

DODGE

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Call Me
XOXOXO
71-4525

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

DODGE (30) grins through BLOOD-STAINED teeth.

He might be roughly handsome but for his black eye, knotted cheek, and bleeding nose.

A THICK FIST hooks around and collides with his jaw.

Three THUGS-- One holding each arm, while a third in a cheap suit, RUDY (mid 40's), pummels away at Dodge's head and body.

DODGE (V.O.)
Getting the shit knuckled out of
you is never quite as bad as it
looks.

A DEEP CUT opens up above his eye and he SPITS RED between punches.

DODGE (V.O.)
Unless there's permanent damage.

Rudy goes to work on his RIBS.

RUDY
I actually kinda hope you don't pay
up. This is a great workout for me.
Get my heart rate up, break a
sweat, relieve some stress... Hell,
I should be paying you!

Back to the HEAD.

DODGE (V.O.)
The guy knocking on my skull is
Rudy. Sure, I'm a little late on
some money I owe him, but there are
nicer ways of dealing with people.
Maybe I can reason with him...

DODGE
Go fuck yourself.

Rudy really winds up for this one-- The force of the blow throttles Dodge, folding him face-first into a THICK GRIMY PUDDLE.

DODGE (V.O.)
I've been knocked out plenty of
times, but this one is pretty
bad... Face down in a puddle... And
it hasn't rained for weeks.

PULL OUT FROM THE PUDDLE... OUT OF THE ALLEY... UP TO THE DARK SKY ABOVE...

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

The MOON wades through thick smog, straining to backlight the broken teeth of the downtown skyline.

DODGE (V.O.)

Let's get something straight right at the start. I am not superhero. I drink, I say "fuck" a lot, I jerk off, and I never floss. I'm a liar, a cheat, and a scam-artist when I'm lucky enough to find someone dumber than me. But I've never been very lucky in my life.

Rivers of sparkling traffic-jammed HEADLIGHTS bleed through the checkered circuits of urban sprawl far below.

DODGE (V.O.)

I don't get the girl, I don't save the day, and I don't ride off into the sunset. So if that's the kind of crap you're looking for, go watch another one of those shitty comic book movies.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A mangled Dodge stumbles in and flicks on the lights--

Spacious but shitty, every surface is sprinkled with PILES of categorized garbage-- Pizza boxes, beer bottles, unpaid bills, old Victoria's Secret catalogs...

Dodge pops a PILL.

Snorts a bump of COKE.

Does a monster BONG HIT.

Downs a double-shot of WHISKEY.

INT. APARTMENT - SHOWER - LATER

Hot water sheets off BRUISES and swollen LUMPS. Dirty BLOOD twists down the bubbling shower drain.

DODGE (V.O.)

We all got scars. Some of us on the outside, some on the inside. I got plenty of both. Funny story, when I was a kid-

The SHOWER CURTAIN snatches open and FIONA (22) pulls Dodge out by his hair and jams her tongue into his mouth. Beautiful but poisonous, she grabs him down below, he winces.

DODGE (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking, she's way out of my league. But there's more to Fiona than just beauty...

FIONA

Ram it down my throat until I puke.

She slams him against the wall. He cringes.

DODGE

Shouldn't we put down some plastic or something first?

She drops to her knees and digs her nails into his hips.

FIONA

Grab onto my head.

DODGE

No thanks, I'm good.

FIONA

What the hell's a matter with you?

DODGE

The teeth marks from yesterday haven't even started healing yet.

FIONA

No biting this time, promise.

DODGE

My safe-word is "ouch!", how hard is that to remember?

FIONA

Such a pussy!

She pops up and slugs his already-bruised chest, finally noticing the DAMAGE on his face and body.

FIONA

What the hell happened to you?

DODGE

You should see the other guy, I got
blood all over his clean shirt.

FIONA

How much you owe?

DODGE

About nine grand.

She stabs his injuries with a rigid finger. He recoils.

FIONA

You Dumbass, just let me pay it.

DODGE

Your father would strangle me with
my own intestines if he found out
you were paying off my debts.

DODGE (V.O.)

That probably sounds like an
exaggeration. It's not.

FIONA

Oh, don't be silly, I can handle
Daddy. Speaking of, he has a job he
wants you for.

DODGE

He wants me for?

FIONA

I asked him to want you for it. Go
see him tomorrow

TITLE: TOMORROW

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Dodge pops a pill. Snorts a bump. Bong hit. Downs a shot.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Dodge's WOUNDS and BRUISES look even worse in harsh daylight
as he snakes through the narrow alleyways behind a row of
CHINESE RESTAURANTS.

DODGE (V.O.)

Everything always feels worse in
the morning.

(MORE)

DODGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I almost skip the meet, but two
 beatings in a row takes four times
 as long to heal.

COOKS and WAITERS on smoke-breaks stare as Dodge makes his way to a THICK METAL DOOR at the end of the alley. He knocks and the EYE SLOT clanks open, followed by the door.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A HEFTY CHINESE DUDE leads Dodge down a row of SERVERS pushing CARTS of steamed and fried DUMPLINGS. The guy's tight BLUE MOHAWK clashes with his DESIGNER SUIT, but the thick-rimmed GLASSES kind of make up for it.

DODGE (V.O.)
 This guy is just a rental. The Old Man cut a deal with some exiled Triads for extra protection after a falling out between him and Mister Carl, the only other show in town.

DODGE
 So Roger, how's your sister?

ROGER
 Fuck you, Dodge.

They come to ANOTHER DOOR in the back and Roger exchanges nods with two thick-cut GOONS that look like they came from the same DNA.

DODGE (V.O.)
 Now, these guys on the other hand, are career guys. They'll be the ones who saw me into six parts, bag me, and sink me in a lake, if The Old Man gives them the nod.

They knock and the door opens into--

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THE OLD MAN (65) is a sweaty boulder with greased white hair and wrinkly, fake-tanned skin that droops from his staunch frame. His gasoline eyes bulge behind thick bifocals, just waiting for a spark.

Crouched at a small table set for one, he awkwardly stabs chopsticks into a tray of DUMPLINGS and stuffs one in his mouth.

THE OLD MAN
How big is your dick?

DODGE
Wuh?

THE OLD MAN
Ten inches? Twelve? It's gotta be
big or I got no idea what the fuck-
all she sees in you.

DODGE (V.O.)
Never tell your boss you're bigger
than he is. Unless you work in
porn.

DODGE
I don't know, I guess I'm about
average.

DODGE (V.O.)
But for the record ladies, I'm way
above average.

THE OLD MAN
I love my daughter dearly, but
sometimes she can be a stupid cunt.
You know what I mean?

DODGE (V.O.)
Yes.

DODGE
No.

THE OLD MAN
Cuz she don't see what a worthless
steaming sack of dog shit you are.

DODGE (V.O.)
He's really a sweet old guy once
you get to know him. I mean sure, I
saw him pop a guy's testicle in a
table vice once...

FLASHBACK

A bound and gagged BURLY BIKER crouched in front of a tool bench with his pants around his ankles, sweating buckets and crying rivers. His vomit-filled mouth shrieks muffled agony as The Old Man wrenches the handle on the vice.

DODGE (V.O.)
But he really is just a dusty old
teddy bear if you get to know him.

BACK TO NOW

The Old Man chomps another testicle (dumpling), SPURTING JUICE from the sides of his mouth.

THE OLD MAN
But then again, I do every little
god damned thing she asks me. So I
guess I'm the bigger, stupider
cunt, right?

DODGE
I...

THE OLD MAN
Say it, say I'm a bigger, stupider
cunt than my daughter.

DODGE
You're a bigger, stupider cunt than
your daughter.

The two Goons step forward, just in case.

THE OLD MAN
Well, your dick may be average-

DODGE (V.O.)
Above average.

THE OLD MAN
...But at least you got some
tyrannosaurus balls on you. That,
or you're the biggest, stupidest
cunt of all. Or maybe both... I
guess we're gonna find out.

He tosses the chopsticks and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

THE OLD MAN
The job is simple. You take a bag,
you give it to a guy, he gives you
another bag, then you bring that
bag to me. Think you can handle
that without fucking it up?

DODGE
Easy as pie.

THE OLD MAN

Oh, I'm sure you could fuck up pie too. But you better prove me wrong otherwise I'm gonna hafta chop off that average dick of yours-

DODGE (V.O.)

Above average.

THE OLD MAN

...And shove it up your narrow ass.
Deal?

DODGE

Deal.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Dodge sits on an exam table. A young clean-cut DOCTOR, who looks like he's about twelve, readies a long SYRINGE filled with a MUDDY FLUID.

DODGE

What is this shit?

DOC

Melanzelopanithol three-two-eight.

DODGE

What's it do?

DOC

It's supposed to trick a hyperactive autoimmune system into not attacking healthy tissue.

DODGE (V.O.)

In case you haven't figured it out yet, I don't have a hyperactive immune system. I make extra money by volunteering for medical experiments. And I need extra money to maintain my various habits. Drinking, smoking, drugs, porn, sex, and wholesale bulk Fruit Loops. For a small percentage, Doc keeps me at the top of all the lists. Colleges, pharmaceutical companies, and even the military pay decent bucks to inject you with all kinds of wacky shit just to see what happens.

(MORE)

DODGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've gone temporarily blind, pissed
blood, and even sleepwalked out a
second-story window one time. The
worse the side effects, the better
the payout.

DODGE
How much for this one?

DOC
Five hundred.

Doc stabs the needle in Dodge's arm and presses the plunger.

DOC
This is the last time till next
month. You're already more than
maxed out on the number of
experiments you can participate in
and there's no telling what long
term effects the combination of all
of these different treatments will
have on your body.

DODGE
Then why do you let me do it?

DOC
I have two kids in private school.
Speaking of, you can pick up your
next payment, minus my usual, when
you come back after the testing
period. But you have to stay clean,
otherwise the results are skewed.

DODGE
No problem.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pills. Coke. Bong. Shot.

EXT. BRIDGE - MIDNIGHT

An old beat-up Delta 88 creaks to a stop halfway across the
empty two-lane bridge. Dodge gets out and sits on the hood.

DODGE (V.O.)
So, I guess I'm supposed to meet
somebody here. Middle of a bridge,
at midnight, very dramatic.
(MORE)

DODGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I got my bag in the trunk and I
expect they'll bring theirs. But
you never really know how these
things will go and I don't like
surprises.

He pulls a 9MM BERETTA from his jacket and racks the slide
before sticking it in the back of his pants, at the ready.

A BLACK HUMVEE approaches from the far side of the bridge and
stops twenty feet away, HEADLIGHTS zeroed on Dodge. The doors
open and four THUGS pour out. Ripped muscles, shaved heads,
prison ink, scars.

Then Rudy gets out, sporting a fashionable tracksuit.

RUDY
What the hell you doing here?

DODGE
I got my bag, you got yours?

RUDY
Bullshit. Nobody would trust you
with this kind of deal.

DODGE (V.O.)
He's got a point. But then again, I
don't even know what's in either
bag. Maybe I should have asked
first.

DODGE
We doing this or not?

RUDY
You and I have our other little
exchange still pending. But for
now...

Rudy nods and a Thug retrieves a BLACK BAG from the Humvee.
Dodge pops the trunk and pulls out an IDENTICAL BAG.

But suddenly a blinding SPOTLIGHT splashes the bridge and a
POLICE HELICOPTER appears through the dark clouds.

POLICE CRUISERS speed from either end with lights spinning
and sirens wailing.

DODGE (V.O.)
There's no time to think. So I
don't...

Dodge throws his bag off the side of the bridge.

DODGE

Toss your bag! Without any evidence, we're just two guys talking on a bridge!

RUDY

No fucking way. Mister Carl would-

Dodge snatches the bag from him and hurls it over the edge just as the police cars screech to a halt, blocking both directions. A COP springs from each cruiser, weapons drawn.

COP#1

Freeze!

RUDY

Yeah, no shit.

COP#2

Guns on the pavement!

One by one, they all toss various sidearms. The Cops cuff and stuff Rudy and the Thugs, leaving Dodge alone on the bridge.

COP#1

Drop your weapon.

DODGE

I already did.

COP#2

If you do not drop your weapon we will be forced to shoot you.

DODGE

What the hell are you talking about?

COP#2

(into radio)

Shots fired. Suspect is down.

They close in, guns leveled.

DODGE (V.O.)

You thinking what I'm thinking?

Probably not...

Dodge leaps over the bridge railing just as BULLETS CHEW APART THE CONCRETE BARRIER.

He tumbles through darkness and crashes into the bubbling stew of river below.

BLACK...

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Dodge stumbles in. Wet, battered, exhausted.

He pops a couple PILLS, snorts a fat bump of COKE, does an endless BONG HIT, downs a shot of WHISKEY.

INT. APARTMENT - SHOWER - LATER

A hot spray rinses off the shit and grime from the river, revealing NEW BUMPS and BRUISES for Dodge to contend with.

DODGE (V.O.)

Most people learn to swim when they were kids. I just learned tonight and I swallowed about three gallons of that polluted, toxic river sludge in the process. Probably would've been better off with the bullets. That stuff tasted like-

The SHOWER CURTAIN snatches open, revealing the two Goons from earlier.

DODGE (V.O.)

Shit.

DODGE

Shit.

They twist MEATY FISTS, grinning.

DODGE

Which one of you is Tweedledee, again?

GOON #1

(playing along)

I am.

GOON #2

So that makes me-

DODGE

Yup.

TWEEDLEDUM

(to Tweedledee)

Bullshit!

(MORE)

TWEEDLEDUM (CONT'D)
You're the one who locked the keys
in the car! If anyone is Tweedle
Dumb, you are!

TWEEDLEDEE
Nah, if anyone is dumb, it's this
guy.

They drag Dodge from the shower, wet and naked, and--

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

--slam him down on a chair opposite The Old Man.

THE OLD MAN
You hungry?

He SPEARS A DUMPLING with his chopstick and holds it up.

DODGE
No, thanks.

THE OLD MAN
Good, you shouldn't talk with your
mouth full.

DODGE
The cops showed up, so I tossed the
evidence!

THE OLD MAN
Those cops were on the payroll, you
shit-brain. They were supposed to
bust up the deal, then I get the
cash and the merchandise, and
screwing over Mister Carl was just
the cherry. But like I said you
would, you fucked it all up good.

DODGE
Maybe if I had known-

THE OLD MAN
You would'a fucked it even worse.

DODGE
But the cops started shooting at me
for no reason!

THE OLD MAN
Not no reason, because I told 'em
to.

(MORE)

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)
 You think Mister Carl wouldn't a'
 got wise if my bagman didn't get
 pinched too? Or better yet, killed?
 I get a hundred-fifty grand in
 cash, hundred-fifty in product, and
 you outta my daughter's life
 without me to blame for it. Win-win-
 win for me.

DODGE
 What if I tell her?

THE OLD MAN
 She'll believe her daddy.

DODGE
 She calls you that, too?

The Tweedles close in but The Old Man waves them off.

THE OLD MAN
 You sure you don't want some food?
 You got a big mouth to fill.

DODGE
 So, now what?

THE OLD MAN
 You cost me three-hundred thousand,
 so you owe me three-hundred
 thousand. But as much as I want to,
 I can't just whack you out over it
 on account of my daughter.

DODGE
 Lucky me.

DODGE (V.O.)
 Not really.

THE OLD MAN
 But I can do other things.

DODGE (V.O.)
 See what I mean?

THE OLD MAN
 You shoulda had a dumpling while
 you could, 'cause you can't eat
 nothing when you're shittin' teeth.

He nods to the brutes and they pluck Dodge off the chair and pin him to the floor. The Old Man retrieves a HAMMER and CHISEL and squats over Dodge's head.

DODGE (V.O.)

Maybe I shouldn't have made that
crack about her calling me daddy.

THE OLD MAN

Stop squirming! I don't wanna
accidentally clip your tongue off.
Gotta at least leave that for Fiona
or she might never forgive me.

He steadies the chisel against Dodge's FRONT TEETH and raises
the hammer.

THE OLD MAN

You can take the dental bill outta
what you owe.

DODGE

That's okay, I have insurance.

DODGE (V.O.)

Not really.

The Old Man swings the hammer down. CRACK!

BLACK AGAIN...

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Dodge wakes face down in a pile of BLOODY VOMIT.

DODGE (V.O.)

I really hope that's my puke.

He shoves a hand in his bloody mouth and feels around.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dodge grins at the mirror. His mouth is sore and bloody but
all of his teeth are still there.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He fishes around in the puddle of vomit and finds a tooth.
Then another tooth. Then the rest.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Dodge sits on the exam table and Doc examines his teeth with
microscope glasses.

DOC
You're sure he knocked them out?

Dodge holds out a HANDFUL of his own teeth.

DOC
Hmmm. Very interesting.

He picks up a SCALPEL.

DOC
Hold out your hand.

DODGE
What for?

DOC
I have a theory.

Dodge holds out his hand and Doc examines it closely, then slashes it with the scalpel. Dodge rips away, a gash of red splitting across his palm.

DODGE
Ow! What the fuck are you doing?

Doc stares at a STOPWATCH.

DOC
Just give it another second or two.

DODGE
Give what another second or two?

DOC
Look at your hand.

Dodge wipes away the blood. The cut is gone.

DODGE
What the dick?

DOC
It takes a child months to grow permanent teeth and adult teeth do not regrow. Yours completely healed overnight. It makes sense that a minor cut would only take a matter of seconds.

DODGE
How the hell is it happening?

DOC

Let me take samples and run some tests to find out.

DODGE

What if you were wrong?

DOC

Then I'd owe you an apology and some stitches.

INT. "SVELTE" STRIP CLUB - DAY

PULSING MUSIC and a twirling RAINBOW OF LIGHTS wash over him as he weaves through a crush of DROOLING MEN.

DODGE (V.O.)

Svelte is not your average skin dive. If the church were smarter they'd hire these girls instead of nuns, they could make any atheist believe in god for fifty bucks.

A lithe, olive-skinned VIXEN mocks gravity with her pole routine and sees Dodge coming. He nod but she spins away.

Dodge stops a petite, topless, be-thonged, WAITRESS.

DODGE

Hey Kiki, can I get a drink?

She ignores him and moves on, so he squeezes up to the bar where a PURPLE-HAIRED NYMPH is tending drinks.

DODGE

Can I get a double whiskey, Karma?

She throws him an evil-eye and keeps her distance.

DODGE (V.O.)

Oh yeah. I've been off limits to the girls since Fiona caught me in a menage a... What's the French word for five?

FLASHBACK

Dodge gyrates in a sweaty tangle of stripper extremities. There are at least four other skin tones besides his own, and much moaning, licking, and grinding involved.

BACK TO NOW

DODGE (V.O.)

Anyway, there were whispers that
she cut off all four of their
heads, but you know how stripper
gossip can get out of hand.

He makes his way to the back where a SECURITY CAMERA is mounted above a FORMIDABLE DOOR. He waves to the lens, the door BUZZES and slides open.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fiona sits behind a huge desk counting STACKS OF CASH. Behind her, a wall of MONITORS shows security camera feeds from all over the club-- Parking lot, stage, private rooms, even the bathrooms. Plenty to ogle, but Dodge only sees THE CASH.

FIONA

You threw the drugs and the money
off the bridge?

DODGE

Yeah, well, your father didn't tell
me the cops were in on it. Or that
they were supposed to kill me.

FIONA

Oh, don't be a Silly Sally.

DODGE

So your father could keep the drugs
and money without Mister Carl
catching on.

FIONA

Bullllllshit. The deal was supposed
to be a test-run to patch things up
between Daddy and Mister Carl so we
could partner up the drug trade. He
wouldn't jeopardize all that just
to get rid of you and pocket a
measly three-hundred grand.

DODGE

If it's just a measly three-
hundred...

He yanks her head back, drilling his tongue into her mouth.
She whimpers in ecstasy.

DODGE

Spot me?

She pushes him away.

FIONA
You fucked up, you deal with it.
Unless you wanna consider it a
wedding present?

DODGE
If you love me you'll give it to
me.

FIONA
If you love me, you'll put a ring
on it. Besides, I thought you
didn't want to take money from me
in case Daddy found out.

DODGE
Well, since he wants me dead anyway
I figure I'll take my chances.

FIONA
I don't believe you.

DODGE
He told me himself. Right before he
smashed all my teeth out.

She grabs his chin and squeezes, revealing PRISTINE PEARLY
WHITES.

FIONA
Are you high? Lemme see your
pupils.

She grabs his head and pulls back his eyelids to get a better
look. He shakes her off.

DODGE
The teeth healed overnight.
Watch...

He slaps his arm on the desk and hands her an ENVELOPE
OPENER.

DODGE
Stab my arm.

She plunges the blade into his arm without hesitation.

DODGE
Ow! That is waaaaay more ouch than
I was expecting!

He pulls the knife and watches the puncture SPEW BLOOD.

FIONA

Okay, I'm a little turned on. Now
you stab me.

DODGE

Just wait!

BLOOD continues drooling from the hole, no sign of healing.

FIONA

You just going to bleed all over my
rug or stab me or fuck me or what?

INT. MEDICAL LAB - LATER

Doc finishes dressing the STAB WOUND on Dodge's arm.

DOC

The combination of drug experiments
that you were supposed to stay
clean for, combined with...

He pulls a MEDICAL FILE.

DOC

Alcohol, marijuana, cocaine,
painkillers, barbiturates,
amphetamines, and some unknown
elements exhibiting low levels of
radioactivity... Have you been
exposed to any unknown substances
in addition to the experiments and
your recreational habits?

DODGE

I did swallow a bunch of
contaminated shit from the river.

DOC

That must be it. The lucky
combination these ingredients has
somehow resulted in unprecedented
modifications to your physiology.

DODGE

I've never been lucky in my life,
Doc.

DOC

Well, at least it hasn't killed
you... Yet. But there will probably
be other side effects.

He sticks Dodge with a SYRINGE to draw blood.

DODGE

Such as?

DOC

I don't want to alarm you but...

Doc nods to the syringe-- The needle is floating within Dodge's arm, but not piercing or touching him in any way.

DODGE

What the f-

Dodge suddenly falls through the exam table and lands on the floor. He passed right through it like a ghost.

DOC

Your molecular structure seems to be compromised, but remaining unified somehow. Try to take my hand.

Dodge reaches and Doc helps him up.

DOC

It appears that your mind is able to manipulate the effects.

Doc shoves him and Dodge falls right through the wall into the next room.

DOC

Except for reflexive responses which you take for granted.

Dodge carefully steps back through the wall.

DODGE

This feels kinda like a Ketamine trip with a cough syrup chaser.

DOC

Concentrate on the needle this time, let me take the sample.

Dodge stares at the needle as the tip nears his arm...

Touches his skin... Pierces the vein...

Doc draws blood and stares at it like it's gold.

DOC

Your brain is having highly advanced communications with your biology. That's why your clothes don't just fall off or why you don't simply drop right through the planet.

DODGE

You mean if I think about it too much I'll fall through the Earth?

DOC

Thinking too much isn't a problem you need to worry about. But you need to concentrate to control the side effects of the mutation.

DODGE

But I can walk through walls if I want to?

DOC

Apparently.

Dodge jumps to his feet.

DOC

Wait, I have more tests to run before the effects wear off.

DODGE

That's why I gotta go.

DOC

Where?

DODGE

The bank.

DOC

But the bank's closed.

DODGE

Exactly.

INT. FIRST AMERICAN BANK - NIGHT

ON SECURITY MONITOR:

A MAN in all black except a SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS MASK and rubber gloves steps right through the locked door.

ON ANOTHER MONITOR:

The man passes right through the bullet-proof security door leading behind the counter. He does a little Fred Astaire routine on his way to--

ANOTHER MONITOR:

--THE VAULT. He sticks one hand through the THICK STEEL DOOR, then another. Then just bunny-hops right on through.

INT. FIRST AMERICAN BANK - VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Dodge pulls out a black DUFFLE BAG and loads it up with FAT STACKS OF CASH.

DODGE (V.O.)
Finding a ski mask during Summer in
the middle of the night?
Impossible. But children's costumes
all year long, at all hours? Now
that's creepy.

He continues stuffing money until he can barely get the zipper shut, then turns to the wall and walks... Smack into it.

DODGE (V.O.)
The fuck?

Tries again with the same result.

DODGE
Concentrate.

He gets a running start and promptly slams face-first into cold steel, smashing Spongebob's nose, and his own. He sticks a hand under the mask and it comes back BLOODY.

DODGE (V.O.)
Oh shit. Wore off already.

But something catches his eye-- A faint TWIST OF SMOKE coming from the SMUDGE OF BLOOD he left on the wall.

The smudge is sizzling, burning a dimple in the thick metal.

Dodge sticks his hands under the mask and gathers more blood, smears it on the wall. In moments, it starts eating through the hard steel.

DODGE (V.O.)
Acid blood?

Dodge blows his nose into his hands and adds more blood to the frothing wall. Blows... Smears... Blows... Smears.

DODGE (V.O.)
You might think I just got a lucky ticket outta here. But lemme tell you, I've never been lucky in my life...

The bubbling stops, his nose is dry.

DODGE
Shit. Not enough.

He searches for something to use, anything. But all there is, is money. Useless money. He pulls up a sleeve.

DODGE (V.O.)
This is gonna suck...

Dodge bites deep into his arm, groaning and tearing at his own flesh with his perfect teeth.

He spits a MOUTHFUL OF BLOOD onto the simmering metal and uses his open wound as a paintbrush, coating the wall red with his own vital fluids.

The shiny brushed steel finally disintegrates, forming a hole big enough for Dodge to climb through.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - LATER

The DUFFLE BAG drops on the floor as Dodge wobbles in, pale and trembling from blood-loss.

Doc sutures up the bite wound but the stitches immediately dissolve in the-

DOC
Acid blood?

DODGE
Turns out.

Doc flips through reams of test results.

DOC

Your DNA is mutating. The rapid healing, walking through walls, and now acid blood, are just side effects that only last as long as it takes for your DNA to change again. I can stitch you up once you mutate again.

DODGE

I'm kinda in a hurry.

DOC

You should rest, heal and get your blood pressure back up. Let me run more tests.

EXT. MEDICAL LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Dodge teeters from door to curb, still woozy, clutching the bag of money like a baby.

DODGE (V.O.)

Doc's not wrong, I can barely stand. But I gotta unload this cash before some other unforeseen shit falls outta the sky and lands right on my-

Dodge is struck on the head and everything goes--

BLACK AGAIN... AGAIN...

INT. PENTHOUSE - SOME TIME LATER

He wakes up tied to an antique Victorian chair. The rest of the top floor of the LUXURY HOTEL is just as lavish-- Marble floors, hand-woven drapes, and a large ornate desk carved from exotic woods.

Behind it, a narrow PALE MAN (60) with a bald oblong head smiles at Dodge with LONG TEETH and PINHOLE EYES that never blink. The contrast of his black, meticulously tailored suit makes his bleached skin even more grotesque.

PALE MAN

Good evening.

DODGE

Yo.

Dodge struggles against the ropes.

DODGE (V.O.)
Fucking powers, never around when
you need 'em.

PALE MAN
I don't think it necessary for you
to remain bound, do you?

DODGE
Nah. I usually have to pay extra
for that anyway.

Rudy steps forward and frees him. Which means that...

DODGE
You're Mister Carl?

PALE MAN
I am.

DODGE (V.O.)
Fuck.

DODGE
I was just on my way to see you. I
have some information for you.

MISTER CARL
Do you?

DODGE
The whole deal was a setup, the
cops are working for The Old Man.

MISTER CARL
I am aware.

DODGE (V.O.)
Fuuuuuck.

MISTER CARL
Your employer is not the only one
with associates at the police
department.

DODGE
(under his breath)
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

MISTER CARL
Interesting choice of word. Are you
aware of its origin?

DODGE

I'm pretty sure my mom made it up.

MISTER CARL

The word is quite unique in that it can be used as a noun, verb, adjective, or adverb. The first documented use was believed to be in an anonymous poem written circa 1475. The translation suggests that the Friars of Cambridge would not be welcome in heaven because they frequently broke their vow of celibacy with the local married women. The word is assumed to have been derived from various Germanic languages such as the Dutch word fokken, to breed, or the Norwegian fukka, to copulate.

DODGE

That's fucking fascinating.

MISTER CARL

I like to know the origins of things. That knowledge can often lead to useful insight into where they will end up. You for instance, where do you come from, what is your origin?

DODGE

Cleveland.

MISTER CARL

I'm not speaking of geography. I'm asking what made you who you are? Upbringing? Environment? As in, nature versus nurture, or did something specific befoul the seed that would grow to be you.

DODGE

Just lucky I guess.

DODGE (V.O.)

Not really.

MISTER CARL

You don't have much direction, do you? Not a care in the world.

(MORE)

MISTER CARL (CONT'D)
You're something of a pinball,
bouncing around, getting knocked
and slapped, this way and that, by
whatever situation you happen to
find yourself in. As opposed to
imposing your will on the
circumstances and forcing your fate
to be what you wish.

DODGE

To be honest, my only wish right
now is for a drink, maybe rubbing
one out, and then a long nap.

MISTER CARL

Well, you go ahead and joke,
continue to bounce around your
pinball table aimlessly. Meanwhile,
I will continue to be the kid with
all the quarters.

Rudy hovers closer, smirking.

DODGE (V.O.)

I'm pretty sure this is the part
where Rudy snaps my neck...

DODGE

Speaking of quarters, I was just on
my way to pay you back your money.

Mister Carl nods, Rudy drops the DUFFLE BAG in Dodge's lap.

MISTER CARL

I've subtracted the one-hundred-and-
fifty-thousand dollars that you so
thoughtfully jettisoned from the
bridge, as well as the nine-
thousand you apparently owe to
Rudy. The rest is there.

DODGE

You're not going to kill me?

MISTER CARL

Why would I kill you when I brought
you here to make you an offer?

DODGE

Oh, well in that case... Rudy,
fetch me a double of whiskey, neat.

Mister Carl nods and Rudy begrudgingly tromps off to get it.

DODGE
So what can I do for you?

MISTER CARL
Kill The Old Man for me.

DODGE
Why would I do that?

MISTER CARL
He tried to have you killed, for one. But primarily, with him extirpated from the scenario, you will have full control of his business interests. Maybe get a few quarters of your own. Under my close supervision, of course.

Rudy hands over the DRINK and Dodge downs it in one gulp.

DODGE
Why not have one of your lugs do it, like Rudy here?

MISTER CARL
It is preferable for the transition to come from the inside. Direct access, for one reason. Another being that I do not wish to complicate matters with other involved... Parties.

DODGE
The Chinese.

MISTER CARL
I have very lucrative trade arrangements with them which could be jeopardized.

DODGE
And if I don't do it?

MISTER CARL
Let's just say that it's in your best interests.

DODGE
So, you will kill me.

MISTER CARL
I can't have you spoiling my plans, now can I?

DODGE (V.O.)

Hmmm, kill The Old Man, take over, and get rich and powerful working for Mister Carl but probably get castrated by Fiona? Or get a bullet in my brain right now?

MISTER CARL

Do we have an agreement?

DODGE (V.O.)

I'll take option three. Lie to both of them and skip town with the money.

DODGE

Sure, why not?

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

SOMEBODY watches through the windshield as Dodge exits with the DUFFLE BAG and the DOORMAN summons him a cab.

DODGE (V.O.)

Know how to tell when you're being followed? Look behind you, Stupid. Normally if someone is after me it's because I owe money, or ripped them off, or nailed their wife. And normally I would just try to lose them. But this time is not *normal*. You'll see what I mean...

The car pulls away as the TAXI does, but not too close.

SERIES OF SHOTS THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD--

--Dodge walks out of a USED CAR LOT and pays cash for a new ride and peels away.

--Dodge exits a SUPERMARKET with a shopping cart overflowing with groceries which he...

--Drops off at a local SOUP KITCHEN.

--Dodge leaves an ANIMAL SHELTER behind a GROUP OF DOGS that he's taking for a walk.

--Dodge buys ICE CREAM CONES for a group of beaming CHILDREN.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Dodge hands an ice cream cone to a LITTLE GIRL when-

VOICE (O.S.)
How long have you known I was
following you?

Dodge turns to the voice-- Coming from DETECTIVE MIRANDA CHALICE (28). Young for a Detective, but that says a lot. She's sleek but solid, flowing hair chopped at the shoulder, with acutely trained eyes.

DODGE (V.O.)
Now do you see what I mean? And
she's just my type... Female.

DODGE
Why, whatever do you mean?

MIRANDA
Donating food to a soup kitchen?
Volunteering at an animal shelter?
Buying ice cream for children?

DODGE
Maybe I'm just a nice guy.

MIRANDA
Maybe you're full of shit.

DODGE
Can't I be both?

She throttles him and slaps HANDCUFFS on his wrists.

DODGE (V.O.)
I'm really beginning to like this
chick.

DODGE
I guess that means no more ice
cream today, kids.

The CHILDREN boo and throw garbage at Miranda as she leads Dodge away and...

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

...Slams him on the hood of his own car.

DODGE

I think we're moving a little fast.
Usually the cuffs don't come out
until the second date.

MIRANDA

You armed?

She pats him down, gets to his groin area.

DODGE

Sort of.

She grabs his crotch.

MIRANDA

Nothing you'd need a permit for.

DODGE (V.O.)

Something tells me she's not the
flowers and candy type.

She takes his keys.

MIRANDA

I'm searching your vehicle.

DODGE

You don't have probable cause,
Officer...

He waits for a name...

MIRANDA

Detective.

DODGE

Detective...

Still waiting...

MIRANDA

A lowlife scumbag leaving Mister
Carl's place with a heavy bag? I'd
say that qualifies as probable
cause.

DODGE

Hey, only my mother calls me
lowlife scumbag.

She opens the door and sets the DUFFLE BAG on the hood. Opens
it and probes the cash.

MIRANDA

Who's is this?

DODGE

Having a bag of money isn't
illegal.

MIRANDA

No, but having a bag of heroin is.

She tosses a BAGGIE of Mexican Mud on the driver seat.

DODGE (V.O.)

Assault, verbal abuse, planting
evidence... I think I'm in love.

DODGE

Funny, this doesn't feel like
protecting or serving.

MIRANDA

You can tell me what I want to know
about Mister Carl, or you can serve
five-to-ten for possession of a
Class A narcotic with intent to
distribute. And I doubt it's your
first offense.

DODGE

Can we discuss it over a drink?

DODGE (V.O.)

She makes me feel all tingly...

Suddenly the handcuffs slip right off Dodge's wrists. He's as
surprised as she is but she has GLOCK 17, and now it's in his
face.

MIRANDA

Don't even twitch.

She glances at the cuffs on the ground-- still locked.

MIRANDA

How did you do that?

DODGE

It's been a really weird week,
lemme tell ya.

She slams his face on the hood but doesn't notice his cheek
seems to give, spreading on the metal like silly-putty.

She ratchets the cuffs on him, tighter this time. But he barely feels anything as the sharp steel sinks deep into his RUBBERY WRISTS.

MIRANDA

Well, it's about to get weird,
unless you're used to getting
goodnight-raped by your roommate
every night.

DODGE

Okay, enough small talk. I'll tell
you what you want to know, but only
if you tell me what I want to know.

MIRANDA

And what's that?

DODGE

Your name.

She looks from him to the money, back to him. Okay.

MIRANDA

Miranda.

DODGE (V.O.)

Miranda... I even like her name. So whaddaya think, leave town with the cash and save my ass? Or stick around and take a run at this radiant lovely...

MIRANDA

Your turn, is this Mister Carl's
money or not?

DODGE

No, it's mine.

MIRANDA

Not anymore.

She pistol-whips the back of his head and everything goes--

BLACK... YET AGAIN...

DODGE (V.O.)

...Yeah, I think so too.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - LATER

Dodge wakes up and looks down at his body. He is lying on the exam table but he can't move--

His arms and legs are stretched like taut rubber bands, with his hands and feet secured to the walls fifteen feet away.

DODGE

Um, so what exactly the fuck is going on here?

Doc rushes in with a CLIPBOARD and unfastens the straps, examining Dodge's limbs as they contract back to normal.

DOC

I didn't know how long this mutation would last so I couldn't risk waiting for you to wake up to run some tests.

DODGE

How'd I get here?

DOC

A stranger answered your cell phone. It's a good thing too, because I got some fascinating new data.

DODGE

Okay, thanks, I guess. But no more experimenting on my body while I'm unconscious like I'm some drunk sorority girl, okay?

DOC

But the results are incredible! The latest mutation has altered the physical state of your body, giving it elastic properties!

DODGE

Oh really? I didn't notice with my arms and legs stretched out like used condoms.

DOC

You evolve almost instantly in response to what is happening around you. Usually, defense mechanisms evolve over millions of years.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

Some are spontaneous, like a chameleon changing its colors, but some are deliberate, like certain species of ants in southeast Asia will actually rupture, emitting a poison when threatened. They are known as "Altruistic Ants" because they will kill themselves to protect their colony.

DODGE

So if I'm not careful I might explode?

DOC

Altruism is not really your thing. You don't have the "burden" of caring. But it could happen spontaneously if we don't figure out a way to suppress it.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dodge enters and makes for his STASH, but notices Tweedledee and Tweedledum on either side of the closed bathroom door.

DODGE

Oh, hey guys, you want some?

TWEEDLEDEE

Just hold a sec.

The three of them wait... Awkward... Until the silence is finally broken by the FLUSHING TOILET behind the door. The Old Man steps out, wiping his hands with a towel that he tosses on the floor.

THE OLD MAN

That dump I just took in there is smarter than you are! You owe people like me the kinda money you owe me, you don't go home. That's the first place they're gonna look. And looky-loo, here I am. I came personally, on account of Fiona, she gets upset when I don't take an interest in her life.

DODGE

I had the money but I got shaken down by a cop.

THE OLD MAN
No cop would be dumb enough.

DODGE
She didn't know it was for you.

THE OLD MAN
She? You got shaken down by a broad-cop? Normally I'd say that makes a story less cred-able, but in your case, Shitbag, it makes sense. Trouble is, it don't matter if I believe you or not. No money is no money. Boys, break something a dentist can't fix, then let's go find the bitch who took my money.

DODGE (V.O.)
Oh shit. Now I wish I didn't know her name.

They close in on him. Tweedledee throws a HEAVY PUNCH but Dodge reflexively catches the beefy fist mid-arc. They lock eyes, both shocked.

But then a sly smirk peels across Dodge's lips and he squeezes and the BONES in Tweedledee's hand crush like old chalk.

Tweedledum headlocks Dodge from behind but he flings the three-hundred-pound clod over his shoulder into the far wall.

DODGE (V.O.)
So here it is. The Old Man with no protection and me with superstrength. I could probably pop his skull like a grape but I have an embarrassing confession to make. I've never actually killed anyone before. I hope you don't think any less of me.

THE OLD MAN
Wow, color me impressed. You been juicin' or what? I didn't know you had it in ya. Maybe my princess was right, maybe you could be useful.

DODGE
Or maybe you just don't want me to break something a dentist can't fix.

THE OLD MAN

You got the muscle so you got the advantage. But do you got a gun?

DODGE

No.

THE OLD MAN

Well then...

The Old Man pulls a GOLD-PLATED .45 from his jacket.

THE OLD MAN

There now, the dynamics a' power are all back to equal-ibrium, with me on top again. So you can take it with sincerity when I say I maybe gotta use for you after all.

DODGE (V.O.)

I trust this guy about as far as I can piss, but hey, fortune favors the bold...

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - LATER

Dodge follows The Old Man through the bowels of the restaurant.

DODGE (V.O.)

I really hoping this isn't an ambush, because my superstrength wore off during the car ride over.

THE OLD MAN

Ya know what's great about walk-in refrigeration?

DODGE

It keeps a lot of food cold?

They walk into a dank LOADING GARAGE where ANOTHER GOON waits outside the door to a walk-in freezer.

THE OLD MAN

Damn near sound-proof.

He opens the freezer door and GRATING SCREAMS of agony immediately flood out.

Inside-- A SHORT FAT MAN is bound, naked, and roped to a meat hook with a frozen puddle of piss and blood on the floor beneath him. Also inside the freezer--

FIONA

Oh, hi Daddy!

THE OLD MAN

(to GOON)

Why she in there, not you?

FIONA

We were supposed to go for dinner.
I was waiting around for you and I
got bored.

THE OLD MAN

Well, did you at least get the name
outta him?

FIONA

Name? No. I was just having some
fun. You want me to ask him?

THE OLD MAN

For fuck's sake!

GOON

Believe me, Boss, if he knew the
name he woulda spilled. I'm pretty
good at this stuff, but she's a
friggin' virtuoso.

DODGE

What name?

THE OLD MAN

This guy is one of Mister Carl's
Lieutenants. Says Mister Carl
ordered a hit on me, somebody
inside.

SHORT FAT MAN

I don't know who it is! I swear on
my children! On my life!

THE OLD MAN

Oh, don't you worry, I'll ask your
whole family too, but on your life?
You kiddin' me? That's only worth
seventy-eight cents.

The Old Man draws his nickel-plated .45 and fires two bullets
into the man's head.

GOON

Seventy-eight cents? I don't get
it.

THE OLD MAN
That's what two bullets cost.

GOON
Thirty-nine cents each?

THE OLD MAN
Bulk, wholesale.

DODGE
That's a pretty good deal.

THE OLD MAN
I got a better one for you. You
kill Mister Carl for me, and I'll
forget the three-hundred grand.

DODGE (V.O.)
Arrright, now this is getting a
little ridiculous.

FIONA
Don't be silly, Daddy. If we're
gonna do it, we should just go in,
guns blazing, and kill every last
one of those motherfuckers. Why
just kill one man?

THE OLD MAN
Subtlety was never your strong
suit, Pumpkin. Some things are
better handled with restraint. Cut
off the head of the snake, and all
that.

DODGE
Why me?

THE OLD MAN
If you pull it off, it'll make my
little Cupcake happy, and if you
fuck it up, it won't cost me
anything. Hell, maybe I'll even get
lucky and you'll get killed in the
process. Whaddaya say?

DODGE (V.O.)
I wonder if can use this to squeeze
a date out of Miranda.

THE OLD MAN
It's that, or God help me, you make
an honest woman outta my daughter
and you can consider the three-
hundred your wedding present.

Dodge considers Fiona, her smiling face SPECKLED WITH BLOOD.

DODGE
I'll go with the murder.

FIONA
I'm starving, can we go, please?

THE OLD MAN
Sure, Princess.

FIONA
Join us, Sweetie?

DODGE
No thanks.

DODGE (V.O.)
I haven't eaten in like two days,
and torture, murder, and money are
some of my favorite topics of
dinner conversation, but I got
other things on my mind...

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

DODGE
Her name's Miranda... Something.
Didn't catch her last name but
she's a Detective.

The CLERK (mid 40's) taps a few keys and barely looks up from his computer.

CLERK
Yeah, I found her, but I'm not at
liberty to disclose personal
information. You can leave her a
message.

Dodge hops on the counter and steals a glimpse at the screen--

"DETECTIVE MIRANDA CHALICE, 1345 E. McGOVERN AVE."

CLERK
Hey!

--Before being grabbed on either arm by the same two Cops
from the bridge.

DODGE

Oh, hey guys. Sorry about the other night. Do you think I could get my gun back now? It's the only one I got.

EXT. LANDFILL - NIGHT

A POLICE CRUISER winds through mountains of discarded junk and debris.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Dodge is cuffed in the back seat. Cop#1 drives while Cop#2 uses his phone to snap a few SELFIES with an un-amused Dodge in the background.

DODGE

Guys, the hit was called off. The whole point was to knock me off during the bust. The Old Man even hired me for another job. He asked me to marry his daughter, for fuck's sake! Call him!

COP#1

We don't just call The Old Man up on the phone. He contacts us.

DODGE

Then use my phone to call his daughter, Fiona.

Cop#2 takes Dodge's PHONE and calls...

COP#2

Went to voicemail.

DODGE (V.O.)

You gotta be kidding me...

DODGE

Lemme leave a message.

He holds the phone to Dodge's ear.

DODGE
(into phone)
Hey Babe, I got picked up by some
asshole cops on your dad's payroll
that didn't get the memo that I'm
on the don't-kill list now. They
are about to whack me, so tell your
dad to call them off or I'm gonna
be dead in a few minutes, okay?
Love ya, bye.

EXT. LANDFILL - MOMENTS LATER

The car stops between two heaps of trash and they pull Dodge
from the back seat and position him next to a SHALLOW GRAVE
in the endless sea of garbage.

DODGE (V.O.)
I could really go for some acid-
blood or superstrength, but I got
nothing. Or if I could fly, yeah,
that would pretty fucking useful
right about now.

He hops up and down, trying to take off.

COP#1
The fuck you doing?

COP#2
He's delaying.

The Cops rack their guns and level them at Dodge's head...

DODGE (V.O.)
I guess I should've got out while I
had the chance. But then I never
would have met her. That's weird,
I'm about to die and I can only
think of one thing... Miranda.

...But his CELLPHONE RINGS. Cop#2 checks the phone and puts
it to Dodge's ear.

DODGE
(into phone)
Hello?

FIONA
(over phone)
I got your message. Where are you?

DODGE
Standing next to a hole with two
guns pointed at me.

Cop#2 grabs the phone.

COP#2
(into phone)
This loser says he's engaged to The
Old Man's daughter. That you?

FIONA
He said we were engaged?

DODGE (V.O.)
Shit. Maybe I should've just let
them kill me.

FIONA
Yes, it's me. Let him go.

COP#2
How do we know it's really you?

FIONA
I'll have Daddy call you. Put Dodge
back on.

Phone to Dodge's ear again.

DODGE
I didn't say we were engaged.

FIONA
Well, if we're not engaged then
maybe I'll just hang up now.

DODGE
Wait!

DODGE (V.O.)
I'm am sooooo going to regret this.

DODGE
Okay, we're engaged.

FIONA
You have to propose. Get on one
knee.

DODGE
I'm standing in a heap of maggots
and dog shit!

FIONA
I'm hanging up now.

DODGE
Okay, okay. I'm on one knee.

FIONA
Bullshit. Hand over the phone.

Dodge jaws the phone to Cop#2.

COP#2
Yeah?

FIONA
Is he on one knee?

Dodge drops.

COP#2
He is now.

He puts it back to Dodge's ear.

DODGE
Okay... So will you marry me?

CLICK.

DODGE
Hello? Hello? Fiona?

COP#1
Did she say yes?

DODGE
She hung up.

COP#1
Ouch. That's cold.

COP#2
You're shit outta luck.

DODGE
I've never been lucky in my life.

They both aim their guns again and pull the trigg-

The PHONE RINGS again.

COP#1
(into phone)
Hello... Yeah... Yes sir...
(MORE)

COP#1 (CONT'D)
Sorry, we didn't realize... Okay...
Of course... Goodbye...

He hangs up.

DODGE
See? The Old Man loves me like a son. Now untie me and give me a ride back. We'll stop on the way so you can buy me a drink.

COP#1
That's twice you made us look bad to The Old Man. He said not to kill you, but he didn't say anything about roughing you up a bit.

DODGE
How about the drinks are on me?

They holster their guns and close in on him. Dodge hops some more, hoping to fly away again. But he doesn't. Again.

DODGE (V.O.)
As far as beatings go, getting it from cops is the worst. When they're kicking the guts out of you, it's never just you. They're pounding the shit out of their dad, some kid that bullied them in school, the guy that stole their wife, and whoever else ever shit on them their whole life. But for a few shining minutes or so, it's all on you. Just you. Ouch.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A wrecked Dodge wobbles through the door.

DODGE (V.O.)
I don't like being this dizzy unless it's medically induced...

He's out of pills. Only a half-fingernail of coke left. The last pinch of weed is spent. Only a couple drops of whiskey in the bottle.

DODGE (V.O.)
Shit.

INT. APARTMENT - SHOWER - LATER

Steaming water spills off Dodge's aching back. Again. He thumbs a rib and winces. Blows blood from his nose and checks the alignment of his jaw.

Wait, something's wrong. He rips open the shower curtain-- Nobody there this time.

He pulls the curtain back but stops, opens it again--

Nobody there... Not even in the mirror.

DODGE
What the dick?

The CURTAIN tears off the rod. A TOWEL rips the bar from the wall. TOILETRIES scatter to the floor as INVISIBLE DODGE stumbles out of the shower. A WET HANDPRINT slaps the mirror.

DODGE (V.O.)
Now this is a friggin' superpower.
And I know just what to use it for.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The address reads: "**1345 E. McGovern Ave.**"

The door opens and Miranda exits with the DUFFLE BAG.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Miranda gets in, drops the bag on the passenger side. Doesn't notice the ASS-SHAPED DEPRESSION behind her in the backseat.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Miranda parks and takes the duffle bag inside. A short wait before the back door slowly opens, then shuts quietly.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Miranda steps into the elevator and presses the button.

The ELEVATOR DOORS almost shut, but halt and open again, seemingly for no reason. She pushes the button again and the doors close this time.

The elevator ascends. Silent except for the quiet hum...

And TWO SETS OF BREATHING. Miranda cuts her breath short and waits... Listening...

DING! Must be her imagination. The doors split and she exits.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Miranda sits at a desk across from a triple-chinned WOMAN (50's) with bored eyes that glare through smudged glasses at the end of her nose.

The faded placard reads: "**DEPARTMENT OF FAMILY SERVICES**"

CHINS

I'm not aware of an appointment with you today, Miss Chalice.

MIRANDA

I know, but I have some new information that might help my case.

CHINS

I highly doubt that. Your home-study, qualifying criteria, and background check leave quite a bit to be desired.

MIRANDA

Well, what if there were other reasons to approve me?

CHINS

Other reasons?

MIRANDA

Oh, say, a few hundred-thousand other reasons?

She opens the duffle bag, revealing thick stacks of HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS.

CHINS

Miss Chalice, are you attempting to bribe me?

MIRANDA

No, I just wanted... If there were concerns... About my income... I was just... I'm sorry!

CHINS

This just confirms my assessment of
your deficient character and lack
of parenting aptitude!

Miranda jumps up and rushes out with the duffle bag.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Miranda slams the door behind her. She starts away but the door creaks open again. *The wind?* She slams it again.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She drops the duffle bag on the bed, undresses on her way to the attached bathroom and starts a shower.

One by one, items on the dresser are lifted by invisible hands, examined, then returned to their place--

A hair brush, perfume, an ANTIQUE SILVER BABY RATTLE...

The door to the bathroom is slightly ajar, revealing a sliver of Miranda's naked body, blurred by the shower glass.

The door creaks a little wider... Then a little more.

DODGE (V.O.)

Oh shut up, you'd do it too if you
were invisible.

Behind the distorted glass, Miranda puts her face in her hands and weeps.

Dodge hovers, transparent... Witnessing her private moment...

DODGE (V.O.)

Wow, now I feel bad. Maybe I'll
just leave the cash and sneak
out... In a minute or two.

But suddenly the shower door flies open and MIRANDA SCREAMS and covers herself.

Dodge catches sight himself in the mirror-- Totally visible.

Totally naked.

Miranda knees him in the balls and he crumples.

DODGE

Wait! It's not what you think-

She swings a wet left-hook square into his temple and everything goes--

BLACK... YET AGAIN... AGAIN...

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Dodge wakes on concrete floor clutching his throbbing head.

DODGE (V.O.)

Wow, my mom is the only other woman I know who can punch like that.

He's surrounded by MURDERERS, RAPISTS, and CRACKHEADS. One MONSTER in particular looks like he's all three-- About 6'4, 260, jailhouse tats, green teeth, and bloodshot eyes.

MONSTER

Looks like somebody got their beauty rest.

DODGE

Oh, you're just being nice, I don't even have my face on yet.

MONSTER

You didn't have nothin' on when they brought you in. Naked as a baby. Tried to rape some bitch cop.

DODGE

She's got it all wrong.

The OTHERS move away as Monster zeroes in on him.

MONSTER

I don't think she do. Cuz I know how it is. You see some sweet slice of ass, all puckered up ready for a kiss. Nothing to stop you 'cept for them scratchin' and kickin'.

He closes in, cornering Dodge against the bars.

MONSTER

But what they don't get is, the fightin' back just makes it more better. Everything squeezes up all nice and tight.

DODGE

I'd leave that part out of your online dating profile.

MONSTER

What about you? You all tightened up yet? Or do we gotta fight a little first?

DODGE

Foreplay is overrated, but oh well...

Dodge throws a hard uppercut into Monster's chin. But he just grins and laughs it off... Then points at CONVICTS on either side of Dodge.

MONSTER

You and you, hold him.

Not wanting to be next in line, each guy grabs one of Dodge's arms. Monster unzips and looms over him, snarling.

MONSTER

You should bite down on something honey, this won't be quick.

DODGE (V.O.)

I wouldn't mind being invisible right about now.

The CELL DOOR clangs open and a GUARD grabs Dodge and yanks him out.

GUARD

You made bail.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Doc takes another blood sample.

DODGE

I don't get it. How come sometimes I'm super strong or frickin' invisible, but when I really need superpowers, all I can do is shit my pants.

DOC

I have a new theory...

Doc lights a BUNSEN BURNER and holds a metal rod in the flame. The fire makes Dodge uncomfortable.

DODGE

What are you doing?

DOC
I'm going to burn you.

The metal rod GLOWS RED.

DOC
Or you can make it just pass right
through you like you did with the
needle, remember?

Dodge stumbles back, clenched with fear, until the wall stops him. Doc corners him.

DODGE
I can't.

DOC
Yes you can.

The burning rod reflects in Dodge's terrified eyes.

DODGE
I cant!

DOC
Just as I thought.

Doc drops the rod into a beaker of water.

DODGE
Fuck you.

DOC
You have to think about the power
in order to have it, but the
mutations occur corresponding to
your emotional state. Love, hate,
rage, or in this case, fear.

DODGE
Bullshit, I wasn't afraid.

DOC
Yes you were, I read your psych
profile.

Dodge retreats in the awkward moment.

DOC
Fear causes you to lose control, so
the mutations are frozen, but other
feelings could actually help you
focus and concentrate. Positive
emotions like joy, hope, love.

DODGE

I love those little frozen pizza rolls, does that count?

DOC

No. But if you can recognize and respond to your feelings it may be possible for you to evolve at will. Can you control your emotions?

DODGE

Only when I'm not on my period.

EXT. MEDICAL LAB - LATER

Dodge trips through the door out onto the pavement.

DODGE (V.O.)

You're probably wondering about all that "psych profile" nonsense he was talking about. Funny story-

FIONA

YES! I will marry you! I wanted to answer your proposal in person, so here I am... YES!

DODGE

How did you find me?

FIONA

I tracked your cell phone. Online.

DODGE

How romantic.

FIONA

What is this place?

DODGE

Just seeing a doctor friend of mine.

FIONA

Are you sick?

DODGE (V.O.)

That's pretty good one...

DODGE

Better keep your distance, you really don't want to catch it.

(MORE)

DODGE (CONT'D)
(cough cough)
So see you later?

FIONA
Where are you going? To get my
ring?

DODGE (V.O.)
Even better one...

DODGE
I wanted it to be a surprise
though, so you can't come.

FIONA
Okay, but I'll see you later...
Fiance.

She kisses him lightly, but twists his nipple hard.

DODGE
Yeah, I'll call you.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dodge knocks, the door swings open and Miranda sticks her Glock in his face.

MIRANDA
Is there any reason I shouldn't
unload in your face and claim self
defense?

DODGE
I just wanted to apologize.

MIRANDA
For breaking into my house,
stripping naked, and spying on me
while I was in the shower?

DODGE
Well, you did steal my money.

MIRANDA
Is that why you're here? You can
have it back. I don't need it
anymore.

DODGE
I just wanted to see you again.

MIRANDA
To see me naked again?

DODGE
Well, that would be a bonus, but no. You wanna get a drink or something?

MIRANDA
Why would I wanna do that?

DODGE
To talk.

MIRANDA
What the hell do we have to talk about?

DODGE (V.O.)
What's the stupidest thing you ever did to get a date? Whatever it is, I'm about to beat it.

DODGE
Mister Carl.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Miranda exits with a BOTTLE and gets in the car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dodge examines the bottle. It'll do, but--

DODGE
This isn't exactly what I had in mind.

MIRANDA
Can't risk being seen with me in some dive bar. Or even in a cop bar, with half the department on the take.

DODGE
And you're not?

MIRANDA
No, I'm an honest cop.

DODGE

Except when you're shaking down
hard-working citizens.

MIRANDA

First, I know that's not your
money, I just don't know who you
stole it from. And second, you're
not a citizen, you're just some
lowlife perp who got a lucky score.

DODGE

I've never been lucky in my life.

MIRANDA

Well you better start now. If
Mister Carl doesn't kill you, I
will unless you start talking.

DODGE

Mister Carl hired me to kill The
Old Man.

MIRANDA

Bullshit. The Old Man is small
potatoes, Mister Carl wouldn't go
to the trouble.

DODGE

He would if The Old Man was making
a move on him, trying to take over
and consolidate the drug market.

MIRANDA

Why the hell are you telling me?

DODGE

Just making small talk. To get to
know you better.

MIRANDA

Are you fucked in the head? This
isn't some kind of date.

DODGE

Two people, having a drink, getting
to know each other...

MIRANDA

Breaking and entering, assault,
indecent exposure...

DODGE
That sounds like a pretty standard date to me.

She puts a hand on her gun...

DODGE
Kidding.

DODGE (V.O.)
Not really.

DODGE
I didn't assault you, and I didn't break in, exactly. And about the naked thing, that was an accident.

MIRANDA
You were accidentally naked?

DODGE
Sort of, I was invisible, and clothes don't really go with the ensemble.

She puts her hand on her gun again.

DODGE
I'm not crazy. I have superpowers.

MIRANDA
So turn invisible.

DODGE
The powers keep changing and I don't know what they'll be until they kick in.

MIRANDA
You can save the bullshit, God knows I've heard worse. But I will accept your apology if you do something for me.

DODGE
Name it.

MIRANDA
Wear a wire and record Mister Carl talking about ordering the hit.

DODGE
Okay. I'll do it. But why do you want to nail him so bad?
(MORE)

DODGE (CONT'D)

Wait, lemme guess, your dad was a cop and Mister Carl is responsible for his death, so you joined the force to get revenge and put the bad guy in jail forever.

MIRANDA

Not even close. My dad was a dentist. But he did teach me right from wrong and Mister Carl is the biggest chunk of wrong I could find, so I gotta take him down.

DODGE

Overachiever?

MIRANDA

Something like that. I don't expect you to understand, right and wrong are just minor speedbumps between your drugs, hookers, and gambling.

DODGE

Actually, I can just get all those online now.

MIRANDA

Underachiever?

DODGE

Something like that.

MIRANDA

Then why are you helping me?

DODGE

If it means I get to see you again for another-

MIRANDA

It's not a date!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Miranda shaves a small patch of Dodge's chest hair and tapes a MIC to the skin. She runs a thin wire to a tiny AUDIO RECORDER she tapes to the small of his back.

DODGE

So, you married?

MIRANDA

The recorder is sound-activated.
You talk, it records. Up to eight
hours. You need to get him to say
he ordered the hit.

DODGE

Boyfriend?

MIRANDA

Without an exchange of money it has
to be clear what he's asking you to
do. We can worry about payment
later.

DODGE

Fuck-buddy?

MIRANDA

But this is just a recorder, not a
transmitter, so if you get into
trouble you're on your own.
Nobody's listening.

DODGE

Kids?

She pauses, he touched a nerve.

MIRANDA

No... No kids.

DODGE

But you want one.

MIRANDA

Because all women want babies?

DODGE

I saw the baby rattle in your
bedroom. And I know that's why you
needed the money. For an adoption.

MIRANDA

How do you know that?

DODGE

I wasn't lying before, about the
superpowers.

That snaps her out of it.

MIRANDA

Good, then if they find the wire on
you, you can fly away before they
blow your head off.

She tosses his shirt at him.

EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Dodge steps to the curb and adjusts the mic under his shirt.

DODGE

Hey Miranda, if you're listening to
this it means I didn't get my head
blown off, so I just wanted to say
that I really like you and if you
give me a chance, you might decide
not to kick my nuts into my throat
next time. Maybe when this is all
over we can go out for a real drink
or you'll even let me cook you
dinner. I promise I won't get naked
again... Until you ask me to. In
fact, maybe we could even-

A HOOD is pulled over his head and Dodge is heaved into the
back of a van. The tires spit pavement as it screeches away.

INT. PITCH BLACK - LATER

DODGE (V.O.)

If this was the first time I had a
hood pulled over my head, I might
be shitting my pants about now. But
let me tell you, if you're ever
smuggling the teenage niece of a
Mexican cartel boss across the
border, definitely do not-

The hood is yanked off to reveal Dodge is at--

INT. "SVELTE" STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Crowded with PATRONS and decorated with STREAMERS, CONFETTI,
and STRIPPERS wearing party hats and ribbons.

EVERYONE

Surprise!

The Old Man stands, arms outstretched, flanked by the
Tweedles, under a banner that reads: **BACHELOR PARTY!**

THE OLD MAN
Congratulations, my boy!

He smiles and hugs Dodge as the MUSIC kicks in and the Strippers start dancing.

THE OLD MAN
I can't say I'm thrilled, but then again, you're the only one who seems so be able to lock my baby girl down.

DODGE (V.O.)
Do you think he means that figuratively?

He pushes Dodge into a chair and the Tweedles hand him a DRINK and a CIGAR. A NEW GIRL straddles him and starts in on an extra-deep lapdance.

THE OLD MAN
I love Fiona more than anything in the world. Don't fuck this up.

The Old Man wrings Dodge's shoulders creepily, then fades away to the bar.

DODGE (V.O.)
Sure, this is pretty much my worst nightmare, but I don't want to be rude.

Dodge takes a drink and a puff, slouches in the chair so the New Girl can really go to work.

DODGE
So what's your major?

NEW GIRL
Huh?

DODGE
Just kidding, what's your name?

She grinds him and smashes his face into her breasts.

NEW GIRL
Powder. What's yours?

DODGE
Dodge.

POWDER
That's weird, how'd you get it?

She runs her hands down his chest but freezes.

DODGE

Funny story, when I was a kid-

Powder stares at him, afraid.

DODGE

You okay?

She hops off and hurries away. Dodge shrugs and takes another drink and a puff, but chokes when Fiona appears above him.

DODGE

Oh, hey Babe-

She wrenches his arm and drags him to the back of the club. The CROWD whistles and cheers the two lovebirds as she pulls him into--

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fiona shoves him onto the desk and grabs a BOX CUTTER from the drawer.

DODGE

Whoa, hold on, shouldn't we save the extra kinky stuff for our honeymoon?

FIONA

Powder said she felt something funny on your chest.

She slices his shirt top to bottom, revealing the MICROPHONE.

DODGE

I can see how this might be difficult to understand-

She rips the MIC and RECORDER off and tosses them in the trash, then thrusts the box cutter between his legs, blade up.

FIONA

Then talk real slow and I'll try to keep up.

DODGE

Your dad wants to take Mister Carl out, right? But his number-two man would just take over and start a war. So I found a better way.

(MORE)

DODGE (CONT'D)
I met this cop that wants to take
down Mister Carl's whole
organization from the top down.
That way I don't have to kill
anybody, Mister Carl and his whole
crew get locked up, and there's no
war. Win-win... Win.

But all Fiona heard was--

FIONA
She?

DODGE
She. Her. The cop. Detective. She's
a woman.

FIONA
You fuck her?

DODGE
Of course not, we're getting
married.

FIONA
Then you picked up the ring, like
you said?

DODGE (V.O.)
I'm a pretty good liar but it's
hard to think with a box cutter
between your legs.

DODGE
I'm getting it re-sized.

DODGE (V.O.)
Pretty good one though, right?

FIONA
Oh really? What's my ring size?

DODGE (V.O.)
Shit.

His pants fray against the blade...

DODGE
Fff...

Her eyes narrow...

DODGE
Fffive...

Her grip tightens for a thrust...

DODGE
And a half... Five-and-a-half!

She glares at him... Then grabs him and tongues his mouth.

DODGE (V.O.)
Good thing that's also her shoe size. I got her a pair of thigh-high latex stiletto boots for her birthday.

DODGE
So you believe me?

FIONA
No. But it doesn't matter because I have plans for Mister Carl, so you won't need to see Detective Dick-Magnet ever again. If you do, I'll turn your balls into a new pair of earrings, understood, Sweetie?

DODGE
Yes, Cupcake.

FIONA
Good... Now choke me.

DODGE
Yes, Darling.

He grabs her throat with both hands.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

WATER SPLASHES on Dodge's face and he wakes up on the floor. Doc is standing above him with an EMPTY GLASS.

DODGE
You wanna refill that thing with some whiskey?

DOC
I could be getting samples and mapping these mutations, but you would rather be off getting drunk and/or laid, than learning to control what might be the most amazing scientific discovery in the history of mankind.

DODGE

Yeah, that sounds about right.

DOC

I've taken samples from the river and combined them with all of the experimental drugs you are on as well as the recreational ones, and I still can't replicate the results. But if I can trace your modified DNA back to its source I might be able to reproduce the effects in another subject. It could lead to any number of advances in medicine and-

DODGE

Superpowers?

Doc jabs him with a syringe and pulls another sample.

DOC

Well, obviously the side effects of the mutations have their uses but-

An empty WHISKEY BOTTLE smashes on Doc's head, knocking him out cold. A NEW THUG is standing behind him holding the broke-off BOTTLE NECK.

NEW THUG

The boss wants to see you.

DODGE

You're gonna have to be more specific.

NEW THUG

Mister Carl.

DODGE

(re: Doc)

Was that totally necessary?

NEW THUG

Depends on how your meeting with the boss goes. I don't want there to be some witness who saw you alive with me. Just in case.

DODGE

No, I meant the bottle. I think there were a few sips left in it.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

CRANES unload SHIPPING CONTAINERS on and off monstrous CARGO SHIPS tucked into the industrial ocean shoreline.

A CAR stops. New Thug exits driver side, pulls Dodge from passenger side, and escorts him into the back door of an isolated STORAGE HANGAR.

INT. STORAGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Mister Carl surveys a forklift lowering a LARGE CRATE to the floor in front of him. Big enough to hold a car, but a ROW OF BREATHING-HOLES suggests it's anything but.

MISTER CARL

Forgive me for dragging you to such an uncustomary location for our meeting, but with a busy schedule, sometimes one needs to consolidate appointments wherever one can.

DODGE

That's why they have buffets in strip clubs.

MISTER CARL

I'm sure.

DODGE

Why the new lap dog?

MISTER CARL

I'm afraid Rudy won't be joining us. We haven't been able to locate him recently.

DODGE

Have you tried the pound?

MISTER CARL

Your attempts at humor are ill-advised.

DODGE

That box isn't for me, is it?

MISTER CARL

This engagement is not antagonistic in nature. But our next encounter will be, if you continue to procrastinate in the task at hand.

DODGE

Sorry it's taking so long to whack
The Old Man out but if it's worth
doing, it's worth doing right,
right?

Mister Carl runs a hand along the BOX'S EDGE.

MISTER CARL

The contents of this crate are a
recent acquisition of mine. I am a
collector many things, but I have a
particular interest in exotic
animals. Have you ever seen a
Southern Cassowary?

DODGE

Can't say I have.

MISTER CARL

One of the largest flightless birds
in the world, they can grow to be
over six feet tall. Native to New
Guinea and Northern Australia.
Beautiful creatures. Solitary,
elegant, reserved. But when
threatened, they can be quite
deadly. Powerful legs with long,
sharp claws like daggers, and even
with their size they can jump seven
feet in the air, run at speeds of
thirty miles-per-hour, and are very
efficient swimmers.

DODGE

I'm more of a cat person.

MISTER CARL

Do you have any notion of what
subtext is?

DODGE

Sub... Oh, yeah! No, I get it.
Like, you're the bird, right? Yes,
I totally get it. You're like all
quiet and refined and whatnot, but
if I don't get my shit together
you'll kill the shit out of me and
all that. No, I'm totally right
there with you. Totally.

Mister Carl is not amused, but at least his point has been made. Sort of.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - LOADING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dee and Dum step from the freezer rubbing their knuckles.

TWEEDLEDEE

Nothin' yet, Boss. This guy can
really take a beating.

The Old Man sighs, frustrated. Fiona steps forward, hopping and clapping excitedly.

FIONA

Oooh, can I? Can I?

The Old Man nods and she beams, kisses him on the cheek and trots into the freezer.

INT. FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Fiona steps in and rubs the cold out of her arms. She paces back and forth, considering...

FIONA

Those guys hit pretty hard, huh?
Useful for some things, but they
don't really take pride in their
work. No appreciation for style or
technique. Their fists are their
only tools and they just punch away
until the person finally sings.
They don't think about the pain
what it really feels like... But
me? I think about pain all the
time. You might say I'm something
of a connoisseur. And I have lots
of tools.

STRUGGLING and a MUFFLED GROAN off screen.

FIONA

Pain is a color wheel, a palette of
expression. A rug burn is like a
pale red, but stubbing your toe,
that's more like a nice soft shade
of blue. I'm sure you've felt those
kinds of colors before, but I bet
you don't know what it feels like
to have a red-hot coat hanger
jammed into your pee-hole, do you?

Another muffled groan off screen. Fiona closes her eyes and paints the air with her fingers as she relishes the possibilities...

FIONA

Or having your tongue slowly shredded with a cheese grater? Now that's colorful! Or how about papercuts on your eyeballs? Maybe a torque wrench gently applied to your testicles? Hmm? Or perhaps an electric cattle prod inserted up your anus? See? There are so many colors in the spectrum to choose from, and I'm an artist who likes to use them all. And you... You are going to be my masterpiece!

Suspended on the meat hook... Bruised, bloody, bound, and gagged... Is Rudy.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A knock at the door and it's opened by a SWEET OLD LADY.

DODGE

Is Miranda here?

SWEET OLD LADY

She's still at work. Who are you?

DODGE

A friend of hers. You are?

SWEET OLD LADY

Her mother.

DODGE

Oh, are you visiting? That's nice.

SWEET OLD LADY

I live here. This is my house.

DODGE

Really.

DODGE (V.O.)

The plot thickens.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - LOADING GARAGE - NIGHT

The freezer clanks open and Fiona steps out of the frosty cloud, removing thick RUBBER GLOVES and a WELDER'S MASK.

FIONA

I think he's ready to talk. In fact, now he won't shut the fuck up. Just take out the gag.

The Tweedles rush in to question Rudy before he dies.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Miranda sits at her desk, going over SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Mister Carl. She finds an ADOPTION FORM among them and stares at it, wistful, pained. She crumples it and tosses the ball in the trash.

DODGE

Nice shot.

MIRANDA

What the hell are you doing? You can't be seen here!

She grabs his hand and leads him out into--

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miranda drags him down the hall, avoiding any witnesses.

MIRANDA

I figured you got yourself killed already. Did you get the recording?

DODGE

Thanks for your concern.

They duck into a room just as TWO OFFICERS pass.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Only a COMPUTER connected to a DIGITAL CAMERA and a height-chart for mugshots.

MIRANDA

So, did you get it?

Dodge turns on the camera and clicks the MOUSE.

DODGE

Cool. Can I get a mugshot?

MIRANDA

You won't have a choice if you
didn't get me what I need.

He scoops up the mouse and steps in front of the camera.

DODGE

I went to your house but you
weren't there.

MIRANDA

Did you get the recording or not?

DODGE

Or should I say, your mom's house.

He makes a face and presses the mouse button. CLICK. His PHOTO comes up on the computer screen.

MIRANDA

Don't ever go there again.

DODGE

Your mom said I could stop by any
time.

MIRANDA

I don't want you talking to her.

DODGE

Because she'll tell me about all
your shitty boyfriends? Too late.

She steps to him, fuming, but he smiles for the camera and CLICKS the mouse again. A PHOTO OF THEM appears on screen.

DODGE

I can't be any worse than those
guys. Your mom really likes me.

CLICK-- Another photo.

MIRANDA

You have no right to-

CLICK-- Photo.

MIRANDA

Stop that!

CLICK. She knocks the MOUSE to the floor and pins him against the wall with a choke hold.

MIRANDA

Did you get the recording or not?

DODGE

I got a little sidetracked and the
wire thingy was sort of... Stolen.

MIRANDA

You pawned it, didn't you?

She spins him and presses his face against the wall.

DODGE

Is it wrong that I'm kind of turned
on right now?

MIRANDA

You are totally useless!

DODGE

Not totally useless. I'm an
excellent cook and I have more
tongue dexterity than a lesbian in
a lollipop factory.

She tightens her grip.

DODGE

Come on, this isn't doing anything
for you? Nothing?

MIRANDA

Fuck you.

DODGE

Did you know that the word "fuck"
can be used as a noun, a verb, an
adjective, or an adverb? But I, of
course, prefer the verb usage. And
I get the feeling you do too.

MIRANDA

Shut up.

DODGE

Do you know where it comes from?

MIRANDA

I don't give a shit.

Dodge turns and looks her in the eyes--

DODGE

Yes, you do. My superpowers come and go and I never know what I'll have next. But right now, I have mental telepathy.

She throttles him against the wall.

DODGE

It came from a poem in 1475 about friars not getting into heaven because they couldn't resist banging the local married women.

Miranda pushes him away.

MIRANDA

Okay, I guess that is kind of interesting.

DODGE

I know, right? I just learned that.

MIRANDA

So if you have superpowers, prove it. What am I thinking right now?

Dodge stares at her... She stares back...

DODGE (V.O.)

You might think this is the part where we gaze into each other's eyes, then I throw my arms around her, and we make sweet sugary love.

He goes in for the kill but Miranda palms his face.

MIRANDA

I thought you could read my mind.

He stares at her, confused until she hooks her heel behind his leg, dropping him to his knees.

DODGE (V.O.)

But sometimes you just gotta shut the fuck up and do what the nice lady says.

Miranda leans back on the wall, clutching Dodge's head. His foot jostles the mouse on the floor as he commences the proceedings.

CLICK... CLICK... CLICK...

CONTINUOUS MUGSHOTS of Miranda pop on the screen, capturing her in various stages of progressing ecstasy.

MIRANDA

Wow... I guess you... Do have... At least one... Superpower...

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - LATER

Miranda checks it's clear before they make for the exit.

MIRANDA

Do you still have mental telepathy?

DODGE

I never did. Your mom also told me you haven't gotten any in like a year, so it was an educated guess.

MIRANDA

Fuck you.

DODGE

Maybe next time.

MIRANDA

The only "next time" is you bringing me evidence I can use. And don't lose the wire again, Dumbass.

They turn the corner to COP#1 and COP#2 heading their way.

DODGE

Shit, these guys know me.

Miranda pushes him into a CLOSET and casually walks on.

COP#1

That poor bastard. The Old Man probably has his nuts in a vice.

COP#2

Guess I need to find a new bookie. Damned shame too, Rudy always gave me good odds.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Dodge listens in pitch black. But we don't need to see him...

DODGE

Oh fokken.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - LATER

Roger leads Dodge down a corridor to the loading garage.

DODGE

So Roger, how's your mom?

ROGER

Fuck you, Dodge.

DODGE

Seriously, I'm trying to be sincere.

ROGER

She's fine. Thanks for asking.

He motions Dodge into the EMPTY GARAGE and waits by the door like a statue.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - LOADING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dodge edges toward the FREEZER, leery of what he might find... Opens the door to...

Tweedledee and Tweedledum bagging up the REMAINING PIECES of Rudy's body. They look up from their grisly work.

DODGE (V.O.)

So whaddaya think, am I too late?

TWEEDLEDEE

Well look who it is!

TWEEDLEDUM

You just saved us the trouble!

DODGE (V.O.)

Guess so...

Dodge bolts for the exit but Roger just shakes his head.

DODGE (V.O.)

Was was Doc saying about powers and emotions or whatever? I could definitely use a little help right about now.

Dodge snaps a WOODEN PLANK off a SHIPPING PALLET and wields it like a bat.

DODGE (V.O.)

I'm not afraid of another ass-kicking, but I do have a little problem with bullets.

DODGE

Sorry to have to do this, Rog...

He swings the plank at Roger's head, but it halts mid-arc, the nails in it jostling, pulling, towards Dodge.

DODGE (V.O.)

Metal? Fucking magnetic? Not what I was hoping for!

Before he can stop it, the plank snaps back, nails sinking into Dodge's shoulder.

DODGE

Motherfu-

He rips the board off and tosses it. The Tweedles approach, guns aiming.

Dodge dives behind a pallet of boxes as a HELL OF BULLETS rips into the stack, spilling its contents on the floor-- CHEAP METAL SPOONS.

DODGE

Oh shit.

The spoons leap at Dodge and pin all over his body. He breaks from cover as the Tweedles reload and dives behind another pallet, plucking the spoons off himself in a scramble.

TWEEDLEDEE

Did you see that? The spoons?

More gunfire tears into Dodge's new hiding place, pouring more contents out. This time-- KNIVES.

DODGE

Oh come on!

He bolts again, chased by a tornado of knives, and sprawls behind a LARGE CRATE.

TWEEDLEDUM

What the dick?

Dodge pulls one knife from his side and another from his leg.

TWEEDLEDEE

Wait a sec, I got an idea...

Tweedledee aims his gun to the side of the crate and fires A SINGLE ROUND--

The trajectory is pulled by the magnetic field and the bullet bends around the crate and catches Dodge in the lovehandle.

DODGE
Motherfffff!

TWEEDLEDUM
Sweet.

Dodge clutches his BLOODY SIDE and gets up, starts hopping on one leg and throwing his arms up, trying to fly.

DODGE (V.O.)
(jumping)
The one goddamn superpower I could use every goddamn time and it's the only goddamn one I never goddamn get!

The Tweedles smile at each other and angle their guns to both sides of the crate...

Dodge peeks inside the container and sees a large, brand new DIM SUM CART.

Dee and Dum UNLOAD just as the Dim Sum Cart rolls out from behind the crates. The bullets bend and twist through the air, following the cart as it propels across the garage with Dodge stuffed inside.

SPARKS spit off the metal sides as the GUNS continue firing wildly, unable to miss.

Finally the cart squeals to a halt at the door, right in front of Roger. Again. Dodge peers up at him.

DODGE
Little help?

Roger grabs onto him and pulls, but Dodge is magnetically glued inside. Dee and Dum hurry over with fresh clips loaded.

TWEEDLEDEE
Don't get too close or he'll suck our guns in.

Dee kicks the cart over and they both take aim at the bleeding Dodge-shaped mold inside.

FIONA (O.S.)
Stop!!!

Fiona storms in.

TWEEDLEDUM
But your father said-

FIONA
Daddy isn't running things anymore,
I am.

TWEEDLEDEE
Why would he step down?

FIONA
Why don't you ask him...

Fiona holds up HER FATHER'S SEVERED HEAD, still bleeding from the tattered neck hole.

DODGE (V.O.)
I don't know about you, but I did
not see that coming.

Dodge spills out of the cart, magnetism gone.

FIONA
Put your guns away.

THE TWEEDLES
(together)
Yes Ma'am.

She tosses the head to Roger, who catches it and takes it away, trying not to get any on him.

FIONA
And as for you, Darling...

DODGE
Let me explain-

FIONA
I don't give a shit about all that stuff with Daddy. The only thing I want you to explain is how you did that with bullets.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Miranda drops her keys on the table and makes her way to--

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Exhausted from working all night, she peels out of her clothes and collapses onto the bed... Into Dodge's arms.

MIRANDA
What the hell are you doing here?!

DODGE
Your mom said I could sleep over.

MIRANDA
What happened to you?

DODGE
Shot, stabbed, spooned. Long story.
Your mom patched me up pretty good.

MIRANDA
Are you naked?

DODGE
Maybe.

She rolls off the bed.

MIRANDA
Did you at least record Mister
Carl?

DODGE
About that...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Dodge spatulas CREPES SUZETTE onto Mrs. Chalice's plate and sits next to her with his own scrambled eggs and bacon. The space in front of Miranda is empty.

MRS. CHALICE
Delicious!

MIRANDA
Enough, Ma.

MRS. CHALICE
And this tea is wonderful, what's
in it?

DODGE
Secret recipe.

MIRANDA

Can we hurry this up, please.

MRS. CHALICE

Just because you're not hungry,
it's no excuse to be rude to a
guest.

MIRANDA

Well this guest has a busy day
ahead of him, getting me
something...

(to him)

Anything... I can use.

MRS. CHALICE

He doesn't have to finish until
he's full. A healthy appetite is
good sign in a young man. Shows
virility.

DODGE

You have no idea, Mrs. Chalice.

MIRANDA

Dodge!

DODGE

Does my daughter have any idea?

MIRANDA

Ma!

DODGE

I'm working on it, but she's a
tough nut to crack.

MRS. CHALICE

Yeah, tell me about it.

MIRANDA

Hello! I'm right here!

MRS. CHALICE

So Dodge, how did you get such a
peculiar nickname?

Dodge talks with his mouth full, more interested in the eggs
than the story--

DODGE

Funny story, my mom gave it to me
when I was little.

(MORE)

DODGE (CONT'D)

She taught me to cook by throwing things at me whenever I overcooked her dinner. Beer bottles, ashtrays, the occasional plate. She always missed because she was drunk, but she thought it was because I good at getting out of the way so she called me Dodge.

MRS. CHALICE

Just for spoiling dinner?

DODGE

I used to cut her food for her so she wouldn't have a knife handy if I overcooked the meat. But if I burned it she would take me in the kitchen and make me put my hand on the hot stove.

MRS. CHALICE

Oh, my poor boy!

DODGE

It wasn't that bad, second degree burns, mostly. She said it was to show me what it felt like for the food.

Miranda sees him with sympathy for the first time, horrified but compassionate.

DODGE

Anyway, that's why I'm such a good cook.

MRS. CHALICE

That's... Fucked up.

MIRANDA

Ma!

MRS. CHALICE

Well, it is!

MIRANDA

Can we get to work please?!

DODGE

I'm ready to go, but one thing first. Do you know where the word "fuck" comes from, Mrs. C?

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY

The top floor is even higher than the pigeons are comfortable flying.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Dodge is back in the Victorian chair, Mister Carl is back behind his desk, but there is a new addition to the room--

A HUGE CAGE is the new centerpiece of the penthouse floor. Inside it, the towering SOUTHERN CASSOWARY stares at Dodge with PENETRATING EYES.

The ROUND BODY with dark, quilled feathers, looks like a giant black porcupine perched on top of thick ostrich legs. It has a long, bright blue and red neck jutting out, and a head like a prehistoric peacock with a mohawk-shaped horn.

MISTER CARL
Beautiful specimen, isn't it?

DODGE
Fucking lovely.

MISTER CARL
I am pleased you came to see me. I do not like having to send for people.

DODGE
Well, just because the thing you wanted me to do, got done without me doing it, doesn't mean you don't have other things you need doing.

MISTER CARL
I'm glad to see you finally taking some initiative. Breaking out of your mold and attempting to grow.

Dodge leans forward so the mic can hear better.

DODGE
So you want me to kill The Old Man's daughter, since she's in charge now?

MISTER CARL
No. In fact, she has already contacted me, proposing we meet to discuss settling old debts and establishing a new partnership.
(MORE)

MISTER CARL (CONT'D)
She is much more reasonable than
her father.

DODGE
I'm not sure her father's
decapitated head would agree.

MISTER CARL
But nevertheless, there is another
task that you might be suited for,
another "thing" I want you to do.

He spreads a stack of black-and-white glossy SURVEILLANCE
PHOTOS across the desk. They are all pictures of Miranda.

DODGE (V.O.)
You gotta be shitting me.

MISTER CARL
Her name is Miranda Chalice. She is
a Detective who has been sniffing
around in my affairs.

The hair on Dodge's arm stands straight up.

DODGE (V.O.)
This time I can feel the tingling
coming on. But not because I'm in
danger... Because Miranda is.

DODGE
So you want me to...

He leans in again for the mic, but a faint BUZZING SOUND
fills his head and ELECTRIC ARCS pulse between his fingers.

MISTER CARL
Take care of it.

DODGE
Take care of?

MISTER CARL
Kill.

DODGE
It?

MISTER CARL
Her.

Mister Carl barely contains his frustration but Dodge is
distracted by the increasing ELECTRIC SURGE coursing through
his body.

MISTER CARL
I want you to kill Miranda Chalice.

POP! The desk lamp LIGHT BULB explodes and Dodge falls back in his chair.

MISTER CARL
How odd. Are you okay?

DODGE
I'm fine.

DODGE (V.O.)
I'm not fine!

MISTER CARL
So I presume we have a deal?

He sticks out a hand but as soon as Dodge makes contact, Mister Carl yanks it back, jolted by an electric shock.

DODGE
Must be static electricity. But we have a deal. I'll take care of it and get back to you. Good to see you and all that.

He rushes out, leaving Mister Carl caressing his numb hand.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Dodge stumbles through the doors, ELECTRIC ARCS swirling around him getting more and more powerful. More and more dangerous.

He makes his way up the street, shorting-out CAR BATTERIES, STOREFRONT SIGNS, and STOP LIGHTS as he passes.

He rounds the corner between two buildings and turns into a narrow alley... Out of sight.

DODGE (V.O.)
This is gonna hurt like a b-

The sunny sky is popsicle blue with cotton candy clouds, but a pale LIGHTNING BOLT suddenly rips through the air between the buildings.

CHARRED SMOKE rises from the alley where Dodge is...

Or was...

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

The door kicks open. Singed clothes, hair on end... Dodge looks like a guy who was struck by lightning. Because he was.

DODGE

Okay Doc, do whatever you gotta do.
I can't take any more of this shit!

Stops short-- The lab has been ransacked, emptied of tools, equipment, and files. And Doc is nowhere to be found.

INT. "SVELTE" STRIP CLUB - LATER

Dodge marches in and grabs a handful of BAR NUTS on his way to the back where Tweedledee and Tweedledum guard the door.

TWEEDLEDUM

Hey Dodge, I hope it's no hard feelings, eh?

TWEEDLEDEE

Yeah, just doin' our job.

Dodge throws the NUTS in Dee's face, kicks Dum in the balls, then finishes Dee with a right-hook. He shakes off his knuckles and gives a middle finger to the SECURITY CAMERA. The door BUZZES open.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fiona is behind her desk, feet up, going over her father's financial books.

DODGE

Where's Doc?

FIONA

Where's my ring?

DODGE

I just shot lightning out of my ass and he's the only one who knows how to cure it.

She saunters around the desk and rolls up on him seductively.

FIONA

Cure it? Why would you want to do that?

(MORE)

FIONA (CONT'D)

The whole reason I took him is so he can make it so I can shoot lightning out of my ass, and control bullets, and whatever other nifty tricks you've been hiding.

She runs her palms down his chest and flicks his lips with the tip of her tongue.

DODGE

What are you doing?

FIONA

Doc says he can't recreate the specific cocktail of shit that gave you your powers, but the source can be found in your DNA. Unfortunately, he can't just inject your DNA into mine, but there is one way to combine both our DNA into something compatible with me.

DODGE (V.O.)

She can't mean...

Fiona whispers lovingly in his ear...

FIONA

Fuck a baby into me, Dodge.

DODGE

So the plan is to have some kind of freak mutant superbaby to boss around?

FIONA

Of course not! Once the baby is born its DNA will be compatible with mine so Doc can give me the superpowers.

DODGE (V.O.)

She's fucking crazy!

DODGE

You're fucking crazy.

She presses his hands against her breasts and kisses him.

FIONA

I need your DNA.

She reaches a hand behind her back and retrieves a TASER.

DODGE

Are you going to tase me?

FIONA

Only if you don't cooperate.

DODGE

That's kinda hot.

He kisses her violently, lifting her onto the desk. She locks her legs around him and whimpers, gasping, biting at his mouth. He leans into her, locking tongues, something unzips... But Dodge suddenly pushes away--

The taser is in his hand now.

ZAP!

Fiona flops on the desk, sexy roadkill. Dodge adjusts his pants and walks out.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dodge is banging on the door when Miranda answers.

MIRANDA

You get the evidence?

DODGE

Yes and no.

MIRANDA

What's that mean?

DODGE

I did get Mister Carl hiring me to kill someone, but-

MIRANDA

Great! Who?

DODGE

You.

Miranda reaches in his shirt and rips off the recorder. She presses play... ONLY STATIC. The recorder is fried.

DODGE

I sort of got electrocuted.

MIRANDA

So you got nothing! Again!

DODGE

Yeah, but on the bright side, you must be getting close. He's got photographs of you and everything. He must be having you followed, so at least you know-

MIRANDA

If I'm being followed, you really think it was a good idea for you to come here?

DODGE (V.O.)

She makes a good point.

DODGE

Oops.

MIRANDA

Oops!?

Miranda looks out the window-- A group of ARMED THUGS surrounds the house.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miranda grabs her GLOCK and EXTRA CLIPS from the dresser just as a SILHOUETTE passes across the window.

MIRANDA

Take my mom and lock yourself in the upstairs bathroom.

DODGE

I'm not leaving you down here.

MIRANDA

Since when do you give a shit about anyone but yourself?

DODGE

I thought I was laying it on pretty thick.

MIRANDA

Fucking isn't caring.

DODGE

Tomato, toe-mah-toe.

MIRANDA

Fine, lock her in the bathroom first, then block any doors and windows with whatever you can find.

Dodge makes a run for the kitchen.

DODGE

Mrs. C? We gotta go upstairs now.

A THUG appears at the window and Miranda fires three rounds center-mass. He drops.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miranda barricades the bedroom door, then slides a table to block the kitchen.

Dodge hurries Mrs. Chalice up the stairs as Miranda backs into the corner, gun raised, keeping line-of-sight on all entrances.

TWO THUGS kick through the front door and each gets a BULLET in the chest.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dodge plops Mrs. Chalice on the toilet seat with a magazine.

DODGE

Lock the door and stay here no matter what happens. I'm going to go try to save these guys from your daughter.

He winks and she tries to smile, but GUNSHOTS continue downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A window SMASHES and Miranda unloads suppressing fire around the frame.

The bedroom door CREAKS, she empties her clip into it, hears a BODY DROP, reloads.

Dodge starts downstairs, but AUTOMATIC FIRE from outside shreds the steps and he falls back.

MIRANDA

Don't come down here!

Another THUG kicks through the kitchen door but she plugs him, two shots, heart-side.

A THUG through the front door, ANOTHER through a window, and a THIRD from the bedroom...

Miranda drops each of them with TIGHT BULLET GROUPINGS, but it costs her the remaining ammo.

Yet another THUG charges through the front but Miranda throws her gun, hitting him square in the face, breaking his nose.

The others slowly get up and shake off their injuries...

Bulletproof vests. Miranda is surrounded but Dodge leaps the railing and lands next to her.

MIRANDA

So how 'bout you whip up some super heat vision and melt these guys or something?

Dodge's eyes bug out and he glares around the room at the cops. Staring... Staring... Nothing. They all laugh.

DODGE

I told you can't control it!

MIRANDA

Figures.

DODGE

What the hell kind of Badguys are you anyway?

MIRANDA

The worst kind, they're cops.

They all nod and smirk in the affirmative. One of them steps from the bedroom twirling the SILVER BABY RATTLE on his finger. Miranda hides her dismay at the sight, but Dodge catches it.

MIRANDA

Off duty, but on the take, right Fellas?

The biggest, meanest-looking COP steps forward with CUFFS in one hand, a BATON in the other. Miranda angles her feet and readies her fists. He cocks the baton for a strike.

MIRANDA

You better make that first hit
count, Sweetheart, because it's the
only one you're gonna get.

DODGE (V.O.)

I hope nobody notices the boner I
just got.

But Cops on either side shoot them with TASER GUNS. Dodge and
Miranda collapse, twitching and incapacitated.

Miranda is cuffed and carried out while Dodge is left rolling
on the floor.

DODGE (V.O.)

Fuuuuuuu-

DODGE

-uuuuuuuuuck.

INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

The New Thug shows him in and Dodge marches straight past the
LARGE ANIMAL CAGE to Mister Carl.

DODGE

Did you kill her? Torture her? Tell
me where she is or I'll rip your
heart out through your ass!

MISTER CARL

Kill who?

DODGE

Miranda Chalice.

Mister Carl's eyes narrow... Lips purse... And fingers tap.

MISTER CARL

Killing her was your job, but I
gather from your outburst that
you've had a change of heart on the
matter. Could it be that for once
you actually have concerns for
someone's wellbeing other than your
own?

DODGE (V.O.)

Wait...

DODGE

I thought...

DODGE (V.O.)

But he...

DODGE

You didn't...

DODGE (V.O.)

Huh?

MISTER CARL

I'm sure this isn't the first time
your reckless mouth has gotten you
into trouble, but it is certainly
going to be the last.

Mister Carl nods and New Thug clamps Dodge from behind in a tight bear-hug.

MISTER CARL

You disappoint me, Dodge. I offered
you courtesy, advice, and
opportunity. My gentle side, if you
will. But you spoiled that, so now,
you leave me no choice but to have
to show you my other side... My
unpleasant side.

He motions to the CAGE and New Thug drags Dodge to the steel door.

MISTER CARL

The Southern Cassowary is an
omnivore. They generally eat plants
and grubs but will eat meat under
certain circumstances, and when
starved or threatened, they can be
quite lethal.

Mister Carl unlatches the cage door and New Thug throws Dodge inside. The door SLAMS SHUT, waking the bird from sleep.

MISTER CARL

This particular Southern Cassowary
is now both starved, and
threatened.

Dodge peers up at the six-foot feathered beast.

MISTER CARL

What, no clever quips or smart
remarks?

The bird claps its LONG BEAK and sounds a rumbling GROWL.

DODGE (V.O.)
I got nothin' for this one.

Dodge eases backwards, the Cassowary glares at him and scratches the floor with dagger-like nails.

DODGE (V.O.)
Hold on, if Mister Carl didn't take
Miranda then... Oh shit... Even
worse... Fiona!

Mister Carl sticks a CANE between the bars and RATTLES THE CAGE.

Panicked, the bird lunges, slamming Dodge into the metal door. He stumbles forward and the creature kicks at him with powerful legs, jabbing its LONG NAILS into his chest and stomach.

Dodge collapses in a heap, curled, trying to shield himself from the attack.

He is lost in a flurry of kicks, bites and scratches, but finally the bird backs off and settles in the corner, on the defensive.

Dodge slowly creeps to his feet, examining his body--

Not a lick of damage.

MISTER CARL
What the fuck?

DODGE
Ha! You said fuck!

Mister Carl rattles the cage again and the Cassowary leaps forward, but this time Dodge reaches through the bars and unlatches the door.

The bird crashes into him and both spill through the opening, knocking the Thug to the floor, gun spinning from his hand.

Dodge rolls out of the way as the bird tumbles, flailing its legs and thrusting SHARP NAILS into New Thug's neck. He GARGLES and clutches at the JET OF BLOOD spurting from the wound, but soon goes limp.

Mister Carl picks up the GUN and fires at Dodge-- But the bullets just ricochet off him like spitballs.

MISTER CARL
How are you doing that?

DODGE
I'd love to stay and chat about it
but I got a thing.

DODGE (V.O.)
I hope Miranda's not strung up in a
walk-in freezer already.

The PENTHOUSE DOORS burst open and a crew of ARMED MEN swarm in. Dodge grabs a chair and hurls it through the floor-to-ceiling window.

The noise startles the Cassowary and it charges at Mister Carl. The men open fire, shredding the bird into a puff of bloody feathers before it can reach him.

MISTER CARL
Noooooo!!!!

DODGE
Insert clever quip here.

Mister Carl trembles with rage. Dodge just shrugs at him, then dives out the window.

EXT. HOTEL - FALLING - CONTINUOUS

The BUILDING FACE rushes past as Dodge plunges toward the street below.

DODGE (V.O.)
This invincibility thing better
last a few more seconds or I'm fu-

SMASH!

Dodge's body obliterates the sidewalk.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

Miranda's head is submerged in a large FISH TANK. She struggles for breath while LOBSTERS scurry around her face.

Tweedledee and Tweedledum are holding her upside-down, suspended above the tank. Waiting for instructions.

Fiona presides at a table spread with PLATES and STEAMERS. She deftly plucks away at them with her chopsticks, the next DUMPLING ready before she even swallows the last.

She waves a CHOPSTICK and her minions pull Miranda up, just above the water's surface.

MIRANDA

What the fuck do you want? I don't even know who you are!

Fiona sets the DIGITAL RECORDER on the table and presses PLAY.

DODGE'S VOICE

(from recorder)

"Hey Miranda, if you're listening to this it means I didn't get my head blown off, so I just wanted to say that I really like you and if you give me a chance, you might decide not to kick my nuts into my throat next time. Maybe when this is all over we can go out for a real drink or you'll even let me cook you dinner. I promise I won't get naked again... Until you ask me to. In fact, maybe we could even--"

Miranda almost smiles, then realizes--

MIRANDA

Oh, so you two are...

FIONA

Engaged.

MIRANDA

Congratulations, you're perfect for each other.

Fiona swoons at the thought.

FIONA

He never offered to cook me dinner though.

MIRANDA

So where's your ring?

DODGE (O.S.)

There is no ring.

Dodge casually struts in with Roger waiting behind him, blocking the exit again.

DODGE

No ring, no wedding, and there's definitely not going to be any mutant superbaby.

MIRANDA

Baby?

FIONA

Oh yes there is, Dodge. Marry me or
she dies, knock me or up you die.
Simple.

DODGE

Let her go and I'll marry you.
Knocking you up is out of the
question.

FIONA

Knock me up and I'll let her go.
But I still get to kill you if you
don't marry me.

DODGE

Let us both go, and you can have
your bizarro Franken-child. But no
marriage. Deal?

FIONA

Deal.

MIRANDA

What the hell is happening?

DODGE

I'm saving you.

FIONA

For now.

DODGE

How do you know I won't just burn
this whole place down with super
heat vision, grab Miranda, and fly
outta here?

FIONA

Care to answer that for us, Doc?

He enters carrying a shiny metallic BLACK BOX.

DOC

Because of this.

DODGE

Doc! Thank god you're okay. I was
worried sick about you.

Doc flips the POWER BUTTON and the box starts to hum.

DOC

(ignoring him)

It emits a pulse of radiation that neutralizes the mutations specific to your DNA. Effectively halting your powers while having no effect on anyone else.

MIRANDA

Wait, so he really does have superpowers?

FIONA

Not with the box turned on!

DODGE

Doc, how could you? You were like a brother to me.

DOC

Oh really? Then what's my first name?

DODGE

Doc?

DOC

Or even my last name?

DODGE

Um... Doc... Tor?

DOC

You have no interest in the scientific or medical potential of your gift.

DODGE

You mean the potential to make yourself famous?

FIONA

Don't be too hard on him, Dodge, he knows that I'll kill his parents, his wife, his kids, the babysitter, his dog, and even the goldfish, if he doesn't do as I say.

DODGE

Fine. Whatever. Can we get on with this?

Fiona nods at the Tweedles and they flip Miranda upright and set her down.

FIONA
She's free to go.

MIRANDA
You don't have to do this, Dodge.

DODGE
I want to... Save you, not the
other thing.

MIRANDA
Don't do it.

DODGE
It's okay.

MIRANDA
No... It's not!

The Tweedles drag Miranda out and Fiona grins devilishly from ear to ear.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dodge trudges up to the bullet-riddled door and KNOCKS. Mrs. Chalice answers holding a broom. Somber, disappointed.

MRS. CHALICE
She doesn't want to talk to you.

He starts away...

MRS. CHALICE
Come in for some tea?

DODGE
Got anything stronger?

MRS. CHALICE
The tea's for me. You didn't tell
me your secret recipe.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Dodge sweeps broken glass and debris while Mrs. Chalice sips from her mug of hot tea. The silence slowly inflating until-

DODGE
I had no choice, ya know.

MRS. CHALICE

Maybe you did and maybe you didn't, but that's not what is bothering her. She wants to be a mother, but she can't get pregnant and the state has deemed her unfit for adoption.

DODGE

Oh. Yeah. I didn't even consider...

MRS. CHALICE

You don't do a whole lot of that, do you?

DODGE

What?

MRS. CHALICE

Considering.

DODGE

Hey, if I leave people alone then I expect to be left alone, and that's being a better person than most of the scum I've crossed paths with.

MRS. CHALICE

But you didn't just leave Miranda alone, did you?

DODGE

No.

MRS. CHALICE

Why not?

DODGE

I don't know.

MRS. CHALICE

I think you do... You're just a chicken-shit with mommy issues who never learned how.

DODGE

If anything, I've been laying it on too thick, but she's still not interested.

MRS. CHALICE

You know, you can hear me a lot better with your head outside your ass.

Dodge is taken aback, impressed.

MRS. CHALICE

I'm not talking about taking the hotdog bus to taco town. I'm talking about that other thing. The great-big-shining-spinning-falling-inside-out-rocket-you-into-another-universe-at-a-thousand-miles-per-hour-with-sunshine-and-rainbows-shooting-out-your-ass, thing.

DODGE

Oh... Then how do I-

MRS. CHALICE

Nobody knows the answer to that question. But it starts with caring about someone else more than you care about yourself.

DODGE

But how-

MRS. CHALICE

(sweetly)

It's shut-up time now, Sweetie.

DODGE

Yes Ma'am.

Dodge goes back to sweeping.

DODGE

It's really too bad though.

MRS. CHALICE

What's that?

DODGE

Miranda would make an amazing mother. Believe me, I would know.

Miranda is sitting at the top of the stairs. She heard everything.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Miranda wakes to breakfast in bed. Dodge sets a tray down in front of her-- Buttermilk pancakes, omelette, french toast, bacon, sausage, fruit, coffee, and orange juice.

DODGE

I wasn't sure what you liked so I sort of made a little of everything.

MIRANDA

I'm not really a breakfast person.

DODGE

I want to cook you dinner, but I needed to do something right now, anything, to say I'm sorry.

MIRANDA

You don't owe me anything.

DODGE

Well, I wasn't going to leave there without at least getting this back.

He takes out the SILVER BABY RATTLE and gives it to her.

MIRANDA

You got it back!

DODGE

You have no idea what I had to go through to get it. It was horrible. I mean, it was amazing for her, I'm sure. Mind-blowing even, but-

MIRANDA

That's enough. I get it. Shut up.

DODGE

Okay.

MIRANDA

Actually, you do owe me one thing. That evidence against Mister Carl.

DODGE

Yeah, about that... I kind of blew that chance when I went over to his place looking for you. Now he wants me dead even more than you.

She kisses him.

DODGE

What was that for?

MIRANDA

Coming after me.

DODGE

It was the least I could do.

MIRANDA

I guess I'll just have to find
another way to nail Mister Carl.

DODGE

Actually, Mister Carl and Fiona are
going to have a sitdown to discuss
the division of the drug trade. A
recording of that should be plenty
to lock them both up for a long
time, right?

MIRANDA

Do you know where they're meeting?

DODGE

I have a pretty good guess.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The large STORAGE HANGAR doors slide open as a MOTORCADE
approaches.

INT. STORAGE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The row of cars circles Mister Carl and his group of GUN-TOTING MINIONS, then arcs to a halt with a custom stretched TESLA LIMOUSINE at the apex.

High above the arrival, hiding atop a pyramid of shipping crates, Miranda is recording the action on a small digital VIDEO CAMERA. She speaks into a HEADSET MIC.

MIRANDA

(into mic)

You recording?

She looks across to Dodge on the other side of the hangar, crouched in the scaffolding with his own CAMERA pointed in her direction.

MIRANDA

(into mic)

Not me, you Asshole. Them.

DODGE

(in earphone)

Blow me a kiss.

He ZOOMS OUT from her giving him THE FINGER and PANS to the limo as Fiona steps out flanked by ARMED GOONS.

Her entourage parts, revealing-- Her HUGE BELLY. Dodge swallows his gum.

DODGE

What...

MIRANDA

The...

DODGE

Fuck?!

MIRANDA

She looks nine months pregnant, not nine hours!

Miranda ZOOMS on Dodge for a reaction. He shrugs, shocked.

MIRANDA

Don't say it.

DODGE

Supersperm?

She rolls her eyes and whips the CAMERA back to Fiona and Mister Carl.

MISTER CARL

I didn't realize you were expecting. Congratulations, when are you due?

FIONA

We can cut the frilly chit-chat and get right to business if you'd prefer.

MISTER CARL

I would.

FIONA

You have the money and connections to purchase and import, I have the network and infrastructure to distribute. Whaddaya say we go fifty-fifty.

MISTER CARL

I'm putting up all of the money and taking most of risk. Seventy-thirty.

FIONA

I'm providing markets that you
aren't able to access. Sixty-forty.

MISTER CARL

Why wouldn't I just kill you and
take all of the money and resources
for myself?

FIONA

Funny, I was going to ask you the
same question.

Mister Carl holds up his INDEX FINGER.

MISTER CARL

The answer is one simple thing...

Moving towards her, his hand dips down to her stomach until
the FINGERTIP stops near her bellybutton--

Where a RED DOT suddenly appears-- From a LASER SCOPE.

FIONA

You think I can't just make another
baby?

He smirks and moves his finger to the middle of Fiona's chest
where ANOTHER RED DOT appears, and passes his hand up over
her face to her forehead where yet another DOT reveals
itself.

Suddenly, another wave of Mister Carl's ARMED THUGS step from
the shadows and surround them.

Dodge and Miranda exchange a look, but keep recording.

FIONA

My father was the one who wanted to
cut this deal. I told him it was a
bad idea, but he wouldn't listen to
me. Were you ever really
considering a partnership?

MISTER CARL

No. Were you?

FIONA

Nope.

She thumbs a REMOTE BUTTON in her hand and pulls a GAS MASK
from her shirt.

DECOY SHIPPING CRATES strategically placed all over the hangar explode, spewing CLOUDS OF GAS into the air.

Fiona's Goons pull on their own gas masks and take cover.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS all around but Mister Carl's men convulse and drop like bugs in the thick poison fog.

Fiona tosses a GAS MASK to Mister Carl.

FIONA
Put it on.

He doesn't argue.

DODGE
(into mic)
That gas won't reach us up here,
right?... Right?... Miranda?

Dodge ZOOMS IN on Miranda's position-- She's slumped.

Finally the gunfire ceases and the smoke settles. All of Mister Carl's men are dead.

Dodge scurries along a suspended walkway and reaches Miranda's hiding spot to find her unconscious.

DODGE (V.O.)
She's still breathing.

Mister Carl gives a slow, appreciative clap.

MISTER CARL
Well played, young lady. I'm sure
your father would be very proud.
What would you say to an twenty-
eighty split?

FIONA
Don't be ridiculous.

MISTER CARL
Ten-ninety?

She shakes her head.

MISTER CARL
Then why did you spare me?

Fiona pulls a sawed-off SHOTGUN from the limo and racks it. She pulls off his gas mask and sticks the GUN BARREL between his eyes.

FIONA
So I could do this...

BOOM!

Fiona admires the mess of her handy-work, but then--

SPLASH!

She looks down at the PUDDLE she is now standing in.

FIONA
Holy shit, my vagina just popped!

Dodge heaves Miranda on his shoulder and starts across the scaffolding towards an ACCESS PANEL at the far end. He kicks it open and steps out onto...

EXT. STORAGE HANGAR - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

He struggles to carry Miranda's limp body to the edge of the building.

DODGE (V.O.)
If I'm gonna fly it's now or never.

He closes his eyes and concentrates, tries to hop... But nothing happens. Again.

DODGE (V.O.)
Fuck these powers.

Below, he sees Fiona's limo speed off with a baby on the way.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Dodge fidgets nervously but springs up when the DOCTOR comes.

DOCTOR
She inhaled a small amount of a toxic compound and we administered a hundred percent oxygen to help flush out her system. She vomited quite a bit, and needs rest and observation, but she'll be fine.

DODGE
Can I see her?

DOCTOR
It's immediate family only, are you her husband?

DODGE
...Yes, I am.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Miranda's eyes roll into focus and she gazes up at Dodge.

MIRANDA
Shit, did we lose the cameras?

DODGE
Can't blame me this time, you
dropped yours. But...

He pulls the DIGITAL CAMERA from his pocket and dangles it in front of her.

MIRANDA
What happened to Fiona?

DODGE
Her water broke.

MIRANDA
Where is she?

DODGE
Don't know, don't care.

Miranda struggles to sit up, barely any strength left.

MIRANDA
What do you mean, you don't care?
She's going to use that baby as a
DNA factory.

DODGE
Mister Carl is dead and you have
the evidence to put her away. Just
call in the cavalry.

MIRANDA
I can't call in the cavalry,
because who knows which side
they'll take when they get there?
It has to be state or even federal
charges. But we don't have time for
that right now.

DODGE
What's the rush?

MIRANDA

The baby, you fucking idiot! Your
flesh and blood, your newborn
child!

She collapses back in bed, exhausted

DODGE

Just because you want a kid doesn't
mean the rest of us do.

The words sting. He immediately regrets saying it.

MIRANDA

It doesn't matter if you want it or
not, the baby is yours, you
Asshole. Don't you care about
anyone but yourself?

DODGE

I care about you.

MIRANDA

Bullshit.

DODGE

I've done everything for you! I got
shot, stabbed, beat up, had non-
consensual sex-

MIRANDA

That's just not good enough. How is
any of that different from before
you met me?

She's right and he knows it.

DODGE

Well then I guess I'm just not good
enough.

MIRANDA

Fuck you, Dodge.

She passes out... Mrs. Chalice rushes in.

MRS. CHALICE

She's okay?

DODGE

Just needs rest.

MRS. CHALICE

What happened?

DODGE

Long story, but I should go try to get a little rest myself. You can ask her about it when she wakes up.

MRS. CHALICE

Something wrong?

DODGE

Fine. I mean, no. I mean, I'm fine. I'll be back soon. Call me if she needs anything.

He staggers out, leaving Mrs. Chalice staring after him.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Dodge slinks in, peels off his damp clothes, drops a crumpled PAPER BAG on the couch, then falls face-down next to it.

DODGE (V.O.)

Asshole hitmen, corrupt cops, crime bosses, psycho fiances, crazy superpowers, beat up, shot, stabbed, attacked by a Jurassic bird, and struck by lightning? I can handle all that. But come on, a miracle-grow mutant superbaby? Everyone has their limits, right? What the hell more does she want from me? I need a drink.

He pulls a BOTTLE of cheap whiskey from the bag and rips off the cap, takes a deeeeeeeeep draw off it.

DODGE (V.O.)

And a couple...

He reaches in the bag again-- Prescription PILL BOTTLE this time. Cracks the cap, downs a couple.

DODGE (V.O.)

And also...

Into the bag again, this time for some COKE. A couple taps, a quick cut, and he snorts back a line.

DODGE (V.O.)

And top it off with...

Back in the bag, he retrieves an EIGHTH OF WEED, rolls it, and lights up. Takes a deep hit and holds it...

DODGE (V.O.)
There. Now I can handle anything.

He leans back on the couch, joint in one hand, bottle in the other. Exhales a long cloud of smoke...

DODGE (V.O.)
So you probably think this is the part where I build up my resolve and determination and go save the day and all that shit, right?

Dodge passes out cold.

DODGE (V.O.)
Wrong.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dodge rushes in to find an empty hospital bed. He grabs the nearest NURSE.

DODGE
What happened to the woman in this room?

NURSE
She was discharged this morning.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Chalice opens the door.

DODGE
How is she? Is she feeling better?
You didn't call. I fell asleep.

She checks his pupils.

MRS. CHALICE
Fell asleep, huh?

DODGE
Yeah.

MRS. CHALICE
Fuck you, Dodge.

DODGE
Where did she go?

MRS. CHALICE
I don't know. But I bet you do.

DODGE (V.O.)
Oh shit.

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - DAY

Fiona reigns over her army at a huge table. Doc is next to her, tending to a BABY STROLLER.

SERVERS push a train of Dim Sum carts around the table, allowing the men to clumsily take what they want and spill the rest on the floor.

FIONA
So then he was like, "How about ten-ninety?" And I was like,
(racks invisible shotgun)
BOOM!

Nobody is dumb enough not to laugh at her bad jokes.

DOC
(whispering)
Keep it down! The baby is sleeping!

FIONA
(whispering)
BOOM!

They all whisper-laugh quietly.

DOC
Um, Fiona, also, babies don't eat
Dim Sum. They need milk.

Fiona flags a SERVER over.

FIONA
Some Milk. For the kid.

SERVER
What a cute baby... Looks just like
the father.

Fiona leers up at the server-- It's Miranda.

She yanks Fiona from the chair and jams a Glock to her skull.

The Goons all pop up, sprouting weapons of every flavor from holsters, jackets, waistbands, and whatnot.

The Servers all duck for cover behind their CARTS.

DOC
I wouldn't do this if I were you.

MIRANDA
Shut up and bring the baby.

All guns track Miranda as she backs away with her hostage.

FIONA
You really think you're getting out
of here alive?

MIRANDA
If I don't get out, then neither of
us do. They can't shoot me without
hitting you.

FIONA
They don't have to shoot me...
(to Goons)
Everyone lower your guns. Do not
point them at us...

All weapons dip.

FIONA
Point them at the baby. If this
bitch makes it to the door, fire.

They hesitate and Miranda keeps her pace. Doc inches the
stroller past the Goons, Servers, and Dim Sum carts.

FIONA
Do it! Now!

The Goons all look to each other for a cue, but nobody moves
until--

Tweedledum points his gun at the baby... Then Tweedledee
follows suit... Slowly, ALL GUNS train on the STROLLER.

MIRANDA
You can't be serious.

FIONA
Call my bluff.

Miranda inches toward the door.

FIONA
If she takes another step, shoot.

MIRANDA

You are seriously fucked in the head.

FIONA

Must suck to be a Goodguy!

Miranda takes another inch--

FIONA

That's it! She took another step!
How come nobody has fired yet?

The Goons look at each other.

FIONA

Fire! Shoot! Shoot the baby!

Tweedledum's gun-hand trembles. A BEAD OF SWEAT slides down his face...

FIONA

Somebody shoot! Right now!

He nervously steadies his weapon...

FIONA

NOW!

Tweedledum pulls the trigger--

And the SHOT sets off a chain-reaction of GUNFIRE that eviscerates the baby stroller.

MIRANDA

NO!!!!!!

Miranda throws Fiona to the floor but it's too late.

The gunfire stops... Everyone freezes...

Silence... Until... The faint gabble of a CRYING BABY...

Everyone looks around for the source...

Finally, Doc gives in and lifts the CHILD from one of the DIM SUM CARTS he passed with the stroller. Miranda's heart starts beating again.

FIONA

Doc, I don't know whether to kiss you or kill you, but until I decide... WOULD SOMEBODY WASTE THIS BITCH, PLEASE!

All guns turn on Miranda and shoo-

DODGE (O.S.)
I'm not too late, am I? My shining
armor was at the cleaners.

Dodge steps forward.

MIRANDA
Not funny.

DODGE
Oh come on, it was the best I could
come up with on the way over.

Fiona pulls the BLACK BOX from under the table and thumbs the
POWER BUTTON.

FIONA
Well, you don't have a gun, and
this little black box makes sure
you don't have any superpowers, so
I don't think you'll be coming to
anyone's rescue.

DODGE
Turns out I don't need a gun or
superpowers, just a big-ass bag of
money.

Suddenly, all of the Servers pull AUTOMATIC WEAPONS from
their Dim Sum carts and point them at Fiona's men.

FIONA
What the dick?

Roger steps in behind Dodge, GUN in one hand, black DUFFEL
BAG in the other.

DODGE (V.O.)
I bet you wondering what happened
to that big bag of cash.

The Goons are outnumbered and have no choice but to lay down
their guns. Doc looks at his watch.

DOC
Um, hey Dodge?

MIRANDA
How did you know Doc took the baby
out of the stroller?

DODGE

Oops, I guess I am late.

DOC

Dodge?

MIRANDA

Looks like your daughter was born
luckier then you were, Asshole.

DODGE

Daughter?

MIRANDA

It's a girl.

DODGE

Whoa, that is...

DOC

Dodge!

DODGE

For the love of... What is it!?

DOC

There's something you need to know.

DODGE

It's okay, you saved my daughter, I
forgive you, water under bridges,
buried hatchets, peace pipes and
all that shit.

DOC

Not that, it's something else.

DODGE

What's up, Doc?

DOC

I've already implanted the
compatible DNA into Fiona.

DODGE

So?

DOC

So, according to my calculations,
it should be taking effect...

He checks his watch.

MIRANDA

Oh shit.

DOC

Right about...

DODGE

Oh shit.

DOC

Now.

DODGE (V.O.)

Oh shit!

A MANIACAL GRIN stretches across Fiona's face.

FIONA

Ooooh, I feel all tingly!

All guns lock on Fiona as she steps forward. Doc grabs the baby and ducks under a table.

DODGE

Fiona, Babe, we can talk about this.

FIONA

I don't feel like talking...

Doc stuffs napkins in his ears and cups his palms over the baby's.

FIONA

I feel like...

DOC

Cover your ears!

Dodge and Miranda dive for cover and block their ears.

FIONA

SCREEEEEAAAAMMMMIINNNNG!

Fiona's SHRILL VOICE reverberates louder and louder, until it shatters every glass in the room.

EVERYONE drops their guns to cover their ears but it's too late for most-- Eyes bulge, ears bleed, and brains scramble from the vibrations.

When the splitting shriek finally subsides, the few remaining Servers try to run but Fiona waves a hand--

All CHOPSTICKS in the room floats from the tables and collect in mid-air. Fiona waves again and they launch in every direction, wooden missiles finding targets-- Necks, eyes, backs, foreheads. Anyone who runs gets impaled.

ROGER

You didn't pay me enough for this shit, Dodge. I'm outta here.

DODGE

Say hi to your sister for me.

ROGER

Fuck you, Dodge.

DODGE

And your mom.

Roger ducks out with the duffle bag.

ROGER (O.S.)

Fuck you, Dodge!

Fiona treads forth, arms outstretched like an evil demigod.

FIONA

Darling, don't you see now? We can have everything.

DODGE

You're right. We can. So turn off that little black box and let's talk about it.

FIONA

There's just one thing in the way.

DODGE

What?

She extends a finger at Miranda.

FIONA

Her. I'll turn off the box after she's dead.

DODGE

You don't need to kill her, that's a tad harsh.

FIONA

I'm not going to kill her. You are.

Fiona picks her shotgun off the table and throws it to him.

FIONA

You shoot her, I turn off the box,
and we go take over the world
together. No rules or laws to hold
us back, power and money, do
whatever you want, wherever you
want, whenever you want. Isn't that
what you always dreamed of?

DODGE

Yes. Well, that and triplet
supermodels in a hot tub filled
with tequila. But yeah, basically.

Fiona and Miranda both roll their eyes.

DODGE

Except then I woke up and found
something better...

He gazes at Miranda.

DODGE

And now I'd rather be awake than
dreaming.

DODGE (V.O.)

I hope somebody is writing this
shit down.

FIONA

Then I hope you don't mind being
dead too, because if you don't do
it, I'll just kill both of you. At
least this way you can save
yourself.

DODGE

Good point.

Dodge racks the shotgun and points it at Miranda. She stares
back, shocked.

DODGE

You asked me if I cared about
anybody but myself. I hope this
answers your question.

He raises the gun... But turns it on Fiona and FIRES.

She vanishes into the thin air and reappears behind him.
Dodge spins and fires again but Fiona disappears and pops up
on his other side. He turns and shoots, hits empty air again
as she re-materializes on another side.

DODGE

Cool trick, how come she's so good
at this?

DOC

Because she has no fear. The only
emotion guiding her powers is rage.

Dodge swings the shotgun around and pulls the trigger again. But when Fiona vanishes this time... Miranda is standing right behind her. She takes the BUCKSHOT full in the torso, blasting her off her feet.

DODGE

NO!

Her shirt STAINS RED and Dodge presses on the wounds but can't cover the SPREADING BLOOM.

DODGE

I'm sorry! How can I help you? What
can I do?

Fiona reappears behind them and admires her handy work.

FIONA

Give her your tampon, why don't ya?

Miranda coughs, trying to get some breath. Dodge's hands rise and fall with each gasp.

MIRANDA

There is one thing.

DODGE

Anything.

Her eyes start to fade.

MIRANDA

I don't care if I die, or you die,
or Doc or anyone else... But not
that little girl. She lives, no
matter what. Save your daughter.

DODGE

But I can't, I don't have any
superpowers.

DOC (O.S.)

Yes you do.

Doc crawls from under the table, BLOOD TRICKLING from his ears, holding the baby.

DOC

The little black box is just a
 useless bunch of wires and
 circuits. I just told you that you
 didn't have superpowers and so you
 thought you didn't it. Remember
 what I said about the powers?
 Having them comes from what you
 think, but controlling them comes
 from what you feel.

Dodge's hands suddenly stop rising with Miranda's breath.

SHE'S DEAD. Dodge stares at his hands, RED WITH HER BLOOD.

FIONA

So what's it gonna be, Lover?

Dodge stands to face Fiona, his eyes sharp and determined for the first time, probably ever.

DODGE (V.O.)

Gotta get her away from baby.

DODGE

Care to step outside?

FIONA

Or I could just kill you right here-

But Dodge bolts at the wall, passing cleanly through it, just like he did with the bank vault.

FIONA

So that's how it's gonna be.

EXT. CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

Dodge is waiting in the street when Fiona comes CRASHING THROUGH THE BRICK WALL of the restaurant and lands in front of him. She casually dusts herself off.

FIONA

I am definitely leaving that place
 a bad Yelp review.

Dodge squares off with her. She air-kisses at him, then suddenly lunges like a wrecking ball and slams into him--

But he LOOSENS and STRETCHES like an elastic doll, taking the impact head-on, but spills on the concrete like a pile of rubber bands. Unharmed.

Back on his feet, Dodge lifts a car over his head with SUPER STRENGTH and heaves it at her--

But Fiona raises both hands suspends the car above her in mid-air with TELEKINESIS.

She launches the car back at him, but Dodge suddenly DISAPPEARS.

Fiona scans around, waiting for him to resurface... When she is attacked from behind by an INVISIBLE melee--

She punches the empty air, hitting nothing, and is struck from behind by an unseen blow. She spins, swinging wildly, but Dodge trips her with an invisible kick.

She scans the street. Still no trace. So she takes a deep breath and BLOWS A TORNADO-FORCE WIND around her, forcing Dodge to appear, hurling away from her in the gust--

But the metal STREET LIGHTS bend inward and catch him. He holds on to them with his firm MAGNETIC GRIP.

Fiona finally runs out of breath and Dodge charges her. The hair on his arms stands up and electrical currents swirl around him... He thrusts his hands out and ARCS OF LIGHTNING shoot at Fiona from his fingertips--

But she grabs a car tire and the material properties transfer into her skin, quickly causing her entire body to turn into BLACK TRACTION RUBBER, insulating her from the shock.

Dodge loses his charge and Fiona dives at him, her fingernails extending into SIX-INCH CLAWS. She swipes at him, getting in a few good scrapes before he is able to clench up and become INVINCIBLE--

She tears at him, but the finger blades glance of his impervious skin. Finally, she backs off and retracts her claws.

FIONA

Are you as turned on as I am by all this fighting?

DODGE

You would need a lot more than just superpowers to get me in the mood.

FIONA

Too bad. Because it's making me hot...

Her skin starts to glow and turn red, sweat turns to steam.

FIONA
Verrrrrry hot!

Fiona suddenly BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Dodge stumbles back, a wave of entrenched terror paralyzing him-- FIRE.

She pounces like a feral cat from hell, straddling him with raging fire. Dodge struggles against the heat and the phobia but his powers are completely stunted by his deepest fear.

His skin blisters as Fiona presses herself closer, trying to kiss him with a MOUTH OF FLAMES.

MIRANDA (O.S.)
Dodge!

Miranda emerges from the brick hole, holding the baby.

DODGE
You're alive!?

MIRANDA
You kidding me? It takes more than a shitty sawed-off 20-gauge firing ratshot from that distance to put me down. I had to fake it to see if you really do give a shit about us.

DODGE
I do!

MIRANDA
Then shut your bitch-hole, untwist your panties, and show me. Show us.

Dodge turns back to Fiona, clenching his body. His flesh solidifies and his body becomes INDESTRUCTIBLE. He rolls over on top of her and grabs her by the throat.

DODGE (V.O.)
I may be invincible but that doesn't mean I don't feel anything!
If I'm lucky, it's still possible to choke-out someone who only breaths fire.

He throttles her neck back and forth but Fiona still manages to SPIT SCORCHING FLAMES IN HIS FACE.

FIONA
When I'm done with you, I'm going to roast your girlfriend and your daughter too. How do you want them, medium-rare? Well-done?

The flames blaze into his eyeballs, causing MENTAL FLASHES--

BURNT FOOD... A STOVE... BLUE FLAME...

HIS LITTLE HAND BEING FORCED TOWARD THE GAS FIRE...

Dodge snaps out of it, but can't take any more. He lets ONE HAND go... No longer invincible, his FLESH CHARS in the biting flames...

DODGE (V.O.)
But then again...

He extends a single fingernail into a CLAW...

DODGE (V.O.)
I've never been lucky in my life...

And cuts his own throat... BLOOD pours out of him all over Fiona--

ACID BLOOD...

The FOUNTAIN OF RED extinguishes her fire and eats into her flesh. Fiona stares down at her dissolving body, horrified.

FIONA
But Dodge... I love you!

She screams and writhes as the acid blood disintegrates her skin, muscle, bones, and organs, leaving only A SMOKING PILE OF BLOODY GOOP where she just was.

Dodge collapses to the side, an empty carcass. Miranda and Doc run to his side.

DOC
Don't touch him. His blood is
highly acidic!

MIRANDA
But we have to do something!

DOC
There's nothing we can do. He's
lost too much blood. He's gone.

Miranda shields the baby from her father's DEAD BODY and weeps. Doc consoles her, the only thing left he can offer.

Dodge is burned, battered, bloody, and broken. But on his face, a SLIGHT SMILE... A look of calm satisfaction falls over him...

THE END

ROLL CREDITS.....

HALT CREDITS...

DODGE (V.O.)
Nah, I'm just fuckin' with you.

BACK TO--

EXT. CHINATOWN - MOMENTS LATER

CHARRED FLESH flakes away, revealing FRESH SKIN underneath.

THE NECK WOUND gradually closes, sealing itself shut with CLEAN BLOOD coagulating behind it.

DEAD EYES blink again, take in the blue sky, and gaze around trying to find... There she is--

Miranda looks over and cocks her head.

MIRANDA
What the dick?

DOC
Superhealing?

DODGE
Superhealing.

DOC
Wow, that was fast!

DODGE
Well, now that I know what I'm doing.

MIRANDA
Do you? Know what you're doing?

He looks at her holding the baby and the SILVER BABY RATTLE.

DODGE
Yes... I do.

They help him to his feet and he get a close look at his BABY DAUGHTER for the first time. She SMILES up at him, glowing, and grips his finger with her TINY HAND.

DODGE
Awwwww. She's so cuu-

CRACK! Dodge's finger snaps.

DODGE
Ow! Motherfu-

MIRANDA
Hey! Language!

DOC
You're going to have to look out
for this little one.

The baby giggles and coos at Dodge with BRIGHT INNOCENT EYES.

DODGE
Don't worry, we're never letting
her out of our sight.

He kisses his daughter on the forehead. Miranda sees his sincerity and gives him a deep kiss of his own to reward it.

BYSTANDERS slowly converge to witness the aftermath as the four of them start away... But then--

OLD LADY (O.S.)
Heeeeeeeeelp!!!!

A CARJACKER takes advantage of the commotion to pull an OLD LADY from her driver seat. He shoves her to the ground and speeds away.

DODGE
Sucks for her.

Dodge turns back, but stops when he notices Miranda and Doc staring at him expectantly.

DODGE
What... Really? Seriously? After
all the shit I just went through?

MIRANDA
What kind of world do you want your
daughter growing up in?

He considers it...

DODGE

Good point.

He kisses Miranda, gives the baby a BOOP on the nose, then--

Dodge suddenly leaps off the ground and FLIES AWAY--

After the STOLEN CAR as it speeds toward the SETTING SUN...

DODGE (V.O.)

Okay fine, so I did end up saving the day, getting the girl (both of them), and flying off into the sunset. But I told you right at the beginning that I was a liar, so you shouldn't have believed me anyway. Besides, I didn't know things would turn out this way. I guess I just got lucky...

PULL OUT OF THE STREET...

UP INTO THE DIMMING SKY...

The ORANGE SUN droops behind the CITY SKYLINE and HAZY CLOUDS part as DODGE ROCKETS THROUGH THEM like a missile towards the pink horizon.

DODGE (V.O.)

And I'm a motherfucking superhero.

THE END