

SUPER EPIC

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LITTLE BUTCH (5), expansive, shorty, with a red bed sheet tied to his neck and a red bandana over his forehead, darts between the trees.

LITTLE BUTCH
Beware of the crime overlord
Crimson Butcher!

Little Butch turns dramatically and faces--

LITTLE ERIC (6), a burly kid, big for his age, wearing dungarees and a blue ribbon with two holes over his eyes.

LITTLE BUTCH (CONT'D)
Oh! How did you find me?!

LITTLE ERIC
I was just following you, Butch.

LITTLE BUTCH
It's Crimson Butcher, and now we'll
fight!

LITTLE ERIC
But I don't wanna fight you! We're
friends!

LITTLE BUTCH
Come on Eric, we're just playing.

LITTLE ERIC
What am I supposed to do?

LITTLE BUTCH
Well, you're the good guy and I'm
the bad guy. So we fight using our
superpowers, but you must win
because the good guy always wins.

LITTLE ERIC
Okay.

LITTLE BUTCH
Feel the power of my...
(flail his arms)
Electric superbolt!

Little Eric stands still for a moment, until he realizes the cue.

LITTLE ERIC

Oh, right.

(beat)

Ouch! You got me Crimson Butcher!
But are you ready to feel now the
true power of Super Eric?!

LITTLE BUTCH

No, that won't do.

LITTLE ERIC

What?

LITTLE BUTCH

Your superhero name can't be Super
Eric! That's lame!

LITTLE ERIC

My name isn't lame!

LITTLE BUTCH

You can't use your own name! You
have to protect your identity,
remember? You need something epic!
Something... super epic!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOCKOZY TITANS HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

SUPER: 25 years later

An NHL-like arena. Most of the seats are already taken, but
some of the public is still arriving.

BUTCH (O.S.)

It's lame.

A jumbotron hanging from the ceiling displays on its screens
the logo of the local team, the Jockozy Titans (which happens
to be an abnormally muscular man holding a hockey stick).

ERIC (O.S.)

No, it isn't!

Some laser cannons connected to the lower side of the
jumbotron project colored shapes on the ice rink.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Well, if you were a fat, lesbian
European tourist or a serial-killer
maybe.

BUTCH (29), cocky, underdog, average build, wearing a Jockozy Titans jersey, opens his way through a row of occupied seats as he talks to someone O.S. behind him.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
But you aren't, so it makes you
super lame.

COREY (26), psychotic, flashy, short, also wearing a Jockozy Titans jersey and slurping a milk-shake, follows Butch.

ERIC (O.S.)
Come on guys, gimme some help here.

COREY
Well, I don't think it makes you
lame.

ERIC (O.S.)
Ha! See Butch? Corey is--

COREY
It makes you look like a nancy.

STOCKWELL (31), cynical, nervous, obese, also wearing the team's jersey and holding a tray with dozens of hotdogs, follows Butch and Corey.

STOCKWELL
Why the hell are you wearing this
thing anyway?

ERIC (O.S.)
It's practical, okay?! I can store
things there... and stuff.

STOCKWELL
What's the problem with your
pockets?

Butch, Corey and Stockwell sit down on their designated seats.

ERIC (O.S.)
Nothing wrong with my pockets, but
sometimes there isn't enough space
in them.

BUTCH
Come on, Eric, just sit down!

ERIC (30), muscular, down-to-earth, insecure, is wearing a Jockozy Titans jersey and a fanny pack around his waist. He has his hands on his hips and stares angrily at his friends.

ERIC
 Not until this matter is settled!
 Fanny packs are awesome and manly!

BUTCH
 We're three against one here, but
 if our opinion isn't enough we
 should ask for some independent
 assessment.

Butch turns to a SEXY WOMAN sitting next to him.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 (smooth)
 Hey there, cutie, watching the game
 all by yourself?

SEXY WOMAN
 Oh, no, I'm with my girlfriend.

A BIG TOMBOY WOMAN sitting next to the Sexy Woman and sipping
 a beer gazes at Butch with a jealous face.

BUTCH
 Ah cool. Anyway, I just need your
 opinion here. What do you think
 about my buddy's fanny pack?

The Sexy Woman takes a look at Eric.

SEXY WOMAN
 Nothing wrong with that.

ERIC
 Ha! See? I--

BIG TOMBOY WOMAN
 (German accent)
 Yeah, nice model! Where did you buy
 this one?

The Big Tomboy Woman stands up. She has a fanny pack around
 her waist too.

ERIC
 Nevermind.

Eric sits next to Stockwell with a sad face.

Butch looks at Eric with concern.

BUTCH
 Hey big guy, we don't like you less
 because you have a fanny pack.

COREY

Anyway, we can just burn it after
the game!

ERIC

No one is touching my fanny pack!

STOCKWELL

No one wants to touch that thing.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(filtered)

Ladies and gentlemen, please stand
up for our national anthem, which
will be performed by the pride of
Jockozy City, Miss Dolly Boombs.

DOLLY Boombs (27), sexy, big-breasted, wearing only some
stripes that barely cover her body, is standing on a small
platform on the ice rink.

She approaches her mouth to the microphone and SINGS a
whispered and extremely sexualized version of the national
anthem.

Butch, Corey, Stockwell, Sexy Woman and Big Tomboy Woman are
standing, looking ahead wide-mouthed while Eric looks quite
bored.

BUTCH

Damn, Dolly sure makes me feel
patriotic!

All the others but Eric mumble agreeing sounds. One of
Stockwell's hotdogs slides from his tray and falls on the
ground.

ERIC

I think it's inappropriate.

STOCKWELL

Shhhh!

ERIC

Hey, don't shhhh me! I--

The public APPLAUDS Dolly.

She bows on the platform while the players skate into the
rink.

The public CHEERS ON the players with enthusiasm.

The REFEREE approaches the middle of the rink, where the Jockozy Titans Center and the Prairie Bells Center are aggressively facing each other.

The Referee drops the puck and skates back as the two Centers use their sticks to get the puck.

The Jockozy Titans Center manages to give a snap on the puck with his stick to the Winger of his team.

The Winger skates quickly toward the goal and is ready to give a snap toward it when--

A hulking Prairie Bells Defender gives him a painful hip-check.

The Winger falls on the ice and the Prairie Bells Defender uses his stick to pass the puck to his team's Center.

The Titan Winger puffs with anger and pain.

He quickly stands up--

--skates toward the Bells Defender and--

PUNCHES him in the face.

The Bells Defender SPITS a tooth, grins back to the Winger and--

PUNCHES him back.

Butch, Stockwell and Eric are motioning angrily, while Corey is reacting with a psychotic excitement, shaking his little fists.

COREY

Kill him! Grind him! Skin him!

FEMINAZI (O.S.)

(filtered)

I'm sorry for interrupting this atrocious testosterone-fueled spectacle.

Butch, Stockwell, Eric and Corey look up.

ERIC

(whispering)

Oh no.

The Hockey Players slow down their fight as they look up too.

FEMINAZI (O.S)
 (filtered)
 But I have an important
 announcement.

The jumbotron's screens show FEMINAZI (30), a sexy, masked dominatrix wearing a silvery medallion with a swastika.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 Oh sorry, how rude, I totally forgot that we're having some guests today. So, for those who aren't from Jockozy City, I am Feminazi, the ultimate standing female voice against the patriarchs who rule this town. And, as usual, I'm giving you a taste of my power.

The laser cannons underneath the jumbotron MOTION frantically.

They point toward the rink and shoot RED LASERS.

The hockey players have a bad time keeping their balance and, as they look down, they notice the ice MELTING quickly.

After some seconds the rink becomes a large pool. The water reaches the knees of those hockey players who are still standing.

The laser cannons stop shooting the RED LASERS.

Corey looks ahead with a smirk while Stockwell eagerly eats one hot dog after the other.

COREY
 That's it? That hoe just ruins the game to give the players a splash?!

The laser cannons shoot BLUE LASERS.

The hockey players, who were trying to get out of the rink, have their movements slowed down until they halt, as the water FREEZES, trapping them.

FEMINAZI
 (filtered)
 Some women think that the masculine domination must be halted. I, on the other hand, think that it must be frozen!

Feminazi starts to LAUGH hysterically.

COREY
 (evil grin)
 Oh, that's better.

BUTCH
 That's not funny, Corey! These guys
 will freeze to death if someone
 doesn't do anything!

STOCKWELL
 Well, since I can't do nothing I'm
 going to the concession to get more
 hotdogs. Do you guys want something
 from there?

BUTCH
 I'm cool.

COREY
 Me too.

STOCKWELL
 Eric?

Stockwell turns his head and notices that Eric's seat is
 empty.

INT. JOCKOZY TITANS HOCKEY ARENA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric enters the bathroom, empty except for a URINAL MAN who
 has his back turned to him. A continuous sound of WATER BEING
 SQUIRTED gives a hint about what he's doing.

URINAL MAN
 (not looking at Eric)
 Hey! It seems that I'm not the only
 one who had too many beers tonight,
 huh?

Eric opens his fanny pack.

URINAL MAN (CONT'D)
 So, how's the game going?

Eric takes out a whole superhero uniform from inside the
 fanny pack.

ERIC
 Quite tied. But I think the house
 team is about to turn the game.

URINAL MAN

Damn, and I still have a big load
to go there.

ERIC

Take your time.

INT. JOCKOZY TITANS HOCKEY ARENA - DAY

The public is staring in shock at the rink.

The trapped players are on the verge of hypothermia. Some
Workers are trying to break the ice with pikes and
jackhammers, but their progress is slow.

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

So Jockozy City men, how do you
feel witnessing your heroes' lives
slowly leaving their bodies? How do
you like their agony?

HANNAH (O.S.)

I'm not a man, but I don't like it
at all!

HANNAH Lasevitz (28), code name "Butterfly," a nerdy,
assertive, skinny superhero, flies toward the Jumbotron,
facing one of the screens showing Feminazi's face.

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

Oh, hello Butterfly, long time, no
see. Have you finally decided to
join forces with me?

HANNAH

I'd never join forces with someone
who makes true feminists look
crazy!

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

Oh well... It seems that I can't
count on you in the new world order
without men I'm building!

HANNAH

I'll stop you!

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

Oh really? So what are you waiting for?

Hannah lands next to some workers who are operating jackhammers on the ice around a Hockey Player.

HANNAH

How can I help you, sir?

WORKER

Can you break the ice?

HANNAH

No... But...

(beat)

I can fly.

WORKER

Step back, Ma'am.

The workers keep going with their ineffective effort to break the ice while Hannah takes a step back, ashamed.

She loses her balance and falls on the ice.

INT. JOCKOZY TITANS HOCKEY ARENA - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric is now wearing his superhero outfit: a tight neoprene uniform revealing his muscled arms. The Urinal Man is still turned to the urinal. The sound of WATER BEING SQUIRTED starts to recede.

URINAL MAN

Almost done here.

Eric ignores him and puts on his mask. The sound of WATER BEING SQUIRTED comes back with intensity.

URINAL MAN (CONT'D)

Uh, no... Not yet!

Eric walks to the door and the sound of WATER BEING SQUIRTED recedes and stop.

URINAL MAN (CONT'D)

Now I'm done!

The Urinal Man turns back and notices Eric, who already has his hand on the knob.

URINAL MAN (CONT'D)
Super Epic!

ERIC
Oh, hey... hi.

The Urinal Man walks toward Eric and raises his hand, ready to shake it with Eric.

URINAL MAN
I'm your number one fan, dude!

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV:

Eric gazes quickly at the Urinal Man's hand and opens the door, walking away.

ERIC
You should wash your hands after
you take a leak.

INT. JOCKOZY TITANS HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

Butch, Corey and Stockwell are looking at the rink.

BUTCH
Hmmm, I don't think that Butterfly
can be of a lot of help there.

COREY
Yeah, she isn't even hot!

BUTCH
Yes, but--

STOCKWELL
Look! It's Super Epic!

The public starts to CHEER ON with euphoria.

Eric steps onto the ice rink as the public keeps APPLAUDING him and shooting a profusion of FLASHES from their cameras.

FEMINAZI
(filtered)
Well, well, well, look who's
finally here. Super Epic, the
masculine paladin, the women's
cause nemesis, the--

ERIC
Shut up.

Eric approaches Hannah, who is cautiously mixing some liquids in tiny plastic shells.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey Butterfly, glad to see you here.

HANNAH
I can say the same. I'm trying to use some of my utility belt's chemicals in order to develop a melting solution--

Eric looks at one of the trapped players and darts toward him. Hannah doesn't notice it and keeps talking and working with her chemicals.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
--but it's a very delicate process. With some time I might be able to have enough to free one of the players. However, we still--

Eric SMASHES his fists against the ice next to the trapped player, breaking a significantly large portion of it.

The noise surprises Hannah and she drops the chemicals on the ground.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Or... you can do just what you did there.

Eric POUNDS his fists again, breaking more of the ice and freeing the player.

The Workers carry the player out of the rink while Eric rushes confidently toward another stranded player.

Hannah crosses her arms with a sullen face.

She looks up and notices the jumbotron's laser cannons right over her.

Hannah smirks and ASCENDS elegantly in the air.

She stands in the air right before the jumbotron's laser cannons and picks a tiny screwdriver from her utility belt.

Hannah uses her screwdriver to take out a metal plate, revealing the wires inside the device.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Hmm, that's interesting... I could
 easily reverse the polarity of--

FEMINAZI (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 You can't reverse anything,
 Butterfly!

The laser cannons suddenly move and point at Hannah.

It shoots a BLUE LASER, and Hannah DODGES, flying to the side.

On the rink, Eric gives a last POUND and frees another Titan player.

HOCKEY PLAYER
 (shivering)
 Thanks, Super Epic!

Eric looks up and notices that Hannah is flying erratically in the air, dodging the battery of LASER SHOTS that are targeting her relentlessly.

ERIC
 (to the player)
 Hey man, can I have your helmet?
 (beat)
 And maybe your autograph, later.

Hannah fails to dodge a LASER SHOT that hits her on her left foot, which almost immediately gets covered by a THICK CRUST OF ICE.

FEMINAZI
 (filtered)
 That's your end, Butterfly!

Before the laser cannon can shoot again, a HOCKEY HELMET hits it like a meteor, wrecking the machine and creating a CASCADE OF SPARKS. The screens are now flickering.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)
 (filtered)
 Damn you, Super Epic!

Hannah lands on the ice rink, rubbing her left foot which is caked in ice. Eric approaches her.

ERIC
 Are you okay?

HANNAH

Well, I think I'll have some trouble walking.

ERIC

Is there anything that--

HANNAH

Yeah, help the other guys. I'll be fine.

Eric nods and runs diligently toward another stranded player.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Yeah. I can't walk. But I can fly.

Hannah RISES in the air.

Eric gives a last POUND on the ice, freeing the last Titan player.

He passes the player's arm over his shoulders and helps him to walk toward the edge of the rink, where the other players are enveloped in thermal blankets.

PUBLIC

(chorus)

Super! Epic! Super! Epic! Super!
Epic! Super! Epic!

Eric waves to the public as the MAYOR (50), female, and a COMMISSIONER (45), male, approach him.

MAYOR

Good job, Super Epic!

ERIC

Thank you Mrs. Mayor! But it was just my duty!

COMMISSIONER

Not wanting to be pushy, but...
what if you help the guys from the other team too?

Eric turns around.

The rink is smattered with craters on the places where the Titan players were trapped, but the Prairie Bells players are still stranded in the ice.

ERIC

Oh yeah, them...

MAYOR

(grudge)

They beat us in the last three games!

ERIC

Well, I guess it's my duty to help them too...

REFEREE (O.S.)

And the referee! Don't forget about the referee!

They look down, and notice the Referee almost completely trapped in the ice in the edge of the rink. Only his face is surfacing.

A RED BEAM hits the ice rink.

The ice melts, freeing the players and the Referee.

Hannah is floating just beside the wrecked laser canons, which are emitting sparks. She holds her screwdriver high.

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

Damn you, Super Epic! You ruined my plans again!

HANNAH

Hey, I also...

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

But I'll be back and then it will be your end!

Feminazi LAUGHS maniacally.

HANNAH

Oh, shut up!

Hannah pulls a wire from inside the jumbotron, shutting it down.

The Mayor shakes hands with Eric.

MAYOR

This city has a great deed with you, Super Epic!

ERIC

Don't worry Mrs. Mayor, I--

A group of Jocks lead by JAKE (28), buffed, aggressive, breaks the security line and rushes toward Eric.

JAKE
(deep stare)
You are the man, man!

ERIC
Oh, thanks?

Jake and the Jocks lift Eric up their shoulders.

Eric waves to the public with a childish smile on his face.

An OMINOUS MALE SILHOUETTE is staring at the arena from behind the glasses of a VIP cabin.

EXT. JOCKOZY PANORAMIC VIEW - DAWN

The sun rises over the snowy metropolis of Jockozy, which is an array of skyscrapers, the tallest one having the logo of Dorchester Corporation on its roof.

EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE FAÇADE - DAY

A suburban townhouse with two doors. One is on the top of metal stairs, leading to the upper floor residence. The other is on the ground level.

Both doors open.

Butch emerges from the top door wearing a white-collar suit topped by a coat, while Eric emerges from the lower door wearing his blue-collar outfit for winter days (worn boots, ski jacket, etcetera).

BUTCH
Morning Eric!

ERIC
Morning Butch!

Butch climbs down the stairs while Eric strolls to his parked truck.

Eric opens the door of his blue truck while Butch opens the door of his red Mini Cooper parked just behind Eric's truck.

BUTCH
See you tonight?

ERIC
Sure thing!

MONTAGE:

Eric drives his truck toward downtown.

Eric's truck is stranded in a traffic jam.

A clock with Dorchester Corporation logo displays the temperature: -22°.

He taps his fingers impatiently on the steering well.

Eric parks his truck next to a construction site.

He enters the construction site that has the logo of Dorchester Corporation at the entrance and nods at his co-workers.

He puts a construction helmet on his head.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Eric is operating a jackhammer on a boulder, without success.

ERIC
It's too cold.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(harsh)
Then wear another coat.

ERIC
I meant that it's too cold to break the rocks. The machines are useless.

SAMANTHA (32), a sexy, ruthless engineer wearing a fancy black fur coat, black Prada boots and a shiny black construction helmet, gazes with contempt at Eric, who is standing next to a huge pile of boulders.

SAMANTHA
I need those boulders reduced to pebbles today!

ERIC
Hey, I can't fight against nature.

SAMANTHA
Of course you can't, you're a stupid beefcake without a degree.
(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

On the other hand I'm an engineer,
so I know that we can not only
fight nature, but also tame that
bitch!

Samantha opens a trunk and picks up a flame-thrower.

She turns it toward one of the boulders on the pile and
FLAMES it with a maniacal grin.

She turns the flame-thrower off and tosses it to Eric.

ERIC

It will still take a lot of time.

SAMANTHA

Let's make a deal then. Do it as
fast as you can, and you'll have
the day off when you're done. But
do it today, otherwise you're
fired!

Samantha turns around and walks away.

ERIC (O.S.)

Hey Samantha.

Samantha rolls her eyes impatiently and halts.

SAMANTHA

Yes Eric?!

Eric is standing next to a big pile of pebbles.

ERIC

Can I go now?

INT. HIGH TECH LAB - DAY

Hannah, wearing a lab coat, is looking through a microscope
in a high tech science lab. The Dorchester Corporation logo
is fixed on the wall.

A Cat is on the table next to the microscope, staring at her.

HANNAH

The condensation point of this
sample is 24 degrees bellow what it
should be. Isn't that interesting,
Doc Marston?

The cat yawns and nests his head against his paws.

ERIC (O.S.)
Hey Hannah.

Eric approaches Hannah with a friendly smile. Hannah blushes slightly. She clearly has a crush on Eric.

HANNAH
Oh! Super--
(beat)
I mean, Eric! How're you doing?

ERIC
Good, got a break from work today
and I was wondering if you'd have
some time to talk. If you aren't
busy, of course.

HANNAH
No, no... Just checking some
samples of fluids with a high
concentration of silicate--

Eric yawns.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You seem to share the same opinion
as my cat on this subject.

ERIC
Sorry, maybe we could have a coffee
outside.

HANNAH
Oh, I have some coffee right here.

Hannah strolls toward a messy table. She limps a little, and Eric notices it.

ERIC
I can see that you're having a bad
time with your foot.

She pushes away a pile of papers, revealing a coffee machine.

HANNAH
Oh, nothing to worry about. It was
just that freezing beam yesterday,
but I'll be fine soon.

Hannah pours coffee into two mugs, one has a cat drawn on it and the other a message that reads "kiss a nerd."

ERIC

Feminazi was dormant for months. I really wasn't expecting her strike yesterday.

Hannah gives the mug with a cat to Eric.

HANNAH

Damn, I hate her so much! She claims to be a feminist but her discourse is in total contradiction with both mainstream and dissident feminism and their claims of--

ERIC

Wait.

Eric takes a big sip of his coffee.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Okay, now I can try to follow.

HANNAH

Nevermind. So, what brings you here?

ERIC

Oh, I just wanted to see if you were all right.

HANNAH

That's cute, Eric. Thanks, besides my foot I'm doing fine.

ERIC

And--

(beat)

Well, I also need to ask you something.

HANNAH

(expectantly)

Yes?

ERIC

You know, when it's up to your secret identity, does anyone else know... I mean, besides me?

HANNAH

Oh... that. Well, just people that I'm really close with.

ERIC
Like friends?

HANNAH
(bitter chuckle)
Ha, no... I don't have a lot of
friends besides Doc Marston over
there... and you.

ERIC
So no one else knows?

HANNAH
My parents are aware. Jewish
parents, you know... can't hide
nothing from them.

ERIC
My family doesn't know the truth
about me...

HANNAH
You should tell them, Eric! Having
an undercover identity is tough.
The support of loved ones is
essential.

ERIC
I... I don't think they'd
understand... you know... I grew up
in the countryside...

HANNAH
This is ridiculous, why wouldn't
your parents be proud of you?

ERIC
Well... Actually--

DORCHESTER (O.S.)
Mrs. Lasevitz!

DORCHESTER (30), playboy tycoon, heir of the Dorchester
Corporation Empire and Napoleonically short, storms into the
lab with a report in his hands.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
I've read your report about our new
nanobots. You can't just talk about
health hazards like that! We're
running a business here!

HANNAH

But Mr. Dorchester, the toxicity level of--

Dorchester turns his attention to Eric.

DORCHESTER

(suddenly friendly)

I wasn't aware that you had a visitor.

HANNAH

Oh, this is--

Dorchester shakes hand with Eric.

DORCHESTER

Who are you, big guy?

ERIC

I'm Eric... And you must be Mr. Dorchester, the guy that owns the town.

DORCHESTER

(laughing)

That's an exaggeration, I only own 67% of the town! And please, call me Chess!

ERIC

Okay... Chess...

DORCHESTER

So, do you play hockey? Because, you know, I own the Jockozy Titans and we're having some issues with some sissy players that couldn't stand with the chill yesterday.

ERIC

No, I don't play hockey, sir.

DORCHESTER

Chess! Call me Chess!

Dorchester stares at Eric for a moment.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)

I've got quite a good eye when I see someone with potential.

(gives Eric a card)

Call me anytime, I can put you in touch with the Titans coach.

ERIC

Tha... Thanks sir.. I mean...
Chess!

DORCHESTER

(to Hannah)

And you...

(slams the report on the
table)

Rewrite it!

HANNAH

Yes Chess!

Dorchester stares at Hannah in a threatening way.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I mean, Mr. Dorchester!

Dorchester nods at Eric and walks away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

One of my colleagues ran a poll
about which nickname we should give
to him. We had a tie between Mr.
Douchester and Mr. Dorkester.

ERIC

He sounded like a nice guy to me.

HANNAH

Yes, to you...

(beat)

So Eric, I think I just got a lot
of extra work, can I help you with
something else?

ERIC

Actually, yes. The fanny pack--

HANNAH

It's quite practical, huh?

ERIC

Yes, and thank you very much for
designing it but... you know...
Could my outfit be inside something
less...

(beat)

...gay?

INT. SAUNA - NIGHT

Eric, Butch, Stockwell and Corey are sitting beside each other in this order in a hot tube carved in the ground. Corey is leaning his head against the tub's rim and has a wet towel over his eyes while Eric and Stockwell look bored.

Butch looks with discomfort to Eric and then to Stockwell, as he is squeezed between them.

BUTCH

Okay, who got this stupid idea of coming to a sauna?

COREY

Me, and it's not stupid. It's the only place where I can relax and not think about killing people...

Butch, Eric and Stockwell look at Corey with shock.

COREY (CONT'D)

...in video-games.

STOCKWELL

At least the view is fine.

Two pairs of female legs walk behind them. Butch and Stockwell follow them with their eyes while Eric looks ahead with indifference.

COREY

They also have masseuses. Ask for Connie, for some extra-bucks you'll get a happy ending.

BUTCH

I don't need masseuses to have happy endings.

STOCKWELL

The only one that gets free happy endings here is me, and that's because I'm married.

BUTCH

I'll show you!

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (30) wearing a bathrobe and holding a gym bag is passing behind them.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Hey, you.

The Attractive Woman turns her attention to Butch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You look like you're lost.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
I'm new to town actually.

BUTCH
Oh really? Maybe you need someone
nice to show you around.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
That might be interesting.

BUTCH
I agree, and I could show you
Jockozy's greatest landmark.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
And what would it be?

BUTCH
(smooth)
My new vibrating mattress.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
That'd be awesome! Here...

She picks a taser from her gym bag.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)
I love gadgets too!

She raises the taser over the hot tube and turns it on,
emitting some SPARKS.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)
I wonder what will happen if I
accidentally drop it.

Eric, Stockwell and Butch desperately try to get out of the
hot tube, but they bounce and stumble against each other
while Corey, still with a towel over his eyes, stays still.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)
Oh, it seems that you aren't
interested anymore. Too bad...

The Attractive Woman strolls away while Eric, Stockwell and
Butch return to their initial positions.

COREY
You're a loser, Butch.

BUTCH

(sad)

I don't get it. Chicks love vibrating mattresses.

ERIC

(putting his arm on
Butch's shoulders)

Relax man, you're too good for her.

BUTCH

(needy)

Do you think so?

ERIC

Yes, you're an awesome guy, it just isn't your lucky night.

Stockwell whispers at Corey's ear, who nods and grins wickedly.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Lucky nights... I miss them...

ERIC (O.S.)

Come on, I'm sure that at some point--

STOCKWELL

How cute.

COREY

(taking the towel out of
his face)

Now kiss!

BUTCH

Shut up, guys.

COREY

You two are so closeted!

ERIC

Hey! I--

STOCKWELL

Seriously. You guys are stuck together since... forever?

COREY

You even live at the same place!

BUTCH

We don't live at the same place!
We're just neighbors! And I'm not
gay!

STOCKWELL

How can you be so sure?

BUTCH

Because I think Eric is repulsive,
that's why!

ERIC

Hey, I'm not repulsive!

BUTCH

I didn't mean to--

COREY

Why you just don't kiss him to
settle the issue?

BUTCH

What?! I'm not kissing Eric! That's
gross!

ERIC

(angry)

So now you think I'm gross, huh?

BUTCH

Stop being a drag queen, Eric.

Eric looks at him, insulted

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Shit! I meant drama queen! Drama!

STOCKWELL

Just kiss him, Butch! So we'll know
if what you have with Eric is just
friendship!

COREY

Yeah, that's the only way to be
sure.

BUTCH

I... I...

ERIC

I'm in!

BUTCH

Wait--

Eric hugs Butch and kisses him intensely in the mouth.

STOCKWELL

You owe me twenty bucks, Corey.

COREY

Can't believe that we really made them kiss.

Butch squirms and gets out of Eric's grasp.

BUTCH

Okay! Done! I'm straight and I've never been more sure about that!

STOCKWELL

And was it good for you, Eric?

ERIC

Well, actually, it was like...

(beat)

Kissing my sister.

Butch looks insulted at him.

BUTCH

My kiss is way better than your sister's!

ERIC

(standing up)

Talking about family, I got to go.

BUTCH

Hey, already?! It's Friday night, sit down!

ERIC

Sorry guys, but my parents are coming to town early tomorrow. And I... I'll need to talk to them about... a thing.

Eric stares ahead with a pensive expression while Butch looks at him with a puzzled face.

ERIC (CONT'D)

See ya guys.

COREY

See ya!

Bye!

STOCKWELL

Eric steps out of the tube and walks away, leaving the three lads in awkward silence.

COREY

So.

(beat)

Who wanna meet Connie?

Butch steps out of the tube.

COREY (CONT'D)

She's clean, man!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAUNA - NIGHT

Eric is walking with a towel around his waist.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Eric!

Butch reaches Eric also with a towel around his waist.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

What do you want to talk to your parents?

ERIC

(sigh)

About... a thing.

BUTCH

By thing... You mean, the thing?

Eric nods.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

The thingy-thing?

ERIC

It's time, man. I can't hide it anymore.

BUTCH

Why not? It's been cool the way it is, don't you think so?

ERIC

Hey! You're not in my shoes. You don't know how it feels...

BUTCH

Nope. I don't know how it feels. I mean... How having the thing feels.

Eric looks down, nervous.

ERIC

How did you figure out? You know, I never had to tell--

BUTCH

We're best buds, man. I knew about the thing for years. At some point I just had to ask.

ERIC

Thanks for not freaking out.

(beat)

Butch. Could you... Be there tomorrow? My parents like you, so if they freak out about the thing--

BUTCH

I'll be there for you.

Eric smiles and opens his arms.

ERIC

Bro hug?

Eric's towel slips and Butch looks around, nervous.

BUTCH

I... I think I'll catch up with the guys, they wanted me to meet Connie.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAWN

Eric's truck approaches Jockozy's airport.

INT. AIRPORT LOBBY - DAY

Eric is standing next to an almost sleepy Butch, who is sipping from a paper cup of coffee and rubbing his eyes.

BUTCH

You weren't joking when you said that they were coming early.

MARILYN-JOY (O.S.)

Eric!

MARILYN-JOY (58), a heavy-set, energetic woman, approaches Eric and is followed by her frail husband NORMAN (60). They both seem to have been directly zapped from Whitetrashland.

Marilyn-Joy bear hugs Eric, lifting him from the ground.
Butch shakes hands with Norman.

MARILYN-JOY (CONT'D)
There's my little baby!

ERIC
How was your flight?

NORMAN
Oh, it was bumpy, but--

Marilyn-Joy releases Eric.

MARILYN-JOY
Shut up, Norman. It was bumpy, but
nothing that we couldn't endure,
right honey?

NORMAN
Yes dear, nothing--

MARILYN-JOY
Shut up, Norman.
(turning to Butch)
And look who's here!

BUTCH
Hi Marilyn-Joy, how are--

She bear-hugs Butch. Some CRACKING sounds as she tightens her arms around him.

MARILYN-JOY
You know, there's someone who will
be really happy to see you here.

Marilyn-Joy drops Butch and turns back.

BEVERLY-ANN (27), the lost twin sister of Honey Boo Boo's mother, opens roughly her way through the crowd to the baggage carousel.

She picks without effort a huge trunk and turns back.

BEVERLY-ANN
Butch?

Butch gulps, nervous.

Beverly-Ann runs toward him and bear-hugs him as hard as her mother. More CRACKING sounds.

BEVERLY-ANN (CONT'D)
You're still handsome, do you know that?

BUTCH
And you are even... bigger, Beverly-Ann.

Beverly-Ann drops Butch and gives him a friendly but strong punch on the arm.

BEVERLY-ANN
Don't be silly, I've always been bigger than you! Even when we had our first kiss and--

BUTCH
So, what brings you guys to the big city?

NORMAN
Well, Kim--

BEVERLY-ANN
Shut up, dad. It's my daughter Kimberly-May, she was selected for the State pageant finals.

ERIC
(looking around)
And... Where is she?

MARILYN-JOY
She--
(beat)
Crap!

Marilyn-Joy opens Beverly-Ann's trunk and KIMBERLY-MAY (5), chubby, big for her age, emerges happily from it.

KIMBERLY-MAY
Uncle Eric!

She rushes toward Eric who receives her in a hug while Butch stares astonished at the open trunk.

BUTCH
Did she travel there?!

MARILYN-JOY

Hey, we had a bad harvest of wheat this year! Besides that Norman will be the one travelling in the trunk when we go back tomorrow. Right, honey?

Marilyn-Joy rubs gently her husband's face.

NORMAN

Yes, I--

MARILYN-JOY

(tenderly)

Shut up, Norman.

INT. ERIC'S TRUCK - DAY

Eric is driving his truck. Norman is besides him. Butch is sitting in the back seat with Kimberly-May on his lap and squeezed between Marilyn-Joy and Beverly-Ann, who is staring at Butch with a big, hungry smile.

Butch notices Beverly-Ann's stare and gulps.

BUTCH

So Beverly-Ann, how's your... husband going.

BEVERLY-ANN

Oh, he died.

KIMBERLY-MAY

And it was a bloooody mess!

BEVERLY-ANN

It wasn't my fault! He was the one who couldn't get out of the combine harvester's way in time. I yelled, but he didn't bulge. It was like... he wanted that.

BUTCH

I... I'm sorry for your loss.

BEVERLY-ANN

Don't be, he was a drunk jerk. Not a cute gentleman like you.

Beverly-Ann grins at Butch, who looks nervously away.

BUTCH

Eric? Don't you have something to say to your family?

ERIC

Yup. We're arriving.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - DAY

A large and fancy Downtown hotel.

INT. FANCY HOTEL HALL - DAY

A great sign reading "Dorchester Corporation presents the 16th State Pageant" welcomes Butch, Eric and his family to the hall. It's clear that Kimberly-May will have tough competition since--

Many mothers are giving their best to doll up their daughters in order to make them look like the adults they are not.

Butch and Eric look ahead with perplexed faces.

BUTCH

No way!

Butch and the others approach Stockwell and Corey.

ERIC

What are you guys doing here?

COREY

I'm here for the MILFs.

ERIC

No, seriously.

Corey frowns.

STOCKWELL

I've a wife and kid, remember?

MICHELLE (28), dishevelled, pregnant, works frenetically on the make-up of her daughter CANDY (6), who is wearing an outfit that would make her sexy if she was 12 years older.

MICHELLE

Repeat after me, Candy! "I'll win!
I'll win!"

CANDY

I'll win!

COREY
Damn, she's hot.

Stockwell, Eric and Butch give a repressive stare at Corey.

COREY (CONT'D)
I'm talking about Stockwell's wife!

STOCKWELL
You are sick, Corey!

COREY
I--

STOCKWELL
Candy! Show him who's sexy here!

Candy starts to TWERK.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)
Faster!

BEVERLY-ANN
Is that your daughter's dancing
routine for the pageant?

STOCKWELL
(proudly)
Yup.

BEVERLY-ANN
My Kimberly-May will stick with
something more traditional.

Kimberly-Ann starts to TAP DANCE.

MICHELLE
But the dancing routine's theme
this year is twerking. See?

They look around and all the Contestants are TWERKING before
the severe scrutiny of their respective mothers.

KIMBERLY-MAY
I don't know how to do that!

STOCKWELL
Great, one less in our way.

Stockwell and Michelle high-five as a PAGEANT COMMISSIONER
walks into the stage.

PAGEANT COMMISSIONER

I'm glad to inform that we are ready to start in fifteen minutes. We'd like to invite our contestants for a final touch in their makeups!

The girls in the room walk away. Kimberly-May is ready to follow the flow but Beverly-Ann holds her by the shoulder.

BEVERLY-ANN

Where do you think you are going, little lady? We've fifteen minutes to learn this *twerping* thing!

INT. POWDER ROOM - DAY

Candy and the other girls enter the Power Room. Feminazi, with her back turned to the girls and wearing a hairdresser jacket, is waiting for them.

FEMINAZI

Hello, girls.

Feminazi turns ahead, revealing her face without her mask and a broad, maniacal smile. She holds a lipstick as if it was a knife.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)

Welcome to the POW! Der Room!

Feminazi laughs maniacally while the girls look at her with perplexity.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)

(suddenly serious)

Who goes first?

INT. FANCY HOTEL HALL - DAY

A HOCKEY MOM OF SORTS (32), is helping herself at a table with snacks when Butch approaches the table trying to look casual. He fails.

But still, the Hockey Mom of Sorts smiles and nods politely at him.

BUTCH

So, good luck to your daughter.

HOCKEY MOM OF SORTS

That's sweet. Good luck to yours too.

BUTCH
I don't have a daughter.

The Hockey Mom frowns.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
I... I'm here just to watch.
(gulp)
I love to watch those girls.

The Hockey Mom turns her back to Butch and walks away.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
I've a vibrating mattress!

HOCKEY MOM OF SORTS (O.S.)
Security!

Butch walks frustrated as he passes by Corey, who is talking with ANOTHER HOCKEY MOM (30). She gives him a piece of paper.

ANOTHER HOCKEY MOM
Call me, okay?

She walks away.

BUTCH
How do you do that?!

COREY
Lying, of course. I just said that
I've a daughter whose name is
Connie, plays piano and wants to be
secretary of state when she grows
up.

Eric shows up, with a flushed face.

ERIC
I'm ready!

BUTCH
Ready to what?

ERIC
To tell them about the thing!

BUTCH
Oh right... Go for it, bro!

ERIC
(grabbing Butch by the
arm)
You come with me!

Eric drags Butch to the chairs where his parents are watching Kimberly-May's terrible twerking.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Dad! Mom! I've... a thing to tell!
(beat)
I--

PAGEANT COMISSIONER (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen!

They turn around and look at the Pageant Comissioner on a stage.

PAGEANT COMISSIONER (CONT'D)
Welcome to the State Pageant
finals! Let's welcome our dear
sponsor, Mr. Dorchester from
Dorchester Corporation!

The Pageant Comissioner looks at her side with a big smile.

Her smile slowly fades as no one comes.

DORCHESTER (O.S.)
This way?

The Pageant Comissioner nods nervously as Dorchester stumbles onto the stage, clearly drunk, holding a whisky cup.

He grabs the microphone.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
What's up, kids?

The Comissioner hands him a sheet of paper.

PAGEANT COMISSIONER
(whispering)
Your speech, sir.

DORCHESTER
(grabbing the sheet of
paper)
Cool.

Dorchester walks out of the stage as he tries to read the paper.

The public applauds him without enthusiasm.

The Comissioner gets the microphone and smiles nervously.

PAGEANT COMISSIONER
 And now we have a special guest!
 Welcome... Butterfly!

Hannah, wearing her Butterfly costume, flies into the hall and lands onto the stage with a proud smile.

The girls glance at her, not impressed at all.

HANNAH
 Thank you very much for your invitation. I think beauty pageants are an atrocious tool to tame women, and that's particularly cruel considering your tender age.
 (beat)
 But, hey! I'm happy to be here and I consider all of you winners! What if I answer some questions?

The girls raise their hands.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Oh, that's good, you've questions, it means that your little brains are working.
 (pointing to a girl)
 You.

GIRL #1
 Is Super Epic nice?

HANNAH
 Ah... Yeah... He's nice.

GIRL #2
 Can you give me Super Epic's e-mail?

HANNAH
 I... No. Next.

GIRL #3
 Why does Super Epic hang out with you? You are so ugly! And--

HANNAH
 Okay, you know what? No questions about Super Epic! Only questions from girls to girl about girls!

All the girls but one lower their hands.

GIRL #4

Why is your hair so greasy? Don't
you wash it?

The Girls LAUGH as Hannah rubs defensively her hair.

HANNAH

My hair isn't greasy!

Hannah picks a fur ball from her hair. The public reacts with
an EEEWWW!

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's a fur ball! I have a cat!

Hannah flies backstage, almost crying.

PAGEANT COMMISSIONER

Thank you, Butterfly!

(suddenly solemn)

Now, one minute of silence as we
honor last year's contestants who
couldn't be with us today because
they got fat.

A screen is lowered and displays a sequence of black and
white pictures of skinny girls with their names.

Suddenly the sequence of pictures is interrupted by the
projection of a grinning Feminazi.

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

Hello, future housewives.

Hannah stops crying in the backstage and raises her head.

FEMINAZI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

Do you know what I hate more than
men? Submissive women, no matter
their age.

Eric discretely retreats to the bathroom as his friends and
family are staring ahead.

FEMINAZI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

That's why I thought it was time
for a makeover in our next
generations.

Candy and the other girls are looking ahead when, slowly,
their makeup start to thicken, becoming a GREYISH CRUST.

Candy and the girls SCREAM as their parents look in horror at their faces.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)

(filtered)

Don't worry, you still have ten minutes before the crust covers their little cute faces and they smother!

Hannah enters in the stage and faces Feminazi with anger.

HANNAH

Not if I can stop your ludicrous travesty of feminism, Feminazi!

Feminazi blinks for some seconds.

FEMINAZI

(filtered)

Well, I suppose Butterfly is in the room and just made some kind of obnoxious remark. Anyway, don't mind looking after me. This is a recording and...

INT. FANCY HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

Feminazi is walking to the exit with a wicked smile while she puts her mask--

FEMINAZI (V.O.)

(filtered)

...by now...

She passes before two Security Guards, as she slowly takes off her white hairdresser jacket, revealing the dominatrix outfit underneath it.

FEMINAZI (V.O.)

(filtered)

... I'm far, far away.

The Security Guards look at each other and unsheathe their batons, running after Feminazi.

They raise their batons and--

A SLASH from Feminazi's whip makes it curl around their batons.

She pulls the batons from their grasps with a jolt.

Feminazi looks at them with a nasty smile and--

SLASH at them again, knocking them out as the batons, curled by her whip, hit them hard on their heads.

She opens the exit door as the two Security Guards are on the ground, passed out, next to their batons.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Eric is wearing his uniform as his mask is on the sink.

Eric looks at the door with the corner of his eyes. Some MUFFLED MALE VOICES coming from the other side.

He runs to one of the stalls and closes the door just before--

Butch, Stockwell and Corey enter the bathroom.

STOCKWELL

That's it, in some minutes my Candy will be gone and she not even had the chance to win this pageant!

BUTCH

Relax man, I'm sure that Butterfly will figure out how to save the girls.

Corey picks a joint and a lighter from his pocket.

COREY

Pfff, Butterfly? She's useless. Sorry to say that, but your daughter is a goner.

Butch and Stockwell look at Corey in shock as he lights his joint nonchalantly.

STOCKWELL

Maybe... Maybe I should stay with her during her last moments and--

COREY

(passing the joint)
Or you could relax.

Stockwell shrugs and picks the joint, taking a big puff.

BUTCH

Damn Stockwell, I know that your kid is gonna die, but leave some for me!

Stockwell passes the joint to Butch who takes a puff too.

COREY

I wish Super Epic was here, man!
He'd save your girl in no time!

BUTCH

But he is here.

Corey and Stockwell look at Butch in confusion, who is staring at the sink.

They turn their attention to the sink and notice Super Epic's mask.

Corey grabs it eagerly.

COREY

No way! How much do you think I'll get for that on E-Bay?

BUTCH

That doesn't belong to you, Corey!

COREY

I found it, so it's mine!

Butch looks around.

BUTCH

Super Epic? Would you be... here?

Some moments of silence.

ERIC (O.S.)

Yeah.

They all look at the toilet stall.

Corey rushes toward it the toilet stall's door with his smartphone.

Eric covers his face as Corey's smartphone shoots FLASHES in alternation from both over and under the door.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Stop!

BUTCH

Corey, just return his mask!

COREY

For free?

STOCKWELL
We're talking about my daughter's
life, asshole!

COREY
(reluctant)
Fine!

Corey passes the mask under the door and Eric's grabs it.

ERIC (O.S.)
Thanks Co... I mean, citizens!

They stay still, looking at the door with expectation.

BUTCH
Aren't you coming out?

ERIC (O.S.)
I prefer to have more... privacy.

COREY
Are you taking a dump?

STOCKWELL
You don't have time for a dump! My
daughter and--

ERIC (O.S.)
Just get out!

BUTCH
Let's go guys. Super Epic needs
some space.

Butch, Stockwell and Corey walk out of the bathroom.

Eric, wearing his mask, opens a crack in the door.

He breathes in relief as he notices that his friends are no longer in the bathroom.

He walks out, letting the door wide open and revealing that Norman is actually inside the stall, sitting on the toilet bowl with his pants down and widemouthed.

INT. FANCY HOTEL HALL - DAY

A swarm of Mothers is surrounding and shouting nervously and at the same time to the Pageant Commissioner, who has her cellphone at her ear.

PAGEANT COMISSIONER
I know! I know! I'm trying to
contact our sponsor! Please stop
yelling at me!

EXT. FANCY HOTEL FAÇADE - DAY

Dorchester is standing next to a limousine as he sips the last drops of whisky from his glass and reads the sheet of paper. Cellphone MUFFLED RINGING sound.

He clenches his fist around the sheet of paper and toss it away.

DORCHESTER
Stupid speech.

He looks at the empty glass in a more than tipsy way.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
Stupid whisky.

He tosses the glass away and picks a smartphone in his pocket that reads on its screen "Pageant Bitchy Lady calling".

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
Stupid pageant.

He tosses his cellphone away and enters the limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Dorchester grabs a bottle of whisky from the mini-fridge inside the limousine.

DORCHESTER
What are we still doing in this
stupid place?! Go!

Feminazi is sitting on the Driver's seat and turns her head back with her usual mean smile.

FEMINAZI
To your stupid penthouse, Mr.
Dorchester?

EXT. FANCY HOTEL FAÇADE - DAY

The limousine drives away, revealing a tied Driver in uniform squirming on the ground.

INT. FANCY HOTEL HALL - DAY

Butch, Stockwell and Corey are standing some feet away of the bathroom's door. Corey is checking his smartphone.

BUTCH
Got his face?

COREY
Nope, they are all blurred.

The door opens and Eric, in his Super Epic costume, walks into the hall.

STOCKWELL
There he is!

The mothers next to her daughters, that now have almost their whole faces caked in solid, grey crust, turn their heads and smile in relief.

The crowd surrounds Eric as Norman sneaks out of the bathroom, unnoticed.

He approaches Marilyn-Joy, who is trying to put a photographic film in an old style camera.

NORMAN
Honey, you won't believe--

MARILYN-JOY
Shut up, Norman. Can't you see that I'm busy here?

NORMAN
But honey, Eric--

She manages to put the film into the camera.

MARILYN-JOY
Ha! I knew that there was a trick!
(handling the camera to Norman)
Why don't you do something useful for once and take some pictures of me with Super Epic!

She turns to where Eric is and sighs.

MARILYN-JOY (CONT'D)
What a hunk!

Eric open his way through the crowd toward a table at which Hannah has all sorts of cleaning products and is mixing them.

ERIC
Hey Butterfly, what's--

HANNAH
Not now, Super Epic! I'm using some
cleaning products that I found in
the janitor's room in order to
find...

Eric shrugs and walks toward Stockwell and Candy.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
... the perfect acidic point that
will react to that alkaline crust
on the girls' faces without harming
their skins.

Eric tells something to Stockwell, who picks up Candy and
holds her high.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
The greatest challenge here is that
most cleaning products have a
component of caustic soda, which,
as an alkali salt--

Eric punches Candy in the face, what is followed by SOUNDS OF
CONCERN from the public that distract Hannah.

As Eric removes his big clenched from Candy's face, the crust
cracks and falls down, revealing the girl's now reddish skin.

The mothers grab their daughters and raise them toward Eric.

HOCKEY MOM OF SORTS
Please, punch my daughter too!

ANOTHER HOCKEY MOM
No! Punch mine first! I beg you!

ERIC
Calm down! I'll punch every little
girl in this room!

Hannah sighs and, with a hand, sweeps all the improvised
chemistry set on the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FANCY HOTEL HALL - NIGHT

The little contestants are standing next to each other on the stage. All of them but Kimberly-May spot an unhealthy reddish shade on their faces.

PAGEANT COMMISSIONER
And the winner of this year's State
Pageant is... Kimberly-Ann Gauge!

A Staff Worker puts a tiara on a radiantly happy Kimberly-May's head as she is being profusely APPLAUDED.

She turns around and starts to TWERK clumsily to the public.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Eric's family and friends are gathered together at a large table having dinner.

Kimberly-May is eating a pie while Candy looks at her with jealousy.

Candy turns to her parents.

CANDY
Can I have a pie too?

MICHELLE
Oh sweetie, you know the rule.
Desserts are only for winners!

CANDY
But I want a pie!

STOCKWELL
(as he eats a pie)
Your mom said winner, not whiner!

Eric is eating his dessert too, as Norman is staring at him.

As Eric approaches his spoon to his mouth, Norman does the same.

As Eric swallows, Norman mimics him.

Eric notices what his father is doing when he is chewing and lowering his spoon, since his father is performing the exact same moves.

ERIC
Are you okay, dad?

MARILYN-JOY
Is your stupid father bothering
you, sweetheart?

ERIC
No.
(beat)
But... There's... a thing... I need
to tell you.

He looks at the others at the table, who are distracted
talking.

ERIC (CONT'D)
All of you.

MARILYN-JOY
Sure sweetie.
(yelling)
Can you all shut up! My little Eric
has something to say!

They stop talking and look at Eric. Norman has a proud smile.

ERIC
First of all... Thanks for being my
family... And I'm talking about you
guys too. Stockwell, Corey and
specially you, Butch. You are my
brothers.
(gulp)
So, there's a thing about me.

Norman releases an awkward chuckle and Eric looks at him out
of the corner of his eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)
A thing that you should know.

Norman chuckles again and Marilyn-Joy gives him a SNAP on the
back of his head.

MARILYN-JOY
Are you stupid or something?!

NORMAN
Sorry honey... It's just that...
(more chuckles)
It's just that I know, son!

ERIC
Do... you?

Norman stands up.

NORMAN

Yes, I know and I'm proud!
 (beat)
 Please, go on, son! Tell the truth
 to your family and friends!

ERIC

Well.
 (beat)
 I'm--

NORMAN

Super Epic! He's Super Epic!

MARILYN-JOY

Norman! Have you been drinking?!
 I'll punch you so hard if--

NORMAN

Tell them, Eric!

Eric looks around, particularly at Butch who has an incredulous, shocked face.

ERIC

Well, actually--
 (beat)
 It's true. I'm Super Epic.

NORMAN

See that silly fanny pack? It's
 where he keeps the uniform! And--

BUTCH (O.S.)

That's impossible.

NORMAN

What?

BUTCH

Come on! I'm this guy's best
 friend! If he were Super Epic I'd
 know! Right, Eric?

Eric lowers his head ashamed and Butch's expression shifts from surprise and shock to anger while Corey and Stockwell stand up and surround Eric.

COREY

Duuuude! That rocks!

STOCKWELL

I've a question! How does it feel
 when you smash things?

ERIC
Feels normal. I'm just stronger,
guys. No big deal.

BUTCH
(ironic)
Yeah, no big deal. Just the kind of
stuff that you should hide from
your friends.

ERIC
Butch, it was for your own
protection! Can you imagine what'd
happen if a super-villain like
Feminazi were aware that we are
friends?

BUTCH
Oh I see. Yeah, you should just
share lame stuff.

MARILYN-JOY
What is he talking about, son?

ERIC
Nothing, he's just being a dick.

BUTCH
(mean)
Oh, I can tell. Marilyn-Joy,
Norman, I have a surprise for you.
Eric is--

ERIC
Really happy to be here.

MARILYN-JOY
So are we.

BUTCH
(jealous)
Oh yeah. Eric the good boy! Now the
superhero! He's flawless!

ERIC
Butch, stop.

BUTCH
Tell me guys, would you still like
Eric that much if he had some kind,
of totally hypothetical issue...
dunno... for example...
(beat)
If he were gay.

They all stay in sudden shocked silence for some seconds.

KIMBERLY-MAY
You mean gay like a faggot?

Suddenly Norman starts to LAUGH his ass off.

NORMAN
Eric, a faggot? Come on! That's ridiculous!

MARILYN-JOY
Shut u--

NORMAN
(standing up)
Eric could never be some kind of queer fairy boy! I mean look at him!
(pats Eric's back)
He's strong as ten bulls, he's more man than any man will ever be and--

MARILYN-JOY
Shut up, Norman!

NORMAN
No Marilyn-Joy! I won't shut up this time! Why should I shut up when I'm so proud to have a son who's a true man with balls, who's not a damn, fucking, disgusting faggot!
(to Eric)
And you aren't a faggot, right son?

Eric sighs and doesn't answer.

Norman looks at him with a desperate face.

ERIC
No dad, I'm not a faggot.

Eric stands up and walks away.

NORMAN
What did I--

MARILYN-JOY
That's why you must shut up, Norman. Always. Shut. Up.

Marilyn-Joy runs toward where Eric went as Corey and Stockwell look accusatively at Butch.

COREY

You know, it's not because you notice something that you need to rub it in someone's face.

STOCKWELL

Yeah. Like, I'm slightly overweight, but you don't need to remember me about that.

BUTCH

I'm--

STOCKWELL

An idiot.

Butch looks away, nervous.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Eric is walking with long, angry strides away from the restaurant.

MARILYN-JOY (O.S.)

Son!

Eric stops and crosses his arms with an angry face as Marilyn-Joy reaches him.

MARILYN-JOY (CONT'D)

Forgive your dad. He's just a stupid little man.

ERIC

I'm not mad at him. He asked if I was a faggot and I answered.

MARILYN-JOY

With the truth?

Eric looks down, ashamed.

MARILYN-JOY (CONT'D)

(shrugging)

We were aware that you are special since you were a little baby, Eric. You know...

Marilyn-Joy looks up dramatically, staring at the night sky.

ERIC

Mom...

(beat)

Am I adopted?

MARILYN-JOY

What?! Hell no! You were special because you were born with three balls! How many babies have three balls?!

ERIC

Oh... that...

MARILYN-JOY

(holding his hands)

I don't have any concern about you, dear. You're my little baby and I'll love you, whatever you do with your life.

She hugs Eric tenderly.

ERIC

Thanks, mom.

MARILYN-JOY

Well, my job here is done. It seems that there's someone else who needs to talk to you.

Marilyn-Joy lets Eric go, and as he looks back Butch is standing on the sidewalk.

MARILYN-JOY (CONT'D)

(walking away)

Behave boys!

Eric glances coldly at Butch.

ERIC

(ironic)

Thanks for the support with my parents, you're a great friend.

BUTCH

Oh, you wanna talk about friendship then? Okay! Let's open this can of worms! You're a friend with a guy for twenty five years--

ERIC

Twenty six and four months.

BUTCH

--And he doesn't even bother to tell that he can split you in half with a flicker of his fingers!

ERIC

I'd never split you in half!

BUTCH

How can I be sure?

Eric furiously grabs Butch by the collar and squeezes him against a metallic door.

ERIC

(roaring)

Do you think I like to be a freakshow?!

Eric drops Butch, who falls on the ground, coughing, revealing a light indentation on the metallic door.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Butch stares at Eric with fear.

Eric approaches his hand to Butch.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Come on, don't stare at me like that...

Butch holds Eric's hand who helps him to stand up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I--

BUTCH

At least I know now why you'd always kick my ass when we had a fight.

Eric chuckles as Butch grins.

ERIC

Believe me, I was taking it easy with you.

BUTCH

To not split me in half?

ERIC

Exactly.

(beat)

We're cool, right?

BUTCH

Yeah. Let's go.

Butch and Eric walk back to the restaurant in silence.

They halt when they reach an electronic store showcasing some TV sets.

On the TV screen, a TV News Reporter stands before a skyscraper identified as "Dorchester Tower". The headline reads "Feminazi holds owner of Dorchester Corp hostage".

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Go for her, bro.

Eric turns to Butch, who is smiling and has his clenched fist raised toward his friend.

Eric bumps Butch's fist and walks away.

Butch's smile fades as he assumes an expression of jealousy.

EXT. DORCHESTER TOWER - FAÇADE - NIGHT

A large crowd surrounds the façade of Dorchester Tower and are being contained by a police line, inside which Hannah is talking to the Mayor.

HANNAH

It's a trap.

MAYOR

Might be, but we don't have a choice. She has Dorchester, and he's my party's greatest donat... I mean... He's a valuable citizen of this town.

Sudden CHEERS and Hannah and the Mayor turn their heads back.

Eric, wearing his Super Epic costume, passes by the crowd as he high-five some of them, including Jake and his jock friends, who are holding beer cans.

Eric approaches Hannah and the Mayor.

ERIC

What's the situation?

MAYOR

We have Feminazi on the Tower's roof and she wants to negotiate.

ERIC

Fine, there's one or two things that I wanna tell her.

MAYOR

Actually... She wants to talk to Butterfly. Alone.

HANNAH

You can stay here, if things--

ERIC

But... That's dangerous!

HANNAH

Why? Because I'm a woman?

ERIC

Yeah!

(oops)

I mean, no! It's because... You... Well... I--

Hannah frowns and shakes her head as she starts to RISE in the air.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Damn.

Eric turns back to the public.

Eric'S POV:

Jake and the jocks are taking out their coats, to reveal the letters "S U P E R I C", in this order, painted on their built torsos.

Eric smiles and--

Runs to the building, which he starts to--

Climb.

The jocks cheer him on, except for Jake, who looks at him with passionate admiration.

EXT. DORCHESTER TOWER - ROOF - NIGHT

MUSIC: Richard Wagner's "*So ist es denn aus mit dem ewigen Göttern!*" aria (Fricka's aria) from the Opera "*Die Walkure.*"

Hannah lands onto the building's rooftop.

She looks at a large antenna, which has some SPARKS flowing along its structure.

Feminazi, wearing a Viking helmet, is standing next to an old turntables. A helicopter with a swastika painted on its shell is behind her.

FEMINAZI

Wagner! His music has the grandiosity that reflects my cause and my goals. Can you feel it?

HANNAH

Feel what?

FEMINAZI

The women's liberation day coming!

HANNAH

And its soundtrack is music composed by a guy?

FEMINAZI

That's an unimportant detail.

HANNAH

What's your sick plot this time, Feminazi?

FEMINAZI

Simple. I'm charging that antenna with ions that, once released, will annihilate the life of any human being that has an 'X' chromosome. As you know, men have a chromosome 'XY', so we'll be free of--

HANNAH

And women have a chromosome "XX", so women will be twice as dead.

Feminazi stares at Hannah for a moment.

She turns off the turntables.

FEMINAZI

Are you sure?

HANNAH

Yeah.

(beat)

I don't think that's an unimportant detail.

FEMINAZI

See! I need the help of someone that can pay attention to details! Someone like you! Together we'll get rid of all the male scum and--

Eric finally joins them on the roof.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)

Traitor! You brought that brute with you!

HANNAH

Super Epic! Get rid of the antenna!

Eric nods and runs to the antenna while Feminazi enters the helicopter.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Get out of there and let's fight!

The helix start to spin and a set of machine guns and missile propellers EMERGE from the helicopter's shell.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

MONTAGE:

Hannah flies away while Feminazi's helicopter chases her in the city's sky.

Hannah flips, trying to get away from the aircraft, which--

Seems to mimic perfectly every one of her moves.

The helicopter FIRES its machine guns at Hannah, who dodges quickly at a close angle.

Hannah looks behind and notices that the aircraft managed to make the same angled turn and is right behind her, still shooting.

Eric grabs one of the large antenna's beams and pulls it up with all his strength.

Hannah is flying as fast as she can, the skyscrapers passing by her side in high speed. The helicopter only some feet behind her.

She flies into an open window, leaving the aircraft behind.

Hannah crouches next to the window inside an apartment.

She turns back and widens her eyes when she notices that the apartment's walls are decorated with posters featuring Butterfly.

A SCRUFFY MAN walks into the room holding an inflatable doll wearing only a cheap reproduction of Butterfly's mask.

Hannah's face twitches with revulsion.

Feminazi's aircraft faces the window.

As the Scruffy Man walks by the window with curiosity, the helicopter--

LAUNCHES A ROCKET, which--

HITS AND EXPLODES in the Scruffy Man's apartment.

Inside the aircraft, Feminazi checks a radar, which is blinking.

The helicopter quickly turns around as Hannah apparently flies errantly away in the distance.

The aircraft SHOOTS another battery of bullets, which--

Hits the floating inflatable doll, while--

Hannah picks a cylindrical device from her utility belt and sticks it underneath the helicopter.

She flies back as the helicopter makes a quick 180 degrees spin, and is now facing her.

Hannah grins.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Shalom Israel.

The aircraft EXPLODES and falls, CRASHING onto the street.

Eric is pushing the antenna, until it tumbles slowly and falls over the edge of the building.

Hannah lands on the roof and Eric turns around.

END OF MONTAGE.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I did it! She's dead! Totally dead!

Eric approaches Hannah.

ERIC

Seriously? That's awesome!

They look up as the MOON SHINE lights their faces.

In the sky, clouds are moving, revealing a full moon.

Hannah stares deeply at Eric.

She leaps, grabs his head and--

Kisses him.

Eric is motioning his arms in despair.

He is walking backward but Hannah is floating graciously, following him, her lips glued to his.

Eric gently pushes her away.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hannah. No.

HANNAH

(sad)

I thought--

ERIC

Sorry...

She lands on the roof, looking down. Eric looks at her with concern.

He punches her lightly on the shoulder with an apologetic smile.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But good job! Way to go...

(beat)

Bro.

HANNAH

Whatever. We still need to figure out where Douchester is.

Hannah looks at an open door, leading to the inner building.

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Hannah and Eric are exploring the lavishing penthouse, decorated in a quite kitsch way. The grandiosity of the place is, however, mostly drowned in darkness since the lights are off.

ERIC

Is this Feminazi's hideout?

HANNAH

Too on the nose, I believe--

Some DESPERATE MUMBLES catch Hannah's and Eric's attention.

Dorchester is tied with thick ropes and his mouth is covered with a piece of cloth.

Eric breaks the ropes and Hannah removes the piece of cloth from his mouth.

DORCHESTER

Finally! Feminazi caught me before I could react!

HANNAH

She's past now. I--

DORCHESTER

Oh, that's good news! Good job, Super Epic!

ERIC

Actually Butterfly was the one who took care of her.

DORCHESTER

Oh...

(beat)

Anyway, I'm very thankful for what you did there. If there's any way I can return the help...

HANNAH

Well, a pay raise for your company's scientific staff would be-

-

ERIC

No Mr. Dorchester, having saved the city is already a big honor for us.

Dorchester puts a hand on Eric's shoulder.

DORCHESTER

Mr. Dorchester? Come on! Only my employees call me this way! For you I'm Chess!

ERIC

Well Chess, I think everything is settled now. Let's go, Butterfly.

DORCHESTER

Wait Super Epic! Can I have your attention for five minutes!

(to Hannah)

In private.

HANNAH

(walking away)

Okay... See you later Super Epic!

Hannah walks away.

DORCHESTER

So, now that we have some privacy. Can I offer you something? Whisky? Cigars?

(tapping nose)

Coke?

ERIC

I'm good.

DORCHESTER

As you wish. So, Super Epic, I'll go straight to the point. We've two things in common. One is that we're both very powerful men. And the other is that we use our power to make this town a better place to live. The difference is that Jockozy city has a very different perception of our contributions. You're popular and, me, on the other hand. Well... Let's say that I'm aware about people calling me Mr. Douchester.

(beat)

Anyway, I told you that I'd be concise, so there's my offer. I think the moment is right to join forces. What do you think? Together we'll be unstoppable!

ERIC

I'm sorry... Chess. I work alone.

Dorchester looks hungrily at one of Eric's biceps and rubs his hand slowly against it.

DORCHESTER

Oh really? That's odd, I've noticed that you and Butterfly have a... let's say... sporadic cooperation. Maybe there's something going on between you and her.

ERIC

As you said, it's only a "sporcardic" cooperation.

DORCHESTER

Sporadic. Anyway, I want something more ongoing with you, Super Epic. I can make you a very happy man.

Eric steps back.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)

Think about it. You're super strong, I'm super rich and we're both super handsome.

ERIC

Sorry Mr. Dorchester. No offense, but you... you are not my type. Good night.

Eric walks away, leaving Dorchester staring maliciously at him.

DORCHESTER

Good night, Eric.

Eric stops.

ERIC

How... How do you--

A large screen on the wall shows the Hockey Arena's bathroom footage at the moment when Eric is changing.

Dorchester approaches Eric from behind and passes his arm over his shoulders.

DORCHESTER

Don't worry, Eric. Your secret identity is very well protected with me. I'm aware that leaking it could be a big problem for you...

(MORE)

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)

(beat)
Or your friends.

ERIC

What do you want?

DORCHESTER

Right now just your attendance at
the big party that I'm throwing in
your honor very soon.

(beat)

It'll be fun, you'll see! We'll
have booze and bitches! Bring your
friends if you want!

Eric gulps, in fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Eric, now without his mask, gulps in fear again. This time,
however, his face is flooded with light.

STOCKWELL (O.S.)

You wouldn't believe your eyes if
you were here, Michelle!

Dorchester's penthouse now has all of its lights turned on
and is crowded with fancy guests.

A large Super Epic ice statue is next to a large buffet
table.

STOCKWELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Only the cream of society!

The Jockozy Titan hockey players are taking pictures with
some of the guests.

STOCKWELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The Jockozy Titans are standing
just some feet away!

Dolly Boombs is happily talking with Dorchester.

STOCKWELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So is Dolly Boombs! I'll get her
autograph for you!

Eric, still scared, is looking at all this surrounded by
smiling Butch, Corey and Stockwell, who is talking to his
cellphone.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

Too bad you couldn't come, what's the name of the thing you have?

(beat)

Eclampsia! That's it!

(beat)

Don't be silly, if the doctor said that you have 49% chance of survival it means that the cup is almost half-full! I'll try to see how you're doing in the hospital later if I've time. Take good care of Candy tonight! Bye!

Stockwell hangs up his cellphone.

COREY

Damn Eric! You should've come out as a superhero before! This party is awesome!

BUTCH

Lots of hot chicks!

ERIC

Guys, please. I told you, Dorchester is quite a creep, so I didn't have a choice. And you should pay attention to your backs!

BUTCH

Oh, I'm paying attention to some backs.

Butch approaches a SUPER MODEL (25) wearing a dress that reveals her back.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Hi there.

The Super Model turns around, looking down at him with a snob, haughty grin.

SUPER MODEL

Hello...

BUTCH

So, I never saw you around before.

SUPER MODEL

I'm just spending a few days in Jockozy for a Vogue gig.

BUTCH
 Ah cool... So, do you like
 vibrating mattresses?

SUPER MODEL
 Yes, why?

BUTCH
 (suave)
 Because I've one right in my place.

SUPER MODEL
 Oh, I need to... go there... to
 talk with someone else... who isn't
 you.

The Super Model walks away, shaking her head.

COREY
 You really should come up with a
 better pick up line, dude.

BUTCH
 Oh yeah smartass? If you can do
 better, show me how to do it.

COREY
 Challenge accepted!
 (to the Super Model)
 Hey, you!

The Super Model turns her arrogant gaze to Corey.

COREY (CONT'D)
 I'm Super Epic's friend.

She smiles and talks to Corey while Butch stomps away.

Butch arrives at the bar, where an UPTIGHT BARMAN is shaking
 a cocktail.

BUTCH
 Gimme something strong.

UPTIGHT BARMAN
 Having a bad evening, sir?

BUTCH
 Bad enough. What about my drink?

UPTIGHT WAITER
 Well, the strongest drink that we
 have here is absinthe. Although...

BUTCH

Yes?

UPTIGHT WAITER

Well, Mr. Dorchester has somewhat... eccentric tastes, so he brought a bottle of a very rare and slightly illegal kind of tequila.

BUTCH

That's what I need!

The waiter puts on the bar a bottle of a liquor with a snake floating inside.

He turns back to pick a cup, but when he turns ahead, Butch and the bottle are no longer there.

Eric is standing at the same place as before, intimidated by the environment.

DORCHESTER (O.S.)

Eric! How are you enjoying the night?

Dorchester approaches Eric while smoking a cigar.

ERIC

I'm cool. You've got a nice place here.

DORCHESTER

Yes, it's quite decent. But I'm concerned, you don't look like someone who's having fun.

ERIC

I said I'm cool.

DORCHESTER

Well, I'm having lots of fun. Your friends are quite a spectacle!

DORCHESTER'S POV:

Corey is talking to the Super Model. She SLAPS him on the face and walks away. He rubs his own face with an aroused smile.

DORCHESTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I suppose that one is Corey, right?

Stockwell is at the buffet, happily devouring an appetizer after the other while some uptight guests are looking at him with revulsion.

DORCHESTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And that one is Stockwell, I think.
 What an appetite!

Butch walks erratically and stumbling on his own feet as he drinks from the bottle of tequila that he got at the bar.

DORCHESTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And last, but not least, Butch,
 your bestie. What an interesting
 fellow!

Eric turns his face angrily to Dorchester.

ERIC
 How do you know all that?

DORCHESTER
 I'm resourceful. And I really want
 to know you well. But I need to
 say, your friends are a bunch of
 losers.

Eric frowns.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
 Yes, they are losers. Good news
 is...
 (beat)
 ...I've got a winning deal for you.

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric enters the bedroom with impatience and is followed by Dorchester.

He stops after some steps with a perplexed expression, while Dorchester closes the door behind himself.

ERIC
 Dolly Boombs?

Dolly Boombs is sleeping on the huge bed.

DORCHESTER
 Indeed. You know, Dolly is lovely,
 but she talks too much sometimes,
 so I slipped some of my
 tranquilizers into her drink.
 (MORE)

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
Anyway, that's how I like women. I
hate when they squirm and yap.
Actually, I can barely tolerate
when they breathe!

ERIC
(alarmed)
Are you insane?!

DORCHESTER
I'm insightful. Women are annoying,
and Feminazi is a good example of--

ERIC
I'm talking about that chick! What
do you wanna do with her here?

DORCHESTER
Oh, lots of naughty things, but
only after you are done with her.

Dorchester approaches Eric and takes a deep sniff on his
neck.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You know what turns me on? Feeling
on the tip of my cock the cum from
an alpha-male like you stored in
the depths of a vagina.

ERIC
Tha... that wouldn't be rape?

DORCHESTER
That will be magical. Shall we
start?

ERIC
(nervous)
Su... Sure! Let me just... take a
dump! Yeah!

DORCHESTER
The bathroom is just over there
behind the closet.

Eric strides toward the bathroom.

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric is staring at his reflection on the mirror, his face a
painful grimace of self-contempt.

He suddenly PUNCHES the mirror, creating a crater on the wall.

DORCHESTER (O.S.)
Are you fine, my friend?

ERIC
Ah... Sure! Just... explosive
diarrhea.

He turns his attention to a small window on the wall.

EXT. DORCHESTER TOWER - NIGHT

Eric's upper body is outside the small window and he is trying to pull himself through it, but he's stuck.

He uses his arms as a leverage on the wall and--

The wall CRUMBLES and Eric falls down, leaving a hole on the wall.

Nothing moves for some seconds.

Eric slowly climbs the wall, until he steps on the parapet.

He looks at his right.

Eric'S POV:

A small empty balcony is some feet ahead, while a larger balcony with some of the party guests is just after the first one.

Eric LEAPS onto the first balcony and looks at his left.

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM

A blue lozenge-shaped pill on an open palm.

Dorchester, who has his back turned to bed, swallows the pill and washes it down with whisky while Eric crawls toward the bed.

Dorchester turns his attention to Dolly and Eric rolls toward the back of the bed just in time to not be caught.

Dorchester walks to the bathroom door and Eric grabs Dolly, putting her over his shoulder.

DORCHESTER
 (knocking)
 So Eric, are you feeling better?
 (looking down)
 I'm getting horny here.

Eric runs to the balcony while Dorchester KNOCKS again on the door, with impatience.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
 Eric?!

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Some guests are sipping drinks and talking when, suddenly--
 Eric, with Dolly over one of his shoulders, LANDS between them. They look startled at Eric.

INT. DORCHESTER PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Butch has his arm over the shoulder of Super Epic ice statue, and is chatting with it in a more than tipsy way.

BUTCH
 (mumbling)
 Look, you're my friend, and I love you, man! In a manly way, I mean, in a fucking brotherly way... but... you didn't have the right, Eric! I was the alpha-male of our pack, not you!
 (drinking from the bottle)
 And you're gay! Gay! Gays can't be alpha-males! It means that I'm less man than a gay guy, do you get it? Huh? Nah... of course not, you're Super-Epic-Tiny-Itchy-Ass now! You--

Eric picks Butch up and piles him over Dolly on his shoulder.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 Eric! I was... thinking... 'bout you, dude!

Stockwell is still eating at the buffet.

Suddenly Eric grabs his arm and drags him.

STOCKWELL
 Hey! What the--

ERIC
We need to go! Where's Corey?

EXT. DORCHESTER TOWER - FAÇADE - NIGHT

Corey is arguing with two SECURITY GUARDS and the entrance of the building.

COREY
Come on, let me go back!

SECURITY GUARD 1
You showed your private parts to the guests!

COREY
And you should've seen their faces!

Eric, still carrying Dolly and Butch on his shoulders passes by the Security Guards in a rush while Stockwell follows him.

ERIC (O.S.)
Corey, we're leaving!

SECURITY GUARD 2
Was that... Dolly Boombs?

COREY
Yes! This is a kidnapping, if you don't let me in we'll blow--

Eric picks Corey by the collar and drags him with him.

INT. ERIC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Eric drives and Stockwell is sitting on the front passenger seat. Butch and Dolly are in the back seat and Corey is between them.

COREY
Damn Eric, the more you talk about Dorchester the more I like him!

ERIC
He's a complete psycho, and I'm in danger.
(lower, concerned tone)
And maybe you too...

STOCKWELL
Come on Eric, there are institutions!

ERIC
Yeah, the cops could--

STOCKWELL
Cops are a communist invention. I'm talking about courts! I can sue him if he does anything weird and make millions!

ERIC
Well, maybe--
(looks at the rear mirror)
Corey! Stop touching Dolly's boobs!

COREY (O.S.)
She isn't complaining, is she?

ERIC
Damn, we still need to figure out how to deliver Dolly discretely and safely to her place.

STOCKWELL
I've got a plan.

EXT. DOLLY'S MANSION FAÇADE - NIGHT

Eric's truck is parked before high metal gates ornamented with the golden letters "D" and "B".

Stockwell presses the BUZZER.

He runs back to the truck, which quickly leaves the place, revealing Dolly passed out on the ground before the gates.

INT. ERIC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Eric turns on the engine as Stockwell sits beside him.

STOCKWELL
The package was delivered.

ERIC
Good. Now what about you guys? You should maybe hide--

STOCKWELL
Just drop us home, Eric.

ERIC
But--
(looks at the mirror)
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Corey! Stop drawing penises on
Butch's face!

COREY (O.S.)
He isn't complaining, is he?!

ERIC
It'll be safer if you guys crash at
my place tonight.

COREY (O.S.)
No way! You don't even have a video-
game or decent porn!

STOCKWELL
We're adults. We can take care of
ourselves. Besides that, with
Michelle and Candy at the hospital,
I've got the house all by myself. I
won't miss this chance to eat on
the bed without her whining about
the crumbs.

EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE FAÇADE - NIGHT

Eric parks his truck before the house.

INT. ERIC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Eric looks at the mirror.

Eric'S POV: Butch is asleep on the back seat, his face
covered with marker drawings of penises.

EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE FAÇADE - NIGHT

Eric carries Butch in his arms as he walks to the door.

EXT. BUTCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric drops Butch onto his bed.

He cleans Butch's face with a cloth until all the drawings
are erased.

Eric walks away.

Butch motions lightly.

Eric halts when he reaches the doorway and hears some GURGLING sounds.

He turns around.

Butch, still passed out, is puking.

Eric sighs and walks back to Butch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUTCH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Butch's face with closed eyes. A pillow is behind his head.

His face starts to SHAKE.

Butch slowly opens his eyes, still SHAKING.

BUTCH
My head hurts.

ERIC (O.S.)
I'm sure that a good cup of coffee
will shake out this hangover.

Butch widens his eyes.

Eric is laying next to him, wearing only underpants far too small for him and looking at a remote control in his hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay, I got how to turn on this
vibrating mattress, but how can I
shut it down?

Butch stands up in a rush with a lingering stare at Eric.

BUTCH
What the hell are you doing here?!

ERIC
You were almost drowning in your
own vomit, so I took good care of
you all night.

BUTCH
Eric, I--
(beat, notices the
underwear)
Wait! This is my underwear!

ERIC
Oh, that? I found it in the drawer.
My pajamas were downstairs, so--

BUTCH
(yelling, angry)
Take it out! Now!

ERIC
(taking out the slip)
So petty...

Eric'S POV:

BUTCH
Come on Eric, I don't wanna see you
naked!

ERIC (O.S.)
Don't be a sissy! Chicks stay naked
before other chicks all the time.
But I must say that it was too
tight.
(beat)
Here! Catch!

The underwear falls on Butch's head.

He takes it out from his head in a desperate clumsy disgusted
motion and realizes that the underwear is overstretched.

BUTCH
You ruined it!

ERIC (O.S.)
Okay, if you aren't in a good mood
I'm leaving. Anyway, this mattress
might be fancy, but my back is
sore.

BUTCH
Hey, it's a really expensive ma--
(beat)
Wait a minute, did you sleep on my
bed?
(furious)
With me?!

ERIC (O.S.)
I had to. You were passed out, and
I was concerned that Dorchester
might--

BUTCH
You didn't have the right!

ERIC (O.S.)
Take it easy, champ! We've known each other for a long time, and girls do this stuff all the time, like sharing clothes, sleeping on the same bed and--

BUTCH
(yelling)
I'm not a girl, Eric! I'm a guy! A guy! You are the faggot here! A fuckin' faggot with no sense of--

Eric's clenched fist hits Butch in the face.

Butch flies back and hits the wall, cracking it.

A naked Eric is standing, looking with fury and pain at Butch, who is sitting on the floor next to the cracked wall, dizzy.

ERIC
(tears, angry)
I'm not a faggot!

Eric runs away, crying.

MONTAGE:

MUSIC: Harry Nilsson's "One."

It's snowing before Butch's and Eric's house.

Eric opens the door of the ground floor at the same time that Butch opens the door of the upper floor. Butch has a black eye.

Eric looks at Butch climbing down the porch's stairs with a guilty expression. Butch has an irritated face and is obviously ignoring Eric.

Butch enters his Mini Cooper parked just before Eric's truck.

Butch drives away as Eric approaches his truck looking at the direction where Butch went.

Eric drives his truck toward downtown.

Eric's truck is stranded in a traffic jam.

A clock with Dorchester Corporation logo displays the temperature: -10.

He impatiently taps his fingers on the steering wheel.

Eric parks his truck next to the construction site where he works.

He enters the construction site and ignores his co-workers waving at him.

He puts a construction helmet on his head with a sad face.

Eric is breaking some boulders with a jackhammer.

He stops for a moment and BUTCH'S FACE materializes over the boulder.

With an angered expression he resumes his stone crushing work, applying the jackhammer over where Butch's face is.

Eric stops and raises the jackhammer. The device is totally wrecked but by the handles.

Samantha, with her hands on her hips, is looking at Eric with disapproval.

Butch is looking at a framed picture that displays himself and Eric when they were kids.

Butch turns the framed picture down on a table.

END OF MONTAGE AND MUSIC.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Butch and Corey are sitting at a table and drinking pints of beer.

COREY

Dude, you must call Eric to settle this mess.

BUTCH

Hey, my eye still hurts! What kind of friend does that to another?

COREY

The normal ones. You know... Remember when I stabbed Stockwell because he didn't want to share his joint? We're still normal with each other after--

BUTCH

Eric isn't normal and right now I just wanna have a normal night, drinking a normal beer and relaxing with my normal friends. Where's Stockwell, by the way?

COREY

He and I are taking turns with you and Eric. Actually... I'm glad that today is my turn with you. Eric's really not dealing well with this fight.

INT. ERIC'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stockwell is eating fried chicken from a huge KFC bucket on his lap, with an impatient expression. LOUD MANLY CRYING SOUND.

Eric is sitting just beside Stockwell. He has a tissues box on his lap and is holding a small ice cream bucket and a little spoon as he cries loudly.

STOCKWELL

At least stop crying like a fa--
(beat)
A sissy!

Eric tries to hug Stockwell but he pushes him away.

STOCKWELL (CONT'D)

You know that I'm not a physical person!

Eric CRIES even louder.

With evident reticence, Stockwell pats Eric's back.

Eric seizes the opportunity to hug Stockwell.

ERIC

I miss him so much.

Stockwell sighs.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Butch and Corey are sitting at the table.

BUTCH

You know what I really need?

COREY
More beer?

BUTCH
Nope. That.

BUTCH'S POV: Feminazi, without her mask and wearing a tight black dress, is sitting at the bar, drinking a dry martini alone.

COREY
Dude, please, just don't use the vibrating mattress pick up line.

BUTCH
I don't need advice about how I'm supposed to hit on chicks!

Butch stomps away and Corey shrugs as he sips his beer.

He sits next to Feminazi with an oily smile.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
Hey there...

Feminazi turns her attention to Butch and soon widens her eyes.

FEMINAZI
Oh my, what happened to your eye?!

BUTCH
Oh... that... I was caught in a fight... with a guy... who tried to mug me. But he got more than a black eye!

FEMINAZI
I really like men that can fight.

BUTCH
Oh, yeah... I can fight! And...
(beat)
I've got a vibrating mattress!

FEMINAZI
I love vibrating mattresses!

BUTCH
(cheering)
Finally!

Feminazi looks confused at Butch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 (recomposing)
 Oh... yeah... do you wanna meet
 my... vibrating mattress?

FEMINAZI
 (sexy)
 Actually, I've got a better idea.

INT. HANNAH'S VAN - NIGHT

Eric and Hannah, wearing their uniforms, are looking at the bar through the windshield.

HANNAH
 I think you're exaggerating.

ERIC
 Dorchester threatened my friends!

HANNAH
 So we should focus on Douchester,
 not on your friends!

ERIC
 Look, if you don't wanna give me a
 hand here, I can work alone.

HANNAH
 Eric... that night, when I kissed
 you...

ERIC
 Don't worry, I'm not mad.

HANNAH
 What the hell! I thought that there
 was something going on between us!

ERIC
 Hannah... It's hard to explain...

HANNAH
 Then start.

ERIC
 (aware)
 Not now! He's leaving!
 (puzzled)
 With a woman?

HANNAH

That's what normal men do! They date women!

ERIC

You don't get it, Butch sucks at dating.

HANNAH

(almost crying)

Do you think I'm ugly?!

ERIC

No Hannah! You aren't ugly! I just don't find you attractive.

HANNAH

(furious)

Out of my van! Now!

ERIC

But what about Butch?!

HANNAH

I don't care! Out!

ERIC

They're leaving! We're superheroes before everything and we've got an honor code--

HANNAH

(turning on the engine)

You don't need to brief me about our honor code!

They stay in silence for some moments as Hannah is driving.

ERIC

Look Hannah--

HANNAH

Just don't talk.

EXT. ABANDONED STEEL MILL - NIGHT

Hannah parks her van next to Butch's Mini Cooper, which is on the vast parking lot of a steel mill in ruins.

Eric exits the van and checks out the Mini Cooper.

ERIC

Why the hell someone would bring
their date to a Steel Mill?

HANNAH

I'll scout the place and call you
on the radio.

ERIC

No, that's not safe. We must go
together.

HANNAH

Of course it's not safe. We are
superheroes because this city isn't
safe!

ERIC

I meant that it isn't safe for you!

HANNAH

Okay Super Macho! Stay tuned!

Hannah flies away.

ERIC

Dammit.

Hannah flies through a shattered window.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

So Butterfly? What can you see?

HANNAH

It's weird, it seems that this
steel mill isn't totally abandoned.

INT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

Hannah lands on a metal platform. A RED GLOW covers her
mesmerized face.

ERIC (O.S.)

(filtered)

What do you mean?

A shadow moves behind Hannah.

HANNAH

It's a tra--

EXT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

ERIC
Hannah?! Hannah?!

Eric looks at the Steel Mill, as its dark windows now are irradiating an eerie RED GLOW.

INT. STOCKWELL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stockwell is sitting in a armchair without his shirt, rubbing his expansive belly and watching a hockey game on TV while Candy is playing with her Barbies on the ground.

STOCKWELL
Michelle?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Yes?

STOCKWELL
Are you too busy right now?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
I'm just fixing the toilet bowl,
why?

STOCKWELL
Can you make me a sandwich?
(silence)
Please?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
(sigh)
Yes dear... I can make you a
sandwich.

The TV screen starts to FLICKER.

STOCKWELL
Michelle?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
What?!

STOCKWELL
Didn't you fix the TV last week?

Feminazi appears grinning on the screen, a RED GLOW reflecting on her face.

FEMINAZI
 (filtered)
 Greetings Jockozy City!

INT. COREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Corey is sitting on the floor, holding a videogame controller before the TV, on which screen is Feminazi.

FEMINAZI
 (filtered)
 Did you miss me?

COREY
 No hoe! I didn't! Now get the fuck off my TV and let me resume my game!

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A Downtown Times Square-like intersection, with a huge jumbotron on a building displaying Feminazi. A crowd is looking at it with concern.

FEMINAZI
 (filtered)
 As you might notice, the rumors about my death were quite exaggerated. And now I'm ready to present you my ultimate challenge!

INT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

Feminazi is talking to a camera on a metal platform.

FEMINAZI
 Oh yes... and this time my victim will be your beloved, steroids fueled Super Epic, who must be arriving...

Feminazi turns back dramatically.

A large rusty metal gate FALLS DOWN, revealing Eric behind it.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)
 ... now!

ERIC
 Hey! You're supposed to be dead!

FEMINAZI

My glorious mission for this city
is barely starting, Super Epic!

ERIC

Where are Butterfly and Bu-- I
mean... the civilian you
kidnapped?!

FEMINAZI

There!

Butch and Butterfly are tied in chains and hanging from the
ceiling over a large tank with MOLTEN IRON. Only their legs
are dangling free.

ERIC

Your business is with me! Let them
go!

FEMINAZI

Oh, I'll do better than that, I'll
let you let them go!
(beat)
See that console?

Eric approaches a console with two buttons, one is blue, the
other is purple.

FEMINAZI (CONT'D)

It's up to you, Super Epic! You can
save Butterfly, but if you do, your
best friend will be lowered into
the tank with molten iron!

HANNAH

Don't do that, Super Epic! Save
your friend!

BUTCH

Yeah! Do what she says!

ERIC

But... Butterfly... I can't--

HANNAH

The civilians' lives come first!

BUTCH

And I'm a civilian! Totally
civilian!

ERIC

Shut up Butch! You're an egocentric shallow bastard who cares only about yourself!

BUTCH

That's not true! I just don't have the time that a drama queen like you requires!

ERIC

I'm not a drama queer!

(beat)

Queen!

BUTCH

Yes you are!

Feminazi frowns.

ERIC (O.S.)

You know what?! I'll push your button and save Butterfly!

BUTCH (O.S.)

See! You're being a drama queen now!

(bad imitation of Eric's voice)

"Oh, you are hurting my feelings, so I'll drop you in this molten iron tank"

ERIC (O.S.)

My voice isn't like that! And at least I'm not an attention whore like you!

(bad imitation of Butch's voice)

"I'm so lonely, look how lonely I am!"

FEMINAZI

Enough!

Feminazi pushes a button on the camera.

INT. STOCKWELL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The TV screen stops displaying Eric and Butch discussion and resumes to the hockey game.

The camera turns on.

DORCHESTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Women are taking too much place in
 our society.

INT. COREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Corey is playing Halo.

The screen starts to FLICKER.

Dorchester appears on the screen, unaware about the
 transmission.

DORCHESTER
 (filtered)
 I'm afraid that if we males don't
 stand against this threat, we'll be
 doomed to a subaltern social
 position.

Corey tosses the control onto the ground.

COREY
 I don't care! Leave me alone!

INT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

Dorchester is still briefing Eric about his plan.

DORCHESTER
 And that, for the strongest sex, is
 unacceptable. That's why I came up
 with this magnificent machine
 called... Feminazi!

ERIC
 You made all this to... make women
 look bad?

DORCHESTER
 The swastika was a nice touch, huh?
 Everybody hates Nazis.

ERIC
 Dude, I've some crazy friends, but
 you... You are way over the line.
 That's totally insane!

DORCHESTER
 (yelling)
 I'm not insane!

Eric raises his eyebrows.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
 (suddenly calmer)
 I'll need your cooperation here,
 buddy. When I turn on the camera,
 you'll push the purple button, so
 we'll see Butterfly burn and
 everybody will understand that bros
 come before hoes.

HANNAH (O.S.)
 Hey, Douchester!

DORCHESTER
 (turning his head)
 I thought that I told you to shut
 the fuck--

Hannah, still chained, is flying and grinning.

HANNAH
 I think your plan has a...
 logistical problem. How can you
 lower me if I can fly?

DORCHESTER
 Oh shit... See my point now? A busy
 man like me needs assistance to
 think about such details, but most
 secretaries are women, so I can't
 rely on them!

ERIC (O.S.)
 There's another detail here for
 you.

Dorchester turns to Eric who is driving his clenched fist
 against his face, but--

Feminazi suddenly appears before Dorchester, and blocks
 Eric's fist.

DORCHESTER
 You disappoint me, Super Epic. You
 really disappoint me. You could be
 my sidekick! But now...

Feminazi takes her whip out of her belt.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)

... I think I'll need to work my own way alone. But don't worry, I'll tell people that you bravely tried to save my life. And I'll also name some charity day care for stinky, sticky kids after you.

ERIC

Do you really think that you can stop me with your toy?

DORCHESTER

Oh, it's a very good toy. Besides that, you might be super strong, but are you immune to fire?

Feminazi slashes her whip against the ground, and it goes ABLAZE.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)

(walking back)

Kill him, sugar.

FEMINAZI

(robotic)

Yes master.

Eric rushes toward Feminazi and--

She slashes him with her FLAMING WHIP on the chest, burning his uniform and some of his flesh. Eric GROWLS in pain.

She slashes her whip again against him, but in a swift move the side he manages to dodge the blow.

Butch and Hannah are staring at the fight with concern.

BUTCH

Come on bud, don't get hurt!

HANNAH

So you care after all.

BUTCH

Of course I care! This guy is the brother I never had!

HANNAH

You didn't sound very friendly with each other.

BUTCH

I know... It's just--

HANNAH
Friendship.

BUTCH
Yeah...

HANNAH
So, what are you planning to do if we survive this?

BUTCH
Dunno, go home... Sleep...
(beat)
Talking about sleeping...
(beat)
I've got an awesome vibrating mattress.

HANNAH
Are you aware about the orthopedic damage those mattresses can do to your spine?!

BUTCH
(sad)
Oh... You don't like vibrating mattresses then...

HANNAH
No, I don't.
(beat)
But I don't mind them depending on who is on the mattress.

Butch smiles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
But now we need to find a way to help Eric. I had an idea and I'll need your collaboration.

Eric has one knee on the ground and is puffing. His uniform is tattered and his body displays the burnt marks of the many slashes he got.

DORCHESTER (O.S.)
Well, well, well... Who's the big man now?

Dorchester has a hand on the platform balustrade and is looking at Eric with a cruel smile. Feminazi is just next to him.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)
Feminazi, finish him.

Feminazi raises her FLAMING WHIP.

Hannah has her legs around Butch's torso and is floating with him next to the ceiling. The chain holding them is stretched to the limit.

BUTCH
Now!

Hannah opens her legs and Butch swings quickly toward Feminazi.

When Feminazi is about to slash Eric--

Butch closes his legs against her torso and--

Drags her with him as he swings back.

Butch opens his legs and--

Feminazi falls into the molten metal tank.

Her artificial breasts bloat, until they EXPLODE as her silicone skin melts, revealing her metallic skeleton.

Eric stands up and walks toward Dorchester, raising his fist, ready to punch.

Some WHIPPING sounds. Eric stops, slowly lowering his fist and the anger on his face giving way to perplexity.

Dorchester is laying on the ground in the fetal position, crying like a baby.

DORCHESTER
I just wanted a friend! A true friend! That'd be my friend not because I'm rich or powerful!

ERIC
Chess...

DORCHESTER
(smiling)
You called me Chess!

ERIC
Yeah. Uh... can you please... let my friends go...

Dorchester picks up a remote control from his pocket and press a button.

Butch and Hannah are slowly dragged to a platform.

DORCHESTER (O.S.)

When I was six years old and my mom ran away with half of the family's money, my dad told me to never trust anyone.

Butch and Hannah are lowered onto the platform. The chains fall over their feet.

DORCHESTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And so I did. When I was nineteen I paid a psychologist to say that my dad was clinically incompetent to run Dorchester Corporation.

Butch and Hannah are walking toward Eric and Dorchester.

Dorchester is crying and hugging Eric, who is patting him on the back and rolling his eyes.

DORCHESTER (CONT'D)

But all I wanted was to trust someone! I'm so lonely!

HANNAH

Then buy a cat like I did, Douchester!

Dorchester turns to Hannah.

DORCHESTER

I never had a pet. My dad used to say that pets were parasites just like my mother.

HANNAH

Too bad they don't allow pets in jail.

ERIC

But you'll be able to make a lot of friends there!

DORCHESTER

Wait! I'm not going to jail! No way! I'm the most powerful man in this town!

Dorchester runs away.

ERIC
Should we stop him?

HANNAH
Nah, he isn't getting too far.

Hannah turns to the camera.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Women of Jockozy! We are free!

INT. STOCKWELL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stockwell, Michelle and Candy are watching Hannah on TV.

HANNAH (O.S.)
(filtered)
Free! Free!

STOCKWELL
Hey Michelle, what about another sandwich?

MICHELLE
Sure. What about a divorce with it?

CANDY
Finally, mom!

INT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

Butch and Eric are walking to the exit.

Butch pokes him with his elbow.

BUTCH
Hey, big guy.

Eric ignores him and hastes his pace. Butch stops, disappointed and sad.

EXT. STEEL MILL - NIGHT

Dorchester is running away from the steel mill.

A huge crowd is on the parking lot, separated from the building entrance by a police line.

Some Cops and the Mayor are standing before the entrance.

DORCHESTER

Mrs. Mayor! Super Epic and Butterfly joined forces with Feminazi and tried to kill me!

MAYOR

Yeah, right. Guys, take this scum where he belongs.

The Cops handcuff Dorchester and drag him away.

Butch, Eric and Hannah walk out of the steel mill building.

The crowd CHEERS them on profusely.

Jake and his jock friends are there, on the first row, drinking beer.

Some reporters rush toward them, but they ignore Hannah, surrounding Eric with their microphones.

REPORTER 1

Super Epic! How do you feel after having busted with this sordid conspiracy?

ERIC

It was team work, guys. Butterfly here played a much more important role than myself. What if you save some questions for the girl this time?

Another Reporter puts a microphone before Butch's mouth.

REPORTER 2

Are you Super Epic's sidekick?

BUTCH

I... no... I'm just... a normal guy. Ask your questions to the heroes.

Butch opens his way through the journalists.

REPORTER 3

Super Epic, tell us more about how you faced this situation!

Eric looks at Butch walking away.

ERIC

I'm gay.

Sudden silence.

The crowd looks ahead, widemouthed.

Jake and the Jocks are looking ahead too, not impressed.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But that doesn't mean that I'm a
faggot! I'm a guy and I'm gay! And
if you've got a problem with it,
kiss my balls!

Jake is looking ahead with an intense expression while the
jocks are waving in a dismissive way.

JOCK 1

We don't care!

JAKE

I care.

Jake tosses his beer can ahead.

The beer can hits Eric on the chest and he clumsily manages
to grab it.

He notices that there is a napkin around the can with a
message that reads "CALL ME, STUD! 604 363 1030 XOX, JAKE"

Eric looks ahead with a smile.

Jake nods at him with a friendly smile and the same deep,
passionate gaze.

Eric looks at the reporters.

ERIC

Questions?

The reporters turn their attention to Hannah and surround her
with their microphones.

INT. BUTCH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Butch, wearing only a robe, looks with a cocky half-smile at
Hannah, who is fixing her hair.

HANNAH

I must admit that even if your
vibrating mattress is not very
orthopedic, it was quite fun.

BUTCH
Yeah, we should get another ride.

HANNAH
Tomorrow?

BUTCH
What about... now?

HANNAH
I'd love to, but I really need to wake up early tomorrow. With Douchester in jail I need to make sure that my scientific projects are not in jeopardy.

BUTCH
(teasing)
Nerd!

HANNAH
Yes, I am, and proud of it!

Butch kisses Hannah.

EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE FAÇADE - NIGHT

Hannah closes the door behind herself.

JAKE (O.S.)
That was awesome, man!

Eric and Jake are kissing each other intensely before Eric's house door.

ERIC
See you tomorrow, man?

JAKE
You can betcha, man!

ERIC
I love you, man!

JAKE
I love you more, man!

They kiss again and Jake walks away.

HANNAH (O.S.)
It's still hard to believe, you know.

Hannah climbs down the stairs and joins Eric on the ground level.

ERIC
Is that a problem?

HANNAH
No. Not at all.
(beat)
Sorry for kissing you that night.

ERIC
It's okay. No harm. It felt like
when I kissed Butch.

Hannah frowns.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Long story.

HANNAH
Eric, can I ask you a question?

ERIC
Butch isn't gay, relax, when I
kissed him--

HANNAH
Why did you choose the name Super
Epic?

ERIC
I... Well, why did you choose
Butterfly?

HANNAH
Because I always felt like a
caterpillar. You know... Nerdy
Jewish girl that had to attend
Catholic school because her dad
worked as an accountant there...

ERIC
Ouch.

HANNAH
Yeah...

ERIC
But you aren't in the cocoon
anymore.

HANNAH
I know, right?
(pensive)
And it feels awesome!

ERIC
Yes. It does!

INT. BUTCH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The entrance door. Some KNOCKS.

Butch opens the door. Eric is standing there, with an embarrassed face.

ERIC
Hey, I hope it's not too late.

BUTCH
Come in!

Eric walks into Butch's living room.

ERIC
Sorry for punching you. I--

BUTCH
No man, I'm the one who is sorry here. I totally deserved that.

ERIC
But still, I shouldn't have slept on your bed. I was just afraid that something bad would happen to you that night.

BUTCH
Relax. It was just like the girls do, right?

ERIC
Yeah...
(beat)
Butch, there's something about me that I need to tell you.

BUTCH
About being gay?

ERIC
About being Super Epic.

Eric looks at the ground, with reticence.

BUTCH
Yes?

ERIC
Thank you.

Butch looks at Eric with a puzzled face.

BUTCH
For what?

Eric picks a picture on a table that shows them as kids.

ERIC
When we used to play that superhero
game in the woods. It helped--

BUTCH (O.S.)
I don't remember.

ERIC
(irritated)
Butch, we--

BUTCH (O.S.)
Butch? Who's Butch?

Eric turns around.

Butch is wearing a red bandana over his head.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
You thought that you could run from
Crimson Butcher?

ERIC
(chuckling)
Come on Butch. We're too old for
this.

BUTCH
Oh, I see. Then you won't mind if I
turn the whole ground into... lava!

Eric immediately jumps onto the couch.

ERIC
Hey, you're still on the ground!

BUTCH
Yes, but I'm wearing my magnetic
boots, so I'm floating!

ERIC
Oh, then... I... use my anti-
magnetic beams against your
magnetic boots!

BUTCH
Fool! Your anti-magnetic beam just
hit my anti-anti-magnetic invisible
shield!

EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE FAÇADE - NIGHT

ERIC (O.S.)
You're cheating! There's not such a
thing like an anti-anti-magnetic
invisible shield!

BUTCH (O.S.)
Yes, there is!

ERIC (O.S.)
Nope! There isn't!

Some moments of silence.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

BUTCH (O.S.)
Calling Hannah. She's into science
and shit and will tell you that
there is an anti-anti-magnetic
invisible shield!

FADE OUT.