

MAL SUERTE

"Atypical Day"

(pilot)

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COLD OPENING

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY

Establishing shots of the city alongside sounds of GUNFIRE and CAR ALARMS. The sounds aren't coming from the skyscrapers or touristy districts, but one of the poorer neighborhoods.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET - DAY

Local RESIDENTS scamper behind cars, trashcans, and mailboxes as a dozen GANG MEMBERS (teens to 20s) from two rival street gangs shoot at each other across a residential street. Both gangs, *Espadachín* and *Pistolas de la Noche*, and the neighborhood are all primarily Hispanic.

A long chain launches from one of the rooftops, wraps around a balcony across the street. Many of the shooters look up.

A Latino in a long black coat and gloves plus a colorful *lucha libre* mask swings down to street level between the two sides. Depending on who you ask, MAL SUERTE (32) is either a dark superhero or a supervillain with flashes of conscience.

As the gunshots taper off, the chain releases the balcony rail and shortens until only a few feet long.

MAL SUERTE

¡Ai! You *lerdos* want to blow each others' brains out, fine. But you don't need to take out the whole neighborhood.

A heavily tattooed PISTOLAS GANGBANGER (19), seethes at him.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER

This don't concern you, Mal Suerte.

Some Residents sneak away during this lull in the shooting.

MAL SUERTE

Long as you putting holes in the windows and people here, it concerns me. Get your stupid little quarrel off my street! Now!

Mal Suerte whips the street with his chain for emphasis.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER

Not after what they did.

The head *Pistolas* Gangbanger raises his pistol. In response, the head *ESPADACHÍN* GANGBANGER (20) with a greasy ducktail haircut sneers and raises his tactical pistol sideways.

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER
Not after what YOU GUYS did.

The two Gangbangers fire at each other. Mal Suerte swings his chain, expertly deflects both bullets mid-flight.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
(with ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER)
You taking their side?!

MAL SUERTE
Are you *loco*?

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
(with ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER)
Shoot him!

Most of the Gang Members look over in shock, a couple on each side open fire. Mal Suerte swings the chain back and forth, deflecting shots from all angles.

One shocked *Pistolas* member, ELIAN VERA (16) is almost in tears. He probably has a Mal Suerte action figure at home.

ELIAN
Stop! Stop it!

Elian, shaking, turns his gun toward the *Pistolas* Gangbanger.

Mal Suerte shakes his head, intentionally deflects a bullet into Elian's weapon which knocks it out of his hand.

ELIAN
Ow! You have to stop!

Mal Suerte's chain grows longer, traces out a chaotic protective bubble around him, but it's not perfect. A shot sneaks through, grazes the shoulder of his coat.

MAL SUERTE
Now I'm mad. I'm gonna --

Elian's form fades rapidly to a black silhouette.

ELIAN
STOP!

A black wave erupts from Elian's silhouette, blankets the street in darkness and silence.

End of the chain emerges, wraps around the balcony rail. Mal Suerte swings onto a rooftop carrying the black Elian shape.

The black cloud remains, ending the gunfight below.

ACT ONE**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY**

Mal Suerte sits back against the graffiti-covered parapet next to a bewildered Elian, who looks like a regular Gang Member again. Mal Suerte's chain sits curled up in his lap, shifting occasionally like a pet cat.

ELIAN

That was so weird. I don't even know what happened.

MAL SUERTE

Tell me about it. I deal with weird all the time, but that... I never expected that.

ELIAN

Really? I didn't mean to scare you.

MAL SUERTE

You weren't pointing the gun at me.

ELIAN

I meant --

MAL SUERTE

Weird that those two knuckleheads down there opened fire. On me.

Mal Suerte picks up the chain which stiffens into a pointer that he uses to sweep the horizon.

MAL SUERTE

I got an understanding with every jefe in L.A. and Long Beach.

ELIAN

I am a huge fan of yours, but can we not talk about you for a second? I just did a superpower... thing. And everybody saw me.

MAL SUERTE

They will think I pulled a trick. Maybe later, you learn to control your powers, I tell them Dark Cloud Guy was secretly helping me.

ELIAN

There's already a super named Nimbus. And how am I supposed to learn to control my powers?

MAL SUERTE

I will help you there.

Elian beams.

MAL SUERTE

But right now we need to find out what the hell got into those two gangbangers who gave orders to shoot at me.

Elian's shoulders slump.

MAL SUERTE

Go home, clean yourself up, and find something to wear without your gang colors on it. I have some sleuthing to do.

INT. PACO'S MAN CAVE - DAY

Several expensive recliners in front of a huge TV, but only one person sits here now: PACO RAMÍREZ (32), *jefe* and criminal mastermind of the *Pistolas de la Noche* gang, who wears gang colors accented by a chain-link belt and brass knuckles on each hand.

Paco's voice, rapid speech, gestures, and general build are suspiciously similar to Mal Suerte's.

The *Pistolas* Gangbanger from the gunfight shuffles in, afraid to look up, and speaks slowly. The only other people present are gang member BODYGUARDS (teens) just outside the entrance.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER

Eh... *Jefe*.

PACO

I heard some things... But I say to myself, "No, this cannot be. My guys would never do anything so stupid."

The *Pistolas* Gangbanger grimaces, shifts uncomfortably, but can't find anything to say.

PACO
I want to hear some things now.
From you. What happened?

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
I, uh, okay... The thing is... it's
funny, you know --

PACO
If I don't hear something fast, I
gonna think somebody paid you.

The *Pistolas* Gangbanger's eyes go wide in fear.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
No, *Jefe*! No! It... It started when
I was at *Señor Vice*'s place.

Paco eyerolls hard enough to flop his head back. His profound disappointment is audible.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
It's neutral territory. I was there
to unwind, you know?

INT. MISTER VICE'S CLUB - DAY - FLASHBACK

A nightclub of sorts that runs 24/7 despite any laws to the contrary. Occasional purple neon "MR. VICE" signs remind the clientele where they are as they indulge a variety of vices.

Slightly distorted audiovisuals hint at the mind-altering nature of this place.

Other than dancers who are implied nude, all of the employees wear purple tights with a nametag and a prominent white "V" neck. The neck plunges deeper on the women.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER (V.O.)
I was about to make it with this
chica Linette, but --

Drunk *Pistolas* Gangbanger slumps slovenly in a booth, makes a comically bad pass at his Caucasian waitress LINETTE (20). She's all smiles, but her expression blanks the moment she faces away from him.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER (V.O.)
-- that *pendejo* was bothering her.

Linette places a beer on the table of the *Espadachín* Gangbanger, who makes a mess with a pile of greasy food that might explain his greasy hair. She gamely removes his hand from her thigh before heading back toward the kitchen.

Linette catches the arm of another waitress KAYLA (19) leaving the kitchen, out of earshot from both Gangbangers.

LINETTE

Hey, my shift's over. Area Three is all yours. The guys over there are pretty out of it.

Linette disappears into the kitchen. Immediately, Kayla's cell phone RINGS. She checks caller ID, answers nervously.

KAYLA

Yes, Mister Price?
(beat)
Of course.

She disconnects the call, scribbles out two notes, and delivers one to each Gangbanger.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER (V.O.)

Linette left me a note saying the guy threatened her for looking at me, thought somebody was following her, and she had to run.

INT. PACO'S MAN CAVE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Paco slowly lifts his face from his palm.

PACO

Did you wonder how this lady, running for her life, had time to write you a long note?

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER

Well, you know how that place messes with your head, no?

Paco starts with a long sigh, but grows angrier as he speaks.

PACO

So he gets the same note, and you two brain surgeons light up a street, take a shot at the ONE superhero who works with gangs, and now going to have me up to my ass in cops and capes for a week?!

The *Pistolas* Gangbanger stammers, cut off by an intercom.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Jefe, cops are here. Looks like they have Duke with them. And Nimbus is flying up high.

PACO
 Okay, just stay out of their way.
 (turns off intercom)
 If *Señor Vice* don't have a really good explanation --

Pistolas Gangbanger's mouth drops open.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
 You seriously want to mess with a supervillain?

PACO
 His powers don't scare me. He going to make me lose my cool? Give in to my impulse? My "impulse" is to carve out his liver.

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
 Good point. I'll go with you --

PACO
 No, you are going to lay real low 'til Duke stops sniffing around for you. *¿Comprendes?*

The *Pistolas* Gangbanger manages a meek nod.

PACO
 Who gave you this note?

PISTOLAS GANGBANGER
 "K" something... Kaylee? Kayla.

PACO
 Get an I.D. from Consuela, get into a safe house, and don't even look out the window 'til I fix this gigantic headache you make for me.

The *Pistolas* Gangbanger nods as he backs out. Paco storms through a side door into

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shower, toilet, and sink that all work but aren't especially clean. Paco mutters to himself as he yanks open a linen closet, pulls out gloves, a long black coat, and a *lucha libre* mask from behind some towels.

Paco, now Mal Suerte, pulls out the chain that was his belt, uses it to open a panel in the ceiling, then uses the chain again to pull himself up through the hole.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

Mal Suerte looks up and down at Elian and his new outfit: a touristy California-themed tee shirt and blue jeans.

ELIAN

Man, I feel naked without my
Pistolas colors.

MAL SUERTE

Get used to it. Those colors will
blow your secret identity.

ELIAN

Nobody can see what I'm wearing.

Elian fades to a black silhouette.

MAL SUERTE

And if you get knocked out, or want
to sneak away into a crowd?

Elian gives a half-shrug, half-nod, conceding the point.

MAL SUERTE

Great.
(in Spanish, with subtitles)
This migraine won't wait --

He whips his chain around a streetlight, hefts Elian in his off-arm, and swings down the block.

When they land, a shaken Elian holds up a hand.

ELIAN

One sec. And I only know a little
Spanish from school.

MAL SUERTE

¿Por qué yo? Fine. The same day two
gangs get into the stupidest fight
in the history of stupid fights and
I find a new superhero... he turns
out to be the only Mexican kid in
the *barrio* who don't speak Spanish.

Mal Suerte hefts Elian again and swings to the next block, mid-swing he narrowly misses a turning delivery truck.

ELIAN

A lot of kids don't speak --

Elian looks down from the new perch, immediately regrets it.

ELIAN

Woah, you're crazy. Anyway, I know my teacher said "Mal Suerte" is bad grammar. Should be *mala* since *suerte* is feminine.

This draws a glare from Mal Suerte. And it's the only warning Elian gets before they're swinging again.

This time there is no perch at all... the pair tumble gently high above the street. Elian panics while Mal Suerte calmly recalls the chain and whips it around the next pivot.

MAL SUERTE

(muttering in Spanish, with subtitles)

My teacher says it's bad grammar.

They land on a mom-and-pop convenience store's rooftop, several people run out the door screaming.

MAL SUERTE

Stay put. Practice not blacking out the whole neighborhood.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

An agitated YOUNG ROBBER (17) in a ski mask points his automatic rifle at a world-weary SHOPKEEPER (63) who is mostly just annoyed that her day was interrupted.

The DOOR CHIME announces Mal Suerte's arrival.

MAL SUERTE

What do we have here?

Mal Suerte's POV: Wisps of color, mostly pastels, circle around the Shopkeeper. Similar wisps move around the Young Robber with a couple of swaths of deep blue and green.

The Young Robber swings his rifle toward Mal Suerte, and that deep blue swath grows a bit longer.

MAL SUERTE

You seem like a good kid. You don't want to go down this road.

POV sweeps the rest of the store, notes another aura in the next aisle. The aura of this SECOND ROBBER (29) is almost all deep colors. POV inches in that direction.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)
Who are you trying to impress?

Just before the POV gets a good look at the Second Robber, that half of the store winks into pitch-black silence. The Second Robber's deep-colored aura remains visible to Mal Suerte's POV.

A new aura -- about half pastel and half deep colors with one striking splotch of bright yellow -- rushes from the back of the store and tackles the Second Robber's aura.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)
Ai.

POV jerks back to the Young Robber, chain swings into view just before Young Robber fires a burst of rounds. The bullets ping off the chain and deflect into the ceiling.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)
Okay, give me that.

He whips his chain around the rifle and after a couple tries yanks it away, he spares a look at the two auras wrestling in the dark.

The Second Robber's aura is on top.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)
(to YOUNG ROBBER)
I'm gonna do you a favor.

Mal Suerte holds his left palm toward the Young Robber. The deep blue wisp rips from the Young Robber's aura. Mal Suerte grabs it then uses a practiced wrist motion to fling it at the Second Robber's aura.

A moment after the blue wisp joins the Second Robber's aura, the person inside that aura bumps into some unseen thing and falls. Once the aura with a yellow splotch gets in a firmly dominant position, the darkness evaporates.

Elian's silhouette holds the Second Robber in an armlock.

Back to normal POV. Mal Suerte makes a wide-armed shrug gesturing "What the hell?"

MAL SUERTE
Did I not tell you to stay put?

ELIAN
No hablo español.

The combination of disobedience and high school Spanish gets a chuckle out of Mal Suerte.

MAL SUERTE
Pendejo.

Mal Suerte's wraps his chain around the Second Robber, drags him to where the Shopkeeper now points a shotgun at a sweating Young Robber.

MAL SUERTE
 (to YOUNG ROBBER)
 There is a second chance here for you. I need to know who told you to knock over this store. This guy?

Mal Suerte yanks the chain wrapped around the Second Robber.

YOUNG ROBBER
 No, it was one of Mister Vice's people. A girl.
 (glances at SHOPKEEPER)
 Woman. She said I keep you occupied, he gets the stuff. Didn't mention your friend here.

MAL SUERTE
 That plan sucks, even if I was alone. Well, *Señor* Vice gonna find out I am FULL of surprises. Go, get out of here.

The Young Robber looks to the Shopkeeper, she nods. He dashes out the front of the store casting aside the ski mask.

MAL SUERTE
 (to SECOND ROBBER)
 You are not so innocent.

Mal Suerte tsk-tsks at the tainted aura only he can see.

MAL SUERTE
 My friend is going to tie you up, and this young lady is going to call someone. Maybe she calls the police. Maybe she calls the gang that runs this street.

The Shopkeeper smiles, hands two large zip-ties to Elian.

ELIAN
 You just... have these?
 (to SECOND ROBBER)
 Hey, take my advice and convince
 her that you are very sorry.

EXT. MISTER VICE'S CLUB ROOFTOP - DAY

The muffled beat of loud music drowns out the sound of Mal Suerte and Elian landing on the roof.

ELIAN
 Shouldn't there be a camera here?

Mal Suerte motions to the flickering red light on a malfunctioning security camera.

MAL SUERTE
 Lucky for us, not a working one.

ELIAN
 Strange things happen to you all
 day, don't they?

MAL SUERTE
 Why do you think I pick this name?
 The name Extraño was... uh, already
 taken, so I call myself "Bad Luck."
 Use some, uh, poetic license
 because I'm not a girl. You wait
 'til you pick out YOUR name.

Looking through a skylight, Mal Suerte spots Kayla.

MAL SUERTE
 There. She is the one who deliver
 the notes that started all this.
 Stay put. Looks like she about to
 leave work.

Mal Suerte looks for good places to wait in the alley behind the building, turns back to Elian.

MAL SUERTE
 Actually stay put this time.

EXT. MISTER VICE'S CLUB REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

A back alley perpetually in shade except for a brightly-lit area surrounding the employee entrance. Kayla, now in street clothes, emerges from the door. Loud music spills outside until the door closes.

A few steps away from the door, she panics at Mal Suerte suddenly in her path, pulls out a can of pepper spray.

MAL SUERTE
Hey, I just want to talk.

As Kayla relaxes slightly, Mal Suerte's eyes widen.

MAL SUERTE
¡No mames!
(hushed)
You work for Fat Chance.

She starts panicking again, almost drops the pepper spray.

KAYLA
What?

MAL SUERTE
Henry Price, except everyone calls him Fat Chance.

KAYLA
You know, people who call him that to his face die in strange and painful ways. But why would you say I work for him?

MAL SUERTE
He manipulates probability... arranges for things to happen. He does it to you enough, it leaves a mark on your karma.

Mal Suerte's POV: Kayla's aura has, in addition to typical pastel and deep wisps, many precise ribbons of color orbiting her body at a common synchronized rate.

KAYLA
I --

Kayla sees something behind Mal Suerte, a trace of a smile appears on her lips.

LINETTE (O.S.)
Mal Suerte, get your hands where I can see them!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. MISTER VICE'S CLUB REAR ENTRANCE - DAY**

The last few moments replay from a normal POV.

MAL SUERTE

He does it to you enough, it leaves
a mark on your karma.

KAYLA

I --

Linette appears from around the corner in street clothes,
plunges her hand into her purse, holds it like there's a
pistol inside.

LINETTE

Mal Suerte, get your hands where I
can see them!

He raises his hands. A little.

MAL SUERTE

Like I tell your friend here, I
just want to talk.

Linette advances, but not too close, and lowers her voice.

LINETTE

She's not my friend, she's my
confidential informant. And you're
going to toss that famous chain of
yours over the fence.

MAL SUERTE

If it will make you feel better.

The last link in the chain turns toward Mal Suerte.

MAL SUERTE

Don't look at me like that, *Cadena*.

He balls up the chain, hefts it over a chain-link fence where it CLANGS against a wall and falls onto a shelf of empty metal beer kegs.

MAL SUERTE

So --

The impacted keg teeters over, sets off a cascade of containers falling to the ground.

MAL SUERTE

So, can I see some I.D.?

The RUMBLING of rolling kegs continues into the distance. Men and women in purple employee costumes rush out a side door and try in vain to halt the avalanche.

LINETTE

Like I'm going to carry a badge around here. I know your coat is bulletproof, but I'm guessing the mask isn't.

The rolling kegs reach a street, cars swerve to avoid them.

MAL SUERTE

Are you aware that your canary here is working for Fat Chance?

KAYLA

Stop calling him that.

A car SCREECHES to a halt to avoid the kegs, gets rear-ended.

LINETTE

Of course I do. Leave her alone.

MAL SUERTE

(chuckles, turns to KAYLA)
Wow. Working *Señor* Vice and Fat Chance AND the law.
(dead serious)
You want my silence, tell me what other strange thing your real boss have you do today after the notes and the robbery.

KAYLA

How did you know...? Nothing, just told me to stay away from MacArthur Park at three o'clock today.

MAL SUERTE

And did he --

Loud music as the employee door opens again. Out pokes the head of some hired MUSCLE (26) in purple who is about six inches taller and wider than Mal Suerte. Several other bouncer-types in purple stand behind him.

MUSCLE

There a problem out here?

MAL SUERTE

No problem. I was just leaving.
Buenas tardes, ladies.

Mal Suerte waves, climbs up and over the fence, the chain jumps into his hand, and he uses it to swing onto a rooftop.

Muscle closes the door, and Linette lowers her purse.

KAYLA

Thanks, Linette, you're a lifesaver. Is that where you go every day, to the cops?

LINETTE

No... acting school. Came back today 'cause I forgot my pages in my locker.

Kayla smiles, then Linette, then both burst out laughing.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

Mal Suerte paces while Elian practices making baseball-sized spheres out of darkness.

MAL SUERTE

It was never *Señor Vice*. Fat Chance wanted me to THINK it was *Señor Vice*, but it was him pulling the strings the whole time.

ELIAN

Weren't you afraid she'd shoot you?

MAL SUERTE

Serious? You believed she had a gun? Forget her. Now, Fat Chance always has a plan. Why is he stirring things up for me?

Elian forms little balls of darkness, but the first one fades away when he makes a fourth. He grunts in mild frustration.

ELIAN

I don't know: maybe not everything
in the world is about you?

MAL SUERTE

This guy changes probabilities. And
he's a complete math genius, so
things he changes are on purpose.

ELIAN

(chuckling)

Too bad he can't use his "math
genius" powers to count calories.

Mal Suerte is immediately right up in Elian's face.

MAL SUERTE

This is serious. You gonna run into
dangerous people. You don't respect
that danger, it will bury you.

ELIAN

Sorry.

Mal Suerte resumes pacing.

MAL SUERTE

And I don't mean just the villains.
Unless you plan to turn into a
choirboy, Nimbus and Just Ice and
the rest of the Fancy Cape Club
aren't your friends, either. Now,
it's almost three. Let's see what
Fat Chance has planned for
MacArthur Park.

Mal Suerte whips the chain O.S. and carries Elian with him.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)

One good thing: we know from the
robbery that Fat Chance does not
know about you.

EXT. VARIOUS ROOFTOPS - DAY

Mal Suerte brings Elian further and further from their
neighborhood while trying to mentor on the move.

MAL SUERTE

I'm gonna start out telling you
stuff I wish I got told right away.
First, understand YOU have to be
the expert on your power.

(MORE)

MAL SUERTE (CONT'D)

When I was new, I'm seeing karma
and stuff, I don't know what's
going on, and the guy helping me
takes me to some *Santería* lady
'cause he can't tell Mexicans from
Cubans.

ELIAN

That was Tom Foolery, right?

The distant ROAR of revving engines grows closer.

MAL SUERTE

Sí, and when Cŵn Annwn ("koon
annun") was training HIM, he didn't
know anything about --

On the street below, a pick-up truck full of masked THUGS
(20s) chase an armored car at high speed.

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The armored car and pick-up run a series of red lights but
avoid any collisions.

ELIAN (O.S.)

Should we help them?

The pick-up approaches behind the armored car. A Thug climbs
from the bed over the cab to the hood, inches forward.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)

If they don't get away, they give
up the money and have insurance.

The armored car slams on its brakes, the pick-up pancakes
against the much heavier vehicle, and the Thug on the hood is
little more than a stain between them.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)

I think the driver is having fun.

Thugs that were in the pick-up's bed climb out, one tosses a
grenade as the armored car starts again, forcing it to turn.

A second grenade tips the armored car on its side, it skids
into a bus, pinning it to a pole.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)

Now it hurts the neighborhood.

Mal Suerte swings the pair down to street level. Most of the
Thugs carry assault rifles, one a lit cutting torch and
welder's face shield.

Another super, BARD (45), jumps up onto the armored car from behind it. This Arabic woman's glittery pant-suit of a costume is styled after a European Renaissance composer, notably she wears no mask. The public consider her a hero though she isn't very good at staying within the law.

MAL SUERTE

Good, good.

(to ELIAN)

Get the people from the bus. Bard and I handle these guys.

Mal Suerte swings to a spot in front of the armored car, Bard lands next to him, Elian runs toward the bus but looks at Bard the whole time.

Bard inhales, addresses the Thugs, her cultured speaking voice packing all the volume of an opera singer.

BARD

Leave now if you want to leave
under your own power.

Mal Suerte gestures at Elian to look where he's going.

THUG

Outta the way and nobody's gotta
get hurt.

MAL SUERTE

Listen to this lady.

Bard slides a silver flute from her sleeve, raises it towards her lips, which prompts the Thugs to open fire.

Mal Suerte lashes his chain back and forth, deflecting bullets aimed at him and Bard.

Elian disappears into the bus, directs PASSENGERS to safety, though some of them hang back to watch or record the fight.

MAL SUERTE

Come on, if you gonna pull a job
like this, you do it fast and not
make a mess of my street.

The door of the overturned armored car opens, the ARMORED CAR DRIVER points a pistol at the Thugs.

MAL SUERTE

(with BARD)

Get down!

Taken aback, the Driver retreats inside the armored car.

Bard hesitates with the flute, Mal Suerte looks her way.

BARD
(normal volume)
This will affect you, too.

MAL SUERTE
I know. Get started.

Bard begins a lullaby tune. Mal Suerte, the Thugs, and BYSTANDERS in that direction grow drowsy.

Elian pops around the edge of the bus, creates a transparent ball and sends it to Mal Suerte's head.

When the ball reaches Mal Suerte, scene continues in SILENCE.

Mal Suerte deflects Thugs' increasingly wild shots until they collapse asleep. He retracts the chain.

Bard tucks her flute away, strides to the Thugs, and gingerly picks up rifles one by one.

Mal Suerte sees the Thug in the welding face shield stir. Mal Suerte yells, but no sound gets in or out of that ball. He moves side to side, but the ball stays around his head.

The Thug lunges a knife at Bard, reveals that he's wearing a chunky hearing protection headset.

Bard dodges, Mal Suerte whips his chain toward the Thug. Thug pulls his knife out of the way, but the chain instead yanks his headset off.

Bard stares coldly at the Thug crawling backward. She puts two fingers to her mouth and whistles, though still no audio.

The Thug covers his ears, writhes in pain on the street.

When he stops moving, hands fall from bloody ears, and she says something to him MOS.

Mal Suerte yells at Elian, but no one hears him.

Elian finally sees, waves the ball into nothingness.

MAL SUERTE
-- this thing off of me! Okay,
that's better.

Suddenly Bard stands before Mal Suerte, drops a pile of rifles into his arms.

Bystanders take pictures with cellphones, start looking for things to get autographed.

BARD

The police will be here momentarily. Won't you be a dear and let them know what happened?

MAL SUERTE

Like they take my word for it. Bard, I'd like you to meet a new kid I'm showing around. Haven't got a name for him yet, but I think you'll like him.

Elian inches forward as Bystanders continue snapping pics.

BARD

Charmed.

ELIAN

Wow, that... that was awesome.

MAL SUERTE

Second thing you gotta know: There's about thirty supers in Southern California, good and bad. They all got people hating on them... even me! I know, right? But Bard's got this whole thing with the public figured out. No one hates on Bard.

BARD

He exaggerates; I have an ex-husband. I wish I could stay and catch up, but I have another engagement for which I am already fashionably late. Ta ta.

Bard takes a running leap onto the armored car, jumps somewhere behind it, and is gone. Police SIRENS approach.

MAL SUERTE

Sorry, I don't do autographs.

Mal Suerte drops the rifles into the arms of a Bystander who staggers from the weight. He whips the chain around something O.S., lifts Elian, and swings away.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)

Third thing: You need your own way to get around.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Elian rides a motorized skateboard. Mal Suerte swings past, lands at a corner, where Elian stops next to him. Elian puts a lengthened ball of darkness on his skateboard to hide it.

ELIAN

That armored car thing seemed "too easy" to you?

Elian rolls forward, the darkness stays put. He scoffs.

MAL SUERTE

Yeah, like a perfect set-up for Bard. Heroic, people taking pictures, not too dangerous. That's why we're following her to this "engagement" she talk about.

ELIAN

Did you forget the part where they were shooting at you two?

Mal Suerte pffts, swings again, and the chain shortens so that he stays beside Elian skateboarding.

MAL SUERTE

She'd do it different on her own, but... yes that was easy for her.

ELIAN

Oh, like the hold-up at the store was easy for you.

MAL SUERTE

See? Now you're thinking.

The chain lengthens behind Mal Suerte.

ELIAN

You got to prove who was boss, decide the fate of two guys --

Mal Suerte blocks Elian from passing a corner until Bard on her motorcycle has made her next turn.

ELIAN

Does he want you in a good mood? Like, trying to sell something?

MAL SUERTE

Don't forget what you learn on the streets. Villains always after something, even when they act nice.

They briefly stop at the corner to see where Bard turns next.

Elian creates some darkness to hide his skateboard again. This time the darkness moves with the skateboard. Elian pumps his fist.

MAL SUERTE

Especially when they act nice. And don't mess with the capes, either.

They turn another corner. Elian swerves around a sizeable road construction site, Mal Suerte finds himself swinging *under* the arm of an excavator.

MAL SUERTE

The press ALWAYS takes the cape's side. But I think you're gonna be like me, Bard, Tigerstrike, and all the COOL supers in that gray area in between. Both sides talk like we with them, but worry we REALLY with the other guys.

ELIAN

Are you angling for the best deal, or is this like how you and the gangs only works if you're neutral?

A van with a dozen *Espadachín* Gang Members speeds past them.

MAL SUERTE

Like the gangs. If either heroes or villains think they can win, we'd have a war on our hands. Fat Chance pulling the city's strings is bad enough, but I'd rather have that than no city at all.

The van forces a big-rig truck to stop, the greasy *Espadachín* Gangbanger from the earlier gunfight accosts the TRUCK DRIVER (55), other teen-aged Gang Members head to the trailer gate.

MAL SUERTE

You gotta work out for yourself what grays you can trust. And don't think they won't take advantage of you if they can -- What is this?

TRUCK DRIVER

I don't want any trouble.

Mal Suerte lands where Gang Members wheel boxes of superhero action figures to their van. Elian rolls up.

MAL SUERTE

You *Espadachín lerdos* already get on my bad side shooting up one of my streets, and now you stealing TOYS from children?

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER

Come on, what kinda low-life you think I am?

(MAL SUERTE scowls)

Don't answer that. These are, like, serial numbered collector crap. They ain't for kids.

The darkness covering Elian's face droops to hide his open mouth while he watches must-have collectibles wheel by.

MAL SUERTE

Ai. Why you making my life so hard? First you draw a bunch of capes to my turf, now you poking them with this stunt.

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER

No one's tryin' to make your life hard. This job's too small for capes to hear about it, and we're leavin' all the kid stuff.

What little is visible of Mal Suerte's face looks convinced, *Espadachín* Gangbanger smiles, then Mal Suerte spots Elian practically drooling over the action figures.

MAL SUERTE

The thing is, kids DO like these things.

Espadachín Gangbanger's face falls.

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER

Maldita sea, you really doing me like this?

MAL SUERTE

All the *jefes* know to lay off kids. You go and get the *Espadachín* gang on the naughty list, things will not go well for you.

Espadachín Gangbanger squares his shoulders, his face betraying disbelief.

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER
¡Dios! You gonna stir up a gang war
 over boosting some toys?

Mal Suerte angrily thrusts his shoulder forward, showing off the rip in his coat.

MAL SUERTE
 Remember you do this in the morning? I find in my heart to forgive because you got yourself all *atontado* at *Señor Vice's* place. This here
 (points forcefully at toys)
 crosses the line.

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER
 (leaning back)
 Really?

Mal Suerte steps up, gets in *Espadachín* Gangbanger's face.

MAL SUERTE
 I will make an example of you.

Sweating *Espadachín* Gangbanger wilts under Mal Suerte's glare, mouths the word "fuck" which fortunately is hard to make out in animation.

ESPADACHÍN GANGBANGER
 Okay, okay! *Surenos*, everything goes back on the truck.

Gang Members look down to avoid Mal Suerte's gaze as they switch to wheeling boxes back onto the big rig.

Mal Suerte calms down, plucks one box as it wheels by, passes it over to Elian. This action figure is of TUDE (43), African American man with an intense facial expression wearing a Marine Corps drill instructor's uniform.

Elian holds the box reverently, though his grin is hidden.

MAL SUERTE
 Tude is cool. For a cape.
 (to TRUCK DRIVER)
 Looks like you hit a real bad pothole and one of these fell out the back.

TRUCK DRIVER
 Right... Awful roads here.
 (whispers)
 Thank you, Mal Suerte.

MAL SUERTE

These upstanding gentlemen won't give you any more trouble.

Confident things will proceed exactly as he instructed, Mal Suerte swings down the street, Elian follows by skateboard.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Mal Suerte swings alongside Elian riding his motorized skateboard as they follow Bard at a discrete distance.

ELIAN

Hey, did that really almost happen?

MAL SUERTE

Yes it did. You need to mean what you say to these gangbangers. You strike me as a young man who can mean what he says. This is why I spend all this time helping you.

Mal Suerte can't see Elian's face, but can read confusion in his posture. The pair comes to a stop.

MAL SUERTE

Ai, you have no idea. I will not be around to do this forever, okay? Before today the closest thing to a gang-friendly super to take over if I eat a bullet is Bonesnapper. But I don't think she stays neutral.

Elian's breathing gets heavy, he leans against a lamp post.

MAL SUERTE

Hey, nothing's gonna happen right now. Just planning ahead, you know? Starting today, you are my guy.

ELIAN

Woah, you can NOT just lay that on me out of the blue!

MAL SUERTE

I... just did. It's not a video game with an easy mode. Anyway, time to catch up with Bard. *Ándale.*

Bard parks her motorcycle in front of a factory with a sign reading "HENRY PRICE INDUSTRIES," and a uniformed SECURITY GUARD (22) waves her inside. Other signage indicates that this factory makes superhero action figures.

MAL SUERTE

¡No mames!

The pair approach the factory at ground level, using another factory's fence for cover.

MAL SUERTE

(to himself)

What are you doing there, Bard?

(to ELIAN)

As I was saying before, gotta watch out for even the gray supers. If you like girls, watch out for Sapphire Siren.

Elian stammers, almost falls off his skateboard.

MAL SUERTE

If you like boys, watch out for The Knave. Eh... watch out for him either way, 'cause he reads minds.

Elian finishes falling off his skateboard. Mal Suerte stops.

MAL SUERTE

We'll take it slow, meet one gray at a time, so you don't get confused.

ELIAN

You know, I do know a lot about the supers in this town. If I can get through today with no more Earth-shattering news, I'll be fine.

MAL SUERTE

But you don't KNOW them. Hey, that thing you did with the quiet, can you do that to our feet?

Elian nods. Mal Suerte whips his chain straight up, hefts Elian who slings his darkness-shrouded skateboard across his back, and Mal Suerte pulls them O.S.

EXT. FACTORY ROOF - DAY

Mal Suerte and Elian land hard, but silently, and make their way to an access door. Mal Suerte picks the lock, then gestures in a circle at the door.

MAL SUERTE

Make this whole door quiet.

Elian puts a ball of silence around the door, then Mal Suerte opens it. A "push to sound alarm" handle on the inside blinks furiously, but the audible alarm is foiled.

INT. FACTORY ACCESS CORRIDOR - DAY

Mal Suerte watches for cameras and security guards while Elian looks around nervously.

ELIAN

I don't know how long that quiet ball thing will last.

MAL SUERTE

Hey, you can block seeing and block hearing separately. Doing pretty good for your first day. Shh.

They duck behind a corner to avoid the Security Guard that greeted Bard. Mal Suerte uses the chain to lift them up into the ceiling frame, drops them down after the Guard passes.

MAL SUERTE

All we have to do is figure out what Fat Chance is up to without running into anyone.

He opens a door, and his shoulders slump.

INT. FACTORY MAINTENANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

A large, high-ceilinged room full of power tools, shop benches, and spare parts.

Lounging on various counters and stools wait the eight other gray-area supers active in southern California. Elian mentions the name of each as he sees them:

- Bard, who arrived fashionably late but still ahead of Mal Suerte or Elian.

ELIAN

Bard...

- CHILL-OUT (22), barefoot Caucasian man in a Hawaiian shirt and shorts. His mask bears the same pattern as his shirt.

ELIAN

Chill-Out...

- GLITCH (19), a young man wearing a mask and fatigues in blue faux-camouflage plus a tactical vest. He passes his hand over diagnostic equipment, causing each to go haywire.

ELIAN

Glitch...

- METALLOID (31), muscular Greek man with dull gray metallic skin wearing something skintight in almost the same color.

ELIAN

Metalloid...

- SAPPIRE SIREN (who has been "29" for years), woman wearing a blue bodysuit accented with occult symbols.

ELIAN

Sapphire Siren...

- THE KNAVE (34), dashing man in a tailored gray suit accented with a matched pink set of tie, gloves, pocket square, and mask. Unlike the others who look up at Mal Suerte, The Knave's eyes fix on Elian.

ELIAN

The Knave...

- TIGERSTRIKE (24), athletic woman in a "ninja" outfit that blends in with the scenery behind her, even when she moves. Less noticeable, but her eye color shifts as well.

ELIAN

Tigerstrike...

- TOM FOOLERY (50), smiling African American man with a dad bod and out-of-fashion street clothes (blue jeans and white tee shirt) with a cap and mask as stark white as his shirt.

ELIAN

Tom Foolery, and ...

Across the room in an oversized easychair presides FAT CHANCE (28), a morbidly obese man of five hundred fifty pounds. He wears a black suit and tie with a red shirt along with gloves and balaclava that match the shirt. Elian catches himself before saying *that* name out loud.

ELIAN

Um.

FAT CHANCE

There you are. Now that I have all of you so-called gray supers in one place, I'm going to tell you what happens next.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. FACTORY MAINTENANCE BAY - DAY**

Mal Suerte's shoulders slump further as he realizes just how many supers are in this room. He and Elian step forward.

FAT CHANCE

There you are. Now that I have all of you so-called gray supers in one place, I'm going to tell you what happens next.

Only one unoccupied stool remains between Glitch and Metalloid. Mal Suerte remains standing, motions for Elian to sit there.

There's a second exit at the far side of the bay, but it's too distant to offer any chance of escape.

FAT CHANCE

I'm sure all of you are wondering, except you of course,
(nods toward The Knave)
why I invited you here today.

The easychair groans as Fat Chance leans forward.

FAT CHANCE

You see, heroes I can deal with.
Villains I can deal with. The ten
of you, however --

Elian raises a hand, but gets cut off before he can speak.

THE KNAVE

No, he didn't know you were coming.
You got swept up in the same über-
brain machinations he used to get
Mal Suerte here.

MAL SUERTE

Which, you know, I did not appreciate.

METALLOID

Yeah, if I knew this was going to be a party, I would have worn my tight pants.

The female grays groan almost in unison.

CHILL-OUT

I thought this had to do with my cut of the sales of that devastatingly handsome Chill-Out action figure.

Now it's the male grays' turn to groan.

FAT CHANCE

Could I get on with my monologue here? You openly declare you're a villain, you get to monologue.

The gray supers snicker, mostly Bard, The Knave, Mal Suerte, and Tom Foolery. Mal Suerte motions "proceed" with a nod and an upturned palm.

FAT CHANCE

The ten of you are loose cannons that the rest of us need to work around. It's disorderly. If --

GLITCH

As "join me or die" speeches go, I think it needs some work. Come on, there's ten of us and one of you.

The easychair groans even louder as Fat Chance turns to face Glitch. His neighbors Chill-Out and Elian inch away.

Fat Chance stares until Glitch backs down.

FAT CHANCE

That's what I thought, Glitch. And to be clear: I don't want you to "join" me. I have my own people. What needs to happen is for each of you to simply pick... a... side.

All of the gray supers react with anger, but Tom Foolery is the first to speak up.

TOM FOOLERY

Now, you look here: I see some asshole that needs learning a lesson, I don't care if folks call him a hero --

A stark white cape appears to unfurl down Tom's back.

TOM FOOLERY

or a diabolical mastermind, --

The cape dissolves into vanishing motes of light, and a white mega-brain dome appears on his head and a white cat appears in his arms which he pets.

TOM FOOLERY

he's gettin' what's coming to him.

SAPPHIRE SIREN

(with CHILL-OUT)

The world isn't black and white.

CHILL-OUT

What she said.

SAPPHIRE SIREN

What he said.

MAL SUERTE

You're a smart guy, but you don't get it. I looked at both sides; they ain't for me. I'm thinking it's the same for all of us here.

Tom's dome and cat dissolve into vanishing motes of light as the assembled grays murmur in agreement.

FAT CHANCE

Oh, how noble in the abstract, and so utterly self-serving in reality. This isn't a request.

Stirrings of anger from all the grays except Glitch (who folded under Fat Chance's glare) and The Knave (who knows what Fat Chance will say next).

MAL SUERTE

And what are you gonna do if I don't? Have a milk truck crash into my breakfast cereal? Lightning strike my car? I have a name for days like that: a typical Tuesday.

FAT CHANCE

This isn't a demand, either. Think of it as more of a heads up.

(MORE)

FAT CHANCE (CONT'D)

Soon you're going to have
politicians and reporters asking
why you haven't picked a side.

Tigerstike scoffs, startling her neighbors who forgot that
she was there.

TIGERSTRIKE

Right, because they talk to me.

FAT CHANCE

They ask questions, and people
start to think about it. Then they
start thinking, "What's wrong with
picking a side?"

METALLOID

They can think whatever they want.
I don't care.

FAT CHANCE

I'll wager that after a while,
you'll find it easier to pick a
side. And -- noble pretensions
aside -- you'll take the easy way.
I truly don't care what each of you
chooses, but you will choose.

The easychair groans again as Fat Chance turns to Elian, and
everyone else looks his direction as well.

FAT CHANCE

With that finished, one last item --

TOM FOOLERY

We aren't done talking about --

FAT CHANCE

I'm done talking about it. Who is
our newcomer?

MAL SUERTE

A new kid. Doesn't have a name yet.

THE KNAVE

He wants to be called "Shade."

Disapproving murmurs from all.

MAL SUERTE

That's taken.

THE KNAVE

And it has some unfortunate connotations in Hebrew.

ELIAN

How about "Dark" then?

Trading glances, then mildly approving murmurs.

FAT CHANCE

Well, Dark, and the rest of you, thank you for coming.

The easychair groans pitifully as Fat Chance pushes up to his feet, walks slowly toward the far exit.

The Security Guard opens the original entrance, gestures for the grays to come this way.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - DAY

The ten gray supers stand in a knot outside the entrance. Tom puts a hand on Glitch's shoulder, startling him.

TOM FOOLERY

Glitch, some privacy, please?

Glitch raises a hand, three nearby security cameras explode into showers of sparks.

MAL SUERTE

Bard, you were pretty quiet in there. You have the kind of star power to fight this. And for those people who live under a rock and don't follow you,
(turns to GLITCH)
they all follow Glitch online.

TOM FOOLERY

He's right. We can win this.

Glitch is still shell-shocked, imagining all the improbable calamities that might happen to him. Bard looks down.

BARD

It is not that simple.

MAL SUERTE

It is.

BARD

Unlike the rest of you, I pay taxes.

(MORE)

BARD (CONT'D)

I have a hard-won reputation to protect. To be concise, I need to get ahead of this.

TOM FOOLERY

Never thought I'd see the day Bard turned out to be a coward.

Bard flushes red with anger, Tom stares "I said what I said." In a flash, both Mal Suerte and Sapphire Siren interpose themselves between the two middle-aged supers.

MAL SUERTE

Don't let *Gordo* in there get us fighting each other.

SAPPHIRE SIREN

Let's take a breath and dial this down a notch or two.

Bard and Tom break their mutual stare, cool down slightly.

BARD

I do not owe you anything. *Adieu*.

Bard gets on her motorcycle and rides off. At some point during the argument, Metalloid and The Knave departed. Tigerstrike is still here, but no one notices her, and they assume she departed as well.

MAL SUERTE

Maybe she won't start the fight, but she'll join once you get all your Internet people saying the right things.

GLITCH

You saw what happened in there. I can't cross him again. You want to poke the guy who has a thousand ways to get you killed without even using his powers? Be my guest.

Glitch backs up, turns, and walks away.

MAL SUERTE

Well, "Plan A" didn't work.

ELIAN

Has your "Plan A" EVER worked?

Tom regains his original jovial nature.

TOM FOOLERY
Boy has a point.

MAL SUERTE
Yes, it has. There was --

Approaching police SIRENS catch everyone's attention. Tom waves into existence the illusion of a temporary storage trailer around the remaining supers.

Small holes in the illusion allow them to see outside.

A police car pulls up next to the only visible super, Glitch.

IN THE TRAILER

ELIAN
Should we help him?

TOM FOOLERY
He ain't helping us.

OUTSIDE

Two OFFICERS exit their vehicle, Glitch raises his hands.

GLITCH
Never was going to be able to sell myself as a hero.

OFFICER 1
Just keep your hands where I can see them.

OFFICER 2
(into radio mic)
We have --

The Officers' bodycams and radios burst into small showers of sparks. They draw their pistols as Glitch runs.

OFFICER 1
Stop right there!

Glitch comes to a halt, turns around, shakes his head slowly, and grins. Distant sirens grow closer.

GLITCH
Alright, but remember: this was your idea.

Small sparks pop from Glitch's hands, and electricity arcs from the car's battery to the Officers.

Officer 2 gets a shot off, which misses, and both fall to the ground stunned as if tased.

Glitch turns to run, but five more police cars approach. Glitch opts to run around the factory.

As ten new Officers exit their vehicles, Glitch POPS surveillance cameras along his path.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(on wall-mounted loudspeaker)
Intruder, Lot Two, northbound.

Glitch POPS the loudspeaker, but there are others within earshot that continue the announcement. The Officers pursue on foot. Two have shotguns, the others draw their pistols.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Visual on intruder as Glitch. Be advised it may be Tom Foolery.

IN THE TRAILER

TOM FOOLERY
Any you all EVER see me haul ass like that?

SAPPHIRE SIREN
For someone who spends most of his time behind a keyboard, that's actually kind of impressive.

Chill-Out scowls a bit at Sapphire Siren's praise for Glitch.

TIGERSTRIKE
So much for Glitch not picking a side. Damn.

Tigerstrike's continued presence startles everyone else in the illusionary trailer.

OUTSIDE

MALE VOICE
Engage nonlethal.

Some kind of acoustic weapon emerges on the factory roof, but Glitch doesn't wait to see what it does, POPS it.

Glitch's running gets slower, but he's still plenty ahead of the Officers, will make the back fence in time.

Four guards burst out of a side entrance. These aren't the faux-police uniforms of the regular security, these are COSTUMED HENCHMEN (20s) wearing black attire with a wide red wedge running from the right shoulder to the left ankle.

IN THE TRAILER

Tom "munches" on some illusionary popcorn, offers some to the other supers.

TOM FOOLERY
Serves him right.

Everyone else present looks confused.

TOM FOOLERY
Fat Chance. Drag us all out here
and expect everything to just go
all smooth like.
(to MAL SUERTE)
You explain it to our newbie here.

OUTSIDE

Glitch attempts to pop the Henchmen's rifle-like weapons, but they're purely mechanical tranquilizer dart guns. Radio earpieces, however, POP painfully.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)
My powers and Fat Chance's powers
are not the same, but close enough
to mess with each other. Fortuna,
too, you know, but she don't cross
my path so much.

Glitch reaches the back fence. The electrified fence arcs to Glitch, but he's unharmed. The Officers pass the Henchmen, but have to slow down, unsure how to proceed.

ELIAN (O.S.)
So what messed up? Glitch got into
trouble all on his own.

Glitch climbs over the fence, arcing and sparking every time he touches it, then runs away across another factory lot.

TOM FOOLERY (O.S.)
No, not him. Fat Chance keeps his
henchmen all under wraps and
secret. Here they are in full view
of the cops.

The Henchmen recover and go back inside. The regular Security Guard jogs out to meet the Officers.

MAL SUERTE (O.S.)
So today has not been ALL bad.

CHILL-OUT (O.S.)
But, dudes, we already lost the two
most famous grays we had.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

MALE VOICE (POST-LAP)
All clear.

Bard pulls her motorcycle over to the side of an access road,
takes a cell phone from its mount to her ear.

She seems unaware that she's across the street from a busy
food truck.

BARD
Call Jerry.
(rings, connects)
Jerry, darling. What? No, whatever
it is will simply have to wait. I
need you to set up a meeting
between Tude and myself.

While Bard listens to an indistinct response, a small crowd
of blue-collar FANS begins to gather.

BARD
Whenever, so long as it is private
and presently. I will go to him in
San Diego if he wants.
(indistinct response)
Priceless as always, Jerry.

Bard notices the Fans producing pens and things to autograph,
one of them being an arm cast.

BARD
Duty calls.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET - DAY

Elian, still in his Dark persona, skateboards along a road
bridge crossing a major highway. Mal Suerte lands where Elian
stops a bit short of the corner for a red light.

MAL SUERTE
There's a lot more going on here
than I can see right now. I need to
keep an eye on Fat Chance. You're
gonna get a job at his factory.

ELIAN

What? I can't just get a job. My jefe needs to okay it --

A luxury SUV with darkened windows pulls up to the red light.

MAL SUERTE

You're *Pistolas de la Noche*, right?

(ELIAN nods)

I'll talk to your jefe, Paco. By the time I'm done with him, he'll think it was his idea.

It's mind-boggling that Elian hasn't recognized his jefe's voice by now.

POV: Crosshairs line up on Mal Suerte, wander over to the SUV's passenger window. Mal Suerte glances towards this unseen observer.

Back to normal POV. FOOSH of a rocket launcher from a LEAD ATTACKER (35) hovering over the highway. He wears black and a drone-like flightpack on his back with two large rotors as well as two additional rockets on a black bandolier.

Mal Suerte whips his chain far out to meet the rocket, detonating it.

Pedestrians stampede from the area. Passengers in other cars whip out cell phones and record the fight.

FOOSH as a SECOND ATTACKER and THIRD ATTACKER launch rockets from similar flying rigs. Mal Suerte leaps onto the SUV's hood and whips the new rockets.

Elian gets his wits about him and launches a dark ball to blind the Third Attacker.

A FOURTH ATTACKER and a FIFTH ATTACKER hover up on the opposite side of the road bridge, each launches a rocket.

Mal Suerte climbs onto the SUV's roof as the SUV takes off, not waiting for a green light. He steadies himself by grabbing the luggage rack with his left hand.

Mal Suerte turns and whips the fourth rocket, misses the fifth with a backhand swing, contacts on the next swing.

Elian sends a dark ball to the Lead Attacker, which he dodges, but Elian gets him on a second try.

SECOND ATTACKER

(into radio headset)

We've run into a problem here.

FOURTH ATTACKER
 (into radio headset)
 I'll get the new one.

Elian skateboards after the SUV as it fights a losing battle with L.A. traffic, bumps the corner of a car, drives up the shoulder.

In mere feet, the shoulder is closed for construction, concrete jersey barriers force the SUV back into the lane.

Elian prepares to shoot a dark ball at the Second Attacker, but the Fourth Attacker sprays the area with gunfire, forcing Elian to duck behind a jersey barrier.

The SUV pushes the car ahead of it, jostling Mal Suerte.

Elian pokes just his hand into view, launches a dark ball at the Second Attacker and connects.

Mal Suerte hooks his feet under the SUV's luggage rack, looks down at the SUV.

Mal Suerte's POV: Three auras in the SUV. The driver has mostly bright and deep colors, the adult in the backseat has a mix of pastel and dark colors, and a smaller aura has almost entirely pastel colors.

MAL SUERTE
 Ai, there's a kid in there.

Back to normal POV. Elian launches a dark ball at Fourth Attacker and connects, though the Fourth Attacker keeps firing blindly.

Elian shoots another dark ball at the Fifth Attacker and misses, but the ball around the Third Attacker fades.

ELIAN
 I can only do three of them at a time!

MAL SUERTE
 You're learning... but sorry right now I must take this fight someplace else.

Mal Suerte wraps his chain around a passing lamp post, swings wide to the left out over the highway.

The Third and Fifth Attackers pursue the SUV instead of Mal Suerte, each lines up to fire another rocket.

MAL SUERTE

Oh, so you're going AFTER the kid?

Mal Suerte continues his swing, comes up behind the Third Attacker, kicks him in the back, sends him tumbling.

Fifth Attacker launches his rocket at the SUV.

The Third Attacker crashes into a wall, lands on his feet, raises the rocket launcher again. Mal Suerte tucks and rolls on the opposite side of the street, whips the Fifth Attacker's rocket.

Elian launches a dark ball at the Third Attacker and connects, this time releasing the Lead Attacker.

LEAD ATTACKER

(into radio headset)

I don't know why Mal Suerte is helping him, or who the new guy is.

The SUV pushes past the construction site, jumps the curb, and drives across a sidewalk and parking lot to get on a side-street. Unfortunately, traffic there isn't moving any faster.

Mal Suerte wraps his chain around the Lead Attacker's foot, but Lead Attacker still has a clear shot at the SUV.

The SUV swerves back onto the sidewalk.

MAL SUERTE

Who IS this kid they want so badly?

Fifth Attacker flies past Mal Suerte, lines up to fire another rocket at the SUV.

The blind gunfire from the Fourth Attacker again crosses the area. Elian ducks behind the jersey barrier again.

Lead Attacker and Fifth Attacker fire their rocket launchers at the SUV.

LEAD ATTACKER

(into radio headset)

Team Two, engage!

Five more flying Attackers fly up from under the bridge.

ELIAN

Oh, no!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY STREET - DAY**

Lead Attacker and Fifth Attacker fire their rocket launchers at the SUV.

LEAD ATTACKER
(into radio headset)
Team Two, engage!

Five more Attackers fly up from under the bridge.

ELIAN
Oh, no!

MAL SUERTE
(to chain)
If you had some really lucky thing
in mind to help me out here, now
would be the time.

From somewhere past the SUV, a transparent orange ball flies over the SUV, expands into an orange forcefield.

MAL SUERTE
(to chain)
This is not funny.

The first rocket detonates on the forcefield, sending a ripple through it that thins it considerably. The second rocket detonates on the field, POPPING it out of existence.

Mal Suerte yanks Lead Attacker down to the ground, then the chain grabs his rocket launcher.

From behind the SUV runs BUBBLES (31), a six-foot-tall blond superheroine with Barbie doll proportions wrapped in pink and orange tights and an innocent-sounding Upper Midwest accent. Big, round orange goggles serve as her mask.

Fifth Attacker releases his rocket launcher which retracts to his flightpack, grabs a machine gun and shoots at Mal Suerte. Mal Suerte uses his chain to deflect the shots.

LEAD ATTACKER
(into radio headset)
Now we have Bubbles here, too.

Bubbles launches a series of orange force bubbles from her hands to knock Team Two off-balance and slow their approach.

BUBBLES
(apparently into headset)
I need backup... Now. Too many
civilians to protect.

The Fourth Attacker's gunfire pauses, an empty clip drops, then gunfire resumes. All of Team Two use their machine guns to fire at Mal Suerte, Bubbles, and Elian behind the barrier.

Two police Officers run in from somewhere in the traffic, fire their pistols at the Attackers but not connecting.

Mal Suerte is pinned deflecting bullets with his chain, Bubbles is pinned creating and re-creating orange force shields to absorb incoming gunfire. Elian hides behind the jersey barrier as gunfire continues.

BUBBLES
So, Mal Suerte, doing your good
deed for the year?

Unlike with Bard, Mal Suerte does *not* extend his bullet-deflecting to protect this particular superheroine.

Officer 3 hits a member of Team Two who tumbles then flies straight up and leaves the fight. Officers keep firing.

MAL SUERTE
There is a kid in that limo thing
they attacking.

Elian peeks and exposes his hand to envelop a member of Team Two in darkness, releasing the Second Attacker.

ELIAN
Ah, I don't know what else to do!

MAL SUERTE
You drawing some of the fire: very
helpful. But I will be *enojadísimo*
if you get yourself shot.

Second Attacker launches a rocket at the SUV. Bubbles desperately erects a shield over the SUV but takes a bullet to the right arm for her trouble. Mal Suerte whips the rocket before it hits the force field, takes a bullet in the coat.

Bubbles and Mal Suerte both stagger but neither falls.

MAL SUERTE

I see the taxpayers buy you a
bullet-proof costume.

BUBBLES

I paid for this from reward money I
earned. Why am I explaining myself
to you?!

Second Attacker reloads his rocket launcher.

MAL SUERTE

I don't care; I don't pay taxes.

Second Attacker fires another rocket at the SUV. Mal Suerte whips at it, connects on his second try. The explosion thins but does not pop the orange force field. Mal Suerte takes a few bullets to his coat, staggers backward.

SECOND ATTACKER

(into radio headset)

I'm out, and we're just wasting
ammo at this point.

Lead Attacker flies straight up.

LEAD ATTACKER

(into radio headset)

Gah! Break off! Fly straight up for
now, and see if the black stuff
goes away.

Third Attacker releases his flightpack and runs. Remaining Attackers and Team Two speed straight up. Elian waves the dark balls away, and they flee above the highway.

Bystanders start to emerge from hiding places. One tries to trip Third Attacker, but Third Attacker body-checks him over a jersey barrier and continues his escape.

OFFICER 4

Freeze!

Third Attacker stops, raises his hands.

MAL SUERTE

(to chain)

Not funny at all.

(in Spanish, with subtitles)

That airhead shows up very late,
and she'll take all of the credit.

Mal Suerte and Bubbles step toward the SUV. Bubbles POPS what's left of the force field in their way.

Officer 4 cuffs Third Attacker, leads him to the squad car.

A press crew arrives, the camera labeled "SUPERNEWS" with the reporter EVANGELINE MORGAN (25) and her CAMERAMAN (40) pushing their way to the SUV.

Bubbles knocks on the SUV window, all smiles as if the life-and-death battle never took place.

Window rolls down revealing the driver as BODYGUARD (36), the rear passenger as a highly-trained NANNY (41) rising from using her body to cover an American-born Persian boy BILLY NAVIYD (10) just now lifting his head.

BUBBLES

Hey, are you okay in there?

Bodyguard opens the door, surveys the surroundings. Nanny holsters her pistol.

NANNY

(still in car)

Yes, thanks to you two. And...
wasn't there a third?

ELIAN

Hi.

Reporter Morgan positions herself in front of the scene, puts on an authoritative yet friendly façade.

MORGAN

This is Evangeline Morgan with
SuperNews on the scene of a
dramatic attack in broad daylight
near the One-Oh-One.

(turns to MAL SUERTE)

Do you think this was an attempted
kidnapping?

Mal Suerte faces the camera, shifts the angle attempting to hide that Bubbles is several inches taller than he is.

MAL SUERTE

Uh, hello. To be honest, at first I thought they were shooting at me. That's the kind of day I been having, you know?

Additional Officers arrive for crowd control. An ambulance and a tow truck struggle to approach the scene.

MAL SUERTE

I didn't see your cameras around any of the OTHER firefights I was in today. This not even the first kid I rescued today, but he's the only one not getting free lunches in a public school.

MORGAN

Oh, who did you rescue today?

MAL SUERTE

First, I stopped a gunfight in the *barrio*. Now, I get that you don't like ME, but Duke and Nimbus were there, too. I think maybe it was the *barrio* you didn't like.

MORGAN

That's great. Let's see who you rescued just now, shall we?
 (looks in the SUV window)
 OH MY GOD it's Billy! Dan, we're going to need to pixelate him. Take two: That's great. Let's see who you rescued just now, shall we?

Morgan and the Cameraman look in the SUV window, interview Billy and Nanny MOS.

MAL SUERTE

This don't feel right.

BODYGUARD

This doesn't feel right.

ELIAN

If you say that was "too easy," I swear to God I will --

BODYGUARD

No. What I think, and I think he thinks, is that anyone who can afford ten of those flying rigs can afford a lot more of them.

Mal Suerte calls someone with a burner cellphone.

Bubbles looks in the direction the Attackers fled, twists one of the lenses of her goggles, and frowns.

BUBBLES

Oh, fudge.
 (apparently into headset)
 Ken, remember when I said the situation was handled? Now it's unhandled.

MAL SUERTE

(into phone)
 And bring your boyfriend, too.

Elian, putting two and two together, waves into existence a large hollow dome of darkness centered on the SUV that reaches all the way across the side street.

MORGAN

What happened?

ELIAN

They're coming back.

BODYGUARD

(to NANNY)
 Get Billy the hell out of here.

Nanny takes Billy by the hand on a bee-line to a nearby children's fashion store.

Bodyguard rolls up the SUV's window, closes the doors, draws a large-caliber pistol that's much bigger than the Officers'.

Once Nanny and Billy are indoors, Elian waves away the darkness. Bubbles uses both hands to make a force field over the SUV, taking all the time she can to thicken it.

A squadron of Attackers in flightpacks approach, 48 in all because Team One and Team Two are each down a member.

Elian guides Morgan and her Cameraman behind the jersey barriers at the construction site.

BUBBLES

(apparently into headset)
 Send Nimbus back this way. Who else do you have?

MAL SUERTE

We don't need Nimbus or any of you weak-willed capes. We need people who will hurt or kill the bad guys until they give up.

A vertical blue circle traces out a gateway near Mal Suerte. Through the gate step Sapphire Siren and Chill-Out, then the magical gate fades away.

MAL SUERTE

Like these two, and all those cops.

The Officers take up firing positions just at the FOOSH of the first salvo of rockets begins.

INT. CHILDREN'S FASHION STORE - DAY

Small shop featuring low-cost fashion for boys and girls.

Nanny pulls Billy over to the girls' side of the store, notices a SALESMAN (18) standing at the window and filming the action outside.

NANNY

Billy, down to your underwear.

(to SALESMAN)

And you, what are you doing here?

Nanny grabs a black set of stockings and tosses them to Billy. He struggles with the packaging.

Sound of EXPLOSIONS O.S.

SALESMAN

Making poor life decisions I suppose. Is he the one those mercenaries are after?

Nanny nods and tosses a credit card at the Salesman. Once Billy gets the stockings on, Nanny pulls a black skirt with pink trim onto him. Billy hesitantly takes a pink tee shirt from the shelf and pulls it on.

BILLY

My dad is not going to be happy that I wore this.

NANNY

Your dad is going to be VERY happy that you made it home alive.

Salesman shows up with a black jacket, pink sneakers, and a black-and-pink purse. Billy starts putting them on.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SIDE STREET - DAY

Twenty Attackers lay siege from the front of the SUV and another twenty from the rear.

About half spray the supers and Officers with machine-gun fire, the other half try to overwhelm the defenses with massed rocket attacks.

Chill-out sends blue blasts from his fists that freeze up a flightpack's rotors, each time sending the Attacker falling.

Sapphire Siren blasts fire from her palm, detonating an Attacker's rockets when she connects. Her blasts are at half the pace because she must recite mystical words each time.

SAPPHIRE SIREN
(with CHILL-OUT)
Take that!

Three of the Attackers are enveloped in darkness.

Bodyguard and Officers fire at the Attackers, but don't connect very often at this range. When they do, the Attacker retreats by flying straight up then away.

Mal Suerte whips all of the rockets that he can, but also needs to spare some attention for the machine-gun fire directed at Chill-Out, Sapphire Siren, and himself. A bullet gets through and impacts Mal Suerte's coat.

Rockets sneak though Mal Suerte's whipping, thinning the SUV's orange force field with each impact.

Bubbles spends most of her time reinforcing the force field over the SUV, but also needs to create and re-create shields to deal with incoming gunfire.

BUBBLES
(to ELIAN)
I guess he found you, but you know
you don't HAVE to work for him.

MAL SUERTE
Recruiting pitch in the middle of a
deadly battle. Brilliant.

INT. CHILDREN'S FASHION STORE - DAY

Nanny paints Billy's lips a bit darker than they really are. As she adds a wig of small dreadlocks, Billy could pass for a light-skinned African-American girl if no one looks closely.

Sounds of SUSTAINED GUNFIRE O.S.

NANNY
Don't lick your lips, and until you
get home your name is Tanya.

Nanny sifts through multiple credit cards in her bag, pulls one out labeled "PHILIP NELSON" as well as her business card, hands them to Salesman.

NANNY

Take him to this address, and until you get there, YOUR name is Philip.

SALESMAN

But my name IS Philip.

NANNY

Then it should be easy to remember. Go out the back, get with the other evacuees, and hire a car. His dad will make it worth your while.

Salesman guides Billy/Tanya to the back room of the store.

Once the pair is out of sight, Nanny pulls an elongated package of some type from her right boot.

The package has a sling, and she positions it on her back crossing the strap of her handbag.

She takes another package from her left boot which becomes a belt and pouch. She draws out gloves and puts them on. She then pulls up a ninja mask that was concealed in her blouse.

Finally, she pulls out of the package on her back what can only be described as a switchblade katana.

When her eyes and the entire outfit fade to blend in with the scenery behind her, the Nanny -- now Tigerstrike -- rushes out the door.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tigerstrike runs through a chaotic mix of bullets, rockets, cold blasts, fire blasts, and the occasional chain whip.

The force field over the SUV collapses as Bubbles can't keep up with the rockets that get past Mal Suerte.

Tigerstrike leaps to a perch at a second story window.

TIGERSTRIKE

You will pay!

From the window she leaps onto an Attacker's flightpack. She slices off one of the rotors, sending the Attacker falling, and quickly leaps to another Attacker.

Chill-Out and Sapphire Siren concentrate on the side where Tigerstrike is not, and the supers start to make headway in the battle.

A rocket connects with the SUV, breaching a rear corner. Bubbles erects a new but thin force field, spins around from taking a shot to the leg.

Flying in at high speed is NIMBUS (34), a South Asian man wearing gray tights accented with yellow cape, mask, boots, gloves, and lightning-shaped detailing on the arms and legs.

BUBBLES

(to MAL SUERTE)

Doing all this to protect a kid you don't even know. There is a heart in there somewhere, isn't there?

Nimbus comes to hover on the Tigerstrike side of the fight, is soon surrounded by arcing electricity, and the electricity jumps as a single lightning bolt to an Attacker, knocking him out and sending him tumbling to the ground.

MAL SUERTE

(to BUBBLES)

You don't know me. At all. Don't pretend you know.

As Attackers fall from the sky at an increasing rate, Lead Attacker flies straight up.

LEAD ATTACKER

(into radio headset)

Gah! There's too many of them. Abort Mission!

Attackers fly straight up, Tigerstrike slices off a rotor of the Attacker she's on at the moment, riding him down and leaping off just before impact. Nimbus lands more softly.

Mal Suerte clutches his side.

MAL SUERTE

I think I broke a rib.

Reporter Morgan pops up from behind a jersey barrier and claps as the Cameraman frames a shot of the whole group.

MORGAN

Bravo! Now THAT was heroic!

One Officer assists another to the nearby ambulance. Other Officers arrest the wounded Attackers as Bystanders who couldn't get away join Morgan's applause.

Mal Suerte and Sapphire Siren look at each other.

SAPPHIRE SIREN
(with MAL SUERTE)
Fat Chance set up this whole thing?

Morgan brushes road grit off of her suit.

MORGAN
I want to interview each of you.
I'm starting with Tigerstrike
because she disappears if you
aren't looking right at her.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG**EXT/INT. PACO'S LOWRIDER CAR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Spanish-language pop music blasts from the rolled-down windows of Paco's tricked-out sports car. The chain lays curled up in the passenger seat, sways with the beat.

PACO

You know what bothers me right now,
Cadena? Really bothers me?

The chain turns its front link toward Paco.

Paco swerves aggressively around a car going the speed limit.

PACO

How he got us all there. The Fat
One has to see you to affect you
with his power.

The chain lifts its "head" a bit.

PACO

Okay, and the one time he just
heard a guy. But not clear across
town. It's like there's another
super involved. Another fate-based
super like me and him.

The chain's second and third links lift in a shrug,
unbothered by Paco running a red light.

PACO

It bothers me someone could be
steppin' on my turf and I don't
know nothin' about it. And they
sided with that guy over me.

Paco looks over at the chain, but it just sways with the beat
of the music.

PACO

What I have figured out is what Fat Chance is trying to do: he wants the capes or the villains to think they got enough grays on their side to win a war.

Still just swaying as Paco passes another car.

PACO

He wants that war. I'm sure he wants me and Fortuna out of the picture. That's what I would do.

The chain sways harder with the music, gives no indication that it's listening to Paco anymore.

PACO

Beyond that, he lets this war take out as many supers as it can, and then... then he'll make his move.

Paco taps the brakes but nothing happens. He mashes the brake to the floor, but the car keeps going.

PACO

¿Por qué yo?

Paco belatedly puts on his seatbelt, shifts the car into neutral as a way to slow down.

At the next intersection, Paco yanks the parking brake then slams the gear into park, making a donut in a loud and obvious manner.

The chain slips around to become Paco's belt just before he hops out of the car, but *Espadachín* Gang Members begin to gather around him and the car.

Gang Members make way for the *Espadachín jefe* ALONZO VALENCIA (24). Like Paco, he dresses in the same gang colors as the rest of his gang except for the addition of a chain belt and a prominent set of brass knuckles.

VALENCIA

Paco, Paco, Paco. You got some *huevos* comin' in here and marking up my street.

Gang Members close in behind Valencia.

END OF EPISODE

RECURRING CHARACTERS**MAL SUERTE / PACO ("GRAY" SUPER, MEXICAN MALE, 32)**

The only superhero in Southern California who routinely works with gangs, Mal Suerte has set himself up as an arbiter of sorts and tries to ensure no one gang gets too big of an advantage over the others... even his own. Born in Mexico, and illegally in the US, he sees himself as a street-level hero maintaining relative peace. The poor and working class tend to agree with him; professionals tend to see him as a supervillain with a conscience; the wealthy fear what this self-absorbed villain might be up to. Mal Suerte's "want" in the first season is to maintain the status quo despite all the other characters' machinations. His "need" in the first season, besides surviving those machinations, is to realize that even defending the status quo requires making changes.

DARK / ELIAN ("GRAY" SUPER, MEXICAN-AMERICAN MALE, 16)

Discovering his powers during the pilot throws Elian's life into chaos, not that the life of a gangbanger was stable to begin with. At least his encyclopedic knowledge of regional supers will come in handy. His parents don't even know he joined a gang, let alone that he has superpowers. Elian's "want" in the first season is to learn and control his sense-blocking powers. The L.A. native's "need" in the first season is figuring out if he really wants to be a hero, a gray, or a villain, rather than just go the same path that his idol Mal Suerte did. You really shouldn't meet your idols.

FAT CHANCE / MR. PRICE (SUPERVILLAIN, MALE, 28)

The primary antagonist for the first season, though at first he's largely pulling strings behind the scenes. At 18, Henry tried to use his chance-nudging power to affect people's "random" decisions, which failed and landed him in jail. Fortunately this was before the authorities realized he had any powers. He studied probability while in jail and uses that (and a super-genius facility with math) to better utilize his powers. He's amassed both a legitimate business empire (taking over the toy factory) and a criminal enterprise complete with a small army of costumed henchmen. He *hates* the moniker Fat Chance with the passion of a thousand suns. His "want" for the first season is to take over the city by ridding it of many of its supers. His "need" for the first season is realizing what needs to be left alone to allow for the changes he wants.

BUBBLES / DAISY (SUPERHEROINE, CAUCASIAN FEMALE, 31)

Born in St. Olaf, MN, Bubbles has a reputation for being an airhead. She isn't slow... she just has a childlike confidence in the first idea that pops into her head. And she seems to be the only person on Earth who doesn't recognize that Fat Chance and Mr. Price are the same person. She bought into all the propaganda urging supers to become sanctioned heroes, but also discovered early on that supers are sterile, which to her made dating pointless. Daisy unwittingly joined Fat Chance's band of costumed henchmen (thinking it just the backup security team) and befriends Elian over their mutual obsession with super trivia. Her "want" in the first season is to be taken seriously. Her "need" in the first season is to realize that Bubbles' unattainable figure and flirty demeanor are harmful to girls.

BARD / MUSIC TEACHER ("GRAY" SUPER, ARABIC FEMALE, 45)

Bard (that's her legal name) is an international musical superstar who's legally barred from holding a public concert because of her power to manipulate those who hear her. She makes plenty of money doing a few celebrity weddings per year which finance her heroing in between. Bard also does volunteer work under heavy make-up to hide her identity. Unlike most grays, the only thing stopping Bard from being a sanctioned hero is that she doesn't want to be encumbered with the responsibilities of being deputized. Her "want" for the first season is to survive Fat Chance's "pick a side" challenge with her reputation intact. Her "need" for the first season is to be less Machiavellian in all of her decision making, and discover what she wants for herself.

CONSUELA (GANG MEMBER, MEXICAN-AMERICAN FEMALE, 18)

(Does not appear in pilot.) High-ranking member of Paco's gang who runs the fake ID/documents operation and oversees all of the other cash-heavy aspects as well: collecting protection money, drug dealing, gun running, and prostitution, as well as paying bribes. Now that she has disposable income for the first time in her life, she spends lavishly on fashion, nails, car, detailing her pistol, etc.

JUST ICE / YI (SUPERHEROINE, CHINESE-AMERICAN FEMALE, 26)

(Does not appear in pilot.) Translucent blue in her hero form, kids often ask Just Ice what planet she's from. "Orange County" is the reply, which usually gets chuckles from the adults nearby. Yi's cold-based powers emerged during an arson attempt on her apartment building, and since then Just Ice has dedicated herself to the ideals of justice and fairness, and sometimes needs to be reminded that her oath was to uphold the law. She had to drop out of college because she let crimefighting distract her too often, but now she is taking online classes.

FORTUNA / MARY (SUPERHEROINE, ITALIAN-AMERICAN FEMALE, 31)

(Does not appear in pilot.) This super's power -- infallible personal luck -- manifested when a tornado struck her school at age 8. At the time the youngest known super, she was practically raised by the Department of Defense's SATAC (Special Abilities Training and Command). She's naïve to the trials and tribulations of normal life because she *can't turn her power off*. Yi is trying to show Mary what real life looks like, but just how "real" can L.A. be anyway?

TUDE / DANTE (SUPERHERO, AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE, 47)

(Appears only as an action figure in the pilot.) Dante's powers as a mentalist specializing in intimidation and inspiration (*i.e.*, super-effective yelling) emerged at a relatively late age of 19 while he was already in the Marine Corps. Heralded as a hero on 9/11 as one of the defenders of the Pentagon, he still loses sleep over ordering the downing of a jet liner. He moved to San Diego to get as far away from his notoriety as possible, where he supervises the nine other sanctioned superheroes in Southern California.

LINETTE (SUPERVILLAIN'S MINION, CAUCASIAN FEMALE, 20)

This series has a number of strong female characters... Linette is not one of them. Linette is an aspiring actress who moved to Los Angeles, which is a long way of saying she's a waitress. This particular waitress got a job at the nightclub run by the supervillain Mr. Vice. During the first season, she finds out that the best-performing employees can get Mr. Vice to give them a jolt to the pleasure center of the brain. Linette gets hooked, and leverages her acting to become a quick-study to get close to people Mr. Vice wants to know about or get into a compromising situation. She'll do anything Mr. Vice asks, and is slowly losing her identity.

KEY FUTURE EPISODES

BEST LAID PLANS

Metalloid tries to go hero but instead gets arrested. Mal Suerte's attempt to team up with Just Ice and Duke ends in disaster. Bubbles gets hurt trying to cover Metalloid's usual territory, then Daisy gets hurt at work.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND

Duke and Goodknight need to explain why they let an assailant go. Yi tries to show Mary what "real life" is like. After a politician's rant, Mal Suerte tries to make his case for grays to the press. Linette gets hooked on a perk at her job.

ELIAN'S AMONG US

Elian tries to get Daisy's help spying on Fat Chance. Gang members question why Elian isn't around as much anymore, and his parents discover a secret.

CHAIN REACTION

Other magical chain wielders show up questioning Mal Suerte's worthiness after he accidentally blows Bard's "secret identity" (the disguise she uses to go unnoticed in public). A protest supporting Metalloid gets upstaged by the memorial held for a famous superheroine. Linette gets "promoted."

INVITATIONS

Sapphire Siren tries to undo a demon summoning, enlisting several other magic-based supers like Mal Suerte. Linc brings in Glitch to help teach cybercrime investigators. Yi invites Mary to her family's Chinese New Year celebration, but Mary can't legally enter the casino they visit. Then the duo need to foil a crime at the casino without revealing their powers.

DÍA DE LA BAMBA

On Día de los Muertos, Mal Suerte takes Elian to Mexico to learn his culture (and that the song does *not* start with "La La La La Bamba"), but the pair ends up upsetting US-Mexico relations. Paco's gang needs to function without him.

PROVING YOURSELF

Superheroes hold fitness events around the country while a coordinated takedown of the supervillain Harrow goes awry. Glitch tries to prove he's a villain by holding up the "neutral territory" nail salon where Yi works.

CATASTROPHE

Despite Mal Suerte's efforts, Fat Chance gets his Armageddon battle between superheroes and supervillains, putting many supers out of commission... some permanently. Flashbacks to origins and key moments for Fortuna, Harrow, Just Ice, Linc, and Tude. Linette willingly works as Mr. Vice's human shield.

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

Fat Chance makes his move. Fortuna, then Mal Suerte, confront him. Just Ice and Goodknight (both injured) testify before Congress about the events of Catastrophe. Recovering heroes find that they have more than just physical wounds to heal.