

FADE IN

INT. BANK -- DAY (NEW YORK CITY, 2010)

A typical bank at the height of a business day -- crowded, with very long lines.

WALL

The wall collapses. Out of the wreckage steps JENNY COOPER, a 20 year old girl of medium stature, wearing a cat mask and clad in a skin-tight suit.

JENNY

Well, hello there, my dear prey.
I'm so very sorry to do this to
you, but all your wealth now
belongs to... THE FEROCIOUS FELINE!

Jenny strikes a dramatic pose, pointing off into the distance at nothing in particular. Several large jungle cats enter through the hole in the wall.

JENNY

Go, my pets! Bring me all the money
these fools thought was safe!

Growling, the cats spread throughout the crowd. The people behind the desks begin to shovel money into bags. A PANICKED WOMAN yells inanely.

PANICKED WOMAN

OH MY GOD! NOT THE FEROCIOUS
FELINE! WHO WILL SAVE US?

CENTER OF ROOM

With dramatic necessity, a man clad in spandex with his underwear over his pants, CANDY MAN, slams into the floor, creating a shock wave. He rises to his feet and strikes a pose as the cats back away.

CANDY MAN

Never fear, Candy Man is here!

Candy Man turns to face his foe.

CANDY MAN

Well, well. If it isn't everyone's
favorite Feline Fatale.

Jenny clears her throat.

JENNY

Candy Man!! I knew you would show up. Do you really think you can stop me?

CANDY MAN

You know the Candy Man can.

JENNY

Well... not this time. CATS!
DESTROY HIM!

The big cats leap at the hero, but he manages to intercept them with thrown candy cane projectiles. A third leaps at him from behind, he blocks it idly with his fist and begins to confidently stride towards Jenny.

JENNY

Oh, crap. Not again.

Jenny begins to back towards the exit. Candy Man stretches his arms, idly.

CANDY MAN

Prepare to taste sweet justice,
Feline.

JENNY

You know, I think we got off to a bad start today --

CANDY MAN

The only bad start here is the one you had with your life.

With a mighty punch, Candy Man knocks Jenny to the floor, unconscious. The woman who was panicked earlier glances down at her watch.

PANICKED WOMAN

Hey, you know -- I think that's record time!

INT. JAIL CELL -- DAY

A typical jail cell. On the bed sits a very bruised Jenny, staring at the mask now in her hands.

A GUARD opens the barred door.

GUARD
Ms. Jenny Cooper?

Jenny looks up.

GUARD
Your bail has been paid. Your
parents are waiting to meet you in
the lobby.

JENNY
Oh... okay then.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

The visitors lobby of a police station. Standing by one wall are Jenny's parents, MARVOLO COOPER and ROXANNE COOPER. Marvolo is a tall and slender balding man, Roxanne is quite curvy. They both are around 45.

A door opens, Jenny enters with the officer. She glances at her parents.

JENNY
Hey, Mom... Hey, Dad.

Marvolo crosses his arms.

MARVOLO
I'm very disappointed in you, young
lady.

ROXANNE
We both are.

The reunited group heads across the room towards the door.

JENNY
I know, I know. I'm sorry.

MARVOLO
I mean honestly, we raised you to
be better than this, Jennifer.

ROXANNE
A real lady. A professional. Not
some lowlife.

MARVOLO
Our family has a reputation, you
know. We do great things in this
city.

ROXANNE

People are starting to talk.

The trio exit to the outside through a pair of double doors.

ROXANNE

Next time, dear, please try not to get caught.

INT. LAIR, KITCHEN -- DAY

The underground lair of the Cooper Family. The kitchen is like a normal kitchen, really, but it's made a half-hearted attempt at looking sinister.

Jenny is sprawled out on the table, now dressed in civilian clothing and idly tossing a ball into the air. Roxanne is cooking over the stove.

JENNY

...So then Candy Man beat me into the floor. Again.

ROXANNE

Well, honey, you should have made a break for it when you had the chance.

JENNY

He would have caught up to me.

ROXANNE

Not necessarily.

JENNY

No, he would have. He always does.

ROXANNE

Oh, you just need more practice. And get off the table, please, people eat there.

Jenny catches the ball and slides off the table, crossing her arms. She wanders over and leans against the counter.

JENNY

Honestly, I'm not sure why I do this super villain stuff.

Roxanne Cooper stops stirring the dish on the stove, focusing all her attention on Jenny.

ROXANNE

Jenny darling -- You are a Cooper.
Being a villain is in your blood.

MARVOLO (O.S)

Hey, Roxy! Have you seen my cloak?

ROXANNE

(Yelling)

You left it in the lab, Marvolo
dear!

Anyway, Jenny dear, it is normal to
struggle at first. Why, I remember
my first spree as the Screaming
Siren... I couldn't hit the
frequency I needed to knock out the
guard. I just stood there
screeching till my face turned red,
and then they arrested me. Boy, was
that embarrassing!

JENNY

That's great, Mom.

ROXANNE

It's a true story.

JENNY

Look, I understand what you are
getting at, but the thing is...
Well... I just don't enjoy it.

ROXANNE

What?

JENNY

The entire thing. Being a villain.

ROXANNE

Sometimes, Jenny, we need to do
things not because we enjoy them,
but because they are right.

JENNY

And being a super villain is right?

ROXANNE

Yes, Jenny Cooper, it is.

They make eye contact, and silence falls between them for a
brief period. Roxanne finally breaks the deadlock, returning
to stirring the dish.

ROXANNE

You know, your father is planning to bring up today's incident at the Super Villains Union meeting later tonight.

Jenny snorts.

JENNY

The Union is useless.

ROXANNE

Don't say that. Your father is very proud of the Union, as he should be. Anyway, he's hoping to work something out that would take some of the pressure off your generation. Would that help make being a villain more 'fun,' dear? If things were easier?

JENNY

Maybe...

ROXANNE

That's a good girl. Try to cheer up, okay? Your father and I love you very much, and we don't like to see you unhappy.

INT. UNION ROOM -- NIGHT

The headquarters of the Super Villain's Union -- a large conference room with a bunch of chairs, each filled with a different nefarious character. Jenny, Roxanne, and Marvolo are all in attendance.

Marvolo gets up the the front of the room to speak.

MARVOLO

Hello everyone, thank you all for coming. I hereby call this meeting of the Union of Super Villains to order.

MARVOLO

So, as you have probably heard by now, my daughter was recently detained unjustly.

PAYNE, a demon-like supervillain, chuckles.

PAYNE

Been a recurring theme, of late.

Marvolo glares at him. Payne shrugs.

PAYNE

...Just saying.

Suddenly, Payne bursts into flames, and goes running out of the room, shrieking. Marvolo smirks.

MARVOLO

Anyway, to continue, the fact is that the current working conditions of the average supervillain are intolerable.

Marvolo slams his fist into the podium, and amps the volume of his speech.

MARVOLO

Thus, I believe the time has come for us to take action -- it's time this city gave us the amity we deserve!

A chemical-themed supervillain, ACID, looks up excitedly.

ACID

Ooh! Are we going to threaten to blow downtown up again?

MARVOLO

No, Acid, quite the opposite: We are going to go on strike.

The room breaks into murmurs. Jenny looks absolutely dumbfounded.

JENNY

A strike, Dad? Have you lost your mind?

ROXANNE

Quiet, dear.

JENNY

No, this is dumb. Honestly, what's the point?

Marvolo is focused on the room, most of which, unlike Jenny, are genuinely enthused by the idea.

MARVOLO

For too long has this city looked down on us as nuisances, when in reality we provide countless services. So until the city agrees to give us less jail time --

A villain with a large glass brain case, EVIL BOB, interrupts.

EVIL BOB

And tax benefits!

MARVOLO

Excuse me?

EVIL BOB

I think we should also ask for tax benefits. Lab maintenance is expensive.

MARVOLO

Very well. Until the city agrees to give us less jail time -- and tax benefits -- I propose that we cease all essential evil activity. All in favor?

Everyone's hands go up, except for Jenny's. Acid breaks into a grin.

ACID

Great. It's decided. So are we going to call a press conference?

MARVOLO

A press conference? Come on, Acid, we can do better than that.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT

The street is lit with electronic billboards. The general populace are going about their business -- shopping, socializing, and so forth.

Suddenly, mad laughter echos across the scene. People look around for the source, and then --

MARVOLO

Greeting, citizens of New York!

On every screen and across every billboard, a close up of Marvolo in full cloak and costume looms where ads once were.

MARVOLO

This is your future ruler, Lord
Destructo, with an official message
from the Union of Super Villains.

VARIOUS SCREENS

Show the message in a variety of places to show the breadth
of the Union's reach and various different reactions.

MARVOLO

As of now, all super villain
activity has been postponed
indefinitely. Why, you ask? The
answer is simple. The union is on
strike! Until our demands are met,
you can say goodbye to all the
services you expect from us, no
matter how much you plead for their
return!

(Evil laugh)

Have a nice night...

The message ends, the screens return to normal. After a
moment, people shrug and return to their business.

INT. MAYORS OFFICE -- DAY

Formally adorned office -- flags, desks, lamps, the like. At
the desk sits THE MAYOR, Carlos Chew, his feet up on the
desk and his arms crossed.

Standing in front of him is his secretary, MARY ANTON.

MAYOR

...the super villains are on
strike?

MARY

Yes, Mr. Mayor. That's what the
news says, sir. They refuse to
commit any crimes until their
demands are met.

MAYOR

...This has to be some sort of
joke. Who are they striking
against?

MARY
The city, sir.

MAYOR
...But they are not employees of
the city.

MARY
They are claiming to be, sir.

MAYOR
Do they even understand how
striking works?

The mayor leans forward, thinking. Suddenly he bursts into a smile.

MAYOR
You know what? This could actually
be very good for us.

MARY
Excuse me?

MAYOR
Ms. Anton, it's an election year.
The opposition has been on my back
about the super villain problem for
months now -- never mind the fact
they could never solve it
themselves. These crooks have been
a thorn in the side of every
mayor... and now, they have simply
volunteer to put themselves out of
commission.

The mayor hops to his feet and strides over to her.

MAYOR
Ms. Anton, put out a press release.
The Mayor's office is glad to see
that our efforts in law enforcement
have produced such dramatic
results, and will, of course, never
cave to these scoundrel's
ridiculous demands -- whatever they
are.

He moves to the window, looking out onto the city streets.

MAYOR
They can strike until they rot.
What damage could that possibly do?

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS -- DAY

On the streets of new york, the Supervillains Union members march, led by Marvolo, who has a loud speaker.

MARVOLO

What do we want?

UNION

Less jail time!

MARVOLO

When do we want it?

UNION

Now!

In the back of the line, Jenny Cooper marches, looking very bored, followed by her mother.

After a while, Jenny sighs.

JENNY

You know what, mom?

ROXANNE

What, dear?

JENNY

This is still dumb. I'm going back to my apartment.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

The conference room of the New York News Network. The network logo adorns the walls. Several members of the staff are sitting around the table, including ace reporters MARK HOWARD and JEFF DUNCAN.

Pacing in the front of the room, next to a series of graphs showing downward trends, is THOMAS FRANKLIN, the head of the network.

MR. FRANKLIN

This is unacceptable. Entirely unacceptable.

He turns to face those sitting at the table.

MR. FRANKLIN

Our viewership has dropped dramatically over the last two

(MORE)

MR. FRANKLIN (cont'd)
weeks. Advertisers are beginning to panic, and if advertisers panic, we need to panic. So tell me, boys, why the drop?

The room is silent. Jeff coughs awkwardly.

MR. FRANKLIN
Conflict! Ever since this strike began, there hasn't been enough conflict! Conflict is what makes a good story.

MARK
Mr. Franklin, we could still report on the heroes. Even in the absence of villains, people are sure to be interested in what they are up to.

MR. FRANKLIN
You think so? What are we going to report on, the length of their grass?

MARK
Well, no--

MR. FRANKLIN
"Superman mows superlawn" is not going to get us more viewers, Mark.

MARK
Sorry, yes sir, you're right.

JEFF
What about the merger between Pear Computers and Gander Incorporated? Surely that has to be of interest.

Mr. Franklin throws his hands up in the air.

MR. FRANKLIN
If it was still happening. Charles Gander is a member of the union, apparently. Called the merger off until the strike is over.

MARK
Our CEO's are super villains?

JEFF

(muttering)

Our CEO's have always been super villains.

MR. FRANKLIN

Listen boys, the fact is -- things are not looking good for us right now. We need a good story. *So get out there and find me one!*

INT. COOPER FAMILY KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jenny, Marvolo, and Roxanne are sitting around the kitchen table.

ROXANNE

Is so wonderful to have you over for dinner again, dear. Isn't it nice to have her over, Marv?

MARVOLO

Sure is. It's been quiet since you moved out. So how's life treating you?

Picking up a piece of bread, he conjures a bit of fire from his fingertips and sets about toasting it. Jenny watches him, tiredly.

JENNY

Alright. I guess. I haven't really been doing much lately. Just lounging around.

ROXANNE

Oh, tell me about it. I keep telling your father that if this strike goes on, we're all going to forget how to steal things.

JENNY

Well, I hope it ends soon. It's making it impossible to find a job, I've got rent to pay.

ROXANNE

Oh, just think, if this goes on long enough, she could move back in with us!

Looking over, she spots Jenny's horrified face.

ROXANNE

Oh, I'm just kidding dear.

JENNY

Good.

MARVOLO

But honestly, you're not the only one having trouble, Jenny dear. The city is really suffering without us. It's wonderful.

ROXANNE

You remember your uncle in the construction business?

JENNY

Oh! Uncle Steve? I always liked him, How is he?

ROXANNE

Homeless. The construction company he worked for let him go.

JENNY

Oh.

MARVOLO

There's just not enough things that need to be built without us going around knocking stuff over.

ROXANNE

The Mayor will have to cave into our demands any day now.

JENNY

That's... great.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Jenny enters her apartment, carrying a handful of bags. Soon after she closes the door, however, a loud RIPPING cuts across the silence.

JENNY

Oh no.

Hastily putting the bags down on the counter. Jenny goes running in the direction of the noise -- the living room.

LIVING ROOM

The living room is completely torn up. There is stuffing everywhere, couch cushions in pieces. In the middle of it sits Osborn, Jenny's tiger.

JENNY

Oh no! No, Oz, bad tiger!

The cat looks at her. Jenny sighs.

JENNY

Okay, okay, yeah, I know. I've been feeling a little restless too.

She collapses into the now-torn lounge chair. Idly, she picks her mask off the coffee table and looks at it. She then looks at the wreckage around the room, and sighs.

INT. BANK -- DAY

The same bustling bank as before. Jeff walks across the room to the nearest counter and rings the bell. The TELLER turns around to greet him.

TELLER

Oh, nice to see you again, Mr. Duncan. It's been a while since your last visit.

JEFF

Well, I haven't had much to deposit. News business hasn't been that great since all the villains went on strike.

TELLER

I understand. Lot's of our clients have been struggling. Except for us, of course. What can we do for you today?

Jeff opens his mouth to reply, but just then their conversation is interrupted by a loud CRASH, and everyone turns to stare at what caused the disturbance

BANK WINDOW

Jenny stands framed in the now-shattered glass window of the bank, dressed, as before, in full costume. She steps through the opening of the window, a nervous smile upon her face.

JENNY

Hey guys, missed me?

From behind her, her big cats enter the room, prowling around and intimidating the customers.

JENNY

Now... I realize there is a strike going on... but frankly, I was bored. So hand over your money!

TELLER'S COUNTER

Jeff stares at the cats prowling around the room, absolutely stunned.

JEFF

Is this actually happening?

TELLER

Yep. Terrible, isn't it?

Jeff looks back at the teller, looking surprised.

JEFF

Are you kidding? This is great! Now all we need is --

There is another crash. Several people in the room gasp. One of the big cats slides to Jeff's feet, unconscious.

CANDY MAN (O.S)

Never fear, Candy Man is here!

Jeff smiles.

JEFF

--Ah. And here we go.

FRONT WINDOW

Candy Man has planted himself in the center of the room, striking a dramatic pose. Jenny's big cats back away from him, hissing.

CANDY MAN

Well, isn't this a sweet surprise.
It's been a long time, Feline.

JENNY

Oh come on. The strike hasn't even
been going on for a month --

Candy Man leaps across the room, punching her in the face
and knocking her to the floor in the center of the room.

CENTER OF ROOM

The crowd scatters away from the conflict, but no one runs
-- they are all too stunned. Jenny gets to her feet, but
Candy Man is already diving at her. She throws her hands up
towards him

JENNY

Wait, wait! Hold on! This isn't
what it looks like!

Candy Man skids to a stop, confused.

CANDY MAN

You are not trying to rob this
bank?

JENNY

(beat)

Okay, it is what it looks like. But
listen, we don't have to do this
old song and dance.

CANDY MAN

...we don't?

Jenny saunters up to him.

JENNY

Come on, you know you've been bored
since this strike began... I could
give you something to do.

Candy Man raises an eyebrow.

CANDY MAN

...Are you... propositioning me?

JENNY

(recoiling)

No! Oh god, no!

CANDY MAN

...the cat-themed ones are always propositioning me.

JENNY

No, no, listen! I'm just saying that without me around you won't have anything to fight. It's better for both of us if you let me go, you know?

Candy Man pauses, tilting his head to the side and giving a slight nod.

CANDY MAN

Interesting suggestion.

Candy man grabs her arms, spinning around and sending her flying.

PILLAR

Jenny slams into the pillar with a painful THUD. Before she can regain her composure, Candy Man has pinned her to the wall.

CANDY MAN

Interesting, but impossible. Sorry kid, beating villains is my job. No matter what.

JENNY

You sure?

CANDY MAN

Sure as sugar.

JENNY

Well... okay then.

Jenny knees him in the crotch, then frees her arm as he doubles over in pain. Grabbing a nearby lamp, she swings it and hits Candy Man in the face, sending him toppling over.

CANDY MAN

lands on the floor, awkwardly sprawled and unconscious. The Teller runs over and checks the body.

TELLER

Oh my god... you knocked him out!

JENNY

(dazed)

I know, I don't believe it.

TELLER

You're incredible.

JENNY

Thanks...

There is silence as everyone looks at the fallen form of Candy Man. Then, Jenny snaps out of her revelry.

JENNY

Oh, um... right. Tremble mortals!
You're hero lies fallen, and no one
can save you now! Ah-hah hah!

As her laughter fades, an awkward silence falls across the room. People look at each other nervously, unsure what to do, and Jeff slowly backs out of the scene. Jenny looks around the room with exasperation.

JENNY

Er, I believe this is the part
where you give me all your stuff?

The room comes alive again -- people begin to remove all their valuables, the tellers begin to shovel cash into bags, and so on.

BACK WALL

Cautiously, Jeff backs away from the action towards one of the wall-mounted phones. Picking up the phone, he quickly dials a number, all the while glancing back at the action.

JEFF

Hello? Hello? Mr. Franklin? It's
Jeff. Listen, I've got a good story
here. We've finally got a good
story!

INT. NEWS CORP OFFICE -- DAY

On the walls are numerous awards the network has won for "fair reporting." In the middle of the room, sitting in a large swivel chair behind a desk, is Mr Franklin. Jeff is standing in front of him, with Matt lurking just behind.

MR. FRANKLIN

You're sure it was the Ferocious Feline?

JEFF

Completely sure, Sir.

MR. FRANKLIN

And she cleaned Candy Man's clock?

JEFF

With a lamp. Didn't even use her cats.

MR. FRANKLIN

Huh. Who would have thought she had it in her.

(beat)

Matt, what story are we reporting next hour?

MATT

Political piece about the Mayor's efforts to help the poor, sir.

MR. FRANKLIN

Well screw the poor, we'll be airing this story instead.

He leans back in his chair, grinning.

MR. FRANKLIN

"Rouge Super Villain Steps Up."
I'll tell you, if this story doesn't bring in viewers, nothing will.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jenny's apartment -- pretty modestly furnished, save for the spoils of her last heist, which stand out in the room. Jenny is lying in bed, with one of her big cats at her feet.

Her alarm RINGS.

JENNY

Ugggghhh. I hear ya, I hear ya.

Jenny hits her alarm and gets out of bed, startling her cat in the process. Groggily, she stumbles into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Jenny heads to the refrigerator, grabbing a carton of milk, and a bowl from the cupboard, and then places them on the table.

One of her cats, a large panther, carries over a box of cereal in his mouth and nudges it onto the table next to her.

JENNY

Thanks, Luther.

She scratches the panther's ears, and then pours herself a bowl.

After finishing, she gets up and heads towards the bathroom. Suddenly she stops, blinking. She backs up and looks out the window.

EXT OUTSIDE STREET

A line of picketers march, their outlandish costumes clearly showing that they are members of the Super Villain's union. They carry various signs, reading things like "Take lives, not jobs!" and "No villain is an island!"

INT. KITCHEN

Jenny turns away from the window, looking somewhat dazed. She heads over to the phone, and quickly dials a number.

The phone rings three times, and then --

MARVOLO (O.S)

Hey, little lady! How are you holding up?

Jenny looks outside the window again, verifying that they people are still there.

JENNY

Dad? Your union members are outside my apartment carrying signs.

MARVOLO (O.S)

Yes, dear.

JENNY

Why are they out there?

MARVOLO (O.S)

That's what we do to scabs, dear.
We picket them.

JENNY

Well, can you tell them to stop?
It's annoying.

MARVOLO (O.S)

...Are you going to stop your
free-lance villain activity?

JENNY

No.

MARVOLO (O.S)

Then they will keep picketing,
dear.

JENNY

Okay, sure, whatever. Bye dad.

Jenny hangs up the phone and smirks slightly too herself.

JENNY

You hear that, Luther? Daddy
doesn't approve.