

VINCIBLE

"Pilot"

Written by

Jessica Ellis & Nick Sinnott

(707) 328-0743
jellis1123@yahoo.com

TEASER

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

An exhausted WOMAN with perfect hair pushes the final push of labor, SQUEEZING her HUSBAND'S hand.

MAJORMAN (V.O.)

When I was born, my superior genetics manifested powers the world had never seen. Super strength...

The DOCTOR holds up a newborn baby boy and slaps his butt. The baby WAILS and PUNCHES the Doctor in the face in retaliation, knocking him back with extreme force.

EXT. MAJORS' HOUSE - DAY

A pleasant suburban house exterior.

MAJORMAN (V.O.)

Super speed...

A NAKED TODDLER BURSTS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, towel behind him like a cape.

He races down the street at super speed as a NANNY feebly chases, soaked from bubble bath, holding a squeaky duck.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Scientists surround an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD MAJORBOY with a variety of weapons, smacking him tentatively with nunchucks.

MAJORMAN (V.O.)

And above all, super duper invulnerability...

One Scientist anxiously throws a knife at his head; it bounces off. Majorboy grins, thinks it's all a game.

MAJORMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Thanks to my parents, who were but humble brand ambassadors and social media stars at the time, I soon learned to respect my powers...

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

A TEN-YEAR-OLD MAJORBOY, in a self-branded t-shirt and board shorts, charges at the entire defensive lineup of a football team, knocking through them like bowling pins.

At the last moment, he dodges around an SCRAWNY EQUIPMENT MANAGER, frozen in terror.

SCRAWNY EQUIPMENT MANAGER

Thanks, Majorboy!

The kid gives an artful wave as his parents beam from the stands, livestreaming him, a team of scientists taking notes.

MAJORMAN (V.O.)

As I grew to my full splendidous adult form, I knew that the one job I was meant for was protecting my city, New Sacramento, from any who would harm her fair bosom...

EXT. NEW SACRAMENTO - PUBLIC GARDENS - DAY

The city is idyllic, pristine, even. Not a crime in sight.

A DUMB YOUNG GUY steals a rose out of the public gardens and starts to hand it to a SWEET GIRL.

MAJORMAN, now 20 and glorious, rises out of the azaleas like a titan and SPEED-RACES over to them, smacking the Dumb Young Guy's arm down.

MAJORMAN

These belong to the city!

The Dumb Young Guy clutches his broken arm.

MAJORMAN (V.O.)

But of course, with great power comes many fools wishing to challenge me and take my city...

EXT. NEW SACRAMENTO - TOP OF SKYSCRAPER - DAY

THIRTY-SOMETHING MAJORMAN, cape sweeping out majestically, stands on top of the tallest building of New Sacramento, the formerly peaceful streets ablaze with sirens.

MAJORMAN (V.O.)
Yet none shall take it. None shall
change it. Not so long as I,
Majorman, can defend it!

Atop the skyscraper, we see resolve in his face...

SMASH TO:

INT. SWANKY BAR - NIGHT

Majorman--PUSHING FORTY--stands at one of those annoyingly
high cocktail tables, leaning toward a wide-eyed FANGIRL.

MAJORMAN
We're still market-testing that last
part, of course. It's not easy to
come up with these catchphrases every
time there's a new product release.

FANGIRL
Don't you have people to write them
for you? Aren't you too busy saving
New Sacramento?

MAJORMAN
Majorman likes to get it done
himself, you know?

Majorman winks at her, his grin highlighting a jaw you could
bounce bricks off of as we --

SMASH TO CREDITS.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - CRACK OF DAWN

Majorman perches at the end of a frilly bed, the fangirl still passed out beside him.

Majorman goes to quietly zip his big red boots, but the ZZZP is shockingly loud. He freezes.

Fangirl sits up, clutching the sheet to herself.

FANGIRL
Leaving so soon?

MAJORMAN
My city needs me.

FANGIRL
I can't believe I banged Majorman.

MAJORMAN
You're welcome.

He flashes her a practiced grin, then finishes zipping.

FANGIRL
You wanna get brunch or something?

MAJORMAN
Crime doesn't wait for brunch.

He clocks her disappointment.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
But... fear not, citizen.

He finds a pen and a scrap of paper and jots down a number.

FANGIRL
Your phone number?

MAJORMAN
(handing it over)
Official Majorman Postmates coupon code. Order yourself a breakfast burrito, on me.

He winks, then heads to the window and slides it open.

FANGIRL
Hey... what's your real name?

Majorman holds a finger to his ear, pretending to listen.

MAJORMAN
What's that HQ there's a crime in
progress I'll be right there.

He DIVES out the window.

Fangirl goes flush, suddenly elated.

FANGIRL
Go get 'em, Majorman!

EXT. FANGIRL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Majorman balances precariously on a ledge ten feet below the
fangirl's window, hiding.

He taps some buttons on his left gauntlet.

MAJORMAN
(whispering)
HQ? Come in HQ? Anybody in yet?
Brian? Brian Brian Brian Brian Brian.

INT. MAJOR INSTITUTE - MISSION CONTROL - SAME

An expensive-looking high-tech control room packed wall-to-
wall with monitors and beep-boop machines.

MAJORMAN (O.S.)
(from the control
console)
Brian Brian Brian...

A Korean guy in flip-flops and a hoodie shuffles in, nursing
a cup of joe. This is BRIAN SONG (mid 20s). He presses a
button on the console.

BRIAN
Hey man, sorry. It's... what time is
it?

MAJORMAN
Did you sleep on the papasan again?

Brian looks over to a battered papasan chair in the corner,
covered in a Majorman blanket. He definitely slept there.

BRIAN

People shouldn't have beds man, we need to sleep like cats.

MAJORMAN

Okay, but there's got to be crime afoot. And I've got to run it down and smack it.

Brian boots up the way-too-many screened control system.

BRIAN

Okay. Sure. Gonna take a minute to boot it all --

EXT. FANGIRL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Sirens sound in the distance. Majorman perks up.

MAJORMAN

Forget it, I sense crime!!

He leaps off the building, enthusiastic, racing away toward the sound of the sirens.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

Brian rubs his eyes with his hand, couldn't be less excited about any of this.

BRIAN

You can't sense cr--fine, I'll call in the team.

He pushes a button.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Uh... Meagan?

INT. GYM - SAME

MEAGAN MEHAN, late 30s, is running FLAT OUT on a treadmill, punching the air with rage to Melissa Ethridge. Her mouth is open, each exhale a stress-relieving, ear-popping SCREAM.

The other people at the gym try not to notice.

Brian's voice comes through her com. She stops the treadmill, answers brightly.

INTERCUT BRIAN/MEAGAN

MEAGAN

Hi Brian!

BRIAN

Hey Meagan. Sorry to interrupt.

MEAGAN

I was just finishing my cooldown. He in yet? Did the balloons arrive? How about that hippo from the zoo? He's going to be so surprised.

Brian looks around for a live hippo but doesn't see one.

BRIAN

No, no hippo here. He's out chasing a crime without support up yet.

MEAGAN

What?!

BRIAN

I thought you oughta come in? If that's okay?

MEAGAN

Get choppers over him right now. Call Channel Seven, that bitch Sandy Duncan at Two always runs that photo with the smudge across his jawline.

BRIAN

Got it. Should we tell Cal?

SMASH TO:

INT. HIGH END HAIR SALON - SAME

We're CLOSE ON HAIR CLIPPERS, taking the merest, measliest, sliver off of a lock of hair.

CAL MAJORS, 30s, examines his barber's work.

CAL

No, damn it, Sylvester. Make it like my vision board!

He points to a posterboard propped up on the mirror: cutouts of successful businessmen and Eric Trump, Christian Bale in AMERICAN PSYCHO, supermodels, and dollar signs.

BACK TO:

INT. GYM - SAME

Meagan grimaces.

MEAGAN

No. This is definitely below the
"acting" C.E.O.'s paygrade.

She bolts out of the gym.

MEAGAN (cont'd)

And where the hell is that intern??!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SHERRY GARCIA, 24, vague as an internet headline, is attempting to pay for several coffees but is mostly lost in searching for a credit card in her enormous purse.

The barista and many, many people in line want her dead.

SHERRY

God I know my double-platinum card is in here. I was confused when they said megabags are the new minibags this year because last year they said minibags were the only bag you need but it's Prada so who am I to --

On the TV above the coffee counter, news breaks in.

TV ANCHOR

We're breaking into regular coverage for special coverage. Majorman is on the move against what appears to be an armed bank robbery.

The whole coffee place is staring at the TV, but no one's eyes are shining like Sherry's, her sincerity beams through her huge glasses.

SHERRY

Majorman!

She leans toward the barista, taking her coffees.

SHERRY (cont'd)

He's. My. Coworker! My city needs me!

She grabs her coffees and runs for the door, off to save the city in her way.

BARISTA
Wait, you didn't pay --

She's gone.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

Brian pulls up a CCR feed of an armored truck robbery by FIVE ARMED GOONS WITH PLAYING CARD OUTFITS--ALL DIAMONDS.

BRIAN
Ah, crap. It's the Bicycle Gang.
Diamond's deck.

MAJORMAN (O.S.)
Are you kidding? They're small time!
They robbed a church festival last
month!

BRIAN
I know, that cake raffle was
decimated.

MAJORMAN
Looks like they're done with cake...
and ready for war. How was that, was
that a good tagline?

BRIAN
It could use some work. I like the
war part.

Meagan bursts into the room, somehow having found time to shower, blow-dry, and change into impeccable Zara workwear.

MEAGAN
War? Who are we at war with??

BRIAN
The Bicycle Gang... they seem to be
moving up in the ranks. Snagged a
cash drop. Police are in pursuit down
South Main.

MAJORMAN (O.S.)
Perfect. The press loves recovered
contraband. Did you say South Main?

BRIAN
Yeah. Cross street's fifth. No, now
Fourth. Wait.. Second.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Major Man hasn't broken his stride, bolting down a street, cape streaming.

MAJORMAN
Well darn it, I've been running in
the wrong direction.

BRIAN
They're going pretty fast.

MAJORMAN
Don't worry... I'll catch up.

He plants his feet and LEAPS backward, the blast of his jump knocking over a terse-looking Indian woman (ARCHANA) climbing out of an Uber. A fistful of index cards scatter from her hands into the street.

(We'll come back to her)

Meanwhile, Majorman is shooting through the air and landing with ease on the adjacent rooftop.

Majorman bounds, vaults, and springs at super-speed across the New Sacramento skyline, every bit the image of a hero.

EXT. BUSY STREETS - SAME

On the streets far below, TWO POLICE CARS blast sirens and weave through morning rush hour, chasing an ARMORED TRUCK.

EXT. NEW SACRAMENTO ROOFTOPS - SAME

Majorman clocks the chase and closes the distance.

MAJORMAN
(singing)
He's mighty, he's major, three steps
ahead of danger --

BRIAN (O.S.)
Man, I miss that version of your
theme song! It was old school!

MAJORMAN

I know, Meagan said I outgrew it.

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Hey, every year is an upgrade, and by the way, happy birthday!

MAJORMAN

Thanks! Did you get that rhino from the zoo I asked for?

MEAGAN

Rhino?? Um, yep.

He SWAN DIVES off the roof.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

Meagan quickly dials on her phone.

MEAGAN

Hey, Lizzy? Cancel the hippo, we need a rhino instead. I don't care if you already tranquilized it!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

A masked goon marked as the FIVE OF DIAMONDS drives, TWO OF DIAMONDS rides shotgun. THREE, FOUR, and SIX ride in the back among bound stacks of cash.

The truck roof THUMPS and bends as something lands on top.

The goons look at each other, nervous, then --

The passenger door RIPS OFF AND FLIES AWAY, taking Two of Diamonds with it. Majorman swings down into the truck and settles into the passenger seat.

And... just sits there.

MAJORMAN

You'll want to take a left up here on Broad. Traffic's lighter.

The driver looks at him, confused, then glances at the others in the back. They shrug.

The driver takes the left. The traffic eases up.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
(into his coms)
How are we looking?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

Brian flips a monitor to Channel 7 just it cuts to an aerial of the armored truck chase.

MEAGAN
We're live. All eyes on you.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - SAME

Majorman checks his hair in the side mirror and spots the Channel 7 News Chopper hovering above.

MAJORMAN
Where else would they be?

He swings back out of the open door onto the roof.

The goons brace themselves as Majorman's footsteps CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP across the roof to the back of the truck.

The rear doors RIP OPEN and Majorman jumps down, grinning.

The goons raise their guns and OPEN FIRE.

Majorman laughs as bullets plunk off his impervious skin.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
Sorry boys, I eat bullets for
breakfast. When I'm not eating a
Majormancake breakfast, available at
Giant Eagle supermarkets throughout
the New Sacramento area.

The gangsters stare at him, confused. Majorman takes the chance to grab Three and SLAM him into Four, knocking them both out. He stalks toward Six.

Six empties his clip into Majorman. Useless.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
You should probably try another line
of work. How about jailbird?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

Brian and Meagan watch over video coms.

BRIAN

Did he come up with that one himself?

MEAGAN

No, tested through the roof in New Fresno for some reason. That place baffles me.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - SAME

Majorman lifts Six of Diamonds into the air with one fist and PUNCHES through the dividing grate with the other, KNOCKING OUT FIVE OF DIAMONDS in the driver's seat.

The truck SWERVES. Majorman grabs the wheel through the grate opening, stabilizing it.

Six of Diamonds futilely KICKS at Majorman.

SIX OF DIAMONDS

Put me down you bully! You have no idea who you're dealing with!

MAJORMAN

Oh, I know exactly who I'm dealing with: a low-rent gangster in a polyester blend suit... of diamonds.

SIX OF DIAMONDS

Not for long! You won't even believe what we've got plaaaahhhhhh--

Majorman chuckles and casually tosses Six of Diamonds out of the back, then YANKS THE STEERING WHEEL LEFT.

EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME

The armored truck veers away from traffic, jumps the curb and FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN, finally SCREEEEEEEECHING to a stop.

A CROWD gathers as the smoke clears.

Majorman LEAPS atop the truck from inside, unscathed.

MAJORMAN

The city is safe once more!

The crowd CHEERS uproariously at their city's savior. NEWS TRUCKS pull up and CAMERAMEN pour out.

MEAGAN (O.S.)
(on coms)
Don't forget the cash!

MAJORMAN
Right.

Majorman jumps down to the open back of the truck and grabs a small stack of c-notes. Before turning back he lovingly thumbs through the cash--but suddenly JERKS HIS HAND AWAY.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
Ow!

He squints down at his thumb...

Something terrible has happened.

Something that draws the blood out of his chiseled face.

Something unimaginable.

HE HAS A PAPER CUT.

A drop of blood wells up on top of the cut.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Majorman? Everything okay?

He doesn't answer. He's frozen, staring at his thumb like he's never seen his own blood before... because he hasn't.

MEAGAN (O.S.)
Don't just stand there, hun, give them what they want!

Majorman looks around--he's surrounded by news cameras. He snaps out of it, palming his thumb while holding the recovered cash up to the press with his other hand.

MAJORMAN
(gritted teeth)
Guys... I'm DOOMED.

He forces a smile at the public, panicking like he's never panicked in his life...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Cal plows through the door into Mission Control, pissed.

CAL
Why the hell didn't you guys call me?

Sherry pops up in front of him with a latte.

SHERRY
Green tea double caf soy?

CAL
That's not what I ordered!

He takes one anyway.

CAL (cont'd)
Meagan, what the --

MEAGAN
We didn't want to disturb you! It was a perfectly normal bank robbery --

CAL
Until it wasn't! Do you remember I'm the head of this company?

MEAGAN
ACTING head--and as such you need your downtime. Cal, I'm a woman --

She grabs Sherry as she passes, taking a drink at random.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
I'm tasked with looking out for your emotional well-being as well as doing my job for a lower salary than you'd pay a man, right?

CAL
That's true.

Sherry hands Brian a coffee.

BRIAN
What is this?

SHERRY
Honestly, I have no idea.

CAL
 This is serious. He's hurt! I'm not
 just EVERYONE'S boss here, I'm also
 his cousin! I care!

They all look at him in surprise: he does??

CAL (cont'd)
 (confessing)
 Anyway he can't be hurt today, I'm
 giving the Majorland presentation to
 Robert this afternoon.

MEAGAN
 Science department is already on it.

CAL
 Those idiots can't find their own
 asses with a microscope.

Brian laughs. Cal and Meagan glare at him.

BRIAN
 That would be hard.

CAL
 We need a doctor to look at him.

MEAGAN
 That's a little extreme --

CAL
 Our invincible, perfect man is
 injured! That is extreme! Find the
 best doctor you can--or, you know,
 not the best doctor, but the best
 doctor who won't tell anybody and no-
 one will notice is missing.

MEAGAN
 Fine. Okay. No problem.

The air cools. Brian, Cal and Meagan take a moment, sip
 their drinks... then SPIT THEM OUT.

CAL
 Sherry, what the hell??

Sherry bursts into tears, running out of the room.

SHERRY
 I'm the worst member of the team!

MEAGAN

Great Cal, thanks a lot. Excellent leadership.

She heads after Sherry.

CAL

Just get a doctor! Discreetly!

INT. NATIONAL MEDICAL BOARD OFFICE - DAY

ARCHANA KAUR, 30s, faces off with a medical board that looks a little like a firing squad.

(See, we told you we'd get back to her!)

She shuffles her index cards, tries to read them. They're hopelessly out of order.

ARCHANA

Furthermore, prioritizing our relationships with local warlords over the safety of the innocent civilians and children of the region, aligning us with barbaric, evil elements like --

She flips to the next card.

ARCHANA (cont'd)

-- my parents, who raised me to always speak--wait, sorry. That's the wrong...

She shuffles, desperate to find the right card.

A stern BOARDMEMBER interrupts.

BOARDMEMBER

Dr. Kaur, you violated both military and our civilian directives to move out of the region --

ARCHANA

I would not leave people suffering with cholera when I had more than enough medicine --

BOARDMEMBER

And in doing so, you endangered our strategic position.

ARCHANA
Who cares about strategic positions?
People needed help.

They are totally unmoved.

BOARDMEMBER
Be that as it may, your medical
license is suspended for a term of
one year. Should you violate the
terms --

Archana's phone BEEPS, interrupting him. She glances at the
screen and sees a text from "MOM":

IT'S MOTHER.

She ignores it.

BOARDMEMBER (cont'd)
As I was saying, should you violate
the terms and treat patients
anyway --

Another BEEP as a second text arrives:

I'M OUTSIDE.

The boardmember glares, growing miffed.

BOARDMEMBER (cont'd)
If you treat patients, your license
will be permanently revoked. I hope
you will use this time to reflect on
your priorities.

Archana's temperature rises.

ARCHANA
I hope you will use this time to
stuff a large --

The phone beeps again:

COME QUICK.

Archana grabs her purse.

ARCHANA (cont'd)
Never mind. Thank you for your
consideration.

She rushes out.

EXT. MEDICAL BOARD OFFICE - DAY

Archana exits the building to find the front lot deserted.

ARCHANA
(calling out)
Mother?

She's answered by a TIRE SCREECH --

An UNMARKED PANEL VAN zooms through the lot and SLAMS to a stop right in front of her. The side door slides open to reveal Meagan and a group of MEN IN MILITARY GEAR.

MEAGAN
Archana Kaur?

ARCHANA
Maybe. Where's my mother?

Meagan nods to the men, who PULL ARCHANA INTO TO THE VAN.

The door slides shut and the van SCREECHES away.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY

Archana sits on bench seat across from Meagan in the blacked-out passenger van, flanked by the armed security.

ARCHANA
Who the hell are you? What the hell is going on?!

MEAGAN
You just lost your medical license.

ARCHANA
How did you know that?

Meagan consults her iPad.

MEAGAN
Your mother is Ina Kaur, county ombudsman, and your father is Ajay Kaur, a retired policeman?

ARCHANA
Semi-retired! He consults twice a week and he will hunt you down! He's going to be worried about me and he knows where I am, they both do.

Meagan chuckles.

MEAGAN

I doubt either of your parents will be doing much worrying anymore.

ARCHANA

Why? What have you done to them?!

Meagan suddenly looks up, realizing --

MEAGAN

Oh! Oh no! No no no! I just mean because we're going to pay you really well! Enough to stop sleeping on your parents' couch, if it works out.

ARCHANA

(confused)

You kidnapped me... to pay me?

MEAGAN

Kidnapped? We didn't kidnap you.

ARCHANA

You sent me a fake text and dragged me into a van!

MEAGAN

You wrote this article, right?

Meagan holds out her iPad, with a medical journal article: GENETIC MUTATIONS & CHEMICAL EXPOSURE by Archana Kaur."

ARCHANA

My graduate thesis? Why, have you developed a cleft palate downstream of a nuclear plant?

Meagan feels at her lips.

MEAGAN

God, no, does it look like that??!
"Try collagen once" my mom said. Ugh.
Look hun, I don't know a scalpel from a speculum, but Cal says you're the expert in the city and your city needs you.

ARCHANA

For what? Who the hell are you?

MEAGAN

Oh where are my manners. Meagan Mehan, public relations slash manager slash brand influencer.

She holds out her hand. Archana doesn't shake it.

MEAGAN (cont'd)

Great, you're a grumpy one. Noted. Well grumpy or not I'm still gonna need you to sign this, hun.

She pulls her hand back and switches the iPad to a digital contract with a touch signature area.

MEAGAN (cont'd)

Standard NDA. A formality really, given the circumstances, but you better sign... or else.

ARCHANA

(nervous)

Or else what?

MEAGAN

Oh! No, sorry, that came out wrong. Sign it or else we won't be able to offer you the job.

ARCHANA

What job?

Meagan says nothing, holding the iPad higher.

Archana sighs and signs the contract with her finger.

MEAGAN

Great! So, the job. We're --

The van pulls to stop and THREE KNOCKS ring out on the steel wall separating the passengers and driver.

MEAGAN (cont'd)

Oh, we're there! It's probably better if I just show you.

She slides the door open to reveal --

EXT. MAJOR INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Archana steps out onto the curb and stares up at the iconic skyscraper housing Majorman's corporate headquarters, a massive "MM" logo affixed to its side.

ARCHANA

You work for Majorman?

MEAGAN

(exiting behind)

More like he works for us. Or, with us. Near us? Come on.

Meagan heads for the entrance, beckoning Archana to follow.

INT. MAJOR INSTITUTE LOBBY - DAY

Meagan speeds through the lobby, Archana at her heels.

The inside is more a corporate office than a superhero HQ: a front desk, elevators, juice bar, gift shop, etc.

ARCHANA

What does the city need my help on, exactly? I'm not allowed to practice medicine.

Meagan stops on a dime.

MEAGAN

I know, and we are so glad! That's why you won't be telling anyone about this.

ARCHANA

About what?

MEAGAN

When Majorman was throwing a criminal out of a speeding car this morning, they said they were planning something big, and they weren't wrong. Something... unthinkable... has happened.

ARCHANA

What?

MEAGAN

You'll find out in the penthouse.

Archana nods and heads for the elevators.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
Miss Kaur, wait!

Archana stops.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
Sorry, those elevators only go to the
administration offices. Marketing,
sales, that whole deal. The private
elevator is this way.

She heads into the --

GIFT SHOP

Archana follows Meagan past aisles and aisles of Majorman swag--toys, keychains, lunchboxes, if there's something big enough to slap a logo on it, they sell it.

MEAGAN
I know what you're thinking, why does
the city's greatest defender enter
and exit through a gift shop.

ARCHANA
Is it because he loves to see his own
face everywhere?

MEAGAN
No, it's because he--actually, yes.
That's basically it. Here we are.

Meagan stops outside a nondescript door with a red "EMPLOYEES ONLY" sticker. She holds up an ID badge to the sticker.

After a second, the sticker FLASHES GREEN and the door slides open to a GOLD-PLATED ELEVATOR.

Meagan steps inside.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
Coming?

INT. PENTHOUSE FOYER - DAY

The elevator opens to reveal a foyer and a pair of ornate wooden doors, with a massive "M" carved in each one.

DRUMMING booms from inside the doors and Sherry stands outside, pacing.

SHERRY
(clocking Meagan)
Oh Miss Mehan, thank god!

MEAGAN
Sherry? What's wrong?
(to Archana)
Sherry's an intern here.

Sherry says something but it's drowned out by the drumming.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
(shouting)
What?

SHERRY
(louder)
He told me to shoot him in the face.
To prove that he's powerful. I said
no and he locked himself inside. He
yelled at me.

Sherry's about to cry.

MEAGAN
Everything's going to be okay. I
brought the doctor.

Sherry shakes her head, not hearing.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
(louder)
I said I brought the doctor.

SHERRY
(practically
screaming)
What?!

MEAGAN
GO. MAKE. COFFEE.

Sherry nods and heads down in the elevator as Meagan fishes out a skeleton key with the Majorman logo.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
She's terrible at everything but her
fathers are on the board, so
whatareyagonnado?

INT. MAJORMAN'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Meagan holds the door open for Archana, who enters and immediately covers her ears from the deafening drums noise.

The penthouse is a mix of retro bachelor pad furniture and taped-up action movie posters--Mad Men meets college dorm.

Archana clocks a DRUM KIT in the corner, unused. She shoots a confused glance to Meagan.

MEAGAN
(shouting)
Alexa, pause music.

The drumming CUTS OUT and is soon replaced by the sounds of MUFFLED SOBS.

Archana looks over to see Majorman laying face-down on a brown leather chaise lounge.

MEAGAN (cont'd)
Majorman? Everything okay, hun?

He looks up at them, tears streaking his chiseled face.

MAJORMAN
...no.

MEAGAN
Aw, it's going to be alright.

MAJORMAN
I'm dying!

MEAGAN
You're not dying.

MAJORMAN
I'm horribly disfigured! Look at me!
LOOK AT ME!

Meagan shakes her head at Archana, who looks alarmed.

MEAGAN
I brought you that doctor. She's
gonna make it all better.

Majorman stops sobbing.

MAJORMAN
Promise?

Meagan nods to Archana.

ARCHANA
I'm going to try.

She approaches Majorman, snapping into doctor mode.

ARCHANA (cont'd)
I thought you couldn't be hurt?

MAJORMAN
I can't! Unless you count the
heartbreak I feel every my beautiful
city is besieged by evil! Does that
count?

ARCHANA
No. Can you show me the wound?

Majorman hesitates.

MEAGAN
Go on, hun. She won't bite.

Majorman reluctantly holds out his hand.

MAJORMAN
See? I'm trying to be strong, for the
team, but it's so hard.

Archana inspects his hand, not seeing anything.

ARCHANA
I don't see anything.

MAJORMAN
There, there!

He points to the side of his thumb. She squints.

ARCHANA
That's... that's a papercut.

Majorman WAILS.

MAJORMAN
I knew it! The Bicycle Gang did
something sciencey to me. They used
a... a superserum!

ARCHANA
That's not a real thing.

MEAGAN

Is there anything you can do?

ARCHANA

You brought me here for a papercut?!

MEAGAN

You don't understand, he's never had a papercut or any other kind of cut before. He's never even sneezed!

Majorman SNEEZES.

MAJORMAN

Oh God what is that?! It's like my body just blew out of my face. Is my face still there?! Is it?!

ARCHANA

I've had children--actual children, not middle-aged manchildren--with missing limbs, die in my arms.

MAJORMAN

Why did they die? I thought you were a good doctor.

Archana wheels on Meagan, furious.

ARCHANA

This is insane. You kidnapped me --

MEAGAN

We offered you a ride.

ARCHANA

You threatened my parents --

MEAGAN

Misunderstanding!

ARCHANA

And worst of all, you put me at risk of permanently losing my medical license. All for a goddamn papercut.

She storms back into the --

FOYER

and presses the elevator button.

Meagan races to her side.

MEAGAN

Wait! You didn't even help him.
Shouldn't you give him something?
He's still needs help.

Archana stomps back into the room. Reaching into her purse, she pulls out a small medical kit. She rubs some numbing ointment on his hand and slaps on a unicorn band-aid.

MAJORMAN

You think that will help? That paltry little--oh, it's... it's all better!
You are a good doctor, after all!

Majorman holds up his hand in wonder.

Archana storms back out, Meagan chasing her. Majorman wanders after them.

MEAGAN

Wait! You can't leave him like this.
Please... it's his 40th birthday.

ARCHANA

Tell him congratulations, age is catching up to him.

MEAGAN

Age doesn't matter to him. I know it sounds crazy, but what if the Bicycle Gang did do --

ARCHANA

What, something "sciencey?"

MEAGAN

Dr. Kaur, you know he can't get hurt.

ARCHANA

Good for him! But I work with people that do get hurt. By landmines.

Archana steps through the open doors of the elevator.

MEAGAN

Aren't you the least bit interested as a geneticist? We need your help figuring this out.

ARCHANA

As a geneticist, what I can tell you is this: all abilities deteriorate with time. It's not that interesting.

MEAGAN

What am I supposed to tell him, then?

ARCHANA

Tell him welcome to middle age.

The doors shut between them. Meagan looks distressed.

MEAGAN

Damn it.

In his doorway, Majorman looks at his unicorn band-aid with renewed horror.

MAJORMAN

Middle... middle age?

He runs back inside, slamming the door.

Meagan bangs her head on the elevator doors as the drumming starts up again.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KAUR HOUSE - DAY

Archana looks shocked as she enters a pleasant suburban kitchen that has apparently been bombed by icing sugar.

Her parents, spry and wiry INA KAUR, and comfortably rumpled AJAY KAUR, both mid-50s, share mouthfuls of an elaborate petit-four.

INA

It's got too much raising agent. I watched the Great British Bake Off episode four times.

AJAY

It's sheer perfection, Mary Berry would rip it from your hands.

They notice Archana lurking in the doorway.

AJAY (cont'd)

Oh, there you are! How did it go?

ARCHANA

Fine. A little lonely. I could have used some moral support.

AJAY

We had to shop.

Archana brightens.

ARCHANA

Is that cake for me?

INA

Why would it be for you?

ARCHANA

Because it's Saturday? Because I'm your guest? Because I just had my medical license suspended for a year?

INA

You are not a guest.

Archana puts her bag down, settling in for the fight.

ARCHANA

Mom --

INA
 You've been sleeping on our couch for
 two months.

Archana, caught, tries another tact.

ARCHANA
 If you don't want me here --

INA
 How could you say that, of course we
 want you here! We'd change your room
 back from Daddy's gym in a minute.

AJAY
 It's true, I could put my rowing
 machine in the garage.

INA
 And you could live with us properly,
 you know that's what we want.

ARCHANA
 That's not what I want.

INA
 What do you want, then?

ARCHANA
 I want... to have cake. Can I just
 have some cake?

INA
 No.

ARCHANA
 No??

INA
 Cake is for people with life goals.

Annoyed, Archana reaches into the frosting bowl and grabs
 the spoon, licking off all the frosting.

INA (cont'd)
 Go to your sofa! That's unsanitary!

Archana storms out of the kitchen, into a family room. She
 flops on the sofa, still licking the spoon.

INT. MAJOR INSTITUTE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the top of a rollercoaster as sounds of a carnival fill the air.

The car reaches the top of a massive drop and plummets down, revealing the rollercoaster has little plastic people in it.

We are looking at a giant scale model of MAJORLAND, A KNOTT'S BERRY FARM EXPANSION, on a conference table. A giant Majorman statue dominates the land.

EIGHT IDENTICAL SLIGHTLY PAUNCHY AND BALDING WHITE MEN ring the table, peering at the models of rides and concessions.

It's like someone took the Fox News retirement home out for the day, but these are the members of the MAJOR INDUSTRIES BOARD. They are all named ROBERT.

Meagan and Cal are sweating, trying to keep it calm.

ROBERT

Why doesn't it have a ring toss? Lots of money to be made in a ring toss.

ROBERT (cont'd)

Robert has a point.

MEAGAN

We will look into a ring toss, Robert, great idea.

ROBERT

Where is Majorman? I thought he was coming.

Meagan and Cal share a worried look.

MEAGAN

He's busy fighting crime! You know my motto, Robert, can't make a dime if you aren't fighting crime! He's definitely not in his room crying.

CAL

Meagan!

ROBERT

Did you say crying?

MEAGAN

Haha! Robert, you're always the funny one, I said he was NOT crying.

ROBERT
I don't like where this statue is,
you should be able to see it from the
freeway...

He tries to move it, the model crumbles. Cal grabs for it --

ROBERT (cont'd)
Well they better build it better than
that.

MEAGAN
As sturdy as Majorman himself!
Completely unbreakable and invincible
in fact, just like he is.

She laughs like a coyote. The board looks concerned.

CAL
Meagan, hey, why don't you go check
if he's returned...

Cal pulls her toward the door.

MEAGAN
From fighting the crime?

CAL
Yes. From fighting the crime.

Meagan resists, not wanting to leave.

MEAGAN
I'm sure he's not back yet --

ROBERT
I'm sorry, I think this model is
irreparably broken.

MEAGAN
No, it isn't! Everything is fine.

Cal yanks open the door, revealing Majorman on the other
side, standing in the exact pose as the statue, fists on
hips.

MAJORMAN
But I'm not fine!

Meagan and Cal are horrified, panicking as Majorman pushes
into the room. He re-poses.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)

I'm SUPER. Just wanted to stop in and see all my fiduciary decision-makers who I really think of like uncles. If I had had uncles.

He grins. They look at him like a prize horse, delighted. Megan and Cal hyperventilate quietly.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)

I'm off to fight some more crime, got a hot tip on the Bicycle Gang's headquarters. I'm going to stop those dastardly villains from producing any more superserum!

CAL

By superserum he means crime. The superserum of theft.

MEAGAN

Majorman, shouldn't we have a meeting first--an important meeting--down in the crime lab?

She motions back toward the door.

MAJORMAN

I don't need meetings. Meetings are for old men. And I am definitely in no way an old man in a meeting.

He looks around the boardroom awkwardly.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)

To crime!

He hesitates for a bare second, clenching his paper-cut hand, then grits his teeth and dives out the window.

MEAGAN

(wincing)

Be careful!

(catching herself)

...to cheat your hips away from the press cameras.

The board, excited, gathers around the windows, cheering Majorman as he races away.

Sherry pokes her head into the room.

CAL
You!

SHERRY
I just wanted to say hi to my dads --

CAL
Outside!

He and Meagan back out of the room carefully, trying not to distract the attention of the celebrating Roberts.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Brian is pacing back and forth, mildly concerned. Cal and Meagan descend on Sherry and Brian.

CAL
What the hell is he doing? Brian, are we tracking him?

BRIAN
Yeah, he's headed west on Third. He's got a location on them.

MEAGAN
How??

Sherry, nervously raises her hand.

CAL
Are you kidding me?

MEAGAN
Sherry, you gave him the location?

SHERRY
Um, I feel like the chain of command was never properly explained, because it seems like he's technically my boss, so I told him what Brian --

CAL
Stop talking, like seven minutes ago.

BRIAN
Come on, guys, it should be okay, he says he's fine.

MEAGAN

We don't know that! We have no idea if the papercut was a one-off. Superserum? What was that about?

Sherry raises her hand.

MEAGAN (cont'd)

What.

SHERRY

He was doing a lot of research?

MEAGAN

He doesn't even know where the research library is.

SHERRY

...on Reddit.

MEAGAN

Jesus!

CAL

Alright, enough! We have one job, and it's the job we've always had: to support and guide Majorman in his quest to save the city. Meagan, take a team and get out there. Anything he needs, any trouble, you've got to get him out. Because it's our job.

He claps Brian on the shoulder in solidarity.

CAL (cont'd)

It's what we do.

Sherry mists up, moved.

CAL (cont'd)

Let's go keep that big monkey from killing himself.

Sherry and Brian hurry off, inspired. Meagan hangs back.

MEAGAN

Nice speech.

CAL

Like you're doing any better! What the hell was that in there? Stop acting like a woman and get it together.

Meagan grabs his collar, suddenly terrifying.

MEAGAN

Look buster, I played lacrosse for seven months --

CAL

How is that relevant?

MEAGAN

It's a difficult sport! And the only thing you've ever played is a drunk co-ed. So you can use getting fake-promoted to "acting CEO" by your aunt and uncle to trick the kids, but I know you aren't any more useful than you were a year ago.

CAL

I feel like it's a bad time but I am ridiculously turned on right now.

MEAGAN

Oh, I know.

She drops him. What the hell is going on between these two?

MEAGAN (cont'd)

So, do I have access for all resources?

CAL

Anything you need!

INT. KAUR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Archana sits on her bed/couch, trying to pay attention to the episode of GREAT BRITISH BAKE-OFF.

Giggling distracts her. Her parents are curled up in a double-sized armchair, Ina feeding Ajay another cake, the two of them flirty as teenagers.

Uncomfortable, Archana gets up.

ARCHANA

I'm going for a walk.

AJAY

Good idea.

INA
Look for help wanted signs.

EXT. KAUR HOUSE - EVENING

Archana emerges with her purse, grossed out. In a confused haze, she meanders down the street.

The MAJOR INSTITUTE VAN jerks up beside her, nearly hitting her. The back door slides open.

ARCHANA
Really??

Meagan and her men grab her and pull her back into the van. The door slams behind her and they speed away.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BACK OF A SPEEDING VAN - NIGHT

Archana struggles out of the grips of Meagan's goon squad as Meagan stares at her computer.

ARCHANA

You kidnapped me again!

MEAGAN

Well if you hadn't left I wouldn't have to! God! This is why friendships between women are so hard!

ARCHANA

What's the matter this time, did he get a splinter?

MEAGAN

Probably! He's gone rogue and wants to take on Bicycle Gang's entire Diamond deck at their hideout.

ARCHANA

But isn't that what he does? Beat up criminals without due process?

MEAGAN

Ideally. But we still don't know why he's losing his powers.

ARCHANA

I don't know if I articulated my thoughts on that well enough before, so let me try again: I don't care.

MEAGAN

And I don't want to waste time having lawyers draw up non-disclosures for another doctor while the face of our brand is out there getting cut to pieces.

ARCHANA

But --

Brian's voice comes through Meagan's com, she holds up a finger for quiet.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Remember how you wanted me to tell
you when Majorman got close to the
gang's hideout?

MEAGAN
Yeah?

BRIAN (O.S.)
Majorman's getting close to the
gang's hideout.

MEAGAN
Any luck talking him down?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

Brian sits with his feet up on the console, munching on
jelly beans and watching maps flash across the screens.

BRIAN
Nah, sorry. He's still not answering
his coms.

Cal storms into mission control.

CAL
Let me try.

Brian immediately sits up straight, startled. Jelly beans
spill across the console.

BRIAN
(cleaning beans)
Oh, uhhh sure. Let me just...

He picking up the jelly beans. Cal watches, annoyed.

CAL
I'll do it myself.

BRIAN
No I can --

Cal starts pressing buttons.

CAL
Majorman? Are you there?

BRIAN
Those aren't --

LIGHTS flash off then back on. Doors slide open and closed.
TRAP MUSIC blares for a second. Cal keeps trying buttons.

BRIAN (cont'd)
(fed up)
CAL I GOT IT!

Cal freezes at having been yelled at by an employee.

BRIAN (cont'd)
(sheepish)
I mean, why don't you have a seat?
I'll patch you through.

He motions to the papasan. Cal takes a seat, calming.

Brian presses the right button and nods to Cal.

CAL
Majorman? This is Cal. Hey buddy. hey little guy. I know you're scared, you don't know what's happening to you, and you just want to feel like things are back to normal. So I just want you to know, if you get hurt out there it's going to cost us an awful lot of money. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

After a long pause, Majorman's voice crackles through.

MAJORMAN (O.S.)
These goons have done something to me and I'm going to find out what. One way or another, this ends today.

EXT. STREETS - SAME

Majorman stands before the entrance of a dilapidated OLD BANK covered with graffiti.

MEAGAN (O.S.)
(through coms)
Hang on a minute. We're almost there.

MAJORMAN
Justice hangs on for no one.

He rushes for the door.

MEAGAN
Then at least be --

INT. BANK - SAME

The entrance CRASHES INWARD and SLAMS into TWO BICYCLE THUGS, knocking them out.

Majorman stands triumphantly inside the gaping hole that used to be the entrance.

MEAGAN (O.S.)

-- quiet.

He steps inside and faces a maze of stairs and hallways.

MAJORMAN

Little help here, Brian.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Uhh...

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

Brian turns back to check with Cal.

CAL

Screw it. He's already there.

Brian turns back and pulls up various satellite feeds, heat signatures, and blueprints of the building.

BRIAN

Let's see... hmm...

INT. BANK - SAME

Majorman shuffles, anxious.

MAJORMAN

Any time, Brian.

BRIAN (O.S.)

So, it looks like most of their power going is being drawn by something in the last room down the second hallway on your right. If they've got something, that's where it'll be.

Majorman heads down the second hallway. At the far end, he sees a GREEN GLOW spilling out underneath the last door.

MAJORMAN

Aha! I knew it.

He bounds down the hallway...

Reaches for the door...

BICYCLE GANGSTER (O.S.)

Hey!

Majorman turns to see a FOUR THUGS playing pinochle at a table in the adjacent room. They leap up, ready for a fight.

MAJORMAN

Let's do this!

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Majorman, don't!

Too late! He rushes in--completely missing the THREE ARMED GOONS also in the room.

They take aim and OPEN FIRE.

INT. SPEEDING VAN - SAME TIME

Archana recoils, hearing the gunfire over the coms.

MEAGAN

(over com)

Majorman? Majorman, come in? You ok?

Majorman's coms emit a blast of STATIC then go dead.

ARCHANA

How far away are we?

The van jerks to a halt.

ARCHANA (cont'd)

Oh.

MEAGAN

We already notified the press and to a lesser degree the police, but it's not safe in there, for Majorman or anyone. It's like a war-zone.

Archana, surprisingly, grins.

ARCHANA

That I'm good at.

She opens the van and ducks out, covertly scurrying toward the bank entrance with her field kit.

INT. BANK - EVENING

Archana sneaks through the entrance.

ARCHANA
Hello? Majorman?

She's answered by a GROAN from one of the guards half-buried under the collapsed entrance. She snaps to his side, checking his vitals.

ARCHANA (cont'd)
(into her coms)
Call an ambulance.

MEAGAN (O.S.)
Why?! Is it Majorman?! Is he dead?!

ARCHANA
No, we've got gang members in here who are critically injured.

MEAGAN (O.S.)
Oh uhh, that's not really... Cal?

INT. MISSION CONTROL - SAME

From the papasan, Cal watches multiple news chopper feeds closing in on the bank.

CAL
No can do. We're crimefighters not crimedoctors. The press sees gurneys coming out of there and our stock will plunge.

ARCHANA (O.S.)
These men could die without immediate medical attention.

CAL
They should have thought of that before they became bad guys.

ARCHANA (O.S.)
Maybe they became bad guys because they were treated like they were disposable by Majorman and the entire criminal justice system, and if only they had been shown some mercy they would have turned their life around.

A long pause. Cal blinks.

CAL
Meagan, can we sell that?

MEAGAN (O.S.)
I think so.

CAL
Fine, we'll help the bad guys.
Whatever. Just go get our boy.

EXT. BANK - SAME

Meagan, dialing her phone, steps out of the van to find a crowd already forming as news choppers circle overhead.

MEAGAN
(into phone)
Hello, NewSac Medical? How would you
like some free publicity?

As she listens to the response, a SWAT TEAMS pull up and form a perimeter, shining a spotlight on the gang hideout.

INT. BANK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archana steps quiet down the second hallway on the right.

The only light is the occasional passing spotlight outside and the mysterious green glow under the door at the end.

ARCHANA
(whisper)
Majorman?

She hears FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall and takes cover behind some rubble.

Two armed goons, the SEVEN and EIGHT OF DIAMONDS, run right past, not noticing her.

She waits for them to disappear around a corner, then continues on her way.

ARCHANA (cont'd)
Majorman, are you here?

MAJORMAN (O.S.)
(quiet)
Doctor?

She looks around and spots Majorman peeking out from behind a loan agent's desk in a room halfway down the hall.

ARCHANA
Why are you hiding?

MAJORMAN
They shot at me. I ran and took cover. I've never retreated from danger before!

ARCHANA
We have to go.

MAJORMAN
But there's crime afoot.

ARCHANA
The police can handle it. You can't right now. Come on.

She pulls on Majorman's arm. He starts to get up, then collapses in pain, SCREAMING.

ARCHANA (cont'd)
What is it?!

MAJORMAN
My back!

Archana turns him over and finds his cape and costume are RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES.

ARCHANA
You've been shot!

MAJORMAN
(getting delirious)
Wow did... did I not say that?

She lifts up the back of his costume and finds the bullets smashed against his skin, surrounded by dark bruises.

ARCHANA
They didn't break the skin. Guess you still have some juice left in you.

MAJORMAN
I know you aren't going to believe this but it hurts worse than my papercut.

ARCHANA

Of course it does! You idiot! They shot you! Multiple times!

MAJORMAN

I never understood before when people would compare one kind of pain to another. There really are degrees! This is a lot of them.

ARCHANA

Don't worry, you'll be fine.

MAJORMAN

I'll only be fine once we find the antidote to their superserum. They must have coated their guns with it, that's why it hurts this bad.

ARCHANA

It hurts that bad because a dozen bullets collided with your spine and you probably slipped a disc.

MAJORMAN

Don't be ridiculous. It's clearly a side effect of the superserum.

ARCHANA

Why couldn't you have gotten super intelligence? Then you could've actually helped the city.

MAJORMAN

Quick! The room at the end of the hall. You have to break in and find out what they've done to me.

ARCHANA

No. I'm giving you a cortisone shot and getting you out of here before anyone else gets hurt.

She digs through her field kit and pulls out a syringe.

MAJORMAN

Why are you wasting time on that? A needle won't even--OWWWEEEEEE!

She injects the cortisone into his lower back.

ARCHANA

Seems you're only vulnerable to low-impact incisions. For now.

MAJORMAN

(squirming)

I feel like a cold snake bit me!

ARCHANA

Stop being such a baby. It's just a little needle, it can't hurt you --

SEVEN OF DIAMONDS (O.S.)

Holy crap! That needle's hurting Majorman!

Majorman and Archana look over to see Seven and Eight of Diamonds approaching.

EIGHT OF DIAMONDS

Guys! Majorman's been hurt!! He can be HURT!

FOUR MORE ARMED GOONS rush in (Nine through King) and stand by other two, their guns trained on Archana and Majorman.

MAJORMAN

Gulp.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BANK - NIGHT

The six armed goons move closer, forming a firing squad across from Archana and Majorman.

ARCHANA

Don't shoot, we're unarmed!

She put her hands up and nudges Majorman to do the same.

ARCHANA (cont'd)

See? We're not a threat to you.

BOOMING LAUGHTER comes from behind the goons. They make a hole to allow a MASSIVE MERCENARY with an even more MASSIVE GUN steps through --

MAJORMAN

Ace Diamond, I thought you were dead.

ACE DIAMOND

Still very much alive, which is more than I can say for you.

MAJORMAN

What?

ACE DIAMOND

I mean, than I will be saying. After I kill you. Because that's what I'm going to do.

MAJORMAN

I'd like to see you try!

ACE DIAMOND

I will try! I'll try right now!

Angry, Diamond fires his gun multiple times at the ceiling, displaying his rage.

ARCHANA

Stop! Nobody needs to kill anyone.

Ace smirks at Archana.

ACE DIAMOND

And who is this? Your sidekick?

ARCHANA

I am not his sidekick.

MAJORMAN

Yes she is! And she's got laser vision and... and... freeze breath. Also, mind control. So you better surrender... or else.

Ace chuckles.

ACE DIAMOND

I'll take "or else."

He aims his gun at Archana.

MAJORMAN

Wait! Before you kill us, at least tell me how you made the superserum!

He lowers his gun, confused.

ACE DIAMOND

The, uh... the what?

MAJORMAN

The superserum that you've been using to sap my powers! The superserum that you developed behind that very door!

Majorman points to the door with the green glow.

Ace eyes the door, then smirks.

ACE DIAMOND

Do you really want to see what I've been cooking up? I suppose you're dead either way, so...

He heads to the door... turns the knob... opens it...

Inside the room sit DOZENS OF VIDEO POKER MACHINES, their screens lit up bright green.

ACE DIAMOND (cont'd)

I was planning to open an underground casino, call it "Ace in the Holes." That's what we needed the money for.

MAJORMAN

So... you really haven't been sapping my powers so you can kill me and take over the city?

ACE DIAMOND

Sorry. Maybe you're just getting old.
Though now that you mention it...

He rejoins his men.

ACE DIAMOND (cont'd)

What do you say boys? We take
Majorman's pediatrician hostage,
shoot our way out, then regroup and
take the city by force. The streets
will run red with the blood of the
innocent, and a new era of darkness
will begin!

(to the goons)

It sounds... aces, doesn't it.

His men let out BARBARIC WHOOPS and fire their guns into the
air. Ace joins them, screaming and firing again into the
ceiling.

As their revelry settles...

ACE DIAMOND (cont'd)

But first things first... I'm gonna
be the man that flattens Majorman,
then tells the whole world his powers
wore out faster than his crappy self-
branded batteries.

He aims his gun at Majorman's head...

Fingers the trigger...

C-CRACK!! The ceiling above shatters as a TEN TON SAFE drops
down onto Ace and his goons, SQUISHING THEM ALL DEAD.

Archana gapes at the carnage.

...but Majorman just takes a breath and dusts himself off.

MAJORMAN

Phew. Thank god I solved that.

He pulls himself up and hobbles for the exit.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)

Come on, our adoring public awaits.

As he steps through the exit, Archana notices an array of
news cameras lined up just outside. She grabs a mask off one
of the dead goons.

EXT. BANK (CHANNEL TWO NEWS BROADCAST) - NIGHT

B-ROLL of EMTs loading the unconscious gang members at the entrance into ambulances.

CHEERS erupt from the onlookers as Majorman exits the bank.

REPORTERS from every major news channel thrust microphones in Majorman's face, shouting questions at him.

REPORTERS

Was this connected to the earlier robbery?/Why call the ambulances for the bad guys?/What was the Bicycle Gang after?/Will there be a limited edition shirtless action figure?

Majorman holds up a hand, silencing them.

MAJORMAN

This was indeed the work of the Bicycle Gang, but as you can see not even their loathsome leader, the notorious Ace Diamond, is a match for Majorman!

REPORTERS

But what about the ambulances? Does this mark a change in your crimefighting tactics?

MAJORMAN

Compassion is a trait all too rare these days. From now on, the only thing stopping a bad guy with a gun is a good guy helping him out.

SMASH TO:

INT. MAJORMAN'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Meagan, Archana, and Sherry watch the news broadcast on Majorman's flatscreen. Cal is asleep on the couch. Brian is snoring in yet another papasan.

MEAGAN

We'll have to workshop that one.

ON THE SCREEN: SHOUTING ERUPTS as Archana exits the bank in the gang mask. The red dots from a half dozen S.W.A.T. rifles align on her chest.

Majorman rushes over to block them.

MAJORMAN

Wait! She's with me.

REPORTERS

What's her name?/Is she with the
Bicycle Gang?/Is she your new
sidekick?

ARCHANA

I'm not --

MAJORMAN

-- ready to answer questions at this
time. Thank you.

Majorman shoves Archana and THROWS over the cameras,
disappearing into the night.

The broadcast CUTS TO a startled ANCHORWOMAN.

ANCHORWOMAN

There you have it. Majorman saves the
day once more. And this time he
appears to have had a little help.

A STILLFRAME of Archana pops on screen.

ANCHORWOMAN (cont'd)

But just who is this masked woman? Is
she the reason for Majorman's
newfound mercy? Could she be
Majorman's sidekick... or something
more?

Archana shuts the broadcast off in disgust.

ARCHANA

Great. Now every criminal in the city
will be out to kill me.

MEAGAN

You know, it's not a terrible idea.

Archana glares.

MEAGAN (cont'd)

Oh not killing you, I mean the
sidekick thing. You could look after
him in the field, keep him safe. Like
you did today.

ARCHANA

I'm not anybody's sidekick. I have a medical degree from Stanford.

MEAGAN

And I majored in hotel management at the University of Central Florida but here we are.

SHERRY

Go Knights!

MEAGAN

Shut up, Sherry.

SHERRY

Yes ma'am.

Meagan looks at Archana, hopeful.

ARCHANA

I'm going to go check on my patient one last time, then try very hard to forget I met any of you.

She heads for a nearby set of French doors.

INT. MAJORMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Majorman lies stomach-down on the bottom bunk of a child's bunkbed, shirtless and flipping through a photo album, a mountain of hot water bottles piled on his back.

Unlike the rest of the penthouse, the decor in Majorman's bedroom has been seemingly untouched since he was twelve.

Archana knocks on a half-open door.

Majorman slams the photo album closed.

MAJORMAN

Nothing.

ARCHANA

What?

MAJORMAN

What?

ARCHANA

I... how's the back?

MAJORMAN

A lot better.

ARCHANA

Interesting.

She checks under the water bottles. The bruising is gone.

ARCHANA (cont'd)

So it looks like you still have most of your powers, they're just... slowing down.

She crosses and sits on the edge of the bed.

ARCHANA (cont'd)

Meagan mentioned today's your birthday. I hate to sound like a broken record, but maybe this is simply because you're getting older.

MAJORMAN

YOU'RE getting older!

ARCHANA

Don't need to act like this is the end of the world. Everyone goes through changes as they age. You're actually in excellent shape for a forty year old man.

MAJORMAN

But I'm not just a man. I'm an IP.

ARCHANA

Maybe you need to consider not being... that... anymore.

MAJORMAN

If I'm not Majorman, who am I?

ARCHANA

Well... who were you before you were Majorman?

MAJORMAN

I was Majorboy.

ARCHANA

Right, but before that?

MAJORMAN

There is no before. I've always been a hero. Even when I was born, they couldn't cut the umbilical cord and had to wait until I pulled it off myself.

ARCHANA

That... actually explains a lot. But you didn't have a life? People who cared about you?

MAJORMAN

Oh sure, hundreds. See?

He hands her the photo album. She opens it to find PUBLICITY STILLS of Majorman's early years in front of adoring crowds, along with news clippings proclaiming him a "MIRACLE CHILD" and "GOD'S PERFECT BEING."

ARCHANA

Okay, I meant more like loved ones. Family, or friends.

MAJORMAN

Justice is my friend.

She flips through more photos. As he ages, the crowds become larger, the headlines bigger, until finally she lands on a single actual candid polaroid:

Majorman at age 11 sitting at a birthday cake, surrounded by scientists and men in suits--but no other children.

She closes the album and sets it aside.

ARCHANA

My professional opinion is that it's time you retired from the superhero business. It's no longer safe for you to go running into burning buildings or fighting armed criminals.

MAJORMAN

But fighting criminals is what I do. If I can't help everyone all the time, what am I even good for? What's the point?

(waving her away)

You wouldn't understand. You're a doctor. You've got a purpose.

Archana looks away, not sure what to say.

ARCHANA

I should go.

MAJORMAN

You're really leaving me like this?
When I'm all broken inside and out?

ARCHANA

You'll be fine. Just try and stay out
of fights from now on.

MAJORMAN

But my city needs me.

ARCHANA

Maybe it doesn't.

She exits, passing Sherry at his door.

SHERRY

Are you ready for your party?

MAJORMAN

No. I don't deserve a party. And I
don't deserve a live rhino. I don't
even know why I asked for that.

SHERRY

Oh. Okay.

On the other side of the door, Sherry looks sadly at the
full-grown rhino she holds on a leash.

INT. MAJOR INSTITUTE GIFT SHOP - NIGHT

Archana makes her way through the darkened gift shop, now
deserted and closed for the night.

She passes a display near the exit with stacks of TALKING
MAJORMAN DOLLS, each affixed with "TRY ME!" stickers.

Curious, she reaches out and squeezes one of the dolls.

MAJORMAN DOLL

(tinny playback)

My city needs me!

She chuckles and squeezes it again.

MAJORMAN DOLL (cont'd)

Stand down, evildoer!

Another squeeze.

MAJORMAN DOLL (cont'd)

I will never die!

She looks behind her, making sure the coast is clear, then takes the doll and stuffs it into her field kit. She hurries for the store exit, but as she reaches the door --

SIRENS BLARE and RED LIGHTS whirl throughout the building.

Archana freezes, caught. The elevator door behind her slides open. She spins around to see Meagan heading toward her.

ARCHANA

I can put it back!

MEAGAN

Put what back?

Behind her, Majorman--pulling on a fresh suit--hurries out of the elevator with Sherry trailing behind.

ARCHANA

What is he doing?

MAJORMAN

Ace Spade's taken a break from grave-robbing and is threatening to blow up City Hall in retaliation for his brother's death. I have to stop him.

ARCHANA

You can't! I just told you --
(to Meagan)
Make him go back to his room.

MEAGAN

How, exactly?

Archana sees her point. She glares at Majorman.

ARCHANA

You're just going to keep doing the hero thing until it kills you, aren't you?

MAJORMAN

Maybe my city doesn't need me. But it sure as heck needs a City Hall. And as long as I'm still breathing I'm going to do everything I can to make sure it has one.

She sizes him up.

ARCHANA
God you really mean it, don't you.

MAJORMAN
It's what I do. But until I'm not
under the sway of the superserum--

ARCHANA
Not a superserum.

MAJORMAN
But I'm still the only one who can
save this city.

Archana sizes him up.

ARCHANA
Not alone you can't.

MAJORMAN
What?

ARCHANA
(to Meagan)
I want an apartment.

MEAGAN
What?

ARCHANA
Nothing fancy, just a place to sleep
that isn't my parents' couch. And you
need a medical bay, a proper one,
fully loaded.

MAJORMAN
Isn't your baggie of band-aids
enough?

ARCHANA
That depends, do you like having your
limbs?

MAJORMAN
Medical bay it is. We can put it next
to my game room.

Archana and Majorman share a brief smile.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
Until then, I've got a city to save.

MEAGAN
 (correcting him)
 "We."

MAJORMAN
 We've got a city to save.

Archana holds the door open for him.

MAJORMAN (cont'd)
 Thanks, sidekick.

ARCHANA
 I am not your sidekick.

MEAGAN
 (to Sherry)
 Remind me to talk to product
 development tomorrow, see if it's too
 late to get her included in the
 official Lego set.

They all leave the gift shop and head into the lobby.

MAJORMAN
 You'll need a good sidekick name.
 What about "Majorgirl"?

ARCHANA
 Absolutely not.

MAJORMAN
 Minorgirl?

ARCHANA
 I will suture your face shut.

The group disappears around a corner.

INT. CAL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

In his gaudy gold-tinted office, Cal watches the others head
 down an elevator and into Mission Control via a bank of
 SECURITY MONITORS installed behind his ornate wooden desk.

ACE SPADE (SPEAKERPHONE)
 Boss?

Cal spins in his chair to face his desk phone.

CAL
 Yeah. They're headed your way now.

ACE SPADE (SPEAKERPHONE)
Excellent. A reckoning is at hand.

CAL
Nothing too rough, okay? Just make it
look good for the cameras.

ACE SPADE (SPEAKERPHONE)
Of course, boss. I know the drill.

Cal hangs up and starts to whistle, spinning his chair back
around to watch the big event.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

INT. ANOTHER STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Majorman is having sex with YET ANOTHER FANGIRL. As they change position, she leans on his spine.

MAJORMAN

Ow!

YET ANOTHER FANGIRL

Are you okay?

MAJORMAN

I'm always okay. That was a sex ow,
like an "O-www."

YET ANOTHER FANGIRL

Oh, okay. O-www to you too!

She spanks his perfect ass.

MAJORMAN

O-www!

YET ANOTHER FANGIRL

I'm the only person in the world who
makes Majorman say that!

MAJORMAN

That's... right you are!

YET ANOTHER FANGIRL

Do it again!

MAJORMAN

O-www!

YET ANOTHER FANGIRL

I love it!

Laughing, she spanks him again. And again. And again.

MAJORMAN

O-wwwwwwww!

Close on his face, as he actually winces, trying to hide it.

END OF EPISODE