

SUPER SELLOUTS

Episode 1 - Thunderbirdie

written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. BIRTHING SUITE - NIGHT

A BABY with tiny, angelic wings coos in her mother's arms.

KAYA

Welcome to the world, my little
Thunderbirdie... It's mostly a
terrible place.

(beat)

But people like us can save it.

The father, EAGLEMAN (an anthropomorphic eagle) struts in pushing a wheelchair and holding a hospital bill.

EAGLEMAN

Maybe you were right about doing
this at the rez, Kaya. You know how
many cities I'm gonna have to save
to pay this bill off? Or maybe we
rob a few banks, just go full
supervillain.

He scoops up KAYA and BABY, sets them in the chair. Swaps the bill for BABY, flying her around in his wing-arms.

The BABY giggles. Kaya reads the bill, her smile fading.

EAGLEMAN (CONT'D)

(to the baby)

Look at you soar, Val! You'll be
cleaning up these streets with me
in no time! You're gonna be the
greatest superhero in the world
some day-

The BABY starts to cry. He quickly hands her back.

EAGLEMAN (CONT'D)

Ugh, I'll probably have to sell
out. Could sell some Eagleman car
insurance or crap like that?

(beat)

Hey, since we're not together
anymore it seems only fair we split
that bill fifty-fifty, yeah?

EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Twelve years later, the BABY is now THUNDERBIRDIE, a costumed sidekick.

She clobbers CRIME MIME, the mostly-mute bargain-bin Joker, with a CLAP OF THUNDER. Poses heroically, wings spread.

CRIME MIME
Sacrebleu!

EAGLEMAN (O.S.)
Atta girl, Thunderbirdie! I knew
you could do it!

Eagleman lands - now dressed like an American flag covered in corporate sponsorships.

THUNDERBIRDIE
Crime Mime did the crime, now he'll
do the-

Val looks up at her dad towering over her. He immediately regurgitates food onto her face.

THUNDERBIRDIE (CONT'D)
DAD! GROSS!

EAGLEMAN
Sorry, reflex! You know you're not
supposed to look up at me with an
open mouth like that.

Eagleman flaps a gust of wind to clean her off.

EAGLEMAN (CONT'D)
The team's off fighting Mastodon.
What do you say we join them?

THUNDERBIRDIE
You think I'm ready to fight
Mastodon, Dad?

He hoists her onto his shoulder.

EAGLEMAN
I know you're ready! You're gonna
be the greatest superhero in the
world some day, even better than
me! And I'll always be here for you
every step of the-

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A statue of Eagleman towers over his grave.

VAL (O.S.)
Hey, Dad. Uh. How's it going? Still
dead, eh? That's a real bummer.

VAL, late 20s, in casual clothes, her full wings folded,
stands before the grave. She looks just like Kaya.

VAL (CONT'D)
I've been working at the Super City
Tribune for a few months now, might
put that journalism degree to good
use after all... Dad, I miss-

FAN
Whoah, no way! He's here! Can you
take my picture?

A FAN of Eagleman hands Val his phone before she can answer.
The rest of the grave is covered with flowers, tributes, and
Eagleman merchandise.

There are several other fans taking pictures and selfies,
oblivious to Val's mourning. She sighs and reluctantly snaps
the photo.

FAN (CONT'D)
I don't usually care when
superheroes die, but I cried when
he died. How about you?

VAL
Oooh, buddy, I-

FAN
Check out my tat!

He lifts his shirt to reveal a trashy chest piece: Eagleman
driving a monster truck. Nearby there's a Calvin-esque
sidekick peeing on the world 'COMMUNISTS'.

Her eye twitches; a tiny ELECTRICAL SPARK shoots from her
hand, frying the phone.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**EXT. SUPER CITY TRIBUNE - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

It's a hustling, bustling day in downtown Super City. We see glimpses of everyday people using their super powers for mundane tasks; super-speed across the crosswalk, levitating groceries, walking through walls, etc.

The once-mighty Super City Tribune stands tall yet impotent. Even in this world, print is in decline.

VAL (O.S.)

Ooh! Now *that's* a scoop!

INT. SUPER CITY TRIBUNE LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Val loads up the coffee filter with a hefty scoop.

She grabs a fresh hot cup of coffee. Attempts a latte art design. Fails. Hides her shame with the lid.

8:59. She flutters to the counter. 9:00 hits and-

POOF! The NEWS DIRECTOR teleports in with a cloud of smoke.

NEWS DIRECTOR

There's my guardian angel! Six
creams and ten sugars, right?

She takes a hit of her unreasonably large vape and casually exhales in Val's face. Grabs the coffee.

VAL

(coughing)

Yes, ma'am! Just like everyday.

NEWS DIRECTOR

Thanks, super-star! Same time
tomorrow, 'kay?

VAL

Actually, I saw you have an opening
in the news department upstairs. I
was wondering if you had time to
look at my application?

NEWS DIRECTOR

And lose the best barista the
Tribune has ever had? Not likely,
but I'll think about it, Vicky.

VAL

It's Val, but-

And she's gone in a cloud of smoke. Val chokes.

The door SLAMS open. CRIME MIME #2, a Jack Nicholson-style Joker in mime paint, storms in, armed, flanked by four mime-themed henchmen.

A collective groan from Val and the few scattered customers.

CRIME MIME #2

Listen up, fake news media! Here's your top story! This place belongs to Crime Mime now, and-

CUSTOMER

I thought mimes couldn't talk?

Crime Mime #2 creates an INVISIBLE ROPE, lassos the customer, and throws him at (not through) a window.

CRIME MIME #2

Look, I tried the whole no-talking thing, 'kay? It's dumb. It SUCKS!

An ordinary man walks out of the restroom. Red clothing sticking out of his backpack. He slides back in.

CRIME MIME #2 (CONT'D)

First we'll dismantle your printing press! No longer will you slander my good name with comparisons to the other Crime Mimes! I'm Crime Mime now and you will respect me!

VAL

What?! Dude, we don't even print in-house anymore!

CRIME MIME #2

Seriously?! Well in that case I guess we'll just go-

RAGEMAN (O.S.)

Fear not, Super City citizens!

RAGEMAN (**the ordinary man from the restroom, now in his cheaply made super-suit**) stands triumphantly in front of the restroom as the door swivels shut behind him.

RAGEMAN (CONT'D)

Rageman is here to save the day!

Val appears unimpressed as Rageman springs into action!

RAGEMAN (CONT'D)
 Rage-punch! Rage-kick!

Rageman knocks out two of the mime henchmen with his generic attacks that he decided to name for some reason.

He leaps onto a table, slips, falls, but manages to crash into one of the henchmen, knocking them out.

RAGEMAN (CONT'D)
 Uh, Rage-tackle or body-blow? Yeah!

The last henchman tries to run away, but trips on his shoe laces and knocks himself out.

CRIME MIME #2
 Why do I even bring you guys?
 Always getting knocked out in one
 hit, I mean it's ridiculous!

RAGEMAN
 Rage-fist! Uh, times twenty!

Rageman throws a punch at Crime Mime #2, but hits an INVISIBLE WALL. Crime Mime knocks him out with the butt of his gun.

CRIME MIME #2
 Fool! My invisible wall is
 impenetrable, y'all! Just a little
 catch phrase I'm working on. Nobody
 can lay a finger on me when my wa-

Val breaks a coffee pitcher on the back of his head.

VAL
 That catch phrase sucks and no one
 wants to hear your monologue!

Crime Mime #2 stumbles back up. He's rattled now. He lassos Val with another INVISIBLE ROPE.

CRIME MIME #2
 Actually, I call it a mime-ologue!

VAL
 Alright, I'm definitely kicking
 your ass now.

She spreads her wings, breaking the rope - yanks it to pull Crime Mime #2 forward and lands a solid right hook.

CRIME MIME #2
 OW! Okay! You win! Gawd!

Crime Mime #2 looks over at the pile of knocked out henchmen.

CRIME MIME #2 (CONT'D)
Which one of you has the keys to
the Mime-mobile?!

Crime Mime #2 stumbles for the exit, but Val yanks him back by the collar and slams his face into the scalding hot coffee maker. He howls in pain before the beating resumes.

Rageman wakes up as Val unleashes her pent-up frustrations on Crime Mime #2. Rageman is about to say something.

VAL
The next cheesy one-liner I hear
from anyone will be their last!

He pretends to fall back asleep.

Val punches Crime Mime #2 in the face, and in the split second of contact, she sees vivid flashes of the previous Crime Mime (from the cold open). Her anger takes over, and she snaps, no longer holding back.

A nearby security camera records everything.

ON SCREEN:

Val's beat-down of Crime Mime #2 is a viral video.

INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR - DAY

MASTODON (60s), the colossal criminal don of Super City, laughs as he watches the video, cigar in-hand.

MASTODON
So she's still got it, eh?

Mastodon closes the laptop, revealing a bruised-up Crime Mime #2 sitting across from him at the desk. Mastodon towers over him, like an intimidating principal versus a small child.

CRIME MIME #2
You know her, Don Mastodon?

MASTODON
Know her? That's Eagleman's little girl. We go way back, kid.

There's an old framed newspaper clipping of Mastodon battling Eagleman in their prime on his desk. He puts the cigar out, startling Crime Mime #2.

MASTODON (CONT'D)
Which is why I'm denying you your
request for revenge. Albino Rhino!

ALBINO RHINO, Mastodon's pigmentally-challenged top hench-
woman appears behind Crime Mime #2, setting a firm grip on
his shuddering shoulders.

ALBINO RHINO
(bad Jamaican accent)
Ya, mon?

She has no features to suggest she's Jamaican.

CRIME MIME #2
I don't think she should be talking
like that? Albino-ism aside, she
doesn't look-

Albino Rhino puts the hard squeeze on him.

MASTODON
Why don't you take our friend here
on a little island getaway?

INT. SUPER CITY TRIBUNE LOBBY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

8:59. Val covers another failed latte art. 9:00. POOF!

NEWS DIRECTOR
Hey, there she is! Gotta sec?

She grabs the coffee that Val's still holding onto and POOF!

INT. NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Next thing Val knows she's been teleported to the News
Director's office. She sets a disoriented Val down in a
chair, then teleports behind the desk.

VAL
I think I'm gonna throw up!

NEWS DIRECTOR
Don't. So! I wanted to talk to you
about yesterday's viral video...

VAL
What?! That went viral?!

NEWS DIRECTOR
You didn't know?

VAL

No, I'm not on social media anymore. It's actually been so good for my mental health and-

NEWS DIRECTOR

Wow, that's so great! Good for you. The Tribune appreciates all the hard work you do and-

VAL

Did I get the reporter job?!

NEWS DIRECTOR

No, we're actually letting you go. The video makes us look bad. We don't want to appear biased against supervillains.

VAL

Biased against supervillains?!

NEWS DIRECTOR

Look, I have a lot of work to do. You should go. Bye. Bye-bye now. Exit's that way. Bye now.

VAL

Um... Can you at least teleport me? Or let me fly out the window?

NEWS DIRECTOR

No, they had to suicide-proof the windows after our last round of layoffs. Exit's that way.

EXT. SUPER CITY TRIBUNE - DAY

Val walks out of the Super City Tribune with a box of stolen toilet paper, coffee grounds, etc. She sighs.

VAL

Now what?

All of the digital billboards, TV screens, and cell phones of the people on the street have been hacked.

VAL (CONT'D)

It was rhetorical!

ON SCREEN:

Mastodon sits in his ivory throne, Rhinoguards at his side.

MASTODON
Citizens of Super City, and the
less relevant people beyond.

He gestures to a hologram of Eagleman in his prime, standing
victorious over Mastodon many years ago.

MASTODON (CONT'D)
Decades ago, your precious savior
thought he had bested me time after
time. Yet here I stand. And where
is he? In the ground. Gone.

The hologram glitches. The proud image of Eagleman distorts
into a rotting corpse.

Val drops her box. Clenches her fist.

The screen shifts - footage of Eagleman action figures, Funko
Pops, fast food tie-ins, a car insurance commercial, and
propaganda posters flood the display.

MASTODON (CONT'D)
This is the fate of your heroes.
Stripped for parts and sold to the
highest bidder.

Mastodon presses a button. A two-box live feed shows Ivory
Tower. THE EARTH QUAKES as Mastodon's veins bulge and his
eyes turn white. The tower lights up and amplifies his power
as the camera switches to a satellite view of a METEOR
hurling through space towards a small, remote island.

Crime Mime #2 is asleep on the island. He wakes up and looks
up just in time to see the meteor. He screams so loud he
loses his voice right before the island is obliterated!

Gasps and screams echo throughout the city. Phones buzz.
Alarms blare. The world is watching.

MASTODON (CONT'D)
There's more where that came from.
Unless a hero worthy of Eagleman's
legacy steps forward.

A hologram of Thunderbirdie appears in the palm of his hand.

MASTODON (CONT'D)
Thunderbirdie. Daddy's not here to
fight me this time. Are you?

The live feed fades to black.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. SUPER CITY SQUAD HQ - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

Headquarters has seen better days. Lots of graffiti that's not only penises, but is mostly penises.

INT. SUPER CITY SQUAD HQ LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A framed photograph of the Super City Squad's golden age team catches the light. Val's reflection lines up with Thunderbirdie, her face blending with the image.

Her father stands tall on the left, while a teenaged Broseidon, the fresh prince of Atlantis, grins on the right.

Suddenly, another reflection steps into the frame, covering younger Broseidon.

BROSEIDON

No way! Is that Thunderbirdie?!

Val turns around to face BROSEIDON - the same confident grin, the same Aquaman-inspired costume. Now in his early thirties, he looks good, but tired.

BROSEIDON (CONT'D)

Been a while! I don't think I've seen you since-

VAL

Since my dad's funeral?

BROSEIDON

HA! Hey now, I tried reaching out a few times. I'm glad your mom keeps me updated on things, 'cause-

VAL

You talk to my mom?

BROSEIDON

Yeah! We chat a couple times a month on the phone. She's delightful to talk to. You really should start calling more often.

VAL

Oh, did she tell you to say that over mimosas at brunch, Bro?

BROSEIDON

Nah, it was actually this wine-and-paint thing. You know how Kaya gets after a few Chardonnays.

Broseidon chuckles awkwardly, then stifles himself with a cough. Val rubs the bridge of her nose.

VAL

Yeah, I know exactly how she gets.

BROSEIDON

She's so fun... Anyway, it's gonna be great working together again, because let me tell ya... I am so tired of doing this alone. Look at these forehead wrinkles, Val! LOOK!

VAL

I'm pretty sure that's just salt water damage. But also I'm absolutely not rejoining the Squad.

BROSEIDON

So you're just here to see if I can go punch Mastodon for you?

VAL

I mean... can you?

BROSEIDON

You're the one he wants, not me. Plus, I don't think I'm allowed to fight him directly... The Super City Squad reports to the mayor, and well...

They glance at a framed newspaper clipping: "Donald Mammoth wins mayoral election in historic landslide!" The photo shows a smug Mastodon on the debate stage while the former mayor sticks out from a pile of rocks and dirt.

VAL

It's so corrupt. I don't think I'll ever get over that.

BROSEIDON (CONT'D)

It really is very corrupt, yeah. I don't know why we let that happen.

VAL (CONT'D)

Or we could just infiltrate the Ivory Tower and I can wreck the power before he's any wiser?

BROSEIDON
Worth a shot! But we're gonna need
more firepower and I know just
the... alien thing. I think she's
an alien?

Broseidon and Val look up at the Squad photograph, focusing
on NOVA, the adorable, fiery alien.

EXT. ABANDONED OBSERVATORY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

NOVA (O.S.)
Of course I'll join!

INT. ABANDONED OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

The observatory is in rough shape, but Nova hasn't aged a bit
since the photograph was taken.

NOVA
Or at least I would if I wasn't
waiting for my people to arrive
from outside of this reality.

Nova giggles to herself in a cute, yet unsettling manner.

BROSEIDON
(whispered to Val)
Does she actually have people out
in space?

VAL
(to Broseidon)
I don't know. Dad always thought
she was a cryptid or something.

BROSEIDON
Like Bigfoots? Bigfeet?

VAL
Thanks anyway, Nova. It was really
good seeing you again after all
these years.

Broseidon walks around the observatory, wiping dust off the
old equipment and fiddling with broken doohickies.

NOVA
I would say the same thing, but I
check on you every night through
the telly-scope!

VAL

Uh, I don't think you should be using the telescope for that sort of thing, Nova. It's a huge invasion of privacy, and-

Broseidon looks through the telescope.

BROSEIDON

Nope, I see what she's talking about now. Looks like a bird got in and died on the lens.

Nova gives a wide Duchenne smile while Val rolls her eyes, her eyelids half-shut in irritation.

EXT. ABANDONED OBSERVATORY - DAY

Val and Broseidon walk out of the observatory.

BROSEIDON

Maybe we just need to focus on the infiltration side of things?

VAL

Oh! Is Invisi-Belle still around?

BROSEIDON

Nobody's seen her in years... But I think Greased Lightning lives nearby if we want super-speed?

VAL

Greased Lightning? He was old when we were kids. Is he even alive anymore?

BROSEIDON

Let's find out!

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - AFTERNOON

A Grease-inspired tune plays as 90-something-year-old GREASED LIGHTNING shuffles around with his walker then GLIDES across the room, slipping on his own oily secretions and crashing spectacularly. Bones crack with a pained whimper.

BROSEIDON

You were right. This was dumb.

INT. FATHER BEACON'S HOME - DAY

We start on FATHER BEACON's face - calm and serene, as you'd expect from a minister in his late 40s.

FATHER BEACON

I'd lend a hand if I could, gang,
but I'm afraid my powers don't work
the way they used to. The Bright
Beacon Corps rings also act as
purity rings and, well...

As the camera pulls back, we reveal DOCTOR DOM, a dominatrix
villainess, has Father Beacon tied up in ropes and
restraints. She's cleaning a butt-plug.

FATHER BEACON (CONT'D)

Ever since Doctor Dom and I settled
our differences and got to talking,
she introduced me to a whole new
set of revelations.

Val and Broseidon sit across from Father Beacon and Doctor
Dom. Val looks slightly flustered, while Broseidon sits back,
calmly sipping his tea, his water powers swirling the liquid.

VAL

Oh, look at the time! We better go
save the world from Mastodon and
stuff! Glad things worked out for
you two! Buh-bye!

BROSEIDON

I haven't finished my tea-

As Val drags Broseidon out, Doctor Dom pops a ball gag into
Father Beacon's mouth.

FATHER BEACON

(muffled)

"For the Lord disciplines the one
he loves, and he chastises every
son whom he receives."

DOCTOR DOM

Hebrews 12:6?

FATHER BEACON

(muffled)

Very good, hon!

She cracks the whip.

INT. SUPER CITY SQUAD HQ LOBBY - EVENING

Panning from left to right on the framed photograph of the Super City Squad's golden age we see Greased Lightning, Father Beacon, Nova, Eagleman - with Thunderbirdie and teenaged Broseidon in front of him, Matriarcher (Kaya as a Native Wonderwoman), a costume seemingly floating by itself (Invisi-Belle), and ending with FISSION mid-sneeze.

FISSION (O.S.)
 (through the phone)
 I'm flattered you called, but I'm
 off-world right now.

Broseidon is on the phone while Val sits at the table, arms crossed, face-down in defeat.

EXT. SOME PLANET - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUSLY

FISSION is this world's Doctor Manhattan, but radioactive green, middle-aged with a belly, and only wearing his tighty-whities.

FISSION
 (on the phone)
 Yeah I work for the United States
 government now. They discovered a
 planet with lots of oil that has a
 bunch of bad guys living on it so
 I'm here clearing it up.

A CUTE TINY ALIEN tries to hug Fission's leg, but he casually kicks it off of him and vaporizes it with a nuclear blast.

INT. SUPER CITY SQUAD HQ LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

BROSEIDON
 Are you doing a genocide right now,
 Fission?

FISSION (O.S.)
 (through the phone)
 N-no...

Broseidon ends the call and looks at Val.

BROSEIDON
 Sure you don't want to ask your mom
 for help?

VAL
 I'm a single, childless, unemployed
 woman pushing thirty - I do not
 want to ask my mom for ANYTHING!

One last glance at their younger selves in the photograph.

BROSEIDON
Team sidekicks?

VAL
Team sidekicks.

Heist music plays as they huddle together for the plan.

EXT. IVORY TOWER - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Rhinoguards patrol outside of the Ivory Tower.

BROSEIDON (V.O.)
First we'll sneak past the
Rhinoguards posted outside of the
Ivory Tower.

Broseidon climbs over a fence. He's in all-black, as is Val who swoops down next to him.

BROSEIDON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In the cover of darkness we'll slip
through their defenses and-

RHINOGUARD
Hey, what's that glowing thing by
the fence over there?

A Rhinoguard shines a spotlight on Val and Broseidon. Above them floats Nova in all her pink, fiery glory.

NOVA
Boo!

Floodlights and alarms are fully activated.

VAL
Nova? I thought you were waiting
for your people? What changed?

NOVA
I realized that you're my people.

VAL
Oh my god, stop! You're adorable! I
love that!

BROSEIDON
That's really, genuinely cute, but
uh, we got company!

Mastodon steps out from atop the Ivory Tower, his massive shadow casting over the heroes. He smiles and puts on his mech-helmet.

Broseidon rips his black clothes off, revealing his normal costume beneath. Val rolls her eyes and scoffs.

Broseidon drops into a battle-ready stance. Val quickly moves to join him. Nova casually floats above them.

The ground shakes below as the Ivory Tower activates and amplifies the reach of Mastodon's geokinesis.

MASTODON
Rhinoguards! Charge!

Albino Rhino leads the Rhinoguards in a stampede towards the rag-tag trio of heroes.

Broseidon cracks his knuckles, steps forward.

WHOOSH! A TIDAL WAVE surges from a nearby fountain, swallowing the stampede whole.

Nova squints up at the sky. METEORS burn through the stratosphere.

NOVA
I'll deal with the meat-eaters!

Nova blasts off into the sky.

VAL
Wonder what she calls asteroids?

ALBINO RHINO (O.S.)
'Eads oop, preen-cess!

Val and Broseidon see a soaked Albino Rhino approaching.

ALBINO RHINO (CONT'D)
(to Broseidon)
Aye, brudda-mon.

BROSEIDON
Nope! Do not call me that!
Absolutely not! Val, this one's all
you. I can't even look at her! You
can take her, right?

Val nods, but isn't entirely sure of herself. Broseidon rides a tidal wave toward the tower.

Albino Rhino throws the first punch. Val ducks, drives an uppercut into her jaw. Albino Rhino barely budes. Val grins, until she sees that shit-eating smirk, untouched.

ALBINO RHINO

I 'ave a toof 'ide, mon. You'll have to hit harda den dat, gorl.

VAL

Just talk normal! Your fake accent isn't even consistent!

They clash!

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

A meteor falls towards Earth - BOOM! Nova punches through it in a fiery explosion.

She fires at another, pink celestial energy vaporizes it.

A zig-zagged trail of pink as she fires through several smaller meteors.

Her shine is dimming. She holds her palm out at another meteor and destroys it with a blaze of pink fire.

Above her, larger asteroids barrel toward Earth.

EXT. IVORY TOWER - NIGHT

Mastodon stares up at the heavens, white eyes gleaming with madness. He clenches a fist - asteroids fall toward Earth, pulled by his command.

A spiral of water coils around the tower. Broseidon surfs the current, rocketing upward. At the top, Mastodon stands distracted and vulnerable.

Broseidon gathers a high-pressure sphere of spinning water in his palm. He launches off the spiraling wave - his attack whirls, primed to strike!

BROSEIDON

Hope I don't lose my pension for this...

BOOM! An explosion rips through the air, blasting him back. His water sphere bursts into a rain shower. Dazed, he staggers up-

HIPPOBOMBAMUS looms before him, clad in a hulking, hippo-themed mech-suit.

BROSEIDON (CONT'D)
Hippobombamus! Didn't think they'd
let you out of the loony bin after
you lost all your marbles.

HIPPOBOMBAMUS
This hungry, hungry hippo is
starving for destruction!

He cackles, unleashing a BARRAGE OF EXPLOSIONS! Broseidon
dodges, cut off from Mastodon.

ON THE GROUND:

Val spots the explosions.

VAL
Broseidon!

She tries lifting off to fly to her friend when - WHAM!
Albino Rhino snatches her ankle and SLAMS her down hard.

VAL'S POV - BLURRY, DISJOINTED

Albino Rhino stands over her, grinning. Her words distort,
stretching, warping - muffled, but still laced with grating,
inconsistent cultural appropriation.

The world tilts. Val blinks. Shadows stretch. Lights flicker.
Her limbs feel distant. Heavy. A sharp ringing in her ears.

Darkness creeps in at the edges of her vision - closing,
closing - BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**FLASHBACK - COLD OPEN**

BLACK. FAINT VOICES... distant, echoing.

THUNDERBIRDIE (V.O.)
You think I'm ready to fight
Mastodon, Dad?

A sharp thud.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY ROOFTOPS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE ORIGINAL CRIME MIME'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

He watches as Eagleman lifts Thunderbirdie onto his shoulder.
She's bright-eyed, eager.

EAGLEMAN
I know you're ready! You're gonna
be the greatest superhero in the
world some day, even better than
me! And I'll always be here for you
every step of the way!

Thunderbirdie laughs. Her childhood innocence teetering on
the edge of ruin.

Crime Mime lifts a trembling hand - then abruptly lets it
drop.

An INVISIBLE PIANO follows. SMASH!

MOMENTS LATER:

Thunderbirdie jolts awake. Something's off.

She blinks. Crime Mime is dead.

She turns. **Eagleman is dead.**

Her breath catches. Heart pounding. The weight of it crushes
her. Tears build. Hands tremble. Mind races.

She reaches for Eagleman, but stops. Fingers hover, hesitant.
She grabs him.

THUNDERBIRDIE
Dad? Get up!

Nothing. Her breath quickens. She stares at her small, shaking hands. She curls them into fists. Tears spill over.

A quiet sob. A whisper, almost to herself-

THUNDERBIRDIE (CONT'D)
I... I thought I beat him, Dad.

Her voice cracks. She grips Eagleman tighter, burying her face against him, as if holding on will bring him back.

FADE TO:

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Another asteroid shatters in a massive explosion, the shockwave ripples through the sky. Nova's energy is fading.

Above her, the biggest asteroid is on its final approach.

She summons the last reserves of her energy, her hands glowing as she thrusts them forward.

The asteroid slams into her fiery palms, sending a shockwave through the air. Nova struggles to hold her ground/sky.

EXT. IVORY TOWER - NIGHT

Broseidon surfs on a wave of water, narrowly dodging the barrage of explosions from Hippobombamus' mechsuit cannons.

BROSEIDON
Oughta change your name to
Hippobomb-amiss.

He smirks, proud of his dumb quip, weaving between blasts with deft precision. But the last explosion catches him off guard, sending him sprawling across the tower's roof.

Hippobombamus laughs maniacally, launching another round of explosives in Broseidon's direction.

HIPPOBOMBAMUS
I'll filet you, fishsticks!

Broseidon dives into a roll just in time, narrowly dodging the explosion that sends debris flying in all directions. He pulls himself to his feet, ready for the next round.

BROSEIDON
You're gonna need a bigger bomb!

Broseidon's losing steam.

ON THE GROUND:

Val lies flat on her back, blood trickling from her nose, gasping for air after Albino Rhino's brutal slam.

Albino Rhino's hands crack, the knuckles popping as she prepares to finish the job. She loves her job.

ALBINO RHINO

G'night, sweet preen-cess, mon!

She raises and joins her hands, ready to slam them down-

A flash of blinding light!

Albino Rhino recoils, her albino skin reacting violently to the sudden burst of light. She stumbles back, her eyes squinting against the glare as her skin burns from the intensity. She tries to focus, but the light is overwhelming.

Val is back on her feet. Bright, CRACKLING ELECTRICITY swirling all around her. She opens her now pitch black eyes, contrasting against the bright electricity.

Val smiles as she INCINERATES Albino Rhino with a powerful jolt of electricity, reducing her to ash in seconds.

Val turns her attention to the Ivory Tower. She blasts another bolt of electricity at the base of the tower.

It's subtle, but something in the tower SHORT-CIRCUITS.

Val drops to the ground in a daze, almost unsure of what just happened, noticing the smoldering, empty armor of her enemy.

VAL

So much for her "toof 'ide, mon."

(beat)

Wait... did I kill her?

She starts to tremble.

VAL (CONT'D)

I-I've never killed anyone
before... Am I no different from
her? From Mastodon?

Before Val can fully rise, she swipes a bit of the fire from Albino Rhino's burning corpse/ashes, carefully checking the singed wallet she grabs from the charred remains. She squints at the driver's license inside.

VAL (CONT'D)
 'Maria Gonzalez'? What the hell? I
 knew she wasn't black or Jamaican!
 (beat)
 Still...

A folded, slightly charred pamphlet flutters out of the wallet and lands at Val's feet. She picks it up. It's a vintage Nazi Party recruitment flyer.

VAL (CONT'D)
 ... Okay. I'm over it now.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

Nova struggles against the giant asteroid.

She senses something and smiles.

NOVA
 She did the thingy!

Nova ponders for a moment before ENGULFING HERSELF IN FLAMES and firing at the asteroid.

She keeps it at bay, but Mastodon's pull is strong.

EXT. SUPER CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Mass panic as the asteroid eclipses the moon.

EXT. IVORY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Broseidon and Hippobombamus continue to duke it out.

They're out-of-breath. **Sweaty**.

Hippobombamus blasts through Broseidon's last bit of water.

HIPPOBOMBAMUS
 You're out of water, boy. To think
 they made a mere sidekick this
 city's champion.

He tries to spit on the ground disrespectfully, but it comes flinging back at him.

BROSEIDON
 Water you talking about?

Broseidon **gathers his sweat into his hand**. He takes Hippobombamus' sweat too, and there's A LOT of it.

Another spinning sphere, but grosser, stinkier. Hippobombamus readies his last bomb.

They strike! WHAM! The shock-wave from their colliding blasts sends them both flying off the tower.

Val swoops in to save Broseidon, grabbing him by the armpits.

VAL
So that was kind of disgusting, but brilliant.

BROSEIDON
Be glad I did it, these pits were drenched a minute ago.

VAL
They're not exactly dry now either.

BROSEIDON
Where's Hippo? Did I beat him? I won that fight, right?

VAL
Better make sure.

ON THE GROUND:

Hippobombamus wakes up in the wreckage of his mech-suit. But something else is wrong?

His legs are mangled and completely twisted. He SCREAMS.

ON THE TOWER:

The lights on Mastodon's Ivory Tower flicker. Something's wrong. Once Mastodon finally notices-

KABOOM!

The tower crumbles in on itself! A mushroom cloud of dust and debris is all that remains.

Val and Broseidon circle overhead.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

With the tower down, Nova's able to push back. She engulfs the giant asteroid in a solar flare of pink fire and launches it away... straight onto the moon, **fusing the two celestial bodies together.**

NOVA
Hee-hee. Whoopsie!

The fire fades. The asteroid is now permanently welded to the moon, **making it resemble a butt.**

EXT. IVORY TOWER RUINS - NIGHT

Val and Broseidon look up towards the **reformed moon** in the night sky as they lower towards the ground.

VAL

Heh. Full moon tonight.

BROSEIDON

I'll say!

The dust settles over the wreckage of the Ivory Tower.

Val drops Broseidon down before landing herself. Nova floats down, landing beside them. They're scanning the ruins for signs of-

VAL

Cut the cliché, Mastodon. Come out and face us!

Mastodon's voice echoes from every direction.

MASTODON (O.S.)

I'm here for you, Thunderbirdie.

A crack in the earth opens beneath Nova, dragging her down in molten rock.

The ground softens into quicksand under Broseidon, swallowing him up before he can react.

Now it's just Val and Mastodon.

Mastodon steps forward, shedding his battle armor, removing his helmet. He cracks his knuckles, rolls his neck.

VAL

Let my friends go! Your plan failed!

MASTODON

If I wanted to destroy this planet, I'd have done it decades ago! No, my plan worked flawlessly - I got you back in the fold and I'll be getting a nice little payout from you wrecking that old hunk of junk for me. I may be bad, but those suits in the insurance industry make me look like a saint.

VAL

That's your big scheme? To fight a retired sidekick? Force her back into these tired, oversaturated superhero cliches? All because what? Your weird obsession with my dad?!

MASTODON

Your dad was like a brother to me back in the day... that practically makes us family, Val.

VAL

Don't flatter yourself. You're a creepy uncle at best.

MASTODON

Time to put you down for your dirt nap, little bird.

VAL VS MASTODON

-- They charge at each other, meeting in the middle with hand-to-hand combat.

-- Both prove to be excellent fighters. Mastodon is much stronger, but Val is faster, more agile.

-- Unable to keep up with her agility, Mastodon resorts to using his powers. The ground ripples, STONES lunging at Val.

-- Caught off guard, the first rock hits hard, but she uses her wings to create massive gusts of WIND, dodging stones and pushing the big man back.

-- Mastodon's losing ground, until - STALAGMITES! Val's hit! She falls down, rolls.

-- Rocks rise, ready to crush her.

MASTODON

Is this what's become of Eagleman's legacy? Pathetic.

Val struggles to stand up.

MASTODON (CONT'D)

You're weak... no wonder you got 'em killed.

Something snaps inside her. ELECTRICITY CRACKLES as it spirals up and around the rising warrior.

-- A CLAP OF THUNDER! Electric currents destroy the floating stones. Mastodon catches a stray bolt that cuts his cheek.

-- Mastodon recovers, dodges another lightning bolt. He's enjoying this.

-- Val is airborne now, firing bolts of electricity from the sky, forcing Mastodon on the defensive.

-- A MASSIVE THUNDERCLAP! Even Mastodon is in awe, barely able to shield himself with a wall of earth.

-- An explosion of rock and dust!

-- The dust starts to settle. Mastodon looks for his opponent in the sky, he doesn't even notice Val run through the cloud of dust, CHARGING ELECTRICITY in her FIST until-

-- WHAM! She connects the LIGHTNING FIST with his jaw. The colossus falls on his back!

The fight is over, but Mastodon laughs as he lies there.

MASTODON (CONT'D)

Not bad. You hit harder than your old man. Dunno if that says more about you or him.

He rises to his feet. Brushes the dust off.

MASTODON (CONT'D)

Glad we finally got to do this, Valorie. But next time I won't be holding back.

Val doesn't drop her guard.

VAL

Neither will I.

MASTODON

I'm looking to retire soon. Need someone to take over the business... Maybe next time we meet I'll tell you what really happened to your old man...

This rattles Val. Once Mastodon gets the reaction he wanted, a CAVE OF EARTH rises around Mastodon, closing around him like an elevator door as he smirks. It sinks into the earth, vanishing. His laugh echoing.

Before she gets a chance to react, Broseidon and Nova return, free from their terra-traps.

BROSEIDON
Dammit, I got sand in my
gills!

NOVA
There are horrifying monsters
in the Earth's core! Hee-hee!

VAL
You guys are okay!

BROSEIDON
Uh, no! Sand in my gills!

NOVA
You did it, Val! You saved the day!

VAL
We all did. Together. As a team.

BROSEIDON
What do y'all say? Are we getting
the Squad back together?

NOVA
I'm in if my favorite person is in!

They look at Val.

BROSEIDON
What do you say, Val? I know your
broke ass needs a job. You in?

Val weighs her options. Half-smirks.

VAL
Fine! But no dumb costumes!

Nova pulls Val and Broseidon in for a big hug, holding them
tight.

VAL (CONT'D)
I mean it. First sign of spandex
I'm out!

FLASH TO:

FLASHBACK - EAGLEMAN'S FUNERAL

Young Thunderbirdie sobs. Nova hugs her and a teenage
Broseidon, holding them close.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE