

# PLANET - X

"Pilot"

--An Animated Pilot--

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MICROSCOPE - DAY 1

A teeny, pulsing, fluorescent orange organism is being looked at on a glass slide at 100x magnification. The focus adjusts. The blob sprouts a head and ROARS at the camera. We PULL THE SHOT BACKWARDS through the scope and out into...

2 INT. HIGH TECH LAB - SAME 2

...and through the eyepiece. The camera FLIPS AROUND to see a surprised viewer. This is MIRANDA CARTWRIGHT AKA 'LADY BLAZE'. Think a nerdier Angelica Bridges. She's dressed in a Lycra navy and gray uniform with a lab coat over it. There's a ID badge clipped to her pen-filled coat pocket and her name is embroidered onto the opposite side.

She's alone in a fancy-pants lab with lots of test tubes, beakers and uh, other sciencey things. Behind her ISAAC LEIBOWITZ AKA 'THE READER' (think a more in-shape Fink from *Beerfest*) bursts through the door. He's also wearing the same Lycra uniform/lab coat. He's got a matching YARMULKE (with his logo, perhaps). And he's got a pair of special glasses, similar to Cyclops, but distinctly different (he may also change them, based on his mood or surroundings, to great mockery).

The music is fast and rockin' (but probably public domain).

ISAAC

(panting)

The vaccine, it's...

(huff/puff)

it's going to mutate!

MIRANDA

Yeah, thanks for the heads up, Early Edition. Aren't precogs supposed to be oh, I don't know-- punctual?!

ISAAC

Depends when you get the visions. I got this one about an half hour ago, but I was in the middle of something... important.



MIRANDA

More important than a mutating vaccine that was just administered to half our infantry? The same vaccine that we're *both* responsible for?

She gets all up in his grill, poking him in the chest. Each poke is accompanied by a SIZZLE, which shows on the lab coat, but doesn't hurt Isaac.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

So where.  
 (poke/sizzle)  
 The fuck.  
 (poke/sizzle)  
 Were you?

She aggressively prods (literally, too), and he breaks eye contact (well, eye/special glasses contact). We push in on his face a bit before we...

CUT TO:

3 INT. BATHROOM - EARLIER (FLASHBACK) 3

The music IMMEDIATELY changes to a Musak version of "The Girl From Impanema." Isaac sits on the toilet of the handicapped stall of the building's bathroom, reading the paper.

A few beats and he flips the page. Then: he drops the paper as his glasses flicker (or his eyes under the glasses, depending with matching SFX). A quick PANIC flows over him, and his gaze to the roll of toilet paper, then down at the bowl and finally the door, not sure which to choose.

BACK TO:

4 INT. HIGH TECH LAB - AS WE WERE 4

Just as we left them.

ISAAC

(fumbling)  
 I, uh, s'there was this impor...  
 important, uh, phoneca-- you know  
 what, it's... it, uh, it was  
 nothing. Don't worry about it.

MIRANDA

(sighing)  
 Crapping or masturbating?



ISAAC  
 (soaked with shame)  
 Crapping.

MIRANDA  
 Fine. So what's our move now?

ISAAC  
 You *know* our move.  
 (dramatic beat, music to  
 match)  
 We call him.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

5

The camera rises and reveals a Superman-esque silhouette standing on the edge of a warehouse roof. The camera shifts around the light/lens flare and we see he's wearing the same navy and gray uniform, only his has a cape. This is 'BULLETPROOF' AKA WILLIAM WAGNER (or LIAM).

He's keeping watch over the city before him. We SNAP CUT to his young face, his eyes narrow, concentrating.

We PULL BACK slightly and see Miranda and Isaac open the roof-access stairwell door. She runs up behind Bulletproof. He doesn't turn around. Isaac lags just behind, out of breath.

MIRANDA  
 We put the antidote in the tranquilizers.

ISAAC  
 I see those 'roided-up bastards storming towards the city-- about two clicks out. They'll be coming down Main Street and they're going to be destructive. Like cocaine in a promising young actress' career destructive. You'll have to take them out fast.

Bulletproof turns around. *Dramatically*. Miranda thrusts the gun at him. The wind blows through her hair and his cape.

MIRANDA  
 Aim for the neck. It should take them down in about fifteen seconds.

BULLETPROOF  
 Right.



Bulletproof takes the gun. Just as he's about turn and fly off, Miranda places a hand on his arm.

MIRANDA  
Bulletproof, wait.

He turns. The wind blows. Smoke suddenly appears from nowhere. It's straight outta *Casablanca*.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
Be careful.

They kiss. We watch as Bulletproof flies off into city center. Isaac moves closer to Miranda.

ISAAC  
Don't worry. If anyone can do it,  
Bulletproof can.

From behind, they're silhouetted by the bright daylight. He puts his arm around her shoulder, comforting her. A beat.

MIRANDA  
(calmly)  
Take your gross shitty arm off of  
me.

ISAAC  
Relax, I washed my hands.  
(a beat; he holds up his  
other hand)  
Well, I washed this one.

In the background, we pick up a flying speck with a smoke trail behind him. We SNAP ZOOM (the kind *Battlestar Gallactica* stole from *Firefly*) up close on Bulletproof speeding through the air, dodging buildings effortlessly.

He comes to a sudden halt, hovering, when he sees a large, angry man banging on a car door. Bulletproof cocks his head and pulls out the gun. Before he can fire, a male pedestrian waves his arms, trying to get his attention.

PEDESTRIAN  
Bulletproof! Over there!

He points vigorously. BP turns his head. A twelve-story high, fluorescent orange Hulk-like monster with sharp teeth and shreds of the navy and gray uniform is roaring before him. He fires and it connects with a THWIP!

The monster thrashes around and ultimately crashes into a lamp store called LET THERE BE LIGHT (with a vaguely biblical-looking elaborate (neon?) sign).

BULLETPROOF  
 (all quippy)  
 Hey, buddy-- *lights. out.*  
 (then)  
 Wait, that was awful.  
 (short beat)  
 Oh, right-- no one can hear me up  
 here...

SMASH CUT TO:

6 EXT. CITY STREET - SIMULTANOUS

6

A random hero clearly equipped with the crazy awesome hearing freezes mid-step on the sidewalk. We do the JUMP CUT ZOOM thing on his face with an OMINOUS MUSICAL STING (like Dramatic Chipmunk or something). When we're our closest in, his eyes narrow deviously.

BACK TO:

7 EXT. SKIES - AS WE WERE

7

Back with Bulletproof. He shoots the tranq gun and connects with a different baddie. Big Boy falls. The pedestrians cheer as BP pokes his ear, activating the communication device. Isaac's on the line.

ISAAC (O.S.)  
 (through earpiece)  
 Another wave on the way, corner of  
 New Lennox and Seventh.

Bulletproof flies to the other side of the city, whip-aims the gun and shoots. The hulk goes down without a fight.

BULLETPROOF  
 (á la NBA JAM)  
 He's heating up...!

ISAAC (O.S.)  
 Bayside, near H.Q.-- and step on  
 it.

BP flies towards the edge of town by the water. THE ACADEMY is situated right by the water. Cape recruits are all unsuccessfully trying to take down one of the hulks.

They're using force fields and fire power. None of it's working. BP hovers in front of the hulk.

BULLETPROOF

Not to worry, guys. I got this.

Shoot. *THWIP!* Fall. THE CAPES APPLAUD AND CHEER.

ISAAC (O.S.)

(panicked)

One more! Headed straight for the lab! Hurry!

(half beat)

And ease up on the quips, will ya?

BP flies back towards the warehouse. The hulk monster has his arms raised, he trying to smash Miranda and Isaac, who scramble from one side of the roof to the other.

Bulletproof swoops down, grabs hold of Miranda and Isaac and chucks them high into the air. He hovers in front of the hulk, shoots, and then flies straight up to catch Miranda and Isaac midair.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Must you do that every time?

BULLETPROOF

Don't hate the player, hate the game, yo.

MIRANDA

I know you're Bulletproof and you can do anything, but you really suck at the one-liners.

BULLETPROOF

(dejected)

Yeah, I know. I'm working on it...

MIRANDA

Also, for what it's worth, this time I was hating the game.

(beat)

Too.

ISAAC

I am really glad I shit before this...

They land safely on the grounds of The Academy. A large, gray-around-the-temple, Captain America-like figure approaches them. This is THE COMMANDER. He claps Bulletproof on the back and addresses his students.



## THE COMMANDER

Gather 'round, troops, and take a moment to thank your fellow classmates-- Lady Blaze, The Reader and Bulletproof. They saved your asses today and showed us all what teamwork is all about.

(to Bulletproof)

Bulletproof, you are truly one of our finest recruits. I expect great things from you. I've saved the world over three hundred times and I know you'll break that record some day.

He walks over to Bulletproof, hand out to shake. They do. The Commander yanks him in close and whispers in his ear:

## THE COMMANDER (CONT'D)

You break my record while I'm still breathing, you won't be, you miserable little shit. Got it? Now smile and address the crowd.

## BULLETPROOF

(recovering)

Uh, d'uh-- T-Thank you, sir.  
(to the masses)

I know I'm a student here, just like all of you, but one day I hope to be Planet Earth's number one defender. So anytime you need me, anything at all, just say my name: Bulletproof.

## AUDREY (O.S.)

(distressed)

Bulletproof!

(beat; louder)

Bulletproof!

Bulletproof points at the camera and we FREEZE on the four of them (Lady Blaze, The Reader, Bullet and The Commander) mid-laughter and begin to slowly pull out into...

From the frame, the camera FLIPS A BITCH and we're looking directly at Bulletproof, six months after the taking of that photo. He's lost a bit of his shine, with bags under his eyes. Eight o'clock shadow.

He's now wearing a red and black suit, sans cape, with an "X" on the right breast as well as a slightly loosened necktie (no collar, but it's threaded through the neck of the suit... somehow).

On the wall next to where the picture sits, several medals are tacked up. BP shuffles through a stack of papers. A short, spiky-haired girl stands in front of him with her hands on her hips. She is wearing the same uniform and looks birdlike (especially in the schnoz. And she kinda squawks when she gets annoyed, like right now). This is AUDUBON AUDREY.

AUDREY

You have superhuman hearing, so I know you can hear me.

BULLETPROOF

(under his breath)

*Helen Keller* can hear you, ya dumb bitch.

AUDREY

What?

BULLETPROOF

Sorry, I spaced out for a minute there, Audrey--

AUDREY

I want to know why Skankerella over there never works Saturday nights yet I've worked four in a row! This is total bullshit!

Audrey gestures to a skanky blonde standing by the copy machine flirting with two men, her dark roots are showing and she has an enormous rack and no waist, just like a comic book broad.

BULLETPROOF

I'll take care of it, Aud--

AUDREY

You better! I don't want to have to go over your head, you know, to the janitor.

BULLETPROOF

I said I'd take care of it, just please don't go to Jack.



AUDREY  
(mocking)  
"Please don't go to Jack."  
(normal)  
You're pathetic.

Audrey storms out of the cube. Other workers, including Skankerella look on discreetly and laugh. Bulletproof is fuming, his eyes narrow, he clinches his jaw and lasers shoot out of his eyes. He accidentally fires the printer, which blows up with the tiniest, cutest explosion ever.

SMASH TO  
CREDITS.

END OF TEASER



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ACT ONE

9 EXT./ESTAB. CAPE UNIVERSITY - DAY 9

The camera pushes in on an imposing, yet non-concrete building.

CHYRON: Vindicator Academy - Graduation Day - 1300 hours

THE COMMANDER (V.O.)

Four years ago, you were a high school student. Likely an outcast. Known as the kid who could move objects with their mind, leap tall buildings in a single bound, or walk on water. I'm looking in your direction, Ensign Jesus.

CAPTAIN JESUS (O.S.)

(meekly; heavy Hispanic accent)

Ees Ensign *Jésus*, señor...

THE COMMANDER

(continuing)

Today, your potential will be realized as you receive your official assignments.

10 INT. HIGH TECH MEETING ROOM - SAME 10

CHYRON: Six Months Ago

The camera glides over 25 new graduates. They are all wearing gray and blue Lycra uniforms. They sit in a large, high tech conference room with stadium seating. The Commander stands at a podium in front of them delivering a speech.

A woman with dark skin, and short silver hair stands to his left. This is BERYL BLACK AKA 'BLACK MAMBA'. The camera glides over Bulletproof/William and Miranda as they sit in the crowd. They are holding hands.

THE COMMANDER

Today, you will become the sworn protector of Planet Earth, overseen by myself and Beryl Black.

(gestures to his left)

The Mira Galaxy, run by our very own Ice Queen.



The Commander gestures to the box seats above the stadium seating. There sits the ICE QUEEN on a regal, icy throne. She nods in acknowledgement, flanked by shivering muscled lackeys in parkas and Speedos.

THE COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
Galactic 9, run by Visionary.

The Commander gestures to the Statler/Waldorf-like box next to the Ice Queen, There sits VISIONARY, aging, balding, Cyclops-look-a-like. He gives a pathetic little wave.

THE COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
(semi-muttered)  
Or, um... Planet-X with Captain Jack.

There is a slight murmur of surprise at the mere mention of Captain Jack's name. The Commander gives a slight head nod towards the last box. It's very dark. You can just see a shadowy dark, muscular figure. This is CAPTAIN JACK (we'll formally meet him later on).

THE COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
(clears his throat)  
Now, my laser sharp vision may be fading, but I can see you are the best and brightest that this nation has to offer.

A beat as everyone waits for the inevitable catchphrase-dropping:

THE COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
(like he's done this a million times before:)  
Remember, that each and every one of you is capable of saving the world.

The graduates politely applaud. Miranda smiles wide, looks to Bulletproof and holds up crossed fingers.

MIRANDA  
Okay, baby, here we go.

THE COMMANDER  
And now, the moment you have been waiting for. If you would please open your communication devices, you will see that your assignments have already been beamed to you.

The room is abuzz with excited chatter.

ANGLE ON:

We look over Miranda's shoulder at the screen of her communicator device (somehow made by Apple?). It reads "Lady Blaze: Report to Research & Development, Planet Earth, Zone 1, Washington D.C.".

She SQUEALS, starts jumping up and down and throws her arms around BP/Liam.

MIRANDA

(a million miles/minute)  
I'm going to D.C.! Now we can stay together! I can't believe I actually got that fellowship in R & D. I have to tell my parents. We have to start looking for an apartment and--

BULLETPROOF

Miranda...

MIRANDA

(not slowing done)  
-maybe even set a date for the wedding, oh, my parents are going to be so thrilled! And we need to-

BULLETPROOF

Miranda! I- I didn't get Planet Earth--

MIRANDA

(frowning)  
Oh... Galactic 9? That's OK sweetheart, you can fly from there to here in less than three hours--

BULLETPROOF

Planet-X. It says that I'm assigned to Planet-X.

MIRANDA

(perplexed)  
Planet-X? What the hell is a Planet-X?

BULLETPROOF

I have no idea, but I'm sure we'll work something out.



Bulletproof and Miranda stare at each other, practically watching the end of their relationship in Slo-mo Trainwreck-Vision. Isaac, The Reader, approaches them from behind. He is excited and claps them both on the back.

ISAAC

Earth! Can you believe it? Congrats on the fellowship, 'Randa! Looks like the gang's staying together! I think we should put together our own supergroup--

MIRANDA

Actually, Liam has been assigned to Planet-X.

ISAAC

C'mon!

(off their grim faces)

Oh. Well. I'm sure you'll work something out.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BULLETPROOF/LIAM'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY 11

CHYRON: Present Day

This is a series of stylized shots (montage, if you will, as if shot by Edgar Wright or *Snatch*-era Guy Ritchie) of Liam getting ready for a "date night."

Shots Included:

- \* An ECU of a large bottle of Tosser's brand lotion.
- \* An MCU of him uncorking a bottle of wine.
- \* A CU from the neck down of him unzipping his uniform.
- \* Liam lighting some candles.
- \* And finally, a med-wide shot of Liam (from behind) sitting on his couch and there is a large screen in front of him. He claps his hands and the lights dim to mood level.
- \* He picks up a remote and presses a few buttons. Some numbers flash on screen and then suddenly it comes to life.

Back to normal (a *nontage*, if you will):



On screen is a woman... *thing* with TWO HEADS/NECKS, ONE BODY. Head one: chubby, pink, Kuato-looking woman, she has puckered, scaly/textured skin, black eyes and a black mohawk. She is leaning into the screen, looking into the camera curiously.

Just behind her, Head two: a short, stout, cute-ish normal-ish woman with a jet black bob. Both look surprised. They tend to talk (independently, but) at the same time (but you can hear them both clearly).

BULLETPROOF  
 (shrieks girlishly)  
 Aieeee!  
 (recovering)  
 Sorry, must have dialed the wrong number!

BLACK BOB HEAD  
 Miraaaaanda! Is that the boyfriend?

PINK ALIEN  
 (clearly looking junk-wardly)  
 Nice caped crusader there, buddy.

MIRANDA (O.S.)  
 I'll get it in here, thanks!

The screen cuts out for a second, which we use as an opportunity to begin INTERCUTTING between the two apartments as necessary/director's whimsy. When it kicks back on...

12

INT. MIRANDA'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANOUS

12

...we're in Miranda's bedroom. It's small; sterile yet feminine. Lavender and all that shit.

BLACK BOB HEAD (O.S.)  
 FYI: I don't think it counts as long distance if his cock can reach you here!

PINK ALIEN (O.S.)  
 Hey, Miranda! He's not faster than a speeding bullet, is he?

MIRANDA  
 Liam! What...  
 (smacks her forehead)  
 Oh, no-- is it Tuesday?

BULLETPROOF  
 Thursday my time, so yeah.

MIRANDA  
 (winces)  
 I'm so sorry, I totally forgot. Shit.



The girl(s?) GIGGLE from the other side of the closed door (muffled, natch). Miranda notices this, but ignores it and Liam dies a little inside.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

There was just so much going on today. You'll never believe what happened.

We cut back to Bulletproof, who is not amused.

BULLETPROOF

What?

MIRANDA

(Micro Machines guy speed)

Well, Isaac wanted to try out the new Helix supersuit, to which I said, "No way, Isaac, that is soooo not ready, we haven't even found a proper test subject for it" and he was all "I see into the future, blah, blah, blah" and right after he tried it on he got this terrible vision. So, he flies down to Bayside and there's Slash Spider, hovering above the Academy in his web-- jerkin' off with eight hands or whatever it is he does-- which Isaac then shoots down with the built in Helix phasers and he goes down without a fight. It was incredible and now we're all going out for a drink to--

BULLETPROOF

Slash Spider? Really? You're celebrating that? I once took that guy down with a mildly eggy fart. Zero hyperbole--

MIRANDA

Well, it's not only the whole taking down Slash, but the fact that the Helix supersuit even works is an incredible advancement--

BULLETPROOF

(suddenly calm/suspicious)

What is this Helix supersuit?



MIRANDA

You know... whoever puts it on  
and... boom: super strength,  
heightened senses... basically it--

BULLETPROOF

Makes me obsolete.

(beat)

Well, have a nice time with your  
friends--

MIRANDA

No, no, sweetie. We can still do  
date night. We'll just make it a  
quickestie.

BLACK BOB HEAD (O.S.)  
Shouldn't be a problem!

PINK ALIEN (O.S.)  
Another penis-centric joke,  
Miranda!

BULLETPROOF

(retaliatory)

What's the deal with your roommate,  
uh, roommates? If you hit that, is  
that, like, instant threeway, or--

MIRANDA

Hang on a second, hon.

Miranda walks to the door and HITS it. HARD. From the other  
side, muffled (pained?) reactions, which taper off as they  
finally leave.

Pleased with herself, Miranda runs back to the couch, whips  
off her glasses, tosses her hair and starts unbuttoning her  
top like the textbook *Red Shoe Diaries*/sexy librarian thing.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Now, then. Where were we?

PRELAP:

PILOT (V.O.)

T-minus... Five, four, three, two,  
one...

ANGLE ON: An ECU of Bulletproof, eyes clamped shut in a  
beautifulagony.com kind of way.

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We are go for lift off!

MATCH CUT TO:

13 INT. SPACESHIP CABIN - FLASHBACK 13

We QUICKLY PULL BACK from Bulletproof through the window...

14 EXT. SPACESHIP - CONTINUOUS 14

...and take a SPIN around the phallic (aren't they always?), red ship --with a black X on the side-- spewing tons of symbolic smoke. In the SAME FLUID MOTION, we PUSH BACK IN...

15 INT. SPACESHIP CABIN - CONTINUOUS 15

...through a window on the side opposite Bulletproof. We're at a medium depth from him when we come to a stop inside a surprisingly posh cabin that resembles a luxury private jet. There are large, cushy recliner-type seats and each has their own personal screens.

CHYRON: Six months ago. (beat) Again.

Bulletproof sits amongst his fellow recruits. They're all wearing the same black and red Lycra suits with X's on them. A smiling very gay (redundant?) flight attendant leans over Bulletproof.

He hits a button on his armrest, which projects images of a coffee cup, a tea bag and a random pill above the seatback tray.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Coffee? Tea? Tranquilizer? We have Soma, Ephemerol, Bliss, Melange, Glint--

BULLETPROOF

(cuts him off)

Oh, I'm all set. Thanks.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(leans in; all breathy in his ear)

By the way, I love your work.

The flight attendant sashays off. The man sitting next to Bulletproof looks at him for a moment. He is trying to place him. The man is tanned and stocky. He has a nicely trimmed beard, which is stroking at the moment.

He snaps his fingers as it comes to him. This is MONTAGE MAN.

MONTAGE MAN

Oh! I got it! You're Bulletproof.

BULLETPROOF

(smiles)

Guilty.

MONTAGE MAN

I'm a big fan of your work man, big fan. The way you took down Taint Master, wow. Just wow. That was ingenious.

BULLETPROOF

Yeah... I had to drink a lot to repress that one, so... thanks...

MONTAGE MAN

I'm Mateo, by the way. But everyone calls me 'Tage.

He holds out a hand to shake (good boy!). They do.

BULLETPROOF

'Tage? Short for...?

MONTAGE MAN

Montage.

(affects deep voice)

I'm Montage Man. I can manipulate time and create real life montages.

BULLETPROOF

With music and everything?

MONTAGE MAN

Oh, yeah.

(beat)

Pending legal clearance, of course.

BULLETPROOF

(impressed; infomercial-style)

Wow. That's convenient. I wouldn't mind flying through this trip and orientation in a stylistic sequence of visuals set to song.

MONTAGE MAN

Yeah?

'Tage reaches for a bag underneath the seat ahead of him and whips out a clipboard and pen.



MONTAGE MAN (CONT'D)

(all business)

I'm going to need you to fill out  
this form and sign

(points)

here, here and here. And initial

(points)

here and here. Now, I usually  
charge, but for you... I can't  
charge you--

BULLETPROOF

Oh. Well, thanks, man. I appre--

MONTAGE MAN

...this time. The first taste's  
always free. Just skip the payment  
section at the bottom. Make sure  
to choose one of the musical genres  
and check whether or not you want  
slo-mo or 'Ken Burns' effect in any  
of the segments. Also, indicate the  
exact time period. And finally, the  
date and a thumb print here.

Bulletproof writes furiously, including on his thumb to make  
the print, and hands the clipboard back to 'Tage, who gives  
it a once-over.

MONTAGE MAN (CONT'D)

Alright. Looks good. Hmm-- Bold  
music choice.

'Tage snaps his fingers and the MUSIC/MONTAGE begins.

We switch to a high, security cam angle of the cabin and we  
see people begin to move in a TILT-SHIFT time-lapsed fashion.  
They are drinking, moving in the aisles, watching movies,  
huddled in groups laughing.

The upbeat/fast music folds under in favor of a music  
box/Musak deal as we CUT to a MCU two-shot of Bulletproof and  
M.M. snuggling under a blanket watching a movie.

BULLETPROOF

(choking back tears)

But that red balloon was his  
*innocence*. And he just *let* it go.

OFFSCREEN or PRELAPPED (sorta), a BOTTLE IS SMASHED on a  
table's edge, which kicks the fast music back on and we SMASH  
or WHIP PAN or SOMETHING to an ECU of the glass neck in a  
hand.

AT A GAME TABLE:

WIDEN OUT to see that a tall, handsome man with dark hair and rakish good looks (like a *toolshed* of rakes) at Bulletproof. This is CHARMER. He's standing up, pointing the sharp end at Bullet's neck, as he sits at the table with Montage, Audrey, MATHEMAGICIAN and another 'red shirt' hero or two, who are playing some kind of futuristic dreidel. Booze is involved.

CHARMER  
(angry; drunk)  
Bullshit! No way you backdoor a  
gimmel! The odds are, are--

Charmer SNAPS and points to human calculator Mathemagician, who instantly spits out:

MATHEMAGICIAN  
A hundred seventy-two thousand, six  
thirty-three to one.

CHARMER  
Fuckin' A, Rain Man!

Charmer lunges at Bulletproof and a scuffle ensues, which we just see the beginning of and CUT TO:

A *BREAKFAST CLUB*-TYPE NOOK ON THE SHIP:

WIDE SHOT of the cabin, everyone is sitting around playing "I never". There are many discarded bottles of alcohol laying around. Close up of Audrey.

AUDREY  
"I never..." had sex with a cape.

She doesn't drink, but everyone else does. All murmuring in surprise. We quickly CUT to...

16 INT. SHIP BATHROOM - MID-MONTAGE 16

...Bulletproof in the bathroom peeing for the *loooongest* time. He may make a couple odd sounds/grunts here and there.

SMASH CUT TO:

17 INT. SOMEWHERE ON SPACESHIP - MID-MONTAGE 17

Charmer and Bulletproof hugging it out, both beyond inebriated while everyone sleeps around them in the darkened cabin.

BULLETPROOF  
I fuckin' love you, man!

CHARMER  
Let's never fight again, OK?

*(Spoiler alert: they're probably going to again. And often.)*

Charmer pulls out a little vial of gold powder.

CHARMER (CONT'D)  
You ever try a little Special Z?

The end there ("Special Z") ECHOES... echoes... echoes... over an 'empty' frame for a beat before Bulletproof's head pops back up coupled with a LOUD SNORTING. A little residue on his nostril and we SNAP ZOOM on his eyeball ECU and do a nice little Trainspotting homage (pupils dialating, blood cells through a vein, whatever else).

WIDE OUT to a closeup of Bulletproof's face. A teeny, *Innerspace*-sized version of the spaceship flies out of his ear and around his head (optional: we can follow behind the ship around his head in 'third person').

The music changes to something extremely trippy and we can hear his heartbeat (until further notice). The BING-BONG "buckle your seatbelt" sound can be heard faintly in the background (maybe it turns into a trippy beat/). The voice of a FLIGHT ATTENDANT is heard, but it's ECHOING, PHASING and PITCH-SHIFTING, like Flanders did when Homer was tripping on the insanity peppers.

Other psychedelic shit peppered-in to taste.

FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)  
(repeating in a row over following sequence)  
Prepare for landing. Please make sure all seatbacks and tray tables have been returned to their original positions. Welcome to Planet-X.

Quick JUMP CUTS of Bulletproof stepping off the ship under a RED SKY. More of them as he walks through various parts of the planet to his ultimate destination:

18 EXT. DOWNTOWN 'PLANET-X' - DAY(?)

18

Planet-X is an endless sea of red sand and gray concrete buildings. Like Phoenix. Or Tucson.

19

INT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING LOBBY - A LITTLE LATER

19

This is the lobby of the Planet-X headquarters. Everything that happens on/for the planet goes through here.

In a bustling office building lobby, a woman in a modified Planet-X Lycra suit, made to look like a sharp business suit, including a matching go-go combat boot deal. She's Asian (country of origin TBD) in her mid-thirties with a shoulder-length black bob (with a purple streak) and wearing cat-eye glasses (or, to sum up: a total nerd boner party). This is JENNY LEE. We JUMP CUT once more to a close-up.

Bulletproof's still coming down, so everything's all hazy.

JENNY

Hello, I'm Jenny Lee. I'll be liaison to your new life.

FROM BULLETPROOF'S POV: Elevator doors open with a DING! and we push through them, turning accordingly. It's still hazy, but very gradually clearing up.

To him, it looks like everyone is GLIDING above the ground like ghosts or The Gentleman. Jenny is leading a group (including Bulletproof) through a maze of hallways, cubicles, labs and storage rooms.

JENNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is Planet-X headquarters. We have assessed your skills and powers and we will assign your careers accordingly.

The flashes of the deathly fluorescent lights above everything help sober things up. The haze diminishes and the heartbeat slows to normal before fading out.

Bulletproof comes to a halt in front of a door labeled "Captain Jack, Chief Administrator." Jenny suddenly appears in front of the door and we're OUT OF FIRST PERSON.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Do not go in there. *Ever.*

(to everyone)

Never go in there uninvited, understand?

Jenny, the group, and eventually Bulletproof continue on with the tour. The camera TRACKS to find the "Captain Jack" placard and we MATCH CUT TO:



20

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JACK'S OFFICE - (PRESENT) DAY

20

CHYRON: Now.

The shot is the same as before the cut, but the lighting has changed. PULL BACK from the placard and we see Bulletproof standing outside of Capt. Jack's door. He looks totally soul-crushed and dejected holding a couple of full-ish manila folders tucked/cradled in his elbow and a clipboard.

He raises his hand to knock, then drops it. He takes a deep breath and raises it again, this time FOLLOWING THROUGH.

The door swings open into a eerie, darkened room.

A moment. Then the door swings open (seemingly of its own accord) into a darkened room. He enters...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE



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ACT TWO

21 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

21

...and the door closes behind him (also on its own).

Bulletproof slowly approaches the back of a winged, highback, leather chair. An arm can be seen sticking out on the right side stroking a bottle of alcohol with a fancy label (like Inspector Gadget's Dr. Claw with that bastard cat).

The chair is facing some floor-to-ceiling windows, outside you can see two suns, one setting and the other rising. It's glowing red and rather hellish.

BULLETPROOF

(clears throat)

Jack? I, uh, have some things for you to sign. These are the release forms for Rapid Strike and Red Shocker. They've officially graduated from Villain Rehab. We'll need to get them out of there by tonight to make room for, uhh  
(reading off papers)

Nightcyde and Scarlet Reaper tomorrow. So-

Bulletproof holds out the forms as if he is expecting Jack to turn around. Jack doesn't. He speaks, his voice is deep and gravel-y. Drunk.

CAPTAIN JACK

Goddamn planet. Goddamn red planet with its two suns. Two suns! One's setting just as the other is rising. I'm trapped here, Billiam, in an endless workday. I'm in hell and I don't even know what day it is.

BULLETPROOF

It's Thursday, Jack.

CAPTAIN JACK

I think it's my birthday.

BULLETPROOF

(resigned; awkwaaaard...)  
So, I'll just leave these here, then. I can pick 'em up later.



Jack's hand waves Bulletproof away. BP drops the folders (still has the clipboard) and slowly backs out of the office...

22

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

22

...and in doing so, bumps right into Jenny who is passing by the office door.

JENNY

(hushed)

Oh, there you are. What's he like today?

Bulletproof looks at the sign next to Jack's door. It looks like the terror threat level signs you see at the airport. It's Jack's mood indicator.

Levels included: ENRAGED, INTOXICATED, MELANCHOLY, HORNY and DECEPTIVELY CALM (currently on horny). Bulletproof moves the indicator arrow somewhere in between intoxicated and melancholy.

JENNY (CONT'D)

That seems about right for a Friday. Anyway, it's a good thing I caught you because I'm going to need you to help me clear out Red Shocker and Rapid Strike tonight. Housekeeping needs to get in there before our newcomers do.

As Jenny and Bulletproof talk, a couple EMPLOYEES sneak up behind Jenny and Bulletproof and approach the door to check out the mood indicator. Two venture in timidly.

BULLETPROOF

B-but I just dropped off the release paperwork to Jack. He hasn't even signed it yet.

JENNY

(patronizingly sweet)

Aw, you're just the cutest thing. You actually think that actually matters.

(normal again)

How long have you been here? Six months? Now, I'm just going to--

The sounds of screaming and shattering glass come from Jack's office. A fireball blasts the door open and then quickly evaporates.

The two charred employees run screaming from the room. The stop short when they see Jenny staring them down. While one runs off, the other is a little slower to escape. That Employee timidly changes the indicator to enraged and starts to scamper off to catch up to his/her pal.

Before (s)he gets very far, Jenny SNAPS her fingers, which freezes him/her in their tracks.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 (stoically annoyed)  
 Did you learn nothing from the  
 three-hour orientation?

CUT TO:

23 INT. SMALL LECTURE HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK) 23

Jenny sits behind a desk at the front of the room. The class is full of reject heroes (mostly red shirts). Jenny looks (near death) bored (and sounds it, too), her head held up by her hand.

JENNY  
 Again.

ENTIRE CLASS  
 (in unison)  
 Don't ever bother Jack. Ever.

JENNY  
 Again.

ENTIRE CLASS  
 (in unison)  
 Don't ever bot--

BACK TO:

24 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JACK'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE 24

Where we left them.

EMPLOYEE 1  
 I'm really sorry Ms. Lee, it was  
 all--

JENNY  
 What the hell were you doing in  
 there?



EMPLOYEE 1

I just... I saw that Jack was in a relatively agreeable mood  
 (points at indicator)  
 and I thought I would ask him if...  
 Kylan  
 (points to direction friend ran off to)  
 and I could switch jobs--

JENNY

And how did that work out for you?

EMPLOYEE 1

Uh, well, Kylan sacrificed an eyebrow, but all things considered, it could've been much, much worse.

JENNY

(to Bulletproof)  
 Go on down to Gamma-6 while I sort out this mess. I'll meet you there in a bit.

With a grunt, Liam turns away from Jenny and towards Gamma-6. He walks straight into the camera, which BLACKS OUT THE SCREEN INTO A...

MATCH CUT TO:

25

INT. LONG, DARK CORRIDOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

25

The back of Bulletproof walking down the shadowy hallway. We SWITCH TO A SECURITY CAM SHOT to get a full idea of the scope/size.

It's damp, dark, probably several floors underground. The sound of MANIACAL LAUGHTER echoes and bounces off the painted concrete walls. This is a scary place. Straight out of a Vincent Price flick.

An old man stands at the end of the hallway. He has white hair, a receding hairline and a long white beard. He's dressed a little like, well, a medieval Gatekeeper (or a modernly-to-slightly-futuristically-modified French Revolution-era executioner).

He's smoking in the shadows, the smoke curling up around his face in a menacing fashion. This is THE GATEKEEPER (or HERB). He takes a long drag and nods in BP's direction.

HERB

I've been expecting you.

BULLETPROOF

(nods)  
Gatekeeper.

HERB

Please, please-- call me Herb. I don't like to use cape names around here. I find it robs us of our humanity, boiling us down to our abilities and not us as people. And we are so much more than that, aren't we William?

(beat for a smoke drag;  
exhaling over:)

Much more.

BULLETPROOF

Shhhhure...  
(then)  
And it's Liam, actually.

Herb steps out of the shadows towards Liam. He looks much less threatening in the light, he's a harmless old hippie. He reaches up to stroke Liam's face. This takes awhile.

HERB

You're a good man, Liam. I'm a good judge of character. It's ironic, considering most of the people I encounter.

(pulls a drag, exhales:)

You here for group?

Liam gives him a half-"Me? Really?" look.

BULLETPROOF

No, I'm here to escort Red Shocker and Rapid Strike to O.P.

HERB

(drops his hand)

Well that's a horse of a different color! Why didn'tcha say so? Come on back.

Herb swings open a door hidden by the shadows. They walk into a brightly (fluorescent) lit room with chairs arranged in a circle and muted wall colors. A few balloons, streamers and a lackluster "Congratulations" sign are hanging about the room.

There's a refreshment table that looks like it was lifted from an AA meeting with a handful of past-their-prime heroes.

Herb points to a man in the corner that looks like a tattooed Steven Seagal (current, *Lawman*-era Steven Seagal).

HERB (CONT'D)

That's Ray over there, or "Rapid Strike" as you call him. Be careful, he's a gentle soul.

Bulletproof rolls his eyes and walks tall towards Ray.

BULLETPROOF

(big boy voice)

Rapid Strike? I'm Bulletproof. I'm here to inform you--

RAY

(all *Shawshank*-y)

Rapid Strike's my cape name. I'm just Ray now, Mr. Proof.

BULLETPROOF

Alright. Ray. I'm here to take you to Outbound Processing.

(beat; congratulatory)

You've officially completed Planet-X Villain Rehabilitation. Congratulations.

Liam holds out his hand to shake Ray's (he still has the clipboard, so he can juggle that with the handshake). Ray reluctantly puts his hand out, all the while scanning for exits and not tipping his hand to Liam.

RAY

To-today? I thought I had more time. There was *supposed* to be more time.

BULLETPROOF

Sorry, Ray, it's tonight.

RAY

(shaky; trying to hide panic)

Say, uh, Mr. Proof. Whaddya say to some cake while I go pack up some of my things.

BULLETPROOF

You got it. Take your time.

Ray and another fallen hero (THE SHOCKER) scurry out of the room in a hurry. Bulletproof is distracted by the cake (the cake is *not* a lie), cutting a large slice.

The rest of the villains are starting to sit down and begin group, ferrying their coffee cups to the chair circle.

HERB

Now, Liam, I know you don't want to share with the group, but you're welcome to a seat.

The villains all eye him suspiciously, like a NARC in a high school. He sits (last, besides Herb) and starts shoveling the cake in.

HERB (CONT'D)

(sitting)

Okay, who wants to go first?  
Nathan, I think your time got cut short yesterday. Would you like to pick up where you left off?

A tall, gangly man with stringy hair and bags under his eyes stands up. He's smoking and nervous. And oh, the pit-stains. He's like Carl from *ATHF*, but in better shape and less bald.

NATHAN

Hey everyone. Um, I'm Nathan, formerly known as Jump Cut.

(anyway...)

I was saying yesterday that I feel like I never had really a chance. I mean, my power is that I can turn invisible-- but only for three-point-one-four-one-five-nine seconds. I'm a goddamned walking strobe light, for fuck's sake!

(half beat)

The anger from have such a useless power... it just made villainary so... so natural.

The group collectively nods and grunts in agreement. The enormous, Thing-like man sitting next to Nathan gently touches him on the arm. This is IT. You expect him to talk like the Incredible Hulk, but he's quite eloquent.

IT

I know exactly what you mean, Nathan. If I may?

(clears throat)

My mother had an affair with a Kardashian warrior and I was born on Earth. Like this.

(Vanna White's his body)

Well, six-hundred pounds of rock lighter, but you get the idea.

(MORE)

IT (CONT'D)

I wasn't allowed to go to school, I was barely let outside. When I was eleven, my Mother sent me to a school for Specials. Uh, capes, not window-lickers. It was the first time I ever interacted with people outside of my family. Those flying jocks practiced their super abilities on me, they called me "It", they are the ones that ostracized me and filled me with this murderous rage--

HERB

Now, gentlemen, it sounds like you're not taking responsibility for your actions, you chose to be a supervillain--

BULLETPROOF

But did they? Did they really? I mean, I have to say, I'm kinda relating to what, uhhh, It...?

IT

(sheepish)  
s'Just Troy now.

BULLETPROOF

...to what Troy is saying here. I mean, as soon as my powers kicked in, I was cast as a superhero. And I get it, it makes sense. I'm ruggedly handsome and invincible, I can fly and shoot really cool lasers out of my eyes (under optimal conditions). Oh! I also do this really cool thing where I--

HERB

Skip to the end?

BULLETPROOF

What I'm saying here is that no one ever asked me what I wanted to do with my life. As soon as I started flying, as soon as I developed superstrength, they just assumed I'd be the next Commander: protector of the Earth. And how could I not try and live up to their expectations? Who doesn't want to save the world?

(MORE)

BULLETPROOF (CONT'D)

But maybe I wanted to be a doctor or lawyer or business executive. I could've been the greatest steroid-free baseball player of all time; I could have been the President of the Galaxy; I coulda been a contendah...

(reflective beat)

But instead I'm stuck here, thumb firmly planted in ass, pushing papers around and cleaning up after Jack. I'm the strongest man in the universe, but no one gives a damn. I spent all last week trying to fix the friggin' copy machine. At least you had a chance. I'm the ultimate soldier, I've been training for war all my life and the closest thing to a battlefield I'll see is a Pat Benetar hologram.

(slightly mournful)

At least you guys saw some action, I envy you, I really do.

The group stares uncomfortably at Bulletproof. BP loses the thousand yard stare.

BULLETPROOF (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

So, uh, sorry for... that. Um, which one of you is The Shocker?

HYPHER-CHONDRIAC

Pretty sure I saw Lionel sneak off with Ray a couple minutes ago.

BULLETPROOF

(coolly calm)

Hm. That's probably not a good thing, huh?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO



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ACT THREE

27

INT. DARK ROOM WITH A STRANGE RED GLOW - ELSEWHERE

27

The camera pans up through the darkness and reveals Jenny Lee tied up hostage-style to a chair. Rapid Strike/Ray is now suited up in dark, silvery-gray Spandex suit with large combat boots and a long dark overcoat. Like a gay Neo. Two long blades extend from his arms. He is holding one blade up to Jenny Lee's neck.

THE SHOCKER/Lionel is wearing a dark red suit and goggles. His hands are glowing red, lighting the entire room. He checks his watch repeatedly. Jenny struggles against the rope.

RAY

Does the phrase, "resistance is futile" mean anything to you?

JENNY

(to Lionel)

Did you singe my suit when you shocked me? Do you know how expensive this was? Vintage Jacobs.  
(sighing)  
Story of my fucking life...

LIONEL

(guiltily; smoothing fabric)

I-it's just a little burned. You can totally salvage it--

JENNY

(to Ray)

Be honest: it's fucked, right?

RAY

Yeah... I think it's toast.

JENNY

Dammit! This is why I can't have nice things.

RAY

(getting back on track)

Can we maybe focus on you being tied to a chair with sharp objects pointed in your face?

JENNY

Yeah? Why'd we wanna do that?



LIONEL  
 (exasperated)  
 Because we're holding you fucking  
 hostage!

JENNY  
 (yawns)  
 Whatever.

RAY  
 (disappointed)  
 Aren't you even a little scared?  
 (re: blades)  
 These aren't butter knives, you  
 know. Do you want to see the  
 demonstration again?  
 (to Lionel)  
 Get the tomatoes and hammer,  
 Shocker.

Jenny stares him down. Ray and Lionel exchange alarmed glances for a couple beats. Then, Ray pouts, retracting his blades and crossing his arms in one fluid motion.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Well... we have demands! We want  
 escape pods and cash! Ooh, and  
 girls and weapons.

LIONEL  
 Hey, don't forget about the  
 henchmen. I won't work without  
 henchmen.

JENNY  
 I was a professional sidekick for  
 eighteen years; twenty-two if you  
 count my Susie Bee days.  
 (coily)  
 You know how many times I've been a  
 hostage?

RAY  
 How many?

JENNY  
 (shrugging)  
 I don't fucking know. Now timing...  
 Timing I know.

Lionel and Ray look at each other, confused.



JENNY (CONT'D)  
 Check this out:  
 (clears throat)  
 Five, four, three, two...

Right on cue, Bulletproof KICKS THE DOOR OPEN and enters, all swagger (invisible shining armor).

JENNY (CONT'D)  
 (bored)  
 Oh, thank the gods. My hero.

BULLETPROOF  
 (big boy voice)  
 Let her go, Rapid Strike and uh,  
 uh...

LIONEL  
 Oh, come on! I'm The Shocker!

BULLETPROOF  
 Right, right, The Shocker.  
 (then)  
 Look, can we skip the puffed chest  
 pissing contest and you just let  
 her go? I got a lot of busywork to  
 get back to...

Ray makes a big show out of pulling out his blades and gets in fightin' mode. Lionel also prepares to fight, in his own way.

RAY  
 Come and get 'er, squarejaw.

Bulletproof narrows his eyes and puts up his dukes. Then he quickly drops them.

BULLETPROOF  
 You sure about this? I mean,  
 Bulletproof isn't just an awesome  
 name. It's kind of my thing, you  
 know? *I'm* indestructable and  
 you're... both kinda old. Just  
 think about--

LIONEL  
 Let's dance, pretty boy.

Lionel's red hands flicker with electricity and Ray attacks Wolverine-style. SNKKT! Bulletproof effortlessly swats him towards the wall like a fly. Bulletproof turns towards Lionel and grabs him by the collar.

As he tosses him around the room, the red light goes on and off, creating a really bitchin' STROBE effect. Ray tries to strike Bulletproof once again, but BP just tosses him into the wall, where his blades get stuck in the plaster.

Lionel gathers up a giant ball of red light energy and HADOUKEN!-s it at Bulletproof, who is thrown back through the wall...

28 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

28

...but pops back up, nearly instantly. He's unhurt, but there's some tears on his work suit to go along with all the dust and debris.

BULLETPROOF

Okay, normally I'd be pissed about the wall and make you pay for the suit, but this is the most action I've seen in months...

He says this as he steps over the hole in Bulletproof-shaped hole he created back into the room:

BULLETPROOF (CONT'D)

Man, I missed being in the shit!

29 INT. DARK ROOM WITH A STRANGE RED GLOW - CONTINUOUS

29

Ray frees himself from the wall and approaches Bulletproof from behind as he re-enters the room. He moves to strike.

JENNY

Bulletproof-- watch out!

Ray tries to stab BP in the back, but his blades bounce off and bends against his slightly doughy, but still invincible skin.

In one fluid movement, BP whips out a pair of handcuffs from his utility belt and slaps them on Ray and around a pipe or desk or something. He then walks over to Lionel, who's doubled over, panting hardcore.

BULLETPROOF

You gonna be alright, chief?

LIONEL

(coughing up lung)

Yeah.

(huff/puff)

(MORE)



LIONEL (CONT'D)  
That just took a lot out of me.  
Just...

A smile creeps across his face. He's been sated.

LIONEL (CONT'D)  
Just like old times.

Bulletproof handcuffs Lionel to something as Jenny pats him on the back. Startled by this, he lets out a GIRLISH YELP, cancelling out the manly rescue.

BULLETPROOF  
You're free? How'd--

JENNY  
Sidekicks are basically professional hostages. I can get out of having my hands tied behind my back, well, with my hands tied behind my back.  
(then)  
It'd be nice if every once in a while you capes maybe remember the hostage after the fisticuffs start.

BULLETPROOF  
Fair enough. I'll work on that.  
(to Lionel and Ray)  
What I don't get is why you jackholes pissed away your freedom when it was so close.

Lionel finally catches his breath.

LIONEL  
I'm old. I've been here for the last twelve years. My powers are fading, my henchmen have moved on and up the ladder. I'm obsolete! Like you will be after the Helix suit.

BULLETPROOF  
(uh...)  
How...?

RAY  
Don't be so naïve-- we all know about the Helix suit.



LIONEL

(anyway)

Where is there for me to go? This  
is my home. This is where I'm free.

JENNY

And what's your excuse, Ray?

RAY

I'm pretty much just a doormat,  
so...

Jenny and Bulletproof exchange looks.

CUT TO:

30

INT. CUBICLE HELL - A LITTLE LATER

30

Jenny and Liam stroll back through a sea of cubicles, they  
are making their way towards Jack's office.

JENNY

You know I was supposed to go on a  
date tonight? Now we have to file  
their re-entry paperwork.

(i can't believe it)

I just got cockblocked by--

Liam isn't paying attention --but is practically glowing-- a  
million miles away. Interrupting:

LIAM

This may sound weird, considering  
the circumstances, but today...  
didn't suck.

Liam looks at Jenny, as if for the first time. A little bit  
of that arrogance we saw in the TEASER is back.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(w/ a bit of swagger)

Did I ever tell you about the time  
the Doom Hive Six kidnapped my  
girlfriend and poisoned me with  
Krylaak honey?

JENNY

Holy shit!

LIAM

I know! I couldn't crap for a week.  
It's a greater ass cement than even  
matzah and sourdough--



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JENNY

Shut it, Open Mic! Look!

Jenny points off-screen and the camera WHIP-PANS right, following her gaze towards Jack's office. There's a HUGE crater in the building where the door and walls and other structural things should be. There's smoke and dust and junk still breaking off and falling, sparks from the electricity flicker and spray.

LIAM

Sweet Suri Cruise! Did Jack just explode?

JENNY

More like busted through the walls. Why would he do this?

(accustatory)

YOU! You talked to him last, what did you say to him?!

LIAM

Nothing. He was... quiet. And weird. And drunk.

(oh, shit...)

He said something about an endless workday and...

JENNY

Annnnd?

LIAM

I think he said it was his birthday.

JENNY

Shit.

LIAM

Shit?

JENNY

Shit.

As Jenny and Liam stare, jaws on the ground, looking at the destruction, Audrey walks past the two of them. She walks behind the two of them, smacking BP on the head without even stopping.

AUDREY

Thanks for fixing my schedule, asshole.

Bulletproof looks at Audrey walking away,

LIAM  
So about that suck-free day  
thing...

JENNY  
(stern)  
Later. Suit up-- we have to rescue  
Jack.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

END OF EPISODE



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