jack walks right into the complex. His face shows both energy & a touch of anger.

JACK (V.O.)

Chris is right. We should face our problems, that's what I'm gonna do.

JACK

Can I talk to the manager.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure, is this about the job.

JACK

No - not really.

38 **INT. CHEMICAL PLANT. MORNING**

Jack relates his story of the river dumping. Polite nodding HANK QUINLAN (40s), a middle-management-bureaucrat, with dead eyes, razor thin lips, an awful man. Jack, blissfully obtuse.

JACK

...and that's when we saw 'he' was a cop!

HANK

That's awful! And who's "we?"

JACK

Oh, Chris DelRay, just a friend.

HANK

Mr. Kass, thank you for bringing this to my attention. I'm on it.

Hank pencils something down. Waves at his SECURITY GUARDS.

JACK

Dats Awesome.

HANK

Yes, awesome. (To Guards) Show our guest out, please give him the treatment he so deserves.

39 **INT. CHEMICAL PLANT. A MOMENT LATER**

Out of sight: Jack's get'n the BEATING of his life. Hank's thugs clearly have done this before, their good at their job.

JACK (V.O.)

I have to learn how to read people better, Beverly always had that talent.

Now the Thug Guards are kicking the shit out of Jack.

JACK

Getting tired? I can keep this up all day.

They double their work on him.

JACK

Whoa-whoa, I was joking, please/

/Back to Hank.

HANK

(To the Second Thug-Guard)
Find this Chris fellow, talk to him. Make our point clear.

Jack Rages...

JACK (V.O.)

I'll do something 'bout this! I still have my SUPER/

SMASH TO **BLACKNESS:**

40 **EXT. BANK. SUNSET**

Silhouette SUPERHERO fights HENCHMAN. Bullets bounce off HIM. He does it all perfectly. Then the biggest baddie: At 6'11" The ANNIHILATOR, a killing machine, an assassin right out of a 80s comic. Skin so burnt like an alligator purse.

SUPER-COOL-HERO (V.O.)
It's The Annihilator, the most contemptible, evil super-villain east of Gotham.

A massive hand around our Hero's throat.

THE ANNIHILATOR
Shell I choke the life out of you, or drop you to the street below?

SUPER-COOL-HERO
But we're on the ground floor.

THE ANNIHILATOR
SHUT-UP, I'LL KILL YOU, IF I'M ONLY TWO INCHES! --Which is it?

Hero's eyes down to villain's CROTCH, then off to the side.

THE ANNIHILATOR
I'm sorry, did you just look at my crotch?

SUPER-COOL-HERO
Umm---, Why---, No.

Quick as a blink, the Hero spins around flips Annihilator over & out the window - SUPER-SUPER-SLOW-MO Death!

SUPER-COOL-HERO (V.O.)
At last, that was the end of The Annihilator.

A SHADOW rises behind Hero.

SUPER-COOL-HERO (V.O.)
There is one problem with Super-Villains, they always jump out one last time!

The Annihilator doesn't disappoint. About to STRIKE the Hero, when...

SMASH! From out of nowhere, Down CRASHES **SUPER-HOT HEROIN** knocking The Annihilator to the ground. She saved the Hero. The Annihilator annihilated.

41 **EXT. CURB-SIDE. SUNSET ON...**

Both Heroes in glorious Silhouette. Far below, (well, 6") The vile villain vanquished.

SUPER-COOL-HERO (V.O.)
(Over the top)

There she was, my love. My trusted partner. I knew then that we would combat evil, together forever. Always united.

It all looks perfect.

SUPER-HOT-HEROIN
(Right into camera)

What will you do to fight evil, Jack?!

With a jump...

SNAP TO:

ACT THREE

42 **INT. TO AN EMPTY THEATER. NIGHT**

D'oh! It's just a MOVIE, nonetheless, Jack's transfixed.

He Echoes...

JACK

What will 'I' do to fight evil?
(Sadness over takes him)
Probably nothing at all.

43 **INT. STORE. NEXT DAY**

Badly BEATEN Jack goes to work, at the site of Link his face softens a bit.

LINK

You did sometin' stupid, didn't you? Didn't you?

JACK

No. Maybe. Yes.

LINK

Aw-man.

JACK

Why do I keep making bad calls?

LINK

You really aren't ask'n that.

JACK

Yes, I am.

LINK

People say that, but they don't
wanna hear the truth. Bro, just go
home, get some damn rest!

JACK

Link, I'll believe whatever you
tell me. Tell me.

Link throws his hands up...

LINK

Jack, you gotta reconcile with your
past to face what's ahead.

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK

Bah, what do you know.

Link rolls his eyes. He pushes Jack, noticing...

Bosshole is floating over. Jack's eyes narrow at the sight of
the big man; perhaps he realizes the similarity to The
Annihilator. --Yes. *Same actor, kids.*

LINK

Toldja. Hay why dontchja take-off.
I'll cover for you tonight.

JACK

Thanks man. Your my hero.

44

INT. BATHROOM. THAT NIGHT

Jack, crisis underway: Head beaten & bruised rests in his
hands while sitting on the toilet lid.

JACK

Why can't I solve any problems, why
can't I make Beverly love me? Oh
God please...!

Jack trails-off... Comes back with...

JACK

Haven't I've always done the right
thing?!

STEAM WIPES TO:

45 **INT. BATHTUB DREAM. (OR WAS IT?!) SAME NIGHT**

Jack falls asleep in his bathtub. (Unlike Jack's past flashbacks, you know the one we saw in the beginning, Jack sees the truth he has buried for so long.)

JACK (V.O.)

Have you ever heard, "beware of whacha wish for." Well, I got my wish! It was like be'n hit with a cold-dead-fish in the face.

FLASH TO:

46 **I/E. FROZEN LAKE. MORNING**

YOUNG Jack again. (The real reason he is sent to shrink.)

47 **I/E. FROZEN LAKE. MORNING - QUICK CUTS BUT SAME AS SCN '4'**

Jack & Mike play hockey. Puck is on the THIN-ICE. Mike doesn't head for the puck.

JACK

Are-you chicken?!

MIKE

Watch'n learn.

Mike commando-crawls on the ice. CRACKS & CRUNCHES.

JACK

Get it! Big Chicken!

Mike has the puck, more CRACKS. In an instant Mike vanishes underneath.

The current pulls Mike away from the hole. Jack is pounding on the ice. Mike is slipping away & deeper down.

Quicker flashes: INSERT:

Jack hands bleed, staining the ice.

Brother Mike sinks, face dark-blue.

Parents are next to Jack.

Father is doing CPR not to Mike but to Jack.

Jack wakes coughing.

Mother slaps Jack, then hugs him tight.

48 **INT. 1970 BLACK LIMO. NEXT DAY**

Family faces show absolute ruin. But not Jack?! He sits in the back seat. The seat next to him is conspicuously empty.

JACK
Wanna play hangman?

Mother cries.

FATHER (O.S.)
The doctor says its normal. It'll pass, we just need to give him time.

A BLUE VOLVO passes by in the opposite direction.

JACK
Fine, be-dat' way. I'll play with myself. (Almost playful) Big Jerk.

Mother cries harder. Out the window: Limo drives off & FADES to white.

CUPID MAN (V.O.)
Well that was dark, I know-right? But that is what I had to accept. Boy I wept. Link was right. I still had a lot to learn. I mean, look at me now...

INSERT: CUPID MAN watches the ground come flinging forward.

CUPID MAN
Am I falling or is the ground rising. Yes, it matters. Douglas Adams wrote "*There's an art to flying or rather a knack. The knack lies in learning how to throw yourself at the ground and miss."* Sadly, they don't teach this skill in super-hero class, or maybe I missed that day.

AIR RUSHES by Jack, he takes in the fresh wind.

PILOT END