

The Costumed Adventurers in
"Picking The Scabs!"

by
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INT. COSTUMED ADVENTURERS HEADQUARTERS

ANNOUNCER

Within their secret mountain headquarters, cleverly hidden on the corner of 3rd Street and Western Avenue, gather the world's most self-indulgent super beings ... ready to fight crime if its convenient, right any injustice done to them from their corporate office and lend their likenesses to fast food promotions! From all the corners of the map, which makes more sense than the phrase "corners of the globe," because globes are by definition round and have no corners, come the most self-involved heroes of all - the few ... the proud ... The COSTUMED ADVENTURERS!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

PROJECT MANAGER waits at the conference table, with STRESS LASS (naturally early) at his side. SOCCER MOM, FIRST AMENDMENT LAD and FRAT BOY file in.

PROJECT MANAGER

I may have a heart attack. So many of you here on time?

FRAT BOY

I can leave.

PROJECT MANAGER

No. Let's get started with roll call. First Amendment Lad?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

President.

PROJECT MANAGER

Stress Lass?

STRESS LASS

I'm right beside you.

PROJECT MANAGER

Just a formality. Soccer Mom?

SOCCER MOM

I'm going to have to leave early today, Project Manager.

PROJECT MANAGER

That would be surprising news to me, how?
Frat Boy?

FRAT BOY

Yo.

PROJECT MANAGER

And Jack B. Nimble, fastest hero in the
city boundaries, late as usual?

FRAT BOY

He was up late battling the forces of
evil.

PROJECT MANAGER

Call of Duty at your frat house does not
count as fighting the forces of evil.

FRAT BOY

It does if you're playing against that
tool from the last season of
Bachelorette!

PROJECT MANAGER

I honestly can't argue with that. Okay,
let's get started. We have a continuing
investigation into the corruption of
political lobbying at the municipal
level. First Amendment Lad could really
use a partner on this one, folks ...

All the other heroes look around, anywhere except at
First Amendment Lad.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Fine. Don't come crying to me when all
your civil liberties have been repressed
by the corporate-owned media, because we
didn't work harder to vet competent
candidates.

PROJECT MANAGER

We have a cat in a tree at 820 Hobart.

STRESS LASS

I'll take that - wait a minute. That's
that apartment building where they had
three gang shootings in the last week.

PROJECT MANAGER

And finally, we have a memo from
Corporate -

STRESS LASS

I'm still talking! "Cat in a tree" - is that some slang for "get Stress killed by a bunch of drug dealers?"

PROJECT MANAGER

A memo from Corporate about benefits. Due to rising health care costs and their fears of a rising sympathetic liberal bias towards a single-payer, universal healthcare system, Corporate has changed carriers. The immediate impact will be that co-pays will be increased 300% and if you are a super-hero between the ages of 20 and 45, you will no longer be eligible for any sort of coverage, even after your deductible of \$50,000 is met.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Without seeing the small print, I'm assuming that means, we're screwed.

PROJECT MANAGER

I would never officially use that term.

STRESS LASS

They can't be serious.

JACK B. NIMBLE has snuck in at super-speed and now fidgets in his chair.

JACK B. NIMBLE

That's outrageous! What are we talking about?

SOCCER MOM

As a working single mother, I can't afford to lose any more benefits, but I can't afford not to work either! If I didn't work, how can I afford designer shoes and ill-fitting and overly-branded outerwear for my children? They'll be the laughing stock of the soccer team!

STRESS LASS

There must be something we can do?

She looks at First Amendment Lad.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Don't look at me. I knew this would happen.

FRAT BOY

Come on, dude, this affects you too.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

I don't know why I still struggle to protect your freedoms when I hate you all so much. Okay, we could do one thing.

STRESS LASS

What? Anything?

SOCCER MOM

Yes! Anything for my children!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Doing things right

Usually ain't easy

Quick fixes are nice

STRESS LASS

And causes make me queasy

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

But this solution is one

I don't think you will like ...

We're going to have to strike

FRAT BOY

Like punch someone?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

More like not punching a time card.

Strike!

JACK B. NIMBLE

You mean picket?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

To the Man we're gonna stick it

Strike!

SOCCER MOM

I have to be home by 3:30

STRESS LASS

I don't want to strike - strikers are dirty.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

What?

STRESS LASS

I've seen films of the 60s. Yuck.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We'll have to make a stand

Not give any ground

Mess up all their plans

Turn their thinking around

Even if it takes till Christmas Day ...

FRAT BOY

Waitamminute ... Christmas Day?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Yes?

STRESS LASS

When will we get paid?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We ... won't be getting paid.

FRAT BOY

Then what's the point

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We have to show we're willing as individuals to suffer for the good of the whole.

JACK B. NIMBLE

We suffer - till Christmas or beyond- and that hurts them
how?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

It shows we have principles.

JACK B. NIMBLE

I don't think they care.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

It also shows the world they condone unfair business
practices and they won't be able to hire anyone else.

STRESS LASS

And then we come back and get paid.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

That's the idea.

STRESS LASS

You're sure?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Nothing's ever 100% sure ...

STRESS LASS

I have Netflix bills, First Amendment Lad! They'll hire
us back and we get more money! Right?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Right, right!

So, it's time to strike!

ALL

After all, we are the stars

They can't do without us

We pay for the gas in their cars

And their kids' big fat trust!

We'll have to make a stand

We won't give any ground
 We'll ruin their plans
 Till their thinking turns around
 Even if it takes till
 Christmas Day!

STRESS LASS

But it better not.

ALL

STRIKE!

The heroes look around at each other.

FRAT BOY

Yeah! "Hell no, we won't go!"

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

That's not really going to work as a slogan.

JACK B. NIMBLE

I'm great at crafts. I'll make the signs!

SOCCER MOM

I'm still going to need to leave early to take the twins to practice.

STRESS LASS

I'm still going to bathe.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

What does bathing have to do with it?

STRESS LASS

It was in the song! I told you I've seen films about the sixties! They're icky and didn't wear bras and didn't bathe.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

You can protest the establishment and remain clean.

STRESS LASS

And moisturize. I have to moisturize daily.

PROJECT MANAGER

As much as I'd like to continue this meeting, if you're going to plan a strike, you really can't do it on Corporate property.

STRESS LASS

Where are we supposed to go?

PROJECT MANAGER

Outside?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We can go to the park across the street.

STRESS LASS

I don't know. I hate nature. You could just call me when you're done striking and I can stay up here and catch up on my filing.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We all have to do it, or it doesn't send the right message.

FRAT BOY

Come on, it'll be fun. Plus, we can catch some rays, and then maybe bar hop a little tonight and get freaky before heading back to the House.

STRESS LASS

I'll get the sunblock.

PROJECT MANAGER

I'd join you, but as an entrenched member of middle management here, I'm not allowed to strike.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

What could happen?

PROJECT MANAGER

There was a clause about dismemberment. I'd have to go look at it.

SOCCER MOM

Ohhh, no, that's not good.

PROJECT MANAGER

Right. Have a good strike, and I'll have security lock up your things and escort you out of the building.

STRESS LASS

But my Prada pocketbook!

PROJECT MANAGER

Sorry, non-employees are not allowed into the work area. Have a great day.

Project Manager EXITS. Stress glares at the others, especially Frat Boy.

STRESS LASS

This better be worth it.

INT. FRAT BOY'S ROOM

ANNOUNCER

Next morning, after a night of karaoke and other debaucheries, we find Stress Lass and Frat Boy ready to greet the day and resume striking against the faceless forces of corporate evil!

Frat's bedroom is a typical fraternity house room - messy, with rock or hip-hop posters, the bed is most likely an air mattress or mattress with no box springs. A large bong is in the corner, and the bedside table has condom wrappers on it.

In bed, are STRESS LASS and FRAT BOY. Stress wakes suddenly, and she looks tenderly at Frat Boy in the mid-morning light coming in through the window.

We hear her thoughts via voice over.

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

Oh, Frat Boy! My plan of using reverse logic worked! By telling you I wasn't interested in a relationship, just mindless, occasional sex, I became far more appealing to you, and you took me up on it.

She pauses, and looks at the multitude of condoms. As she drones on, Frat Begins to stir, as the pulsating waves of her stress become manifest.

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

But ... what if you think I was serious? What if you think I'm just like those skanks your fraternity brothers all go for? I'll have to be busy the next few times you call. But I don't want you to think I'm seeing other guys.

(MORE)

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

I'll have to pretend to be out with friends. I'll have Soccer Mom cover for me, she'll -- (FRAY BOY awakens suddenly)

FRAT BOY

Cheese and rice! Turn off the stress waves! I'm awake!

STRESS LASS

Oh, Frat Boy! I'm sorry! But you see, I lied! I didn't mean to, but I do want a relationship with you. So I started worrying about how I would keep up the charade of being okay with only being your casual sex partner, and it triggered my Waves of Overpowering Guilt power and, oh --(breaks down in tears)

FRAT BOY (V.O.)

Uh-oh! Crying-To-Get-Her-Way! I'll have to counter with my Lie-Sincerely-In-Order-To-Get-Laid tone!

FRAT BOY

Aw, look. I like you. I do. I want to get married one day, heck maybe even to you, but I'm not ready to get tied down just yet. Don't you want to make sure you've gotten the most out of life before you settle down?

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

Nice parry! What can I ... oh, yes. Appeal To The Masculine Ego ...

STRESS LASS

I ... I do. I just want to know that I'm special to you.

FRAT BOY (V.O.)

Crap! If only I can ... got it - Romantic Seduction ...

FRAT BOY

Of course, you're special ... here, lie back down and I'll ...

Suddenly, a beeping sound goes off on both their phones. They scramble for them. Frat's in the crevice beside his bed and table, and Stress' is in her purse. Stress answers first.

STRESS LASS

Stress Lass here!

TROUBLE MONITOR

This is the automated TroubleMonitor 3000 calling to remind you of the scheduled picketing in front of Corporate Headquarters for 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. today.

STRESS LASS

Ohhh, my poor hands are scaly from holding those dumb signs. And my arches hurt. This strike better get over soon. I'm ready to get back to filling out the mindless paperwork for my super-heroic stressing. Aren't you, Frat?

FRAT BOY

Uh, actually, I'm not going to be picketing.

STRESS LASS

What? Why not?

FRAT BOY

I meant to tell you this during karaoke last night, but you were having such a good time doing those Bonnie Tyler songs - I was talking to Project Manager and he needed somebody to ... help out.

STRESS LASS

Help out? Help doing what?

FRAT BOY

They need someone to help with the negotiations.

STRESS LASS

And you're going to represent us! I'm so proud of you! You'll wrap this up in no time!

Stress pulls on her pink and lavender jumpsuit. Frat puts on his tank top and board shorts costume.

FRAT BOY

Actually, First Amendment Lad is representing you.

STRESS LASS

"You?" You mean us.

FRAT BOY

I mean (mumbles).

STRESS LASS

What?

FRAT BOY

I mean "You!" I'm representing the corporation.

Stress stops dressing and looks at him, the situation dawning on her.

STRESS LASS

You're representing the Corporation.

FRAT BOY

Yep. Look, somebody has to look out for the business side. It's all fine to play hero, but someone has to pick up the bill, and if no one is willing to deal with a little inconvenience-OW!

Stress throws the alarm clock at him.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

That hurt!

STRESS LASS

Good! I slept with you! I thought I meant something to you!

FRAT BOY

You do!

STRESS LASS

As what? An annuity payment? You ... there's not even words for what you are, you ... Republican!

Stress storms out, slamming the door. Frat sits on the bed, stunned.

FRAT BOY

Wow. I didn't think she'd take it like that. Women! Who can figure! Well, before I go to work on our negotiations, I'd better hang out with my fraternity brothers for a while. By offering me archaic perceptions of women and sexist methods of treating them, I can form my opinion based on what everyone else does and not subject myself to experiencing an intimate relationship with all its attendant pitfalls and heartbreak. Sheesh! That's a load off!

EXT. FRAT HOUSE

Stress walks along the boulevard.

STRESS LASS

Was I asking for so much
 Joint bank accounts? A ring?
 Just that strong touch
 that makes me sing
 All I ever wanted to know
 is what I'm worth to you ...

Those shoulders, your Greek shirt, your
 smile
 They all blind my heart
 I watch you dog around all the while
 Thought I knew better than to play this
 part

(CONT'D)

What am I worth to you?
 More than your brothers and beer?
 Am I worth a kegger or two?
 Three words are all I need to hear
 But I'm afraid they'd be "Got another
 brew?"

Thought we'd get married, start a family
 You'd get a job with my dad's firm
 Have two kids who'd pledge your legacy
 But here I stand - alone and I yearn
 To know what I'm worth to you ...

(CONT'D)

What am I worth to you?
 More than playoff games and beer?
 Am I worth a kegger or two?
 Three words are all I need to hear
 But I'm afraid they'd be
 "Got another brew?"

I want more than your greedy side
 If I can't have it, I might as well just
 die!

What am I worth to you?
 More than hazing kids and beer?
 Am I worth a kegger or two?
 Three words are all I need to hear
 But I'm afraid they'd be
 "Got another brew?"

Sure, I wanted you to change your ways

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

But I was talking about monogamy,
 Not becoming a corporate slave!
 I'm afraid this will take up the rest of
 your life
 And I'll know I'll never be worth
 Being ... your ... wife ...

EXT. CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS

Stress walks up and join First Amendment Lad, Soccer Mom
 and Jack B. Nimble on the picket line. She picks up an
 "Unfair To Super-Heroes" sign and gets a splinter.

STRESS LASS

Ouch! I hate this! I hate walking around
 and around in a circle and having people
 honk at me, even if it is in support. I
 hate having to drink my coffee standing
 up, and I hate Frat Boy!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Ahhhh, found out your boyfriend is
 working for the other side, did you?

SOCCER MOM

What?

JACK B. NIMBLE

He's working for the other side?

SOCCER MOM

Is he a scab?

STRESS LASS

No, he's their negotiator.

SOCCER MOM

I'm very, very disappointed in him.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Figures. His super power really is to
 follow the herd.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Speaking of herd, I'm going to have to go
 up there and negotiate soon. Shame,
 really. Frat was a great asset to the
 team. Always did whatever I said.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Hope he still does when you're
 negotiating!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Ahhh, but his power dictates he follow the lead of whoever's on the largest or strongest side. It may not be that easy.

STRESS LASS

I'll go.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Right. You going to go up and cry at him, then?

STRESS LASS

No. His weakness is sex.

JACK B. NIMBLE

So we're sending Soccer Mom?

STRESS LASS

Very funny. He can't resist these (hefts her breasts). Let me go, First. I can do this.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Do you know what terms and conditions to argue for?

STRESS LASS

The opposite of whatever he's arguing for.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Fair enough.

Stress leaves the group and heads off to the Headquarters.

INT. HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM

Project Manager and Frat Boy look over their notes as Stress enters.

PROJECT MANAGER

Ahhh, Stress. I'm not at all surprised. You're here to try out for the new team?

STRESS LASS

What?

PROJECT MANAGER

The All-New, All-Different Costumed Adventurers.

STRESS LASS

No! I'm here to negotiate for our benefits and an end to the strike.

PROJECT MANAGER

Oh. We're not negotiating.

STRESS LASS

What?

PROJECT MANAGER

Corporate decided it was just be easier to hire new heroes.

STRESS LASS

He said he was your negotiator for these talks.

PROJECT MANAGER

Oh. You believed that? No, he's the new team leader.

Frat waves sheepishly.

STRESS LASS

You just caved in so easily?

FRAT BOY

What do I need benefits for? I'm in great shape! And this is like being president of the frat.

STRESS LASS

Oohhh! You weasel!

PROJECT MANAGER

You should think about joining. We have a new benefits package in place. And, you could be vice-president.

STRESS LASS

Vice ... president?

PROJECT MANAGER

Sure. A larger cube ... three feet to the left of the skylight ... share an assistant with Frat ... one hour of flexible time off for every 30 hours of consecutive overtime worked ...

STRESS LASS

It is a very attractive offer ...

PROJECT MANAGER

It's a little warm in here, isn't it,
Frat?

FRAT BOY

Woof! Sure is!

Frat removes his Hawaiian shirt, leaving on only his tank
top.

FRAT BOY (CONT'D)

Much better.

PROJECT MANAGER

Why don't you sit over here while we
interview the new candidates?

Stress sits very close to Frat.

PROJECT MANAGER (CONT'D)

First up, a duo - Tan Man and Tan Woman.

TAN MAN and TAN WOMAN come in, wearing only bathing suits
and incredibly deep tans.

PROJECT MANAGER (CONT'D)

And your powers are?

TAN MAN

We can lay incredibly still for long
blocks of time.

TAN WOMAN

And absorb amounts of sunlight that would
kill lesser mortals.

TAN MAN

Also, we smell nicely of cocoa butter.

FRAT BOY

Hired!

Stress stares at him.

PROJECT MANAGER

I agree. Welcome to the team. Next?

Stress swivels to stare at Project Manager, and then at
the next candidate. A slight youth with a pattern of
repeated X's on his outfit ENTERS.

PROJECT MANAGER (CONT'D)

Name and powers, please.

COPIER LAD

I am Copier Lad! I have the uncanny ability to duplicate any non-copyrighted material on eight and a half by eleven or 11 by 14 sheets of paper of varying stock.

STRESS LASS

Could you give us a demonstration?

COPIER LAD

Certainly! What would you like copied?

PROJECT MANAGER

I have a spreadsheet detailing heroic feats in the last year and their correspondent rise in insurance cost - how about that??

He hands the document to Copier Lad, who scampers off stage. The Adventurers look at each other puzzled. The unmistakable sound of a copier machine working is heard off stage. Copier Lad runs back onstage, holding the document for all to see.

COPIER LAD

I made it two-sided to save paper!

STRESS LASS

Are you positive you made this with your power, and not by running into the other room and using our copier?

COPIER LAD

Yes.

FRAT BOY

Could you just do it again, only in front of us?

COPIER LAD

That might ... violate my warranty.

PROJECT MANAGER

Fair enough. Your hired.

Stress' mouth gapes.

STRESS LASS

Hired?

PROJECT MANAGER

He shows a great respect for not violating copyrights and other authority.

STRESS LASS

You have got to be JOKING me!

AUNT PHLO enters from the door.

AUNT PHLO

'Scuse me honey - I hate to bug you when you're emoting in public, unless Emoting in Public is your Costumed Adventurer power, but I'd like to get on with my interview.

STRESS LASS

It is one of my many, many powers. Who are you?

AUNT PHLO

Aunt Phlogiston's the name, hot flashes my game. Want a demo?

Aunt Phlo gestures and the assembled Adventurers are suddenly pummeled by waves of heat.

They moan and writhe and some start to peel off clothes. Phlo goes to each of the guys and feels them up playfully. When she gets to Frat, she studies his body intensely, licking her lips in anticipation. The sight triggers Stress's powers and she breaks free of the trance.

STRESS LASS

Time to cool things off! Show's over, Auntie!

Her powers shake loose a fire extinguisher from the wall. Sh grabes it and she points it at Frat Boy and then at Phlo.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

Especially for the one in the tank top.
He's mine

Phlo gestures again. The heroes return to normal, if in varying states of undress.

AUNT PHLO

Don't blame you. Ain't nobody hotter.

STRESS LASS

So you can debilitate people with heat waves which apparently also stimulate their carnal urges. Anything else?

AUNT PHLO

W-a-a-all, I can project some pretty mean cramps, too.

PROJECT MANAGER

And how did you acquire these amazing powers?

AUNT PHLO

I don't know I've just had them since I was about thirteen.

FRAT BOY

If no one objects, then, I suggest Aunt Phlogiston--

AUNT PHLO

Just call me Aunt Phlo, hon.

PROJECT MANAGER

--Aunt Phlo and the others can start her orientation process now. Stress, if you can show her the training video and to her cube ...

STRESS LASS

I'm not the HR department, you know! I thought I was the new vice-president! Let one of the boys do it!

PROJECT MANAGER

Frat, could you ...

STRESS LASS

Besides him! Oooohhhhh! Forget it!

Stress gets up.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

If there are any earth-shattering emergencies or sudden revelations of villainous plots to destroy us, I'll be at Frosty's Day Spa and Tavern having a double green apple-tini.

PROJECT MANAGER

Stress, I have to inform you that if you're not going to work a full eight-hour day, with two fifteen-minute breaks and one hour lunch break, we will have to dock your pay accordingly.

STRESS LASS

We've never had that rule before!

PROJECT MANAGER

We do now ... if you want our new health benefits.

STRESS LASS

What new health benefits?

PROJECT MANAGER

It's all in the new package. Unfortunately, I can only share that with new hires. So ... will you be joining us?

STRESS LASS

I'll join you ... when he has an independent thought of his own!

FRAT BOY

I have lots of independent thoughts!

STRESS LASS

Really? Name one!

Frat struggles to think of one.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

See you in court, you corporate pawns!

Stress storms out. She composes herself and then JOINS the others on the Picket Line.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

That didn't take long.

STRESS LASS

We really have to fight this.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Stress, it's no use. We know you were about to join that new group of heroes.

STRESS LASS

What?

SOCCER MOM

Jack, dear. He can move so fast he's almost invisible.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Zipped up there to see what's up and caught you flirting with your boyfriend and buying into that corporate slimeball's plans.

STRESS LASS

It's not like that - I left on my own.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Before or after they offered you a new cube?

STRESS LASS

I admit the cube was nice, but they'll hire anyone!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Except you?

STRESS LASS

They have someone whose powers are to run a copier. And to get tan! Two of them!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

That's exactly why we have to fight this.

SOCCER MOM

And we are.

STRESS LASS

But I want to help you!

SOCCER MOM

You've helped enough dear.

STRESS LASS

But I'm a member of the Costumed Adventurers, too.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Not once you cross a picket line, you're not.

STRESS LASS

Who says?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

It's actually in the super-hero guild information pack. You should have received one in the mail the first day of the strike.

STRESS LASS

THIS is the first day of the strike!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

It's not as though those guidelines weren't on the website for everyone to download at any point.

STRESS LASS

Ok, whatever. I didn't know! But I was doing it for us!

SOCCER MOM

Honey, let's be in a safe place where we can be honest with one another. Weren't you trying to get a job up there?

STRESS LASS

No! Maybe in the beginning, but no! They are wrong and I can help you!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

I think the best thing for you to do would be to leave.

STRESS LASS

Fine. Picketing is tacky and is killing my hands. I'm going to Frosty's!

Stress EXITS.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Good riddance.

SOCCER MOM

Now, dear. She was just trying to help.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Herself!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Now that they're not negotiating, I am going to have to go up there and try to slap an injunction on them. Hold my sign, Jack.

First Amendment Lad EXITS.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Isn't he kind of crossing the picket line, too?

SOCCER MOM

Only if he comes back dating that nice Frat Boy, dear.

INT. FROSTY'S DAY SPA AND TAVERN

Stress sits alone at the bar, drinking a green apple-tini, with a clay masque on. Frosty, a living snowman, sets down a plate of fried jalapeno poppers.

FROSTY

Here ya go, doll face.

STRESS LASS

Thanks, Frosty. But this tasteful pink and lavender curve-hugging jumpsuit doesn't hide many flaws. I've got to watch my waistline.

FROSTY

No worries, I'm watchin' it for you. I's all good.

STRESS LASS

Oh, Frosty. If only my stress-enhanced body heat didn't threaten to melt off your extremities. You'd be the perfect partner.

FROSTY

I do have some refrigerated condoms.

He winks at her and walks off. Soccer Mom walks in.

SOCCER MOM

How are you dear?

STRESS LASS

Are you allowed to talk to me?

SOCCER MOM

Well, of course, hon! We just can't let you be around us during the picket lines, with you being a scab and all.

STRESS LASS

I'm not a scab! I'm not anything, except drunk right now.

SOCCER MOM

Oh, Stress. Alcohol, even fortified with fruit-based flavoring, isn't the answer.

STRESS LASS

Not all of us get off on endorphins. In fact, I'm not getting off at all.

SOCCER MOM

(signals Frosty for a bottled water) I hear you. I've not had any intimate encounters since ... since that adventure in the Painted City of Thermopolis.

STRESS LASS
 Soccer Mom! You're kidding!

SOCCER MOM
 What can I tell you? Guys want one thing,
 but sometimes I think it's video games.

They laugh. Aunt Phlo and Project Manager come in, Both pairs of heroes look at each other awkwardly. Aunt Phlo and Project Manager sit as far away as they can from Stress and Soccer.

STRESS LASS
 I made a fool out of myself again.

SOCCER MOM
 Maybe a little. Not as much as that woman, though. Do you see that age-inappropriate outfit?

STRESS LASS
 She's one of the new ones - Aunt Phlo.
 Still ... (she looks down) HMMMMMM....
 Kettle, meet Pot.

Stress pops a jalapeno into her mouth and struggles with its spicy heat.

SOCCER MOM
 I think we still have a few more years as Costumed Adventurers.

Soccer Mom sees Stress vigorously trying to fan her mouth.

SOCCER MOM (CONT'D)
 Oh, Dear! Frosty! Do you have anything cold Stress can suck on?

FROSTY
 Did you really just ask me that?

STRESS LASS
 I'm fine, I'm fine.

SOCCER MOM
 I hate to drink and run, dear, but I have to pick up the twins.

STRESS LASS

It's fine. I ordered a hot stone massage, a cilantro wrap and then I have head back to my empty apartment and a backlogged DVR full of Project Runway episodes.

SOCCER MOM

Have a good time, hon!

Alone at the bar, Stress swallows the rest of her drink and then heads EXITS.

INT. FROSTY'S DAY SPA AND TAVERN - SPA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The stage is split. In one room, Aunt Phlo and DOCTOR ENTITY sit in towels as if in a steam room. In the other, Stress lies on a table, her eyes covered. She hears voices and continues to react as she listens.

AUNT PHLO

They fell for it, Doctor Entity!

DOCTOR ENTITY

You're all part of the Costumed Adventurers now? And no one suspects?

AUNT PHLO

Yes. Even Tan Man and Tan Woman! Where on earth did you find that pair?

DOCTOR ENTITY

They were investment bankers. While they vacationed in Cabo San Lucas, I replaced their tanning oil with a serum of my own devising, which gave them their powers and rendered them slaves to my will. Mind you, they don't act much different, they're just browner and absorb more solar energy.

AUNT PHLO

I've never been to Cabo. Is it nice?

DOCTOR ENTITY

Oh, yes, especially this time of year. But back to my evil plan. The next few missions the Costumed Adventurers go on, you and the others will go along and pretend to help Frat Boy.

(MORE)

DOCTOR ENTITY (CONT'D)

Then, when I give the word on your final mission, you'll turn on him, capture him, and demand a huge ransom from the corporation.

AUNT PHLO

I haven't been there very long, but they don't seem like they're the kind of corporation to pay ransoms. You should see the weak benefits package they "sold" us on.

DOCTOR ENTITY

That's why you're always better off working for the Consortium of Evildoers, my dear. We take care of our own and we have flex time. But money is not actually my goal!

AUNT PHLO

Not your actual goal? Then what are we going to these ridiculously extravagant lengths for? Why not just put a bullet in their heads?

DOCTOR ENTITY

A bullet? A bullet? Woman, that has no style. And this ... this is about style. Perception!

AUNT PHLO

What in Tampex's name are you talking about?

DOCTOR ENTITY

My ultimate goal is better than mere cash! I need a symbolic victory! One that will drive the Corporation and its Costumed Adventurers into obscurity forever. That will pave the way for a social change like none have ever before seen!

AUNT PHLO

Social change?

DOCTOR ENTITY

**Gaining acceptance in society
Used to take centuries
(Heck, the Amish still don't
believe in electricity)
So, as an evildoer, imagine my surprise
When the one minority I thought still
ostracized**

(MORE)

DOCTOR ENTITY (CONT'D)

Suddenly had whole networks
celebrating their queers (Bravo!)

I blame MTV, the internet ...
Bugs Bunny in drag disguises
In only twenty years Boy George went
straight
to the Queer Eye guys
So, it has to start right now,
Heck, I have to start today
If I'm going to make evil - the new gay!

When I brand things, they'll be permanent
marks
As I penetrate the market, there may be
some scars
But I'll sell you on the bad-ass glamour
The super villain lifestyle is here to
stay
Now that evil will become the new gay!

Through focus groups and
Guerilla marketing,
Even YouTube hits
I'll bring badness to the forefront
Of society's consciousness
I'll make it so PC
They'll have to call us "Evil-Doing
Americans"
and just like "fat" went to "phat"
Everyone will want to wear us!

When I brand things, I'll leave a
permanent mark
As I penetrate the market, there may be
some scars
But I'll sell you on the bad-ass glamour
The super-villain lifestyle is here to
stay
I'll make sure evil becomes the new gay!

I'm happy for all the minorities,
Increasing their market share
But my campaign will beat them
And not just with a whip!
When I brand things, I'll leave a
permanent mark
As I penetrate the market, there may be
some scars
But I'll sell you on the bad-ass glamour
The super-villain lifestyle is here to
stay
Since evil has become the new gay!

AUNT PHLO

That's beautiful. But how does that increase our cash flow?

DOCTOR ENTITY

After we've lured society into acceptance of our evil ways, the city will be ours for the plundering!

AUNT PHLO

But they'll definitely be some plundering? Because mama needs some cash.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Oh yes. And there will be an unending supply of cash! Almost as unending a supply as Republican corruption!

AUNT PHLO

Not that that's a bad thing!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Not at all! Bwah-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Their voices fade and Stress sits up. She takes tiny earplugs out of her ears.

STRESS LASS

Damn these wireless things! I was supposed to be listening to Channel 36's "Soothing Sounds of Mud" and all I kept getting was some bad melodrama, or 1970s sitcom. Oh, well. It's time to go home anyway.

INT. STRESS LASS'S APARTMENT

Stress curls up on the couch eating ice cream and watching television.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And on day 37 of the Costumed Adventurers' strike, the All-New, All-Different Costumed Adventurers, or "The Scabs," as we in the media have taken to calling them, continue to reap the benefits of being Titan City's only functioning super-team.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After saving the mayor's cat, Tuffy, from being turned into a two-dimensional cat drawn in Japanese anime style, complete with a squeaky dubbed voice and oversized eyes, the New Costumed Adventurers enjoyed a pool party at the Mayor's mansion. For more on the festivities, we go to Rhonda Norwich, live on the scene.

Stress throws her empty bowl of ice cream at the TV set.

STRESS LASS

Damn him! And there she is, rubbing up all over him. You camera whore! Oooohhhh! I'm so angry. I'd go to Frosty's but with no weekly paycheck anymore, I'm afraid my tab might be a little stretched.

She paces around the room.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

But I've been up here for a week with only Ben and Jerry to keep my company. I need to see another human being. Talk to someone in my peer group. Reassert that I haven't totally screwed my only chance to find true happiness with the fraternity brother of my dreams. I'll do it. I WILL go to Frosty's.

She puts on her overcoat.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

And if I have to debase myself for a drink and a glycolic peel, then by all that's holy, I will!

INT. FROSTY'S DAY SPA AND TAVERN - SPA ROOM

Stress is again in darkness and hears voices from the room next door.

STRESS LASS

Perhaps I shouldn't have been so quick to debase myself. But Frosty is a good friend and he has a good-sized carrot. Now, to indulge myself and let all my stress melt away - effectively making me insanely vulnerable, but who would do anything anyway, with the All-New, All-Different Costumed Adventurers on the job? Now, where are those headphones?

AUNT PHLO

Yes, Doctor - they believe we are totally devoted to their cause, now.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Excellent! Then it's time to spring our little trap!

STRESS LASS

Ooohhh! I have to find those headphones! I can't relax properly if I'm hearing some ridiculous science-fiction show with bad acting and campy dialogue! It reminds me too much of those monster movies Frat used to enjoy (she sobs).

AUNT PHLO

That idiot Frat Boy - I know you said we'll destroy them all, but anyway I could keep him as my ... pet?

DOCTOR ENTITY

They'll be plenty of men for you to sink your claws into my dear - men that aren't super-powered and inevitably tend to disrupt my evil plans at the last minute.

STRESS LASS

Now I'm so stressed out, I'm superimposing my future husband's name onto the cheesy dialogue I hear in the next room! Where ARE those headphones?

AUNT PHLO

And the striking Adventurers? We have nothing to fear from them?

DOCTOR ENTITY

Oh, no! They've all but given up.

STRESS LASS

Really! Who watches bad sci-fi when they are trying to relax and let their inner beauty surface! Can't they turn that down?

Stress pounds on the wall.

AUNT PHLO

I don't see them picketing any more, but they might try to race to their former comrades' aid, don't you think?

DOCTOR ENTITY

No - they're washed up! Has-beens! First Amendment Lad has become a substitute history teacher, who drinks during breaks between classes. Soccer Mom has volunteered for two extra committees, an additional carpool and has started scrapbooking. Jack B. Nimble is a stripper in a gay leather bar trying to finance his dream of opening his own microbrewery. And Stress Lass ... oh, ho-ho-ho ... she is the most pathetic of all!

AUNT PHLO

Tell me she's a grassroots campaign worker for Bernie Sander's unending presidential quest!

Stress hears her name, but can't make out what is being said.

STRESS LASS

Did I just hear my name?

She presses her ear to the wall.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Far worse!

AUNT PHLO

A meter maid who's gained 70 pounds from eating a constant supply of chili cheese fries which she uses to numb the pain of losing her fraternity boyfriend?

Stress hears part of that, and begins to STEAM with anger.

DOCTOR ENTITY

That may be next! Now all she does is sit at home with her cats, eat ice cream and watch America's Next Top Model or some similarly-themed reality television program, which allows viewers to reinforce their judgemental attitudes towards others, while in reality reflecting all that self-loathing onto themselves!

They break up in laughter as Stress continues to steam. Her power BREAKS down the wall and she sees them laughing, Immediately, they are quiet.

AUNT PHLO

Need a towel?

STRESS LASS

You! You're that horrible Aunt Phlo woman! You're supposed to be a good guy! What are you doing with this ... half-naked man who sounds very evil, but doesn't look as threatening in just a towel?

AUNT PHLO

We were just discussing our favorite reality shows. Which ones do you like?

They begin to snigger.

STRESS LASS

I like a lot of them. But the reality show we're about to watch is me kicking your behinds!

AUNT PHLO

I'd like to see you try.

They step towards each other, ready to fight, when Doctor Entity stands between them.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Ladies! There's no need for violence. Miss Lass, I know you don't want to get into an altercation - especially since you haven't used your powers in so long.

AUNT PHLO

Or a treadmill.

STRESS LASS

Look, you red-haired hussy -

DOCTOR ENTITY

Please!

Impossibly, he whips a ray gun out from under his towel.

STRESS LASS

That could not have been there the whole time.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Perhaps I'm just no longer glad to see you. In any event, it's time for you to leave, Miss Lass.

STRESS LASS

I'm ready to die, to save my beloved
Frat!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Who said anything about killing you?

STRESS LASS

Don't you need to finish me off, so I
can't ruin your evil plans?

They laugh again.

DOCTOR ENTITY

What could you possibly do to ruin my
evil plans?

STRESS LASS

I can go tell the REAL Costumed
Adventurers what you're up to - and we'll
put a stop to it!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Go right ahead.

STRESS LASS

I will.

AUNT PHLO

Go on, then.

STRESS LASS

Maybe I don't want you two to escape.

AUNT PHLO

We'll be right here.

STRESS LASS

I can't trust you.

AUNT PHLO

Maybe you're afraid the Costumed
Adventurers really are a bunch of losers
and they don't want to know about our
evil plans.

STRESS LASS

No, that's not it at all.

AUNT PHLO

Maybe you're afraid your powers aren't
enough to stop us and that Frat Boy will
fall in love with me.

STRESS LASS

That's a laugh!

AUNT PHLO

Then why don't you go on and get them,
then?

STRESS LASS

I ... I will, then.

AUNT PHLO

Fine.

STRESS LASS

FINE!

Stress storms off.

AUNT PHLO

What was that all about?

DOCTOR ENTITY

It doesn't matter. Our plan is sure to
succeed!

They laugh and EXIT.

EXT. STREET

Stress walks along the street.

STRESS LASS

Oooh that overheated ovarian really
steams me! I can't go back and get the
others, they hate me! They'll just think
I'm making it up to get back in their
good graces. Or worse yet, that I'm
trying to get back to Frat Boy! Well ...
it doesn't matter what my motives are,
does it? I have to save Frat - and it
would be nice to hang out with the others
and fight evil again. I'll do it! I'll
show them I am a real Costumed
Adventurer!

INT. SOCCER MOM'S SUV

Stress sits in the passenger seat of the SUV and we HEAR
kids fighting in the backseat

STRESS LASS

...so you see, we have to get the gang back together and stop this Doctor Entity!

SOCCER MOM

Be quiet or I'm pulling over!

STRESS LASS

What?

SOCCER MOM

Not you, dear, Trey and Clay. I mean it! You'll be in a time out like you've never seen. Mom needs a little grown-up time right now. You were saying, dear?

STRESS LASS

That we have to get First and Jack and go stop this Doctor Entity.

SOCCER MOM

Oh, I don't know, dear. First isn't doing too well. He's at a school downtown and it's full of ruffians. I think he's been hitting the Vitamin X a little too hard.

STRESS LASS

Ecstasy?

SOCCER MOM

Xanax, dear. Stop it! (she pounds the seat)

STRESS LASS

I didn't do anything!

SOCCER MOM

Not you dear. Clay, I will take away your Xbox privileges for a week. They're good boys usually, but they need to get to the soccer field and burn off some energy. What was I saying? Oh, and Jack ... I don't like to think about where Jack's working.

STRESS LASS

Where is he?

SOCCER MOM

The L-O-C-K-E-R-R-O-O-M.

STRESS LASS

The Locker-

SOCCKER MOM

It's a G-A-Y bar.

STRESS LASS

Ooohhh.

SOCCKER MOM

Apparently he works as a dancer, if you know what I mean.

STRESS LASS

I'll go see First Amendment Lad first, then.

SOCCKER MOM

Good idea. I'm awfully busy, but I could schedule in some time to fight evil between 3:45 and 4:15 next Thursday, if Emma can take the kids to ballet - that's it, I am going to put you out of this car!

STRESS LASS

What did I do?

SOCCKER MOM

Not you, hon. Clay just flipped off a motorcyclist. He wants to start a car chase. Young man, you wait until your father gets home!

Stress shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. DOWNTOWN SCHOOL

A very harried looking First Amendment Lad slumps against a desk. His cup of coffee trembles in his hands and a cigarette dangle from his lips.

STRESS LASS

You don't look so hot.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

They're monsters. I don't know why we fought evil for so long to secure a safe future for these little rat bastards. All they want to do is be on MTV reality shows, and play video games.

STRESS LASS

That sounds awful.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

One kid asked me if James Polk was the "gay dude" from the third season of Road Rules. I didn't realize how far western civilization had fallen.

STRESS LASS

Soccer Mom says usually the kids are good, they just need to burn off energy.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

When they're not busy on TikTok they burn off energy by speed dialing votes for The Masked Singer. This is not what the Founding Fathers had in mind.

STRESS LASS

Like I said, the Costumed Adventurers are needed. They've been infiltrated and we've got to help them.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Frat can take care of himself, Stress.

STRESS LASS

This isn't about Frat!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Then what is it about?

STRESS LASS

Truth! Justice! The right to be a Costumed Adventurer without fear of being kidnapped and ransomed by your own teammates!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

I'm not calling you a liar, but if a Consortium of EvilDoers was smart enough to infiltrate us, they'd soon learn the Corporation is too cheap to ransom anyone.

STRESS LASS

But what if it's about more than money?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

How long were you a super-hero? It's always about the money, Stress.

STRESS LASS

Please, First! You're the backbone of the whole group.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD
 My back's been broken, Stress. First by
 the Corporation, and now by the
 indifference of America's youth and their
 parents.

The bell rings.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD
 (CONT'D)
 I have to go. Fourth period. We're
 discussing the Reconstruction. Ugh.

STRESS LASS
 Please, First!

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD
 Sorry.

First Amendment Lad walks off down the hall, and Stress
 EXITS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM BAR

Stress enters into a gay leather bar. On the podium, Jack
 B. Nimble dances in a g-string version of his old
 uniform. Stress pushes through a crowd of half-naked men
 to reach the dais and reacts in shock.

STRESS LASS
 Jack!

Jack doesn't look at her, he is consumed in his dancing.

JACK B. NIMBLE
 Lap dances start at \$10, sweetie.

STRESS LASS
 I don't want a - what happened to your
 costume?

JACK B. NIMBLE
 Stress! Oh, hey! Let me finish up my set.

He performs a neat bump and grind and finishes. He gets
 down and towels off as he speaks to Stress.

STRESS LASS
 I am so appalled I don't know what to
 say.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Have you never gone to a Chippendale's show? It's no different.

STRESS LASS

Jack! You're a Costumed Adventurer!

JACK B. NIMBLE

Was a Costumed Adventurer. They're all-new and all-different now. And your boyfriend is the leader.

STRESS LASS

He's not my - listen. There's a Consortium of EvilDoers -

JACK B. NIMBLE

Thanks, but I make more here.

STRESS LASS

I don't want you to join them! I want you to help me fight them!. They've infiltrated the Costumed Adventurers and they're going to kidnap Frat for ransom.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Are you sure YOU'RE not the Consortium of EvilDoers? It sounds kind of like your kind of gig.

STRESS LASS

I'm serious!

JACK B. NIMBLE

So am I! Listen. It was fun. But the city doesn't need us, Corporate obviously didn't want us, and your future ex-boyfriend can take care of himself. He looks like he's having fun on TV.

STRESS LASS

I'm sure he's just putting on a brave front.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Perhaps you have a new power - Self-Delusion Lass.

STRESS LASS

Please, come with me.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Soccer Mom? First Amendment Lad? I assume you talked to them first.

STRESS LASS

She can fight some evil next Thursday
between 3:45 and 4:15.

JACK B. NIMBLE

Uh-huh. Tell you what. You get them
together on this, I'm happy to zip by. If
I don't have a show. Now - you want a lap
dance, or not? I'm in demand because I'm
so quick.

STRESS LASS

No!

JACK B. NIMBLE

Ok. Gotta go, See ya!

Stress exits.

EXT. STREET

Stress walks dejectedly down the street.

STRESS LASS

Maybe I was just kidding myself. I knew
they wouldn't want to help me. Now where
do I go? There's no point in going back
to Frosty's. I'm sure those two EvilDoers
have left. They had to be lying when they
said they'd stay there. Oh, they were
right. We were losers. We were only good
when we stuck together. I should never
have crossed the picket line. It was the
beginning of the end when I tried to join
that new team.

Her voice is repeated back to her.

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

" ... tried to join that new team. Join
that new team. "

STRESS LASS

Am I in some kind of echo chamber?

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

"Join that new team. That new team."

STRESS LASS

Maybe its somebody's cell, like when you
get those echoes of your own voice and
you can't even pay attention to the
conversation because it's so irritating.

STRESS LASS (V.O.)
 "NEW TEAM! NEW TEAM!"

STRESS LASS
 OH! It's not an echo! It's my Intuition-
 Under-Duress Power! And it's telling me
 what to do!

She runs back to the front of the CA Headquarters.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)
 There's tons of other heroes! I don't
 have to rely on those guys! I can have my
 own auditions! I'll make my own team of
 Costumed Adventurers - although I
 probably can't call them that for
 trademark reasons - and use them to fight
 this Consortium of Evildoers! That's it!

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)
I can't sit around anymore
My life drained away by a plasma screen
tube!
To get the man and career I want
I'm going to have to move!

It's true, I slipped
My life seemed bleak and gray
But the winning background music
Of my favorite competition show
Tells me it's a brand new day!

It's time to fight!
I won't let inertia hold me back!
It's time to fight!
I'll follow up with a sneak attack!
It's time to fight!
This girl's finally back on track!
My doubts had kept me so down

Too anxious to come around
Till I realized stressing is my power
And now I'll make this team rebound!

It's time to fight!
I won't let inertia hold me back!
It's time to fight!
I'll follow up with a sneak attack!
It's time to fight!
This girl's finally back on track!

I'll do anything I have to you'll see
I'll find my way back to you
And finally you'll want me!

(MORE)

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

It's time to fight!
I won't let inertia hold me back!
It's time to fight!
I'll follow up with a sneak attack!
It's time to fight!
This girl's finally back on track!
I'm finally back on track!

END ACT ONE

OPEN ACT TWO

EXT. PARK BENCH AND TABLE

Stress Lass sits in the park and prepares for her tryouts. A sign saying Premiere Metahuman Squad Tryouts today. A TEENAGE GIRL walks up.

TEEN GIRL

Is this like, for a cheerleader squad?

STRESS LASS

Do you know who I am?

TEEN GIRL

The cheer camp den mother?

STRESS LASS

I'm only 25!

TEEN GIRL

You need to moisturize more.

STRESS LASS

I am a super hero and these are super-hero tryouts!

TEEN GIRL

For the Costumed Adventurers? I'll join up! Frat Boy is sooo dreamy.

STRESS LASS

Not for them! The Premiere Metahuman Squad!

TEEN GIRL

The PMS? Ewwww!

Three SUPER-HEROES line up behind her.

STRESS LASS

Oh my god, I should change that. Never mind! Get out of here! I have real heroes waiting to try out!

TEEN GIRL

W-ever!

Teen Girl EXITS.

STRESS LASS

All righty, then. What's your super-power name and your super power?

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

I'm Limb Fall-Off Boy! And I have the amazing super-power to make my limbs fall off!

His arm DROPS to the floor.

STRESS LASS

I am simultaneously repulsed and intrigued. And what can your limbs do once they've dropped off?

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

Usually they lay there until I pick them up.

STRESS LASS

Wait over there. Next?

SCRAPBOOOKER

I'm the Sensational Scrapbooker! I use my eye for detail and keen power of near-total recall of unimportant daily events, as well as my craft store-branded credit card to create colorful, personalized scrapbooks!

STRESS LASS

Will this help us defeat a Consortium of EvilDoers?

SCRAPBOOOKER

I don't know, but I'll sure make a nifty multi-media representational memento of the event!

STRESS LASS

Wait over there. Next?

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

I am Creative Visualization Person. I have the ability to visualize anything and then it comes true. What would you like to have come true?

Stress fairly leaps out of her seat.

STRESS LASS

There's a certain person I'd like you to imagine in an emotionally healthy, monogamous relationship.

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

Can you be more specific? Describe the person clearly, so there's no mistake.

STRESS LASS

He's got sandy-brown hair, has the best shoulders in the world, wears a tank top and board shorts for a costume. But he's a snake. A dog. A worm. But I love him --

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

Now imagine yourself in this person in a pink bubble, which signifies love and permanent bonding -

On a screen above them, the image of a pink bubble containing Stress Lass and Frat Boy embracing happily is projected.

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON (CONT'D)

Now repeat after me ... "This or something better now manifests itself for me."

STRESS LASS

"This or something better now manifests itself for me."

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

Now, release the bubble and let it fly into the cosmos where it will gather loving energies.

STRESS LASS

Okay! I did it. (The image disappears from the screen. Stress taps her foot). Why hasn't Frat Boy stopped thinking about fantasy football picks and called me to declare his undying love for me?

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

Miss Stress Lass, the nature of my power is such that it often take time for the visualization to attract the universe's positive energy to manifest into reality. And this "Frat Boy" may not be the one you truly need? Someone better may appear, as per our chant a few moments ago.

STRESS LASS

I don't want someone better, you hippie freak! How long will it take Frat Boy to love me?

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

Miss Lass, it has sometimes taken up to five years to gather the necessary--

STRESS LASS

FIVE YEARS!!!

The entire stage shakes under the onslaught of her stress waves. The other candidates cower under the attack.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm calm. Go over there.

She stands and addresses the new heroes.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're wondering why the city needs another super team, when it has the all-new, all-different Costumed Adventurers?

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

It does seem redundant.

STRESS LASS

Things are not exactly as they seem. I know for a fact the Costumed Adventurers have been infiltrated by a Consortium of EvilDoers and even now threaten to kidnap and ransom that gorgeous - their leader, Frat Boy. It's up to us to stop them.

SCRAPBOOKER

Why us?

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION
PERSON

Yes, whatever happened to the all-old, all-the-same Costumed Adventurers?

STRESS LASS

They're unavailable.

SCRAPBOOKER

They didn't believe you.

STRESS LASS

That too. But I know what I'm talking about. Someone has to step up to the heroic plate. I was never a great super-heroine ... sure, I looked great in my form-fitting outfit, but I let the others handle the load with their flashier powers. But now, I have to redeem myself. And you three new heroes will help me!

FROSTY (O.S.)

Make that four new heroes!

STRESS LASS

Frosty!

FROSTY

In the snowy flesh, doll-face!

STRESS LASS

But ... it could be really dangerous - and you're Titan City's only living snowman!

FROSTY

Danger is my middle name!

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

I thought your middle name was "the."

FROSTY

Well, it's not. I saw your ad, and I'm ready to help any way I can. And drinks afterwards will be half-price.

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION

PERSON

I visualized that.

FROSTY

Sure, you did.

STRESS LASS

Oh, Frosty. I love you. First, I'll need to mold you into an effective fighting force. Luckily, I have lots of hero training exercises that I remember from days as a Costumed Adventurer. Unfortunately, most of those involved equipment in the Corporate headquarters, so we'll have to improvise...

EXT. PARK BENCH AND TABLE

Inspiring montage-type music of "It's Time To Fight" plays as they race across the stage to simulate a movie montage.

They begin with jumping jacks and pushups: Limb-Fall-Off Boy keeps losing limbs. Scrapbooker gets out of breath and Creative Visualization Person gets dizzy and large pink helium-filled balloons (with the words "energetic," and "not tired,") escape from his hands.

Only Frosty has any stamina.

Stress chases a two-armed Limb-Fall-Off Boy across the stage with a large oversized hammer. They return and he chases her with one of his arms.

She then chases him back, and he trips over his own other arm.

She tries to shoot Creative Visualization Person with a ray gun, and he is knocked backwards by the impact, his pink bubble floating limply to the ceiling.

She lassoes Scrapbooker, and Scrapbooker attempts to memorialize the event with glitter pens and stickers.

She shoots Frosty with heat rays, which he gamely dodges, until a klutzy Limb-Fall-Off Boy blunders onto the stage chasing a skidding leg, which trips up Frosty and they all land in a heap of snow and limbs.

Stress moans and shakes her head as the montage music ends.

STRESS LASS

You guys are pathetic! Have you never used your super-powers to fight evil? Or even tried a push-up?

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

Push-ups are not that easy.

STRESS LASS

Forget it. I was an idiot to think I could assemble a team of heroes to fight this Consortium.

SCRAPBOOKER

I thought we did pretty well! I circled my name in silver glitter every time I did more than 3 push-ups!

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION

PERSON

And I visualized myself as being battle-ready for anything!

STRESS LASS

You're about as battle ready as a bendy straw.

FROSTY

I've seen a guy take out an eye with a bendy straw.

STRESS LASS

I was kidding myself. PMS? Ha! Forget it. All of you. Just go home. I'll find a way to handle this myself.

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

But I like being a super-hero.

SCRAPBOOKER

I do too.

STRESS LASS

Just because you like a thing, doesn't mean you should do it.

(MORE)

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

Look at Republicans and sex. Just ...
leave me alone to my misery.

The three would-be heroes file out. Frosty stands back.

FROSTY

Sure you don't need something? Cucumber
mask? Green apple-tini?

STRESS LASS

Maybe later, Frosty. Thank you.

Frosty EXITS.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

I guess it's true. I was a second rate
hero. Ha! Third rate. Oh well. At least I
still have my DVR.

Stress EXITS.

INT. COSTUMED ADVENTURERS HEADQUARTERS

Frat Boy and Project Manager discuss their next mission.

PROJECT MANAGER

Aunt Phlo thinks it would be quite a
public relations coup.

FRAT BOY

It just doesn't sound very heroic.

PROJECT MANAGER

There's only so many cats you can pull
out of trees and graffiti to clean up to
keep getting photo ops.

FRAT BOY

But a dry cleaners convention?

PROJECT MANAGER

Apparently their opinions are very
powerful. The North American Dry Cleaning
and Coin-Operated Laundry Association
substantially influenced the vote on the
last two seasons of The Masked Singer.

FRAT BOY

Wow. That explains a lot. Okay. We're
off. Costumed Adventurers ... Away!

PROJECT MANAGER

And Marketing has been tweaking that tagline. They want you to yell, "Costumed - for Adventure!" from now on.

FRAT BOY

Costumed ... for Adventure!

PROJECT MANAGER

No, its more of an em dash between the "Costumed and "for Adventure - not a ellipses.

FRAT BOY

What's the diff?

PROJECT MANAGER

An ellipses is the dot dot dot and it indicates a pause for an unfinished thought or trailing off into silence. And an em dash is used when the full-stop of a period is too strong and the pause of a comma is too weak.

FRAT BOY

Costumed - for Adventure!

PROJECT MANAGER

Perfect. Go get 'em, guy. And make sure you fill out your timesheets, I have to get these to payroll.

FRAT BOY

On it!

Frat Boy EXITS.

EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS

Aunt Phlo, Copier Lad and the Tans are waiting outside. Aunt Phlo smokes a cigarette and Xero Lad plays with his utility belt of paper clips, staplers and different thicknesses of paper samples. The Tans lay on a blanket and soak up the sunlight. A Kinko's sign is in the background, as is a sign saying "Darkened Alleyway."

FRAT BOY

We're off to the dry cleaner convention.

AUNT PHLO

Smoking! It's conveniently located at the Titan City Convention Center, right down this darkened alley. We'll follow you.

Frat walks into the alley.

FRAT BOY

Wow, it's dark. How do these dry cleaners find the entrance?

AUNT PHLO

Dry cleaners have their solutions. Now!

A terrific battle ensues. Aunt Phlo unleashes cramps and hot flashes on Frat Boy.

FRAT BOY

Ugh! Feels like I ate too many burritos standing upside down during a kegger. And so hot ...ugh.

AUNT PHLO

Quick, Copier!

Copier runs across the street to Kinko's and grabs whiteboard markers and holds them under Frat's nose.

FRAT BOY

Whoa! More of a rush than my frat initiation ... have to use all my alcohol-tolerance power to stay conscious...

AUNT PHLO

Now, Tans!

Tan Man and Tan Woman struggle to sit up from their prone position. They yawn, lazily and pick through Tan Woman's beach bag.

AUNT PHLO (CONT'D)

Today, please!

Tan Man pulls out a bottle of suntan lotion marked Tan-Paralyzation Lotion.

TAN MAN

You're only supposed to use this when you want to stay very still while tanning those hard to reach spots like under your arms.

AUNT PHLO

Trust me, we want this one very still.

They rub the paralyzing lotion all over him and he freezes into place.

AUNT PHLO (CONT'D)

Bwah-ha-ha! At last! We've got him! Now our evil plans can fall into place! Help me get him into the Consortium's SU-eVil and get him back to our secret headquarters, which is not disguised as a mountain in the middle of a city, where we will hold him for ransom. We'll demand a million dollars - or we will kill Frat Boy on live national television!

COPIER LAD

Aren't there some FCC regulations about showing live executions on television? Especially during prime time?

Aunt Phlo lights a cigarette and walks menacingly over to Copier Lad.

AUNT PHLO

Yes. Yes there are. Hundreds of them. But they don't matter. Do you want to know why they don't matter?

COPIER LAD

My hair is held in place by very flammable ink toner, you shouldn't get that cigarette too close to me ...

AUNT PHLO

Do you?

COPIER LAD

Yes!

AUNT PHLO

Because we're criminals! We break laws for a living!

COPIER LAD

It just seems ... I don't know ... worse if you do it on TV. More real, or more ...

AUNT PHLO

Evil?

COPIER LAD

Yeah!

AUNT PHLO

THAT'S THE POINT!

She walks back to the paralyzed Frat Boy and caresses him.

AUNT PHLO (CONT'D)

But first ... I have some special attention for you, my gorgeous hunk!

INT. STRESS LASS'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Stress is again on the couch, eating ice cream when the Announcer comes on with a news flash.

ANNOUNCER

We interrupt the America's Next Top Model marathon to bring you this news flash - a group of villains calling themselves the Consortium of EvilDoers has kidnapped Frat Boy, leader of the All-New, All-Different Costumed Adventurers. They are demanding 36 million dollars, a flight to Mexico and a formal presidential request of the National Association of Grammaticians (NAG) to have ellipses deleted from the English Language. More on this story tonight at 11. Now back to America's Next Top Model.

Stress continues to watch television and eat ice cream.

INT. STRESS LASS'S APARTMENT - NEXT NIGHT

Stress sits on the couch eating Ho-Hos.

ANNOUNCER

Tonight at 11 - the heart-wrenching story of ex-Costumed Adventurer Fist Amendment Lad, who attempted to save kidnapped Costumed Adventurer leader Frat Boy, from a gang of terrorist known as the Consortium of Evildoers. Also, what would you do if you found a half-eaten tuna sandwich in your luggage you check your bags? That and more on Eyepopping News at eleven.

Stress stuffs another Ho-Ho in her mouth.

INT. STRESS LASS'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

Stress eats a large pizza.

ANNOUNCER

Coming up after The Masked Singer ... why one contestant causes the judges to break out in a rash! Plus, we'll have breaking news on the additional ransom demands for Costumed Adventurer Frat Boy ... and why the city claims they can't meet the demands, and why the EvilDoers say they will kill Frat at midnight tonight right here on Channel 12! Plus, we'll have the ten-day weather forecast from Skip Skipperson!

Stress sighs and stares at the piece of pizza in her hands. She hears memories of her last dinner with Frat Boy.

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

No, Frat - they can put anchovies on your half of the pizza.

FRAT BOY (V.O.)

No, no no -we'll have it all green pepper and mushroom, because that's what you like. I want my best girl to be happy before we go to the kegger, don't I? Plus if you hurl again, the anchovy smell will be nasty.

STRESS LASS (V.O.)

Oh, Frat... You think of everything.

Stress throws the pizza slice back in the box.

STRESS LASS

Damn my Agitated-Guilt-By-Associated Memory properties.

She gets up and heads for her door.

INT. CONSORTIUM OF EVILDOERS HQ

Doctor Entity hangs up the phone in disgust. Aunt Phlo caresses the paralyzed and mostly-naked Frat Boy with more paralyzing tanning lotion.

TAN WOMAN

That's more than enough, Aunt Phlo.

AUNT PHLO

I don't think so. I want to make sure he's good and stiff for later.

TAN WOMAN

What's happening later?

AUNT PHLO

Oh, nothing. I'm just going to give our hero here a night to remember. So, Entity - what's the word on the ransom?

DOCTOR ENTITY

Still no word at all. It's quite frustrating. I felt sure they would simply have refused us by now. By making us wait, Project Manager is doing a far better job of stalling than I though his abilities allowed. Ah, well. It will be over soon.

AUNT PHLO

Not too soon.

She rubs more lotion onto the paralyzed hero. Suddenly, there is a commotion and Stress Lass bursts through the door.

STRESS LASS

Not the most unsuspecting of hideouts, you Evildoers!

AUNT PHLO

How did you find us?

DOCTOR ENTITY

I covered all the bases! There's no way you could have figured out where we were!

STRESS LASS

Except that whenever I had facials, I heard you two talking. I thought it was perhaps coincidence that you two would meet to discuss your evil plans over a spa treatment - until Frosty mentioned that he'd begun renting the basement out to the C.O.E. Corporation - which could only be the Consortium of Evildoers!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Damn that snowman!

AUNT PHLO

I'll melt every one of his extremities off!

STRESS LASS

No, you won't! I'm here to put an end to your evildoing, evildoers!

AUNT PHLO

You and what army?

STRESS LASS

I'm an original Costumed Adventurer!
That's all that's needed to take you down!

She sees Aunt Phlo rubbing lotion onto Frat Boy.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

What do you think you're you doing to my future husband?

AUNT PHLO

Future husband? Not after I'm done with him, sweetie. He's prime beef and I'm ready for a barbecue

STRESS LASS

We'll see about that! How about a Sensitive-to-Light Migraine!

Stress gestures and Aunt Phlo drops to the ground in pain.

AUNT PHLO

Ohh! Momma's got a headache!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Don't just stand there you fools! Get her!

TAN MAN

She's got our special paralyzing tanning lotion.

DOCTOR ENTITY

You don't have any other weapons in your arsenal?

Tan Man and Tan Woman whisper to each other.

DOCTOR ENTITY (CONT'D)

Well?

TAN MAN

We can absorb all the light in the room so she wouldn't be able to see.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Neither will we!

TAN MAN

We have very specific powers, and we weren't with the Costumed Adventurers long enough to have their R&D department work up more cool gadgets for us.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Oh, fine. Drain the lights.

Tan Man and Tan Woman spread their towels out and lay down. Nothing happens. Stress taps her foot.

DOCTOR ENTITY (CONT'D)

Well?

TAN MAN

Florescent lights are a tougher wavelength than natural light. It'll probably take about 12-15 minutes.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Twelve to fifteen minutes? Okay, anyone? Anything?

Copier Lad aims a toner cartridge at her.

COPIER LAD

Surrender and I won't have to go ink blot on you!

STRESS LASS

Like I'm worried about that! This costume is 100% polyblend and stain-resistant!

COPIER LAD

Ahh, but this ink has some special properties - hallucinogenic properties - if improperly installed in a space without proper ventilation!

A squirt of the ink hits Stress Lass, and she reels.

STRESS LASS

I can't see - that smell, wait a minute. Frat! Oh, Frat! I knew you'd rescue me!

Stress begins kissing Copier Lad.

DOCTOR ENTITY

And how long will this last?

COPIER LAD

The label says open the windows and consult a physician.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Where are we going to find a physician at this time of night?

COPIER LAD

Well, your name IS Doctor Entity ...

DOCTOR ENTITY

I have a doctorate in Evilology, you moron, not medicine! What kind of physician goes into crime?

COPIER LAD

HMOs are kind of evil.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Yes, but doctors make lots of money and have their own parking spaces. There's no motivation to put on spandex and turn to a life of super-villainy.

COPIER LAD

I guess you're right.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Clearly copier machine technicians have more aggravated issues. Enough! Tie her up next to the other one.

Copier Lad ties Stress up to Frat Boy. She begins to come out of her daze.

STRESS LASS

Oh, Frat ... I spoiled everything.

FRAT BOY

(Mumbles)

STRESS LASS

What? You love me anyway, even though I essentially caused the downfall of our team by crossing the picket line to be with you, and then failed to mold a bunch of rejects into a fighting team in the grand Costumed Adventurers tradition in order to rescue you? Oh, Frat -it means so much to me to hear you say that!

Frat Boy shakes his head emphatically.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

What's that? You think this whole near-death experience and your abduction by that horrible woman has made you realize you want to settle down with me if we survive all this? Oh, yes, Frat! I want that same thing.

Frat hangs his head down in frustration.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

What is it?

He points with his head.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

There's something behind Doctor Entity?

DOCTOR ENTITY

Please! Not the oldest trick in the book!

STRESS LASS

I think he's right, though.

The Evildoers look around and Phlo, still recovering from her migraine, shivers.

DOCTOR ENTITY

I know exactly what's behind me. A locked door, to which I have the only key. So anything trying to get it would have to knock down the door, which of course, I would hear and be able to get out of the way before I could be incapacitated. So please don't insult my intelligence.

Something moves behind him.

COPIER LAD

Boss, I think they're right - I think something is behind you.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Ridiculous! No one even knows we're here and no one else has a key!

FROSTY (O.S.)

One person does.

The door flies open, knocking Doctor Entity down.

FROSTY (CONT'D)

The landlord. And it's time to pay the rent!

Frosty begins beating up Doctor Entity.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Help!

Aunt Phlo steadies herself.

AUNT PHLO

I've had just about enough of that snowman.

She gestures and sends heat waves towards Frosty. He staggers under the assault and Copier Lad follows up by shooting staples.

COPIER LAD

How about some double-sided collation?

Frosty is stapled against the wall, and dripping. Doctor Entity rises to his feet.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Finally. And another lovely addition to my collection. Perhaps I should try and complete the whole set and keep all my Costumed Adventurers in mint condition - forever! Bwah-ha-ha-ha!

STRESS LASS

Now all hope is really gone. Oh, Frat Boy ... Frosty ... It's really the end of the Costumed Adventurers!

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY (V.O.)

Not so fast!

He hops on stage, wielding his leg, followed by Scrapbooker and Creative Visualization Person.

STRESS LASS

It can't be! My PMS!

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

That's right! We followed you here to see if we could be of help, and waited until it looked as though all hope was gone, so that we could rush in dramatically to save the day.

STRESS LASS

That's great, but if Frat Boy and I, actual members of the Original Costumed Adventurers, couldn't defeat this gang of evildoers, I'm not sure you raw and untested recruits can!

SCRAPBOOKER

We're sure going to give it the old college try! And then I'm going to add a page in my scrapbook about this my first actual super villain battle!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Who are you morons?

LIMB FALL-OFF BOY

Limb Fall-Off Boy!

SCRAPBOOKER

The Scrapbooker!

CREATIVE VISUALIZATION

PERSON

Creative Visualization Person!

The Evildoers begin to laugh hysterically.

AUNT PHLO

The Scrap- The ScrapBooker!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Ooooh! Don't "visualize" beating me up!

Limb takes off one of his arms and waves it.

COPIER LAD

Shouldn't there be some blood and organ tissue residue when your arm falls off like that?

LIMB FALL-OFF BOY

No, that's the whole point. Listen. We're the Premiere Metahuman Squad and we're -

AUNT PHLO

The what? The PMS? Oh my god!

LIMB-FALL-OFF BOY

As soon as you stop laughing, we're going to pummel you all into unconsciousness and deliver you to the authorities.

COPIER LAD

With your arm? Ewww, that's gross.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Pummel away, you PMSing Adventurer wannabes! I think you'll find we have more than enough firepower for all of you!

Aunt Phlo gestures and Scrapbooker's scrapbook bursts into flames and she drops it.

SCRAPBOOKER

That wasn't very polite.

AUNT PHLO

Why don't you make a scrapbook about the time you lost your scrapbook, then! Your power should be good for that, at last.

SCRAPBOOKER

It is. Luckily, I have some other powers that might be more useful. Sit DOWN in the backseat, before I have to TURN this car around!

The Evildoers are suddenly cowed into submission. Copier Lad sits down on top of Aunt Phlo.

DOCTOR ENTITY

That's not a scrapbooking type of power. I've seen that power before. It's the power of someone whose used to very unruly children in very confined spaces - oh no! You're no scrapbooker - you're - Soccer Mom!

Scrapbooker pulls off her mask to reveal her true identity.

SOCCER MOM

Right you are! Are you all right, hon?

STRESS LASS

Soccer! What - but how?

SOCCER MOM

We can talk later. I think right now we need to take care of this evildoer business.

DOCTOR ENTITY

And if you're Soccer Mom, I'd wager my evil diploma that Creative Visualization person has to be that purveyor of the intangible and inalienable - First Amendment Lad!

CVP pulls off his mask and reveals himself.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Too right. And as you know, convicted felons forfeit all their citizenship rights, as you'll find out first hand when we send you to prison!

DOCTOR ENTITY

But then you must be Jack B. Nimble - but how did you achieve the limb falling off effects?

JACK B. NIMBLE

I'm a costume designer in my secret identity - you think I don't have a few extra mannequin parts lying around?

STRESS LASS

But ... where are the real PMSers?

AUNT PHLO

Oh, let me answer that!

DOCTOR ENTITY

More importantly, why are you disguised as these third-rate heroes?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We ARE the real PMSers! We always were! After Stress came to us, we doubted her sincerity. After all, she'd nearly fallen into collusion with your lot. Sorry about that, Stress.

STRESS LASS

No, that's fine. Go on with your explanation, I'm just sitting here captured by the villains. I'm not going anywhere.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We decided to see if there was any truth to her story - and if she was serious in her goal of saving the real Costumed Adventurers and not just making out with Frat Boy.

STRESS LASS

It couldn't be a little of both?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

We dressed up as these heroes and we tried out for her group. We couldn't use our real powers for fear of giving ourselves away, but we saw she was truly trying to right that which is wrong, fight injustice and serve all mankind.

STRESS LASS

I feel like I've heard that somewhere before.

DOCTOR ENTITY

It doesn't matter! PMSers or old Costumed Adventurers, we have you in our lair and we're going to take care of you once and for all! Tan Man! The lights?

TAN MAN

Still working on that.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Great Hopping Photons! Never mind! Get them!

Aunt Phlo attacks first, sending heat waves at the Costumed Adventurers. They stumble back and Copier Lad presses the attack with his stapler and ink toner cartridge. First Amendment Lad, Soccer Mom and Jack B. Nimble are pushed backwards, but they continue to fight.

Stress works on rubbing off the paralyzing lotion from Frat Boy.

STRESS LASS

If only I can rub all of this paralyzing lotion off of Frat Boy in time to help our colleagues! His awesome powers which include the strength of an entire fraternity, and the ability to drink an entire keg, would no doubt turn the tide of battle! But this lotion is everywhere. Oh! Even there!

FRAT BOY

It - It's working, Stress. But unless you get it off of my most vital area, I won't be able to summon my awesome fraternity powers!

STRESS LASS

But - I'm a nice girl! I would never ...
rub a man there in public! What would my
parents think?

The battle goes poorly for the Adventurers. They are
backed into a corner by the villains.

DOCTOR ENTITY

And now - the coup de grace! My amazing
Life Cessation Ray will immediately,
completely and finally halt all life in
their bodies!

COPIER LAD

Why isn't it just called a "death ray"?

DOCTOR ENTITY

Anyone can have a Death Ray, you ink-
brained twit! Only Doctor Entity could
create a total Life Cessation Ray, which
does more than induce death, it stops
life forever and without any hope of
revival, such as one might read about in
a comic book!

COPIER LAD

I'm not sure I'm understanding the
difference.

DOCTOR ENTITY

If you don't shut up I am going to
demonstrate the difference starting with
you.

FRAT BOY

Stress! You have to rub the last of the
paralyzing lotion off of me! It's the
only way to save our friends from certain
death at the hands of this madman!

DOCTOR ENTITY

Certain cessation of life, you mean!

FRAT BOY

Stress!

Finally, she closes her eyes, thrusts her hand behind the
strategically placed props and rubs off the last of the
lotion.

Frat Boy's immense strength returns to him. He flexes, and then grabs a strategically placed prop, and charges into battle. Picking up the arm used by Jack, he threatens Aunt Phlo with it.

AUNT PHLO

It's not nice to hit a lady!

FRAT BOY

I'm not going to hit you! I just want to give you a hand!

He swats her and she goes reeling into the wall. Frat picks up the burned scrapbook, rolls it up and goes to Copier Lad.

COPIER LAD

You can't hit someone with glasses!

FRAT BOY

I don't need to. I just need to fix this paper jam!

Frat shoves the rolled up paper into Copier Lad's behind and pushes him to the ground. Frat picks up the pink balloon CVP used and walks to Tan Man and Tan Woman.

TAN MAN

You're blocking our light.

FRAT BOY

Yeesh! I don't even need to do anything to you losers.

He tosses the balloon away and he strides over to Doctor Entity. Meanwhile, Stress gets free and sneaks up behind Entity.

DOCTOR ENTITY

Not another step! Or you'll watch your friend's lives cease!

FRAT BOY

There's a dozen ways I can stop you before you can pull that trigger.

DOCTOR ENTITY

I doubt it. Try any of them and it's curtains for all of you!

FRAT BOY

Curtains aren't what you need to worry about.

DOCTOR ENTITY

No? Then what do I need to worry about?

STRESS LASS

Your stress levels!

Stress knocks him out with a heavy and strategically-placed prop. Doctor Entity crumples to the floor and she runs to Frat Boy.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

Oh, Frat! We did it!

FRAT BOY

We sure did! We do make a good team.

STRESS LASS

So we should make it a more official thing.

FRAT BOY

Exactly!

STRESS LASS

Oh, Frat! You mean it?

FRAT BOY

Of course I do! Let's get the original Costumed Adventurers back together!

He goes to help First Amendment Lad and the others up to their feet.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Agreed! We'll reform the team!

The others cheer. Only Stress looks unhappy.

STRESS LASS

I was kind of hoping for a different kind of official thing, damn it.

FROSTY

Little help over here?

STRESS LASS

Oh, sorry, Frosty!

She unstaples him and helps him to his feet.

FROSTY

Thanks, doll. Anytime you want a real snow man, you know who to call.

JACK B. NIMBLE

So what do we do with all these
unconscious evildoers?

SOCCER MOM

Yes. Project Manager used to handle all
those chores.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

How could I have forgotten! We can't re-
form the Costumed Adventurers!

SOCCER MOM

Why on Earth not?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Because we went on strike and that name
is a legal trademark of the Corporation,
all rights reserved. We'll have to call
ourselves something else.

STRESS LASS

PMSers is free.

JACK B. NIMBLE

No way.

FRAT BOY

How about the Theta Chi's?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

For a super-hero team?

FRAT BOY

It was just a suggestion.

PROJECT MANAGER (O.S.)

How about Costumed Adventurers?

ALL

Project Manager!

Project Manager walks in with an armful of contracts.

PROJECT MANAGER

On behalf of the Corporation, I'd like to
offer you renewed contracts as the All-
Official, All-Original Costumed
Adventurers.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Oh, no. We aren't signing anything
without a lawyer present, first.

PROJECT MANAGER

Aren't you, in fact, a lawyer in your secret identity?

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Yes, but ... oh well, give them here.

First Amendment Lad reads the new contracts.

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

(CONT'D)

Inclusive health care benefits ... time and a half for hours over 35 a week ... flex time ... what gives? This isn't the Corporation I worked for.

PROJECT MANAGER

I don't know what to tell you. The new owner was quite specific in his terms.

FRAT BOY

New owner? But who would have the kind of liquid assets to buy out the city's premiere super-hero franchise and all its associated licensing rights?

FROSTY

If you're talking liquid assets ...

They all turn to stare at Frosty.

STRESS LASS

Frosty! You?

FROSTY

What can I tell you? I'm a philanthropist at heart. And it's a hell of a tax shelter.

FRAT BOY

So, where do we sign?

PROJECT MANAGER

Right here.

They all sign their contracts.

PROJECT MANAGER (CONT'D)

Now. Why don't you all head upstairs to Frosty's and I'll get the cleaning service in here to deal with this.

FRAT BOY

All right! First round's on me!

They all dash off except for Stress, who sits forlornly.

PROJECT MANAGER

You okay?

STRESS LASS

Yes, yes. I'm fine.

PROJECT MANAGER

I'll be back, I need to make sure they're not using the company expense account. Frosty was very specific about that as well.

Project Manager exits. Stress walks around, kicks Aunt Phlo who groans.

STRESS LASS

I can't believe it. All that work and a happy ending for everyone but me. Oh, well. I can't think about that. I'll worry about that tomorrow. After all ... tomorrow is another day.

STRESS LASS (CONT'D)

**Was I asking for so much
Joint bank accounts? A ring?
Just that strong touch
to make me sing
All I ever wanted to know is
what I'm worth to you ...**

**What am I worth to you?
More than this team and beer?
Am I worth a kegger or two?
Three words are all I need to hear
But I'm afraid they'd be
"Got another brew?"**

(CONT'D)

Copier Lad groans.

STRESS LASS

No editorial comments!

Frat Boy enters with an apple-tini in his hands.

FRAT BOY

Not much of a party up there without you.

STRESS LASS

Oh, Frat. If only you cared about me the way I care about you.

The other Costumed Adventurers come in and stand behind them, drinks in hand, watching the tender scene.

FRAT BOY

Awww, Stress. Come on. I'm young, have great shoulders and I'm full of hormones. You can't expect me to want to get tied down already.

STRESS LASS

I suppose not.

Frat comes up and hugs her.

FRAT BOY

But once I am ready, you're probably the third or fourth girl on the list I'd want to settle down with.

Stress breaks away.

STRESS LASS

Third! Fourth!!

FRAT BOY

Ow! I'm kidding! Well, except for Jennifer Lopez! Ouch!

He runs off stage, Stress chasing him. The others laugh and Frat and Stress come back on as the song starts.

ALL

**Now that we're all back together
There's no threat we can't face
So it's time for adventure
Any time, any place!**

JACK B. NIMBLE

Sometimes you get on my nerves

FIRST AMENDMENT LAD

Sometimes you won't do what your told

FRAT BOY

You make stupid mistakes

SOCCKER MOM

And you make me feel old

ALL

But when work as a team
There's nothing we can't achieve
No goal we can't reach
We just have to believe

Now it's time for adventure
Time to go head-to-head
Making life safe for the city

PROJECT MANAGER

Not to mention make some bread!

ALL

It's time for adventure
Put our costumes back on
As a team all together
There's no one as strong
Yes, it's time for adventure
So yeah, bring it on!
Just bring it on!

Lights go out.

TAN MAN

Told you! 15 minutes on the dot! Hello?
Doctor Entity? Anybody?

THE END