

Masked

written by

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TEASER

INT. JUNE'S HOUSE - DAY

SHING. A metal plate slides inside the front pouch of a bullet proof vest. Big, bulky, impenetrable.

SLAM. A combat boot stomps on an ottoman as hands tie laces.

JUNE, 31, absolutely adamant that she's normal, slides on a spiked helmet complete with face shield. She locks the strap.

Then she places a tiny version of the helmet on her dog, who looks up at her eagerly. June pats the dog. They're ready.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

Early morning of a beautiful day in LA, June walks her dog happily down the street. June is in her bliss, un-phased.

There's no danger; the world is normal. People are out as they leave for work. A teen rolls by on a skateboard.

SLOSH...

June is hit with something BLOOD RED, that splatters all over her. She freezes, but she's not upset. She waves.

JUNE

Hey Tim! How's your mom doing?

THEN: June's dog is licking at an upturned SLURPEE cup.

JUNE TALKING HEAD

JUNE

Today's going to be a good day. I'm starting a new job, obviously. I even have a date this morning.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

June lifts her face shield to sip her drink, then puts it back down.

She's alone inside, reading the NEWS on her TABLET. "Real Life Superhero Group Disgraced by Local PD"

The BELL of the coffee shop jingles. June sees ROGER, 35, very attractive, walk inside and look around. She waves.

ROGER
(pointing, questioning)
June? Is that... you?

JUNE
Roger? Hi. Nice to meet you.

Roger doesn't sit.

ROGER
You look different than your Tinder
photo...

JUNE
(playful)
I know. I died my hair.

She motions to the other chair. He reluctantly pulls it out.

ROGER
Going to a... Party or something?

June looks down at her clothes.

JUNE
No. Just work. Why?

ROGER
So you wear this all the time or
just for first dates?

JUNE
Oh. All the time.

ROGER
Even during...

He glances at the camera. June adjusts her body armor.

JUNE
I have a lighter set for home...
This is my goin' out gear.

Outside the WINDOW, June sees a CROOK in a beanie run by.

ROGER
(looking back)
Everything okay?

A COLORFUL BLUR sprints after the beanie man.

June gets up suddenly.

JUNE
Who commits a crime before 9am?

ROGER
(after her)
Should we reschedule?

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

June rushes from the coffee shop to find...

BILLY, wearing an EASTER BUNNY COSTUME, laying on the crook.

CROOK
Get off of me, you freak!

JUNE
Billy! What are you doing?

BILLY
(cockney accent)
Oh hey Tank. Just citizens-
arresting this asshole. Do you have
any zip ties?

JUNE
No! I haven't even officially
started yet.

THE TOP, 41, leader of the group, iconic because of his white
top hat and delusions of grandeur, steps up behind June.

TOP
Billy Holiday... You know a good
hero never forgets their zip ties.

Police cars pull up to the side of the road.

JUNE
Zip ties... might not be sanctioned
under qualified immunity.

Roger exits the coffee shop to join June.

ROGER
Oh. My. God. You're--

The Top turns to Roger, tipping his hat.

TOP
Yes, it's me; The Top.

BILLY

By day. Power bottom at night.

Two cops are walking toward the group.

TOP

(annoyed)

That's why they're called secret
identities.

JUNE

Let me talk to the cops.

ROGER

June. You're a --

June is kneeling by the Crook, with Billy still on him. She looks up at Roger like a deer in headlights.

JUNE TALKING HEAD

June is shaking her head vehemently.

JUNE

No, no. There's no such thing as
super heroes. I'm a paralegal.
Dressing like this is a choice.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Top bangs his hand on the conference room table, shushing the rest of the group. Around him are June and Billy, along with a myriad colorfully-dressed men and women.

They quiet down.

TOP

Let's get back to the matter at hand.

Top holds up a small remote. Click.

THE TV behind him blinks on, revealing MOCKUPS OF UNIFORMS.

TOP (CONT'D)

Team outfits.

BILLY

Whatever we wear, it's gotta go with my ears. And my Santa belly tomorrow. And my turkey neck on--

TOP

Yeah, Thanksgiving Thursdays; I know. But we need to be an organized unit. And right now...

The camera focuses on SHOUT, imposing silent type, black ninja-style costume. Then ABBY, intimidatingly-ripped woman, wearing plainclothes.

ABBY TALKING HEAD

ABBY

No, we don't need costumes to do what we do. I know my rights. I was a cop. Name's Abby Walker. I can give you my address too if any of you fuckers out there watching want to show up on my door step.

INT. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Top smiles at the camera behind him. Pearly whites.

TOP

The costume is a symbol! It's not there just to hide our identities, but to provide a recognizable color scheme as a beacon of safety.

Shout lifts a fist in silent solidarity.

TOP (CONT'D)

They say not all heroes wear capes, but I think that--

SEROW GIRL, a young woman with a fuzzy vest and black horns, springs out of her chair. She's small and angry, pointing.

ROW

Capes are impractical! Why would you voluntarily give someone a way to strangle you?

June raises her hand; tiny and uncertain.

JUNE

I did some research before starting, but it does seem like the Justice Larries have capes.

ABBY

Fuck the Justice Larries.

PEAK, 51, the epitome of dad-bod with a mask and helmet, leans back in his chair. He holds his hands like a villain.

PEAK

Who is this fair creature, anywhom?

ROW

Don't be a creep, Peak. Just this once.

PEAK

I told you, I am Hive Mind. You do not get to decide my alias, nor I yours.

Row clenches her fists. Billy cuts the tension.

BILLY

This is Tank.

JUNE

You can just call me June.

ABBY

I thought I was supposed to sign off on a replacement hero after...

JUNE

I'm actually not a hero. I'm just--

TOP

She's our new lawyer --

JUNE

Just a paralegal...

TOP

--assisting with keeping all of our asses out of jail and getting us incorporated as an official nonprofit with the LAPD.

JUNE

Uhh... That's a big ask.

TOP

We really need a win right now, June. Can't look like we're falling apart...

He looks at the camera, then hushes.

TOP (CONT'D)

Ahem. We've got a town hall to attend.

Top shoots up. June slowly gathers her papers.

TOP (CONT'D)

You guys talk about the uniforms and we'll reconvene.

PEAK TALKING HEAD

PEAK

For the record, I was not the one being rude. Serow Girl thinks she's clever by disrespecting me. Well, I'll have the last laugh.

ROW TALKING HEAD

ROW

Oh yeah. Peak calls himself a super villain.

(MORE)

ROW (CONT'D)

The dude is a washed up old high school jock. Hence the nickname. He's not super anything.

INT. TOWN HALL, BEHIND STAGE - DAY

June is furiously red-lining a piece of paper. Top is psyching himself up.

TOP

First big speech. This'll be quite a treat for you. Are you ready?

June scribbles faster.

JUNE

Actually, I'm making some last-minute revisions. I don't think you should say this. Or this. Definitely not that; that's a liability.

Music starts from on stage. Top takes the paper from her.

TOP

Showtime.

JUNE

Wait -- I think there's a spelling mistake in the criminal's name.

TOP

There isn't!

INT. TOWN HALL, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Top emerges from the curtain, arms raised to amp the crowd.

He stops in front of the podium. The music stops. He adjusts his top hat and mask. He's sleek - white attire; brown skin.

TOP

Thank you for gathering here everyone. I have a brief update on our situation.

(beat)

The CAI is dedicated toward preventing crime, and while we aren't law enforcement, we know we can make a difference for our community.

He points out from the podium.

TOP (CONT'D)

It's with your support that we can continue to grow the real-life super hero movement. And to show you our dedication toward being an integral partner with the LAPD, we promise to bring to justice the scourge that's been sweeping our city.

(beat)

We will find, and we will stop this Serial Kisser.

(beat)

Any questions?

REVEAL: The town hall is nearly empty. Three people sit in chairs. After an awkward moment, a MAN stands.

MAN

I want to fill in for Starman.

Top waves him off.

TOP

The position has been filled. Next.

MAN

I have X-ray vision.

Top points at him.

TOP

Apply online! Any other questions?

INT. TOWN HALL, BEHIND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Billy approaches June. His ears barely fit under the curtain.

BILLY

Pretty good turn out, huh?

JUNE

Billy, I really appreciate you finding me a job somewhere I can still wear my armor, but I don't know about this place...

BILLY

Hey, June; relax. Scott was always bailing me out of shit over the years. Now that he's...

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Let me do something good for your family for a change. I promise you'll be able to fit whatever team T-shirt over your helmet.

Top walks back behind stage.

TOP

(to Billy)

Did you see the turnout?

BILLY

Exactly what I said!

TOP

Even if it's only a few, all of this...

Top looks directly at the camera. June does too.

TOP (CONT'D)

And you guys, it all helps our image. Which we really need right now.

JUNE

Actually, Top --

TOP

The Top.

He smiles at the camera. June side eyes him.

JUNE

The Top... We need some sort of strategy for getting this nonprofit form approved. Like... what are your operating costs? Plans for donations? Etc.

TOP

Yeah, yeah -- paperwork. We'll do it later. Meet at HQ in an hour!

INT. HQ TOP'S OFFICE - DAY

Through the window of Top's office, the camera watches as he climbs on top of his desk.

He closes his eyes. He raises his arms.

Then he jumps...

And slams onto the floor.

The camera turns to see Billy, also watching. He sighs and opens the office door.

BILLY
Trying to fly again?
(beat)
I'll get the med kit...

ROW TALKING HEAD

ROW
Why do I do this? What a weird
question...

JUNE TALKING HEAD

JUNE
I was told I wouldn't have to talk
about this...

BILLY TALKING HEAD

BILLY
I'm a certified EMT. I could be
stuck in an ER, or I could be out
on the street, helping people as
they need us. Plus, dope digs!

ABBY TALKING HEAD

ABBY
Do you know the protocol for a
domestic violence report? Officers
can hold the offender for 24 hours.
That's it. No one should feel
unsafe in their own home.

SHOUT TALKING HEAD

Shout doesn't talk. Instead, they point to a part of their suit. Stitched in, glued, pieced together in every part of their costume are newspaper clippings, photos, mug shots, obituaries, and other reminders of tragedy and loss.

The camera focuses in on a few headlines and photos:

"Missing Little Miss USA."

"Fourteen slain in community center shooting."

Shout taps on the headline of another. "Father and Son killed in home invasion. Mother left beaten and defeated."

They then point off screen, toward the bullpen.

Through the window, the camera pans as June and Top walk by.

ROW TALKING HEAD

ROW
Because nobody else is gonna do it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A PERP runs down an alley. He's sweaty, afraid, even though he's got a gun.

He's at a dead end. A shadow creeps above him, growing.

He turns. He's face-to-face with Top.

Top takes off his top hat and flings it at the perp.

It zips, spinning upright as if it were a ninja star.

A crudely-animated ZING pops up over the perp.

He perp flies backward, over-dramatically.

TOP (V.O.)
So you want to be a member of the
CAI?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MAYOR'S GATE - DAY

Images of protests and rallies cut together. Black Lives Matter signs fill the crowd.

TOP (V.O.)
It's not all glamorous crime-
fighting. We aim to help the
community. To keep the peace when
the peacekeepers fail.

A cop with a riot shield shoves one of the protesters.

On screen: "INSERT MORE FOOTAGE HERE."

INT. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL: June is watching a movie on the big TV.

Top flicks on the lights. He clears his throat.

TOP

That's all we have of the commercial so far. But we're getting there. Does that answer your questions?

JUNE

...No!

INT. HQ BULLPEN - DAY

Desks with computers and high-tech equipment fill the bullpen. Row and Peak sit at their desks, hard at work. Top leads June through.

TOP

This is where the magic happens. Crime Awareness Initiative HQ. C-A-I, not to be confused with--

He stops, pointing at June. Then at the camera. Nothing.

TOP (CONT'D)

The CIA. Correct. We're not affiliated.

(beat)

Yet anyway.

He bounds forward.

TOP (CONT'D)

We've got the bullpen here. Peak is our mission operator, gathering intel on where we're needed.

PEAK

(from the back)

Hive Mind!

TOP

(pointing)

You know the conference room. There's the on-call room here. Four beds for now, so we usually split up. A-Team is active during the day, Team One overnight.

(MORE)

TOP (CONT'D)
(beat)
Bathrooms, back that way.

INT. HQ BATHROOM - DAY

Shout and Billy are in stalls next to each other. The camera can see and recognize both by Shout's black boots and pants under the door, and Billy's costume leggings.

It's silent. Then...

Shout farts.

BILLY
Bloody hell, Shout -- That's the
only thing I ever hear from you!

INT. HQ BULLPEN - DAY

June and Top stop by a desk covered in stuff, like someone was just there. Pictures, coffee mug, papers.

TOP
This can be your new desk.

Top slides the junk off the desk into a trash can nearby.

JUNE
So... operating costs are covered,
how?

TOP
We have a generous benefactor.

JUNE
I'll put anonymous donor. Who's
going to sit on the board? All
nonprofits need a board.

TOP
I don't know. Talk to everyone and
you pick. As long as I'm president.

JUNE
Well, see, that's a difficult task
that sort of falls outside of my--

Top stops her, putting a hand on her shoulder.

TOP
 You don't need to be great, June.
 (beat)
 You just need to be you.

JUNE
 ...uh... Thank you?

Row walks up to Top.

ROW
 Top.

TOP
The Top.

He smiles at the camera.

ROW
 Peak heard it on the scanner, but
 the cops were just called on the
 shelter on fourth and main.

TOP
 Damn. Struck on our home turf.
 (beat)
 Was it him?

ROW
 Seems like it. The Serial Kisser is
 on a rampage. Want me to go?

TOP
 We'll all go. Nobody gets kissed on
 my watch.

He walks off.

Then... he sticks his head back inside.

TOP (CONT'D)
 Unless they want to be, of course.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER, SIDEWALK - DAY

Outside of a community homeless shelter, the street is lined
 with overflow waiting to get in. People in need sit across
 the sidewalk. Two cop cars are parked nearby.

Billy is sizing up someone for a pair of pants.

June, holding a notepad, and Row, water bottles, walk along.

ROW
So you know Billy?

Row hands a homeless person a water bottle.

JUNE
He was friends with my husband.

ROW
And you didn't think he was a
weirdo?

JUNE
I was... skeptical...

She looks over toward Billy. He's got an arm around a
homeless man who's smiling and holding a pair of pants.

JUNE (CONT'D)
But something about being dressed
like this just made me feel safer
when I really needed it.

ROW
It's because you don't have a cape.
No weakness. Smart.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

Top stands nearby MARSHALL and HUNT, the cops, who are
questioning CAROLINE, in charge of the shelter.

MARSHALL
Did you get a look at the man?

CAROLINE
Not a good one. He just walked in,
kissed some people in line and was
gone before I knew it.

HUNT
So you... called 9-1-1.

The camera zooms in on Hunt's EMPTY NOTEPAD.

Hunt closes the notepad, eyeing the camera and Top.

HUNT (CONT'D)
Thanks ma'am. We got it.

Top walks up to them.

TOP

Marshall; Hunt; nice to see you as
always!

MARSHALL

You didn't learn from last time,
Floyd?

Top glances back at the camera.

TOP

Whoa, whoa. No need for names. I'm
just here to help.

HUNT

Stay off our streets before another
one of your freakshow friends gets
hurt.

Caroline mean-mugs Hunt. Top tips his hat. The cops leave.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry I didn't call you first.

Top holds Caroline's hand.

TOP

I just gave a press release about
the Serial Kisser. We're on it.

CAROLINE

I uh... must have missed it. Look
Top, I appreciate all the good you
do for the shelter, but you're not
detectives. You're not going to be
able to track someone down.

TOP

Looks like they won't either.

CAROLINE

You guys staying to pass out
dinner?

TOP

Of course! Taco Tuesday.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER, SIDEWALK - DAY

June and Row are still walking, handing out bottles.

JUNE

So your alias; Serow Girl...

ROW

Everyone just calls me Row. But a Serow is the national animal of Japan. They're an icon of speed and agility.

JUNE

Isn't it... a goat though?

Nearby, some ASSHOLE in picking things out of a homeless woman's cart. The woman is on the ground crying.

ROW

Oh hell no!

JUNE

Wait. You're gonna stop him? Do you like... know karate?

ROW

Oh, because I'm Asian I have to know martial arts?

JUNE

No, I --

Row runs up to the asshole. June is nervous, gasping.

ROW

Hey buddy -- Leave her alone!

ASSHOLE

Piss off, little bi--

He shoves her. Row tegatana-chops the man in the throat.

Row is behind him instantly, locking his arms. June runs up.

JUNE

Holy crap! I thought you didn't know karate.

ROW

Of course I know karate - I just didn't want it to be a race thing!

Billy rushes from behind them, holding out his hand.

BILLY

I've got the zip ties!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A cat, stuck in a tree, angrily paws at Tops' hand as he reaches up for it. Top is hugging the side of the tree, trying to reach up.

Reveal: He's only a foot off the ground, nowhere close.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE SHELTER - DAY

A news REPORTER covers the story, standing near the scene.

REPORTER

The Serial Kisser strikes again.
Earlier today, two men and a woman
were kissed while waiting in line
for tacos. While police seem to be
ignoring the issue, one local group
is on the QUES-adilla.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

June was interviewed for the same news report. She's talking to someone off camera first, protesting.

JUNE

(to producer)

I don't want to be on the news. No!
I'm not going to--

June realizes they're live. She smiles at the camera, very nervous.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm June Campbell, with the
Crime Awareness Initiative.

A nameplate pops up over June, reading: "Tank. Professional Lawyer, CIA."

JUNE (CONT'D)

We want everyone to know that--

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE SHELTER - DAY

Back to the reporter.

REPORTER

Back to you, Ted, with a story on
Bobo, the zoo's oldest chimpanzee.

She smiles.

INT. HQ BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Peak is making coffee in two cups. He looks over his
shoulder. He smirks at the camera.

The camera zooms on him pouring SALT into one of the mugs.

He lifts both cups and walks out.

REVEAL: Shout was watching. They shake their head at the
camera.

INT. HQ BULLPEN - NIGHT

Abby watches the NEWS REPORT about Bobo on her computer.

Peak hands her a coffee. She takes it, not looking.

Peak sits. He creepily stares at Abby's cup, waiting.

PEAK

Are you going to drink it?

As Abby lifts her mug to drink, Shout is miming a scream
through the BREAK ROOM DOOR. She sips it. Shout bursts in.

Abby swallows. Shout falls to their knees in agony.

Peak grins. Then...

Abby puts the mug down.

ABBY

Thanks, Hive Mind.

Peak is shocked. He looks up, destroyed by what he's done.

ABBY TALKING HEAD

ABBY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that coffee tasted like
shit. But fuck if Peak isn't the
worst super villain I've ever seen.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

June walks through the police station. She's being eyed up by
all of the officers. She heads straight back to the captain's
office.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CAPTAIN GREENE, 67, compassionate but hardened by his job,
waves June inside. She enters.

JUNE

Captain Greene... it's nice to see
you again.

She sits.

GREENE

Wish I could say it's a pleasure.
But I saw you on the news.

JUNE

Better than the last time I was on
the news, huh?

She smiles, but there's anger in her expression.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I came to talk to you about
the CAI. We want to be officially
recognized as a nonprofit with the
city, and a sanctioned partner with
the LAPD. I know it's a big ask--

GREENE

It's unheard of.

JUNE

Not true. The Justice Larries
partnered with the San Diego PD
just last month.

GREENE

Fuck the Justice Larries.

JUNE
(to self)
Why does everyone hate those guys?

GREENE
Do you even know why this group
hired you in the first place?

JUNE
To help push the nonprofit through.

GREENE
That's all a publicity stunt.

He leans forward.

GREENE (CONT'D)
Ask yourself why they have an open
spot for a new hero. These people
you're aligning yourself with are
amateurs at best. Nutcases the
other fifty percent of the time.
(beat)
It's not safe.

JUNE
To be fair, sir, I haven't felt
safe for almost a year now.

Greene shifts uncomfortably.

GREENE
Look, June, what happened to your
family is the only reason I'm even
entertaining this meeting.

JUNE
If someone like Top or Abby was
patrolling the street that night,
things might've been different.
That's all I'm asking for.

Greene holds out his hand, reluctantly.

GREENE
No promises, but if you can show me
your little group does some good,
I'll consider it.

June hands him the paperwork.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Top clings to a branch very high up on the tree.

Reveal: The cat on the ground meows up at him. He nearly slips. He's the one stuck now.

INT. HQ BULLPEN - NIGHT

June enters the office, passing Billy, now dressed as Santa.

BILLY

Any luck with the paperwork?

JUNE

It looks promising. You headed to bed?

BILLY

Yeah. Big day tomorrow. You?

JUNE

Something tells me I won't be able to sleep tonight.

BILLY

Abby could probably use the help.

INT. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Abby is leaning over the desk, menacingly. June has a stack of paperwork in front of her. Abby points to one.

ABBY

Sign here. Here. And here. Those are your standard waivers in case you're decapitated, blown up, etc. etc. while on patrol.

JUNE

Did a lawyer write this up? I should really make sure it's compliant.

ABBY

What are you afraid of?

JUNE

Well... the "etc. etc." mostly, but the other two weren't ideal either.

ABBY

You'll be fine. We only lost one guy before, and that was his own fault.

JUNE

Jesus...

ABBY

It's just a bait-and-catch tonight. Only the perp gets hurt on those. Mostly from Shout.

REVEAL: In the doorway is Shout, normal costume, but with a tight pink dress over top. They seductively blow a kiss.

INT. OFFICE DEPOT - NIGHT

Calming music plays in the background. An EMPLOYEE watches.

Row slides a WANTED poster into an industrial copier. She closes the lid and presses a button.

The copier comes to life and starts printing out copies.

It keeps printing. She checks her phone.

It's still printing. She smiles and waves to the employee.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Abby leans on the corner of a brick building, looking down the street. June nervously cowers in the alley.

JUNE

I think I hate this already.

ABBY

Relax. This is entry level stuff. Shout poses as a drunk victim, bouncing from bar to bar. We follow in the vicinity, and when someone approaches, BLAM!

She smashes her hand in her fist.

JUNE

Technically, bait-and-catches have like a 15% conviction rate. And you can't hit the person just for going up to them.

ABBY
Semantics. Plus we have you to make
sure it sticks.

Abby raises her walkie, pressing the button.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Shout, copy. I lost sight of you.

There's silence on the other end. June makes a face at the camera, "duh."

JUNE
Wouldn't it be hard to...

ABBY
That's not Shout's normal brand of
silence. Something's wrong.

Abby rushes out of the alley. June hesitates.

JUNE
Abby! Abby don't leave me here...
It's dark, and... I didn't bring my
helmet with the lights on it!

June runs after her.

OFFICE DEPOT EMPLOYEE TALKING HEAD

EMPLOYEE
Yeah... I run that Office Depot.
Row and the CAI make so many copies
of flyers that we give them a 10%
discount...
(beat)
Is this really important to the
documentary?

EXT. THE STRIP - NIGHT

Abby is looking all over for Shout. There are people walking the strip, but she can't find Shout anywhere. June keeps a close pace.

EXT. STOOP - NIGHT

Abby spots Shout in front of a stoop. They're surrounded by a group of women.

Abby rushes up. Shout is in the middle of a small dance circle of women. They're all dancing to music coming out of a nearby bar.

Shout is killing it with their moves. The crowd cheers. Abby is not amused.

June finally catches up.

JUNE

Who's going to jai-- Ooooooh!

INT. OFFICE DEPOT - NIGHT

The calming music is playing. Row is still making copies. There's a line of two people behind her. They look impatient.

ROW

Just a couple more.

The man behind her rolls his eyes. The copier keeps going.

INT. HQ BULLPEN - NIGHT

Peak is on his computer, reading a Wiki-How called: BOMB BUILDING FOR DUMMIES. He takes copious notes.

He eyes the camera and closes the browser tab.

The POLICE SCANNER lights up. Peak slides over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Marshall, Hunt, we've got another call about the SK inside Mackey's. You nearby?

MARSHALL (V.O.)

We can be there in like... thirty-five. Probably another false alarm.

The camera pulls back. Peak is looking at it. He hesitates.

He slides back over to his chair and picks up the walkie.

PEAK

(to camera)

Unwarranted oral contact constitutes as sexual assault. That's not my style of evil.

He presses the button on the walkie.

EXT. THE STRIP - NIGHT

June is now dancing with the group of women. Abby's walkie squawks. She answers.

PEAK (V.O.)

Abby, our Serial Kisser has been spotted at Mackey's on the strip.

ABBY

Seriously? We're right outside.

DANCING LADY

Ew! Is that who that guy was? He tried to make out with me.

June and Shout stop dancing abruptly. The ladies continue.

JUNE

Wait -- Why didn't you say anything?

DANCING LADY

I thought guys were going to a costume party... Are you the CIA?

INT. MACKEY'S BAR - NIGHT

June, Shout and Abby enter the bar. It's pretty packed. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, until they spot...

Three buff guys in the back surrounding THE KISSER, 28, skinny and nerdy, sitting on the ground.

JUNE

Wait. You already caught him?

One GUY turns around. He points at them.

GUY

I know you! You're Shout. I see your Instagram feed all the time.

Shout mimes pointing at themselves and then waving it off.

GUY (CONT'D)

Are you here for this douche?

The guys move aside. Abby and Shout step up.

ABBY

We are, but it seems like we missed the fun part.

Abby and Shout pick the guy up off the ground.

KISSER

Let me go!

Shout grips the Serial Kisser by the arm.

KISSER (CONT'D)

You have no proof.

Abby looks at June. June buzzes around like a humming bird, talking to the crowd.

JUNE

Hi, if I could just get your name and some statements for this guy's arrest. Yes? You... Okay here...

ABBY

Now we have proof.

KISSER

Like that'll hold up in court. I'm drunk!

He leans in and tries to kiss Abby.

ABBY

Well, then you won't feel this!

She winds up for a punch. Shout furiously protests. June appears.

JUNE

Abby! If you hit him without just cause, you'll be charged too.

ABBY

Hmph.

Shout holds up a finger - they have an idea. Abby looks, questioning. Shout holds up their hands, releasing the kisser. Abby jolts.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?!

The Kisser doesn't move. He looks back and forth, trying to comprehend the situation. June is pensive.

JUNE

If he runs... then you can tackle him without a problem...

ABBY

He's not going to run now. He knows
the plan.

The Kisser looks right at the camera. Then...

He bolts. Abby and June exchange a glance.

Abby cracks her knuckles and rushes after the Kisser.

She tackles him into a table. Shout cheers, silently.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Abby hands over the Kisser to officer Marshall.

Top smiles at the camera and shakes Hunt's hand. Hunt looks sick.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

June takes a sip of her coffee. She lowers her face guard back down. She's staring off into space.

JUNE

I don't want to be called a hero. I didn't do anything heroic. But the people I work with sure do... every single day. And I'm honored to be a part of it.

REVEAL: She's alone at the coffee shop table.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Crap! Where'd he go?

She looks to the barista behind the counter.

BARISTA

He left about halfway through your story. It was a pretty good though. I'd wear a mask if I could.

June sighs.

INT. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Row and Billy are watching the TV in the conference room. The headline reads "SERIAL KISSER CAUGHT AND RELEASED."

Row mutes the TV.

ROW

Can you believe this shit?

BILLY

In fairness, he was kissing everybody.

ROW

These fucking cops in this town,
man. We hand them someone on a
silver platter...

BILLY

I nicked a photo of his license. At
least we know who he is now, and
it'll stop. Overall, it's a win.

ROW

Send me the pic. I'm gonna make
another Office Depot run later.

INT. HQ BULLPEN - DAY

Shout holds up a finger to the camera, "wait!"

They reach behind a POTTED PLANT. They pull out a samurai
sword, unsheathing the blade, examining it. Shout gives an
chef's kiss to the camera.

INT. HQ CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Shout looks one way, then the other, miming ignorance.

Then he points up.

CAMERA REVEAL: The blades of the fan are actual sharp blades.

Shout mimes throwing someone up in the air, then spinning the
fan and being chopped to bits.

INT. HQ BREAK ROOM - DAY

Shout grabs a granola bar from a basket. They unwrap it. They
eat a bite. Chewing.

They rub their stomach. Did they just want a snack?

Oh no! Shout starts miming that they're choking.

They fall to the ground.

The camera drops down with them. Then...

They sit up, miming a chop over their throat. Shout holds up
the GRANOLA BAR WRAPPER: "Shout's Emergency Bars."

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The entire gang, minus June, sits around the table. The MOCKUP COSTUMES are on the TV again.

TOP

So it's tied between the pink armband and the CAI jackets...
hmmm.

ABBY

The pink arm band makes us look like rip-off neo Nazis.

TOP

You're not wrong, but I'll be the deciding vote.

Peak slams his fist onto the table.

PEAK

I, for one, want to know why you were even voted the leader in the first place.

TOP

I'm the only one of us who's ever been shot...

The gang looks around at each other, murmuring.

PEAK

That's fair.

Top turns back to the TV.

TOP

And we're sure we don't like the bedazzled goggles?

BILLY TALKING HEAD

Billy's in the Thanksgiving Turkey costume now.

BILLY

Most people see someone walking down the street in a costume and assume we're nuts. Bollocks. We all have reasons for wearing masks...

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Row is hanging out with a group of homeless woman. They're smiling, laughing. One shakes her hand.

BILLY (V.O.)
Some people just want to make a
difference...

INT. MMA CLASS - DAY

Abby taps boxing gloves with her opponent. They bow. She jumps back into a fighting stance and they attack each other.

BILLY
Some of us just want a way to
channel our energy for good...

INT. SHOUT'S HOME - NIGHT

Shout reclines on their sofa, watching a small TV re-run of Power Rangers. Their home is a mess, stacked with papers and trash. Superhero posters line the walls.

BILLY
And yeah, trauma can play a part of
it. I wouldn't say we're all
mentally ill, but...

BILLY TALKING HEAD

BILLY
...we're definitely not normal.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

June taps on Greene's office door. He waves her in.

JUNE
Captain Greene, you wanted to see
me? I heard the news about the
Kisser.

GREENE
Here.

He slides a manila folder across the table. June opens it.

JUNE
You signed our nonprofit form.

GREENE

Congratulations. Your little band of weirdos are officially in business. But the LAPD does not recognize the CIA--

JUNE

CAI.

GREENE

--as anything official. This is not an agreement. You're all still on our shit list, and I swear to God if you fuck up any of our cases, I'll...

JUNE

Thank you, sir. I consider us BFFs now.

Greene sighs. June starts to head out.

GREENE

There's one more thing.

JUNE

What's that?

GREENE

Between you and me... The Kisser made a deal with us. That's why he got out so fast.

June's brow furrows.

JUNE

What kind of deal?

GREENE

He had information in another case. Home invasion, homicide. Unclosed.

She comes closer to the desk.

JUNE

Why are you telling me this?

GREENE

Your friend Billy Holiday...

(beat)

You ever seen him without his costume?

END ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Two men, LARRY Blaze and LARRY Flemming, 40s, both out of shape, wearing red jumpsuits and blue capes, practice terrible karate moves in front of the San Diego skyline.

Larry F does a forward roll, right into camera view. Larry B jumps off an AC unit, landing next to him.

LARRY B
I'm Larry.

LARRY F
And I'm also Larry.

BOTH LARRIES
And together, we're...

"THE JUSTICE LARRIES" in poorly drawn letters pop on the screen and fly over them.

LARRY B
We're the hottest...

LARRY F
Most charitable...

LARRY B
Best real-life superheroes in all
of California...

INT. FANCY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Top is watching the commercial on TV, relaxing in a leather chair. He's holding a glass of SCOTCH.

TOP
Man I hate those guys.

REVEAL: Next to him on another chair is the MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR. We don't see much but a hand, holding a glass.

BENEFACTOR
Fuck the Justice Larries.

They clink GLASSES across the gap. A crudely drawn POW appears as they do. Freezeframe.

END