

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SHARDS OF GLASS rain down in silent SLOW MOTION.

They're pretty.

Until the sound of the scene begins to fade up and we hear SCREAMING.

The sound gets louder as the glass falls faster until it's REAL TIME and we are --

INT. NEWS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Chaos: HOSTAGES scream and run from falling skylight glass.

Glass pierces skin. Blood sprays.

An ALREADY WOUNDED SECURITY GUARD tries to stand when BAM! something lands on him.

It's a BODY, of a woman, our "hero": PATTY HALE (46) mother, wife and wanna-be crime-fighter. Eventually she'll become the vigilante, MOTHERFUCKER but for now she's just in DEEP SHIT!

Patty rolls off the Security Guard...

PATTY

I'm sorry!

...Just in time, as a support beam falls and SHUCK!, embeds itself into the Security Guard's gut.

SECURITY GUARD

Ahh!

PATTY

Oh god! No! I'm sorry!

More debris rains down. Patty suddenly falls to her knees, an odd look on her face. Blood starts to trickle beneath her.

PATTY (CONT'D)

(Re: blood) Is that mine?

Patty feels her gut but we see the problem -- a huge chunk of SKYLIGHT GLASS is sunk DEEP in her back.

With panicked logic, Patty tries to collect her blood.

PATTY (CONT'D)

No. No!

She collapses onto the floor beside the dying security guard.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Tell my kids I love them.

A pool of blood grows as Patty becomes lifeless.

SUPER: 48 HOURS EARLIER

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY GREAT ROOM - MORNING

It's a totally different world: a suburban, family breakfast. And Patty is a totally different person: a bored, grumpy Mom making lunches for her 2 teens.

PATTY
Hazel, I can't remember, are you doing
bread or not?

HAZEL (14) looks up long enough from her iPhone to SCOFF at Patty. Scoff, in a word, that's Hazel.

HAZEL
Oh my god, do not say doing bread.

And that's the only answer Patty will get as HENRY (11) with earbuds in, BURSTS into a bad sing-along with Jay Z.

HENRY
Feelin' like a pimp -- go and
brush your shoulders off...

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Henry, shut up!

PATTY
Does that mean yes to bread?

HENRY
Ladies is pimps too --

HAZEL
SHUT. UP.

PATTY
-- or no to bread?

Adding to the din, RON (48) Patty's career-focused, Police Detective husband enters LAUGHING mid-phone call.

RON
I hear that!

PATTY
Can I get an answer please, Hazel on
the BREAD?!

RON
SHHH, Patty. It's the Captain!

Patty is pissed -- why isn't he SHHHing Hazel or Jay-Z?

HAZEL
Why can't you just give me money, like everyone else's parents?

HENRY
I want money too.

PATTY
(Re: food) This IS money. You have to buy food!

RON
SHHH! (to Captain) See you then.

Ron ends the conversation.

RON (CONT'D)
I could barely hear the Captain.

PATTY
Right now in literally any other room in this house you can hear a pin drop.

RON
I'm shadowing today.

PATTY
Shadowing who? The Captain?

RON
Yes, I told you! It's all about the politics if I want this promotion.

PATTY
I got two promotions and I never shadowed anyone.

RON
That was 15 years ago.

PATTY
Yes but the test must still --

RON
Everything's changed since you were a cop, Pats, I've told you a million times. (To Kids) Guys, let's get going.

PATTY

I thought I was driving. I haven't finished lunches.

RON

I'll just give them money.

Hazel and Henry exit with Ron as Patty protests.

PATTY

I guess I'll eat these lunches then. And I'll clear the table. (sarcastic) Yeah, you guys go, I'll just add "clean everyone else's mess" to the list of chores that I do that no one appreciates!

They are gone. Patty wishes she were too.

EXT. SECRET MILITARY TEST FACILITY - SAME TIME

A nondescript building somewhere in the Baltimore suburbs. It appears deserted until TWO MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS exit the building and BUZZ open the gate. We see why.

A DEAD MOTORCYCLIST (or so we think) is splayed in the road.

A MP checks for a pulse - nothing. But suddenly the motorcyclist revives and, BLAM! BLAM! shoots the MPs dead!

The Motorcyclist takes off his helmet. This is LANCE (20's) heroine-skinny and if we didn't notice before, his gun IS his arm. He speaks to an unseen person.

LANCE

I'm in. I'm coming.

Lance heads for the building.

INT. PATTY'S GREAT ROOM -- MEANWHILE

The room is now clean. Patty folds a big pile of laundry. A beat of angry folding then Patty catches her reflection in a mirror; the pudgy, frowning woman and the life she leads is NOT what Patty imagined.

Patty lifts her shirt and waggles her belly fat, it's the embodiment of all that is wrong in her life. She returns to the laundry but instead of folding it, takes her frustration out on it and RIIIIIIIIIPS a pair of Ron's boxers in HALF!

PATTY

ArghhhhhhhHH!

That felt good! Patty grabs the laundry and tries...to rip...several...other...pieces...of...clothing...but...CAN'T!

Patty slumps, defeated by laundry.

INT. SECRET MILITARY TEST FACILITY - MEANWHILE

Lance rounds a corner to find a WAITING MP who shoots, BLAM!

Lance retreats. While his right arm is a gun, his left is a prosthetic. Like a Pez dispenser, he flicks his wrist and a grenade rolls into his hand. He pulls the pin and bowls it around the corner.

WAITING MP (O.S.)

Shit.

...is all we hear before the grenade explodes, BOOM!

INT. SECRET MILITARY TEST LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Lance steps through a hole created by the blast into a cavernous room; it's a strange mix of surgical suite, chemistry lab and prison.

In the middle of the room, a comatose PFC. ANGELA DIAZ, 27, lies on a bed inside a foot-thick Plexiglas and lead prison.

Eventually she'll be known as BRAINSTORM, Motherfucker's nemesis, but for now she's in a medically induced coma with fiber optic strands running from her brain to machines.

Lance approaches the prison.

LANCE

What did they do to you?

Angela answers telepathically; the only sign of life is her fiber optics glowing brighter blue.

ANGELA IN A COMA (V.O.)

I need your grenade to get me out.

LANCE

Of course.

Lance flicks his wrist but Angela stops him.

ANGELA IN A COMA (V.O.)

No, your regular grenade won't make a dent -- you'll need to enhance it. The RH is behind you.

Just the word, RH, terrifies Lance. He turns to see a BAG OF BLUE RH PILLS.

LANCE

RH? But -- didn't they abandon these tests? And -- Simon is the only guy who ever survived RH.

ANGELA IN A COMA (V.O.)

He was the only survivor. It was beautiful, Lance. I was so --powerful. Too powerful. They stuck me in here, started poking around my brain.

Suddenly, a MAN WITH ARMORED SKIN enters the room. Lance SHOOTS, BLAM! but the bullet ricochets off the man's skin.

ANGELA IN A COMA (V.O.)

Stop! He's with us. Just in case.

LANCE

Just in case what? The RH kills me? Or it melts my brain and I try to kill you?!

ANGELA IN A COMA (V.O.)

Yes. But one pill won't kill you. Probably. I've taken dozens. RH isn't going to end us, Lance, it's going to make us.

Lance, scared, thinks twice then pops a pill in his mouth.

For a moment, nothing. Then with rising terror Lance starts to transform: his BRAIN STEM GLOWS, his skin CRAWLS and he falls to the floor in pain and cries out!

LANCE

Ahhhhhhh!

HIS CRY MATCHES:

INT. MINIVAN - MEANWHILE

Patty CRIES like a baby. Snot, spit, she really goes for it!

The passenger door opens and JENNIFER (46) Patty's best friend, a self-obsessed, partier (aka NOT a Mom) gets in.

JENNIFER

Wow it's like a rainforest in here.

Jennifer hands Patty a Kleenex.

PATTY

Thank god. I've been blowing my nose into this sports bra.

JENNIFER

I've done way worse things to compression garments.

Patty blows her nose.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm actually jealous -- I haven't had a good cry in -- ages. See, one more reason to start online dating again.

PATTY

Sometimes I can't believe this is my life. Every day, you know what I can count on? Being mad, being fat and doing chores. Jesus, I feel like I am chores: clean and clean and *what's for dinner?* again and again and -- Last week I was making a bag for Goodwill and there was this jacket. Way too small because apparently I can gain weight on my upper back! Anyway, in the pocket I found a *To Do List* from 8 years ago and, you know what? It was exactly the same as the *To Do List* I had for that day. EXACTLY: Groceries. Dry cleaning. Silent auction meeting. Go to the gym, question mark. Exactly the same!

JENNIFER

That's -- eye opening.

PATTY

Yeah! I've been doing exactly the same thing every day for 8 years. Longer! But you know the best part? No one in my family appreciates it!

JENNIFER

And that's why you murdered your laundry?

PATTY

Exactly.

Patty blows her nose. At the same time in her BG, we see Lance's explosion, BOOM! A mushroom rises into the sky.

The van rocks a bit.

JENNIFER

Jesus, that's some blow.

INT. SECRET MILITARY TEST FACILITY -- MEANWHILE

The Armored Man rises from rubble to see Lance who is HUGE, like a Gold's Gym "roid head" -- we'll call him HUGE LANCE.

HUGE LANCE

Holy shit, it worked!

Huge Lance surveys the damage done by his enhanced grenade; a hole has been blown through Angela's foot-thick prison but perhaps most impressively, the next 6 walls are GONE and we can see trees, sky and the road beyond the building.

ANGELA IN A COMA (V.O.)

Get me out of here.

But then, on the road outside, a SHITTY PANEL VAN arrives.

HUGE LANCE

Shit. (To Armored man) You take her.
I'll head them off.

Huge Lance stuffs the bag of RH into his vest and exits.

EXT. SECRET MILITARY TEST FACILITY - SECONDS LATER

Huge Lance WHEELIES his motorcycle; the Panel Van follows.

INT. MINIVAN - MEANWHILE

Patty and Jennifer eat the bagged lunches.

PATTY

...I just can't help but wonder where I'd be if I never got married and had kids.

JENNIFER

You'd be here. You'd be me. A single, 41 year old, renter.

PATTY

41? You're older than me.

JENNIFER

That's not my point. My point is you'd have a whole different set of issues. And lying about your age would be one of them.

PATTY

I always thought I'd go back to work when the kids were older -- I guess it never occurred to me that I'd be older too! And now I'm almost 47 and I'm starting over. And I don't feel like society is saying, "Hey, what a great idea"! I feel like it's saying, "No, you're supposed to be like an old cat and crawl under the woodshed and die".

JENNIFER

I know. I mean I would if I was 47.

PATTY

I don't even know if work is an option.

JENNIFER

Why? Oh -- because of -- banana.

PATTY

Let's not talk about that.

JENNIFER

You don't have to worry about banana. I'm sure everyone on the force has forgotten -- banana.

PATTY

Stop saying -- the safe word -- I don't want to talk about it.

JENNIFER

Fine. Look, everyone gets to this age and thinks *I'm not everything I thought I'd be*. I mean, I don't have a Pulitzer and Alan Ryckman's gone. And gay it turns out. I was on the wrong track the whole time.

A beat.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You've just lost your confidence. You need to remember the old you. The kick ass you: youngest detective ever on the BPD, decorated twice. The "you" who hugged everyone on the cross-town bus and told them you weren't going to settle for anything less than greatness.

PATTY

But that "me" was high on ecstasy.

JENNIFER

Yes but we both know you still want greatness. So here's what you do: Get out of your comfort zone and; Do something today that scares you.

PATTY

Is this from an article you're writing?

JENNIFER

No. I'm writing about Baltimore's top ten crabcakes. I got this genius from a yoga bag. Not that I was doing yoga but I was judging someone who was on her way. Nevertheless, it's true. You gotta kick yourself out of this rut. And we're gonna start tonight. We'll get hammered and go dancing.

But suddenly Patty's attention turns to Huge Lance who ZOOMS past them on his motorcycle!

PATTY

Look at that fuckin' idiot! (Sees Panel Van coming) And this one!

As the Panel Van ZOOMS past, Patty rolls down her window.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Slow down Asswipes, you're in a school zone!!

The van is gone. Patty turns to see a TEACHER and KIDS in the schoolyard across the road staring disapprovingly at her.

JENNIFER

See, the old you is still in there.

PATTY

Maybe you're right.

Patty starts to unbutton her shirt.

JENNIFER

What is happening here?

PATTY

I'm taking your advice, I'm going to be the old me.

Instead of going to pick up silent auction supplies like I'm supposed to, I'm going to put on this snotty sports bra and go for a run.

JENNIFER

Both heroic and disgusting. Bravo.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Patty jogs towards us, out of breath.

PATTY

If you make it / to the swings / you can buy / the good wine.

But then she sees something that STOPS HER.

REVERSE to see Lance's motorcycle skip the curb and head into the crowded park.

CLOSE ON LANCE, his TRANSFORMATION REVERSES: his muscles shrink, his skin crawls backwards, he's losing consciousness.

A BOOT CAMP class scatters as Lance plows through them and veers towards the jungle gym full of TODDLERS.

Patty doesn't hesitate. Maybe it's all this talk about "the old her" but she BOLTS towards Lance.