

BRATPACK

Episode 01: "DEATHS IN THE FAMILY"

Teleplay by

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Based on the comic series BRATPACK by Rick Veitch

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KEY PLAYERS.

BLACK OCTOBER.

TRUE-MAN a.k.a. THE MAXIMORTAL -- "Thus Spoke Zarathustra"

IDENTITY: Wesley Winton

PROFESSION: Superhero

SIDEKICK: N/A

OTHER: He was born from a space egg in 1918.

Is a higher dimensional being.

Has super strength. Speed. Flight. Energy projection.

Telepathy and mind control. Immortality. Regeneration.

His blood has healing capabilities.

MIDNIGHT MINK -- The dark caped defender of Slumberg.

IDENTITY: Malcom Mapplethorpe

PROFESSION: Billionaire publisher of Play-Joint Magazine

SIDEKICK: Chippy

OTHER: Is an openly gay superhero. Is secretly a pedophile.

Uses high-tech gadgets. Has a healing factor.

Was lovers with True-Man, who gave him his abilities.

JUDGE JURY -- All American protector.

IDENTITY: N/A

PROFESSION: N/A

SIDEKICK: Kid Vicious

OTHER: Ardent racist. Xenophobic. Ultra nationalist.

Steroid abuser. Member of the KKK.

Flies atop a burning cross. Targets minorities.

Messiah complex.

MOON MISTRESS -- The strong female warrior.

IDENTITY: Seline Bino

PROFESSION: Unknown

SIDEKICK: Luna

OTHER: Has body dysmorphia. Sexual sadist.

Heavy plastic surgery. Extreme misandrist.

Castrates men. Trained by True-Man.

KING RAD -- High-tech thrill seeker.

IDENTITY: Peter Panache

PROFESSION: President of Panache Industries, arms manufacture

SIDEKICK: Wild Boy

OTHER: Use his wealth to fight crime. Alcoholic and junkie.

Sells weapons to the Government and terrorists.

Inherited company from his father.

THE BRATPACK.

CHIPPY #1 -- Walking dead man.

IDENTITY: N/A

PROFESSION: N/A

OTHER: Gets blown-up. Survives from healing factor.

Lurks St. Bingo's. Kills himself with a crowbar.

CHIPPY -- Boy wonder of Slumberg.

IDENTITY: Cody

PROFESSION: Alter boy

OTHER: Dreams of being a hero. Gains a healing factor.

Uses gadgets.

KID VICIOUS -- Macho American cowboy.

IDENTITY: Bow

PROFESSION: N/A

OTHER: Steroid user. Uses automatic weapons. Neglected.

Son of a billionaire. Raised by his maid Lang.

WILD BOY -- Radical rebel.

IDENTITY: Carlo

PROFESSION: N/A

OTHER: Skater. Juvenile delinquent. Lives in trailer park.

LUNA -- Female fury.

IDENTITY: Shannon

PROFESSION: N/A

OTHER: Popular girl. Spoiled cheerleader. Stuck up.

OTHERS.

DOCTOR BLASPHEMY -- The archenemy of Black October.

IDENTITY: Fredo

PROFESSION: Butler for Peter Panache.

SIDEKICK: N/A

OTHER: The only man to defeat the Maximortal.

He is the hardcore comic enthusiast.

FATHER DUNN -- Preacher and aide to Black October.

PROFESSION: Priest

OTHER: Implied to be blackmailed by Black October.

Finds sidekicks for Black October.

Alcoholic. Guilt ridden.

FADE IN:

SLUMBERG

The city glows. Harsh lights cut through the haze.
A BUSTLE of activity. Afternoon traffic.
Black smoke rises. It chokes the skyline.

A voice cuts in. Shock jock NEAL DENNIS.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Good evening Slumberg! You're tuned
in to the WSLM listener line and
we're tuned in to you...!

EXT. UNDERPASS - DAY

Head lights cut through the dark. Lines of cars feed on to
the wet asphalt.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
...We're ready to discuss all the
issues facing our fair city. The
number to call is 666-8200. I'm
your host Neal Dennis...

INT. UNDERPASS - DAY

Traffic's backed up. HONKS echoing.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
...I promise to go easy on you
tonight, so don't be afraid to
dial, 666-8200...

A phone RINGS. BBRRING BBRING. The sound breaks through.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...Caller number one you're on the
air. What's on your mind...?

EXT. DELLY - DAY

The window gleams.
Inside, headless chickens hang from a meat rack. Fresh.
Feathers cling.
A butcher stands at a cutting table. He grips another
chicken. Neck exposed.
With a force, he severs the head.
Blood splatters against cold metal.

CALLER (V.O.)
 ...Oh, I... well... I wanted to say
 something, Neal. Something about
 the... children...

BURNTOUT CARS

Fire bleeds out. A rusted car carcass looms. Metal twisted,
 paint flaked. Trash blankets the dirt, like dead foliage.

Beat-up buildings in the distance.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 ...This is radio not mind reading
 act... You'll have to be more
 specific, mister. What's your name?

CALLER (V.O.)
 That's a secret.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 We don't want to expose any secret
 identities!
 (laughs)
 But I need to call you something.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tired-eyed people shuffle by.
 Gothic buildings. Graffiti splatters the walls.
 Life moves on, indifferent.

CALLER (V.O.)
 Well... I'm a doctor.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Fine! We'll call you Doc! And now
 that we've got your moniker, we can
 ask you the most important question
 of the evening; what's up doc?
 (beat)
 That's a joke, Doc. Doc, you there?

ARIEL. SLUMBERG - DAY

Cars move between skyscrapers.
 like ants through grass blades.
 There's a murky cast.
 Rooftops belch dark smoke.

CALLER (V.O.)

I want to talk about the children.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Of course you do, doc. But we need to know which children you mean. Who are they?

CALLER (V.O.)

Well, there's Chippy and Kid Vicious. There's Wild Boy and of course, Luna...

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Oh Gaawwd! Not those yo-yos!

EXT. BILLBOARD - DAY

A large roadside billboard. Blue, with splashes of red. Bold letters scream: "KOOBA COLA." KING RAD stands tall, bottle in hand. He looks like a junkie Robin Hood. A word balloon floats from his mouth: "Unleash your inner hero!" Cars zip by, indifferent.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, our friend, doc here, wants to discuss the most utterly ridiculous class of heroes in Slumberg... Although, I don't see them as heroes, but more like hangers on, right, doc?

CALLER (V.O.)

Th-they're usually referred to as "Kid Sidekicks."

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Wrong, doc. In this town those twerps are universally known as the "Bratpack."

EXT. TAXI - DAY

A taxi stands still. Cars packed in tight, front and back. The driver taps fingers on the wheel. The passenger slumps, a defeated office worker. The driver leans over, cranks up the radio.

CALLER (V.O.)
 W-why must everyone malign them?
 That's what I want to know...

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Because the whole concept of
 adolescents dressing up and
 fighting crime with the likes of
 the Midnight Mink or Judge Jury is
 preposterous!

CALLER (V.O.)
 Under those mask they're just kids.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 They're an embarrassment, doc. In
 fact I bet the majority of the
 citizens of Slumberg would like to
 see every one of them blown to
 kingdom come!

CALLER (V.O.)
 Don't say that! It isn't true!

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

People drift past.
 A fruit market sprawls across the corner.
 Above the canopy, a sign reads: "FOREVER FRESH."
 A worker lugs a cardboard box, stacking it with others in
 front of the store.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Welcome to the magic of radio, doc.
 We're gonna put it to a vote!
 (beat)
 So how about it, Slumberg? Do you
 want those insufferable kid
 sidekicks dead or alive? Call and
 let us know, that's 666-8200!

CALLER (V.O.)
 Please, don't do this.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Just a harmless little poll, doc.
 That's 666-8200, thumbs up or
 thumbs down on the Brat Pack!

ARIEL. BRIDGE - DAY

Cars flood in and out of Slumberg.

CALLER (V.O.)
Don't do this!

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Do we burn 'em, boil'em in oil, or
blow'em sky high? You be the judge!
666-8200.

CALLER (V.O.)
Please don't make me do this.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Come on Slumberg! Ring my chimes!

FADE TO:

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - DAY

Gothic. Almost medieval.
The bells CLANG wildly from the tower.
A banner flaps above the door: BINGO.

FATHER DUNN (V.O.)
Lord, you have called your children
into the cleansing water so that
they may share in eternal life...

INT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - DAY

Light coats the interior.
A family huddles around the baptismal font.
FATHER DUNN (50s) cradles an infant over the shimmering
water.
A young altar boy yanks the sally ropes, bells CLANGING
overhead.

FATHER DUNN
Lord, we ask that you set this
child free of original sin and that
he be rescued from the kingdom of
darkness... Let him be a temple to
your glory and may the holy spirit
dwell within him.

The Father leans in, gentle hands on the child's head.
Dampening his hair.

FATHER DUNN (CONT'D)
I baptize you in the name of the
father, the son, and the holy
spirit... God is light. In him
there is no darkness.

THE FAMILY

AMEN!

FATHER DUNN

Let us pray... Our father, who art
in heaven, hallowed be thy name....
Thy kingdom come, thy will be
done... On earth as it is heaven.

ALTER BOY

His name is CODY (14)
He grips the bell rope, knuckles white.
Mouths the Father's prayer, silent but fervent.

FATHER DUNN

Give us this day our daily bread
and forgive us our trespasses... as
we forgive those who trespass us...
lead us not into temptation and
deliver us from evil. Amen.

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - DAY

Church bells swing back and forth. The TOLLS echoing.

The Father walks the family out. Two members hug in front of
their car. One shakes the Father's hand, giving him some
cash.

MAN

Thanks, Father Dunn. Here's a
little contribution to the saint
bingos maintenance fund.

FATHER DUNN

We like to refer to our parish by
its actual name: Saint Bingham's.

MAN

Of course and we'll be seeing you
this Sunday.

INT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - DAY

The MAN walks to one of the cars. They drive off. Father Dunn
retreats into the church. Cody lingers.

CODY

Boy, he ran out like the devil was
on his tail...

(MORE)

CODY (CONT'D)

It was almost as if people were
afraid to celebrate mass here. How
come?

FATHER DUNN

Saint Bingham's has a certain
history, Cody.

They move through the dimness

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Father Dunn approaches the counter, pouring wine into a
glass.

FATHER DUNN

Things happened here many years ago
that most folks wish to forget..
Sometimes unwanted memories
comeback...

He glances up, startled, the glass slips from his grip.

FATHER DUNN (CONT'D)

...to haunt you.

Standing there perched in the window is CHIPPY (18) The
masked sidekick of the MIDNIGHT MINK.

In the window, CHIPPY (18) sits perched. The masked sidekick
of the MIDNIGHT MINK.

CHIPPY

We gotta' talk... right now.

Chippy lurches to the floor.

CHIPPY (CONT'D)

Alone.

FATHER DUNN

(to Chippy)

Uh, yes. Of course.

(to Cody)

Cody, I believe the baskets need
emptying. Could you?

CODY

Yeah. Sure.

Cody grabs the two bins. He walks out.

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Cody walks down the stairs to the back.

FATHER DUNN

You know you're never supposed to
come her like this. What's wrong?

Dunn starts to close the door.

CHIPPY

Everything's shot to hell.
Everything!

The door slams shut. Muffled voices spill out, but it's all
jumbled noise. Cody spots a cracked window and moves closer.

CHIPPY (CONT'D)

It's the Mink. He's gone too far
this time. Way too far

FATHER DUNN

Shhh! Do you want to make a
confession?

Cody fumbles, dropping one of the bins with a loud CRASH.
Dunn quickly cranks up the radio on the counter, desperate to
drown out the conversation.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Tell us the truth, Slumberg! Does
the Bratpack deserve to live?
Caller number 8, you're on the air!

Cody shakes his head and walks off toward a dumpster.

CALLER 8 (V.O.)

I agree with you, Neal. I think
someone ought to obliterate those
punks!

He empties out both bins with a clatter.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

And what is your preferred method
of making them kick the bucket?

CALLER 8 (V.O.)

Well... I bet a fragmentation
grenade would trash 'em pretty
good!

Cody turns to leave, but something grabs his attention. He spots a box peeking out of the dumpster. It's spilling over, and the label reads:

"BLASTING CAPS"

"CLASS II"

"DANGER: EXPLOSIVES"

Cody picks up one of the blasting caps. Examining it closely.

WILD BOY (O.C.)

Yo, izod. Those little suckers may be gnarly... but you betcha they been known to go off in your hand.

Cody looks up.

WILD BOY (18) hovers above him on a beat-up hoverboard. His clothes are ragged and stained. A few teeth are missing. Long and scraggly hair, like he just crawled out of a dumpster.

In one hand, a half-empty six-pack; in the other, an open can, fizzing over the edge.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

So why don't you be a good little izod and drop the blasting cap before I end up having to pick up your pinkies up off the pavement?
(beat)

You happen to see who left that box of detonators in the dumpster?

CODY

They're not mine.

WILD BOY

Mellow up, izod. I'm not gruelin'ya'. I'm trackin' a major dude.

Wild boy takes a chug.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

You ever heard of Doctor Blasphemy.

CODY

Sure... but on TV they said he was dead.

WILD BOY

I got news for you, izod. The tube
is full of cow-confetti.

(beat)

No one ever found his body. You
know what that means?

Cody shakes his head unsure.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

Naah! You're just an izod... while
I am Wild Boy! And to you I'm pure
drool-in-spriring sickness, right?

(beat)

Later!

Wild Bot stumbles. He sways, eyes glazed.
He lunges for the sky.
Clotheslines snag him—like a spider's web.
He crashes down, slamming through the fence.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

Aooww, man! What a Wilson!

The alley waits, dark and inviting.
Wild Boy lies in a heap of rubble. Cody rushes over.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

CODY

Are you alright? Should I call an
ambulance?

WILD BOY

Take a chill pill, willya' izod?
It's just tamale time.

(beat)

Oooh, munchy up the yin-yang.

Blood drips from Wild Boy's nose.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

But hey! I've eaten more pavement
you've scarfed Mickey D's.

Wild Boy cracks open a cool one.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

Gotta bail, izod. Do me a favor,
willya'?

The hover board flies over. Wild Boy jumps on.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)
 Tell the bun-duster in with the
 padre that there's an unruly party
 on the old incinerator.

He flies away.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)
 Rot in hell, izod!

Cody stands there, wide-eyed and speechless. Then, SCREAMING
 emanates from the alley.

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

KID VICIOUS (18), built like a tank, looks older than his
 years. He fumbles, trying to relieve himself. Bites down on
 his glove. Eyes watering. His piss runs red down the wall.

Years of steroids catching up.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

As Cody watches Kid Vicious limp down the alley a dainty
 finger flicks his ear.

LUNA (O.C.)
 Easy, angel. Don't let him scare
 you.

LUNA (18) steps into view. Voluptuous. Cleavage on display.
 She's fragile, like a supermodel. Her face, marred by acne,
 is caked in clown makeup. 80s hair.

She forces Cody against the wall.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 Up against the wall, angel
 spread'em. That's it... relax.

Her search is aggressive. She feels up his leg.

LUNA (CONT'D)
 Is that a detonator in your pocket
 or are you happy to see me?

CODY
 Hand!

LUNA
 What's the matter, angel? Speak up.

CODY
The blasting cap. It's in my hand.

LUNA
Oh.

She stops touching him and takes the blasting cap.

LUNA (CONT'D)
You aren't playing games with me
are you, angel?

CODY
No, please I don't want any
trouble... I promised my parents...

Luna makes way to the dumpster.

LUNA
If you don't want mommy and daddy
to get angry, then you hug that
wall like it was you favorite
pillow... I'm gonna take a peak in
the dumpster. There's a mystery
we're trying to solve here...

Cody gets off the wall and starts to follow her.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Someone's been leaving a trail of
high explosives... keep you eyes to
yourself, angel.

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Luna's bent over the dumpster.

LUNA
Pee-you! Smells like the world's
biggest collection of belly-button
lint in here... uh-oh. This looks
bad. Very bad.

Cody slips through the hole in the fence. Luna grips a box of
blasting caps.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Listen, angel. You run inside and
tell Chippy to sashay himself up to
incinerator. Tell him it's
important.

CODY
It's Doctor Blasphemy isn't it?
He's still alive?

He inches closer, looking at her.

LUNA
I thought I told you not to look at
me!

She brandishes the blasting cap.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Get out of here before I bend you
over and stick this where the sun
don't shine!

Cody bolts toward the church.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dunn and Chippy sit in wooden chairs. The father's hand rests on Chippy's shoulder. Chippy hides his face in his hands, clearly shaken.

FATHER DUNN
Easy, son. Tell me exactly what the
Mink did to you.

CHIPPY
He turned my life into hell, that's
all...! When I was younger I could
ignore the double entendres and
innuendo... but when I turned 18 he
became more insistent... I-I
couldn't fend him off anymore...

The door burst open. Cody enters.

CODY
Blasphemy! He's alive! The Brat
Pack said so! They're waiting for
Chippy up on the incinerator!

CHIPPY
I gotta split.

Chippy climbs through the window.

FATHER DUNN
Chippy, if you need me. I'm here.

CODY

Wait! I forgot to ask the others,
but... could I have your autograph?

CHIPPY

Kid, if you want, you can have the
mask, the cape, the whole
shebang... and all the grief that
goes with it.

Chippy leaps out.

EXT. INCINERATOR ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Luna is on the church rooftop. She dangles her feet, gorging
on potato chips.

Kid Vicious leans on the railing. Wild Boy swoops in.

WILD BOY

Mucho problemo, dudes! Doctor
Blasphemy's back on the circuit!

LUNA

(to Wild Boy)
We know that, of course.

KID VICIOUS

(to Wild Boy)
Cap it, hosebag!

Wild Boy lands next to Kid Vicious.

LUNA

Oh, is it in one of it's moods
again?

WILD BOY

Don't let that bowhead get under
your jock, kid. I got our mega-
brews in hand.

Wild Boy holds up two beer cans.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

What say we get jacked and figure
out our strategy?

KID VICIOUS

I don't want none.

WILD BOY

Don't be a woopie, man. A short
dog's good for what ails ya!

Luna shoves more chips in her face. Kid Vicious punches Wild
Boy's shoulder; he tumbles down.

KID VICIOUS

Ain't nuthin' wrong with me!

WILD BOY

AAOOWW! That's my bad wing, man!

Kid Vicious presses his boot onto Wild Boy's chest.

WILD BOY (CONT'D)

I'm wasted, kid... don't wail on
me, I give, I give!

KID VICIOUS

Can't hear ya' steroids made me
deaf!

Chippy runs over.

CHIPPY

Kid Vicious, stop it! Stop it,
right now!

Kid Vicious backs off. Wild Boy rubs his shoulder and stands.

CHIPPY (CONT'D)

Why can't we work together like we
used to? Doctor Blasphemy's on the
loose again, for Christ's sake!

KID VICIOUS

I don't need no limp-wristed nancy-
boy t'help me take care of
Blasphemy!

WILD BOY

Y-yeah... we don't need no enema
bandits like you, Chippy!

Kid Vicious and Wild Boy close in.

KID VICIOUS

We ain't gonna need your kind of
help around here anymore, faggot.

CHIPPY

Wait! Now, wait, dammit!

WILD BOY
Let's rock his world, eh, kid?

They beat Chippy down, bloodied on the ground.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Luna pours chips straight from the bag down her throat.

CHIPPY
OWW! AAOOWW! Luna, they're ganging
up on me again... LUNA!

KID VICIOUS
That dimbulb won't help ya! Queer
bait!

Luna crushes the empty bag, tosses it aside.

WILD BOY (O.C.)
Even Luna at her worst never had
the stomach for guys who bite the
bag!

DUFFEL BAG

A black-gloved hand drops a duffel bag. Symbols mark its
side: @-#-★-!

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Luna gags herself, fingers deep in her throat. Throwing up on
the rooftop.

KID VICIOUS (O.C.)
Aww, look! He misses his Midnight
Mink! Babycakes is startin' to cry!

WILD BOY (O.C.)
Sniveling perv. Makes ya want to
boot lunch, don't he, kid?

DUFFEL BAG

Hands unzip the bag. A handheld radio emerges.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Wild Boy pins Chippy down, knee digging into his back.

KID VICIOUS

Haw! Bein' all hawg-tied's turnin'
him on!

RADIO

The hands flick the "ON" switch. Dial spins.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

...Don't care how crazy or off-the-
wall your opinion of Slumberg's
Brat Pack is, we want to hear it!
That's 666-8200

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Luna wipes her mouth. Tears stream down her eyes. The voice
catching her attention.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

You know who we're talking about,
you've followed their exploits
since before they hit puberty!

(beat)

There's Luna, the pizza-faced
floozy who's had more scandals
than Madonna has hit records...

EXT. INCINERATOR ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Kid Vicious and Wild Boy stop beating Chippy.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

There's that strutting steroid
freak, Kid Vicious. How's the liver
holding up, kid? Ha Ha!

(beat)

Wild Boy's the acid-casualty of the
group. I've always wondered if a
beer can was a part of his
costume!?

Chippy starts to get up.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And wasn't it Chippy, "The Young
Sensation," who some wag nominated
for city man-hole inspector last
year? Yes it was.

The group looks to the steeple. Where the voice comes from.

WILD BOY
 (pointing up)
 Up there!

EXT. STEEPLE - MOMENTS LATER

DOCTOR BLASPHEMY stands tall, clad in a full black bodysuit. Twisted and fetishistic. Leather mask, horizontal zipper. A long, snake-like tongue hangs out. A noose tightens around his neck, tethered to a wooden beam above him. Symbols mark his torso: @-#-★-! Stops at his crotch.

The radio sits beside him.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Should they live? Should they die?
 What's it going to be, Slumberg?

WILD BOY (O.C.)
 It's him!

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 That's 666-8200

DR. BLASPHEMY
 You were so young and
 unblemished... so Simon-pure.
 (beat)
 Now look what they've done to you!
 Look how they've corrupted you!

The Doctor kicks the radio off the ledge. It plummets.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Caller number 46, you're on the
 air!

EXT. INCINERATOR ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

CALLER 46 (V.O.)
 This is a poll I'm getting a kick
 out of, Neal. And I say kill'em
 now. Kill every Goddamn one--

The radio SMASHES into the rooftop, shattering into pieces.

KID VICIOUS
 Enough of the radio crap,
 Blasphemy! People don't hate us.

LUNA
You can't freak us out with some
phony talk show you made up.

WILD BOY
Yeah! They look us to us, man. They
think we're heroes!

EXT. STEEPLE - MOMENTS LATER

DR. BLASPHEMY
They despise you.

Parked behind the church. A Steel beast. Fangs bared. Claws
ready to pounce. A glass dome sits atop. Seats inside,
waiting. THE MINKMOBILE.

The sidekick's look, in disbelief.

DR. BLASPHEMY (CONT'D)
Down there, in the trunk of that
car you will discover the painful
truth... are you heroic enough to
endure it?

KID VICIOUS
Ain't that the Mink-Mobile?

LUNA
I though all our tops were in Sodom
city, for a Black October meeting?

WILD BOY
I saw'em skate out in King Rad's
chopper, myself.

INTERCUT - EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH / EXT. STEEPLE

The sidekicks approach the vehicle.

KID VICIOUS
That's definitely the Mink's ride.
We better scope it out!

Kid Vicious slides down the incinerator ladder. Luna jumps
down from the rooftop.

LUNA
We can't all go. Who'll watch
doctor Blasphemy?

KID VICIOUS
He ain't callin' me no chicken!

Wild Boy floats down.

WILD BOY
I did it laaast time!

Chippy glides down on line.

CHIPPY
Listen up! If our partners were
back in Slumberg we'd know it!
(beat)
But dammit... The Mink would never
let anyone live long enough to
heist his wheels. Something's fishy
here.

DR. BLASPHEMY
The truth... The whole truth...

LUNA
So who gets to do the honors?

KID VICIOUS
I'm gonna enjoy peelin' this pink
monstrosity.

CHIPPY
Wait! Don't!

Kid Vicious grabs Chippy by the scruff, lifting him off his
feet.

KID VICIOUS
I ain't takin' orders from bum
boys, y'unner stand?

CHIPPY
But you don't have to smash it, I
can open it... I know the
combination sequence.

Kid Vicious slams him into a trash can. Legs flail, sticking
out.

KID VICIOUS
Sequence this, petunia!

DR. BLASPHEMY
...And nothing but the truth.

Wild Boy raises his hand.

WILD BOY
Awwright, kid! Gimme five!

They high-five.

KID VICIOUS
Had it comin', didn't he?

Chippy's upper half is lost in the can but his legs kick wildly.
Luna uses her LASER GAUNTLETS on the trunk. She carves through the trunk.

LUNA
While you knuckle-draggers figure out who's king of the jungle...
I'll pop this trunk my own way!

The trunk pops open.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Voila!

KID VICIOUS
BAAH!

The trunk partially opens. There's all kinds of explosives inside.

Wild Boy crouches for a better look.

WILD BOY
Okay, okay. Let's see what this "Painful Truth" shit is all about.

DR. BLASPHEMY
So help me, God.

BOOOM! The car detonates. Sidekicks are sent flying like rag dolls, bodies vaporized in an instant. Fire engulfs the street.

EXT. STEEPLE - MOMENTS LATER

Blasphemy reaches into the duffel. He pulls out a phone. Dials. The rope slips from his neck.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Final caller on tonight's listener line, you're on the air.

DR. BLASPHEMY

Oh... um, well, actually, I was the first caller tonight. I asked about the children?

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Doc? Hey, we ought to thank you for provoking this spirited discussion! We've had more calls tonight than when Trueman disappeared!

DR. BLASPHEMY

I'm very pleased to hear people are becoming more involved in these things... But I need to know how they voted, Neal. What was their final verdict on the children?

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Ash snows down. A smoking crater left behind, surrounded by piles of burning steel.

Chippy's blackened body sticks out from the flaming trash can

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

I hate to be the one to break the news to you, Doc, but I can predict tomorrow's headlines... "City To Bratpack: Drop Dead!"

The TRASH CAN rattles. Life stirs. Chippy crawls out. Flesh drips, liquefied. Smoke rises from the moving corpse. A zombie? How is he alive?

DR. BLASPHEMY (V.O.)

Well, that's good then. I-I've done as you asked. I killed them all.

Chippy drags himself forward, eyes landing on Kid Vicious's boots. The only thing left intact.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Killed...? You sound confused, Doc. This is just a tasteless little joke we played here. Nobody really died.

He grabs what remains of Kid Vicious's costume. Resting on the asphalt. He'd cry if he could. Instead, he lies in a puddle of his own bodily fluids and tissue. Life his curse. Death his only desire.

DR. BLASPHEMY (V.O.)
 Yes they did. I just blew them into
 a thousand little pieces behind
 Saint Bingo's Church... Isn't that
 what you wanted?

EXT. STEEPLE - MOMENTS LATER

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Wait a second. Wait... Who is this
 really?

DR. BLASPHEMY
 I'm Doctor Blasphemy. And I've come
 to heal all the diseases that
 afflict this body politic... It's
 taken some radical surgery
 (beat)
 But I expect the patient to be in
 complete turn around by morning.

FADE TO BLACK.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Good evening Slumberg!

CUT TO:

ARIEL. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - DAY

The bells RING.

The city crowds behind police barricades. News vans from WSLM
 line the street. Officers patrol, alert.

In front of the church, four hearses stand ready. Their backs
 are open, waiting.

The BRATPACK's coffins emerge, in a line.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 You're tuned into the WSLM listener
 line and we're tuned into you!
 (beat)
 Tonight we'll be discussing
 exciting new advances in sewage
 treatment. I'm your host, Neal
 Dennis. The number is 666-8200...
 Caller number one, you're on the
 air.

CALLER 1 (V.O.)
Shouldn't we talk about what
happened on this show last night,
Neal. When Doctor Bla--

CLICK. Call ends.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Sorry, the subject tonight is
sewage treatment. Caller number
two, you're on the air.

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

A coffin is crammed into one of the hearses. The door slams
shut.

Father Dunn stands on the church steps, bible in hand. His
face sunken, beat down.

CALLER 2 (V.O.)
I think we should discuss the
murder of those ki--

CLICK.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Paparazzi and journalist's camera flashes over take the sun.
The crowd erupts. Like a fervent fire.

JOURNALIST
(pointing)
Up there! It's Black October!

The crowd erupts. Like a raging fire.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Four figures stand above all. Like Greek gods. BLACK OCTOBER,
the greatest heroes: MIDNIGHT MINK, JUDGE JURY, MOON
MISTRESS, KING RAD.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Caller number 3, do you have
anything for us on sewage
treatment?

CALLER 3 (V.O.)
The only sewage that needs treating
is what your slingin', Neal.

CLICK.

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Pallbearers glance up. Shocked by Black October's presence. They stumble. The coffin tips, crashing down. It SLAMS against the ground.

Body parts explode out: a head rolls, a leg flops, an arm dangles, and other bits that defy description.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Caller number 4?

CALLER 4 (V.O.)
 I think this radio program bears
 some responsibility for what ha--

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Caller number 5, the subject is
 sewage treatment.

CLICK.

The crowd surges. Hundreds leap over barricades. Police scramble, powerless to stop them.

The journalist circle the exposed body, like vultures. Snapping photos like machine-gun fire.

CALLER 5 (V.O.)
 You should be ashamed, Neal. If you
 hadn't started that cruel phone-in
 business, those kids would be alive
 today!

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
 Listen, lady, it's not my fault!
 I'm an entertainer, all right? I'm
 paid to stir the shit, okay?

CALLER 5 (V.O.)
 You can't face it, can you, Neal?
 You made this all possible for this
 weirdo, Doctor Blasphemy!

Father Dunn, tears up. Overwhelmed, sprints into the church. Hi grip loosens. The Bible hits the floor with a thud.

Cody picks up the book. He shouts at the Father.

CODY

Father, the Bible! You've dropped
the holy...

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Doctor Blasphemy didn't spend the
last 24 hours getting grilled by
the cops, did he? Cause I sure as
shit did!

(beat)

And Doctor Blasphemy didn't get
attacked by a mob outside the radio
station did he? No he didn't!

INT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Father Dunn kicks the door open. Slams it shut. He drops into
a chair, head in hands. Sobbing.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

I don't wanna hear anything else on
this Bratpack business. I'm through
with it, done. Get it through your
dense heads... I'm not going to be
the Judas goat for the sins of this
damn city!

CREEEK! Why is the window open? Dunn rises, chair in hand.
Eyes on the closet.

FATHER DUNN

You're in there, i know it!

(beat)

You were on the rooftop. There's no
way you could have gotten to this
room before me... But you did,
didn't you?

Dunn hurls the chair against the wall. It splinters.

FATHER DUNN (CONT'D)

God damn you and your vigilante
tricks! Come out of the closet!
Come out here right now!

The accordion doors swing open. Black October stands inside.

MIDNIGHT MINK

(grinning)

Everyone knows I came out years
ago!

MOON MISTRESS

Stop the vogueing, Mink. This is serious.

JUDGE JURY

This cat-licker's backbone is turning to jelly, it seems.

KING RAD

Could be Father Dunn is done for?

FATHER DUNN

This is God's house! You don't belong here!

The supes scurry toward Dunn. He steps back, trembling.

KING RAD

Funny, we used to belong when the neighborhood was crawling with crack-heads.

(beat)

And how about when the Costa Nostra was bleeding your parishioners dry? Didn't we belong then?

FATHER DUNN

But you've smashed them all! The city is safe. We don't need these kinds of tactics anymore!

MOON MISTRESS

Wrong, Dunn. There's a new sword of Damocles hanging over Slumberg.

MIDNIGHT MINK

It's a bit more eccentric than the threats we've been used to.

JUDGE JURY

There's a different kind of slimeball out there.

KING RAD

Yeah. Real psychos. Like Doctor Blasphemy.

Dunn backs into the corner. Right against the countertop.

FATHER DUNN

But those kind of criminals are a response to you; to your disregard for human rights! Can't you see that?

JUDGE JURY

We do what we must.

MOON MISTRESS

And we get the job done.

KING RAD

Sacrifices will be made.

Judge Jury raises his gavel. It hovers over Dunn's head. The word "GUILTY" engraved on the end.

JUDGE JURY

You're in this as deep as we are,
Dunn. You have to cooperate.

FATHER DUNN

I can go to the cops. I can give
names, dates... Make a deal with
them.

JUDGE JURY

You won't live long enough to cop
a plea, Dunn.

Dunn's eyes well with tears.

FATHER DUNN

No, I won't will I? You'll squash
me like all the others... But my
bags aren't packed.

He strides to the Christ mosaic above the counter.

FATHER DUNN (CONT'D)

Not ready to face my maker.

He pulls out a key and slides it into a space on the mosaic.
It turns, CLICK. A hidden revealed safe.

FATHER DUNN (CONT'D)

Not yet.

The hidden compartment swings open. He retrieves a bottle of
Jim Beam Scotch. Dunn pours it into one of the communion
chalices.

FATHER DUNN (CONT'D)

What do I have to do?

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Cody leans against the window frame, Bible in hand.
Eavesdropping.

JUDGE JURY (O.C.)

We're gonna need replacements for
the Bratpack... And this time we
want some sidekicks with real
gumption!

KING RAD (O.C.)

Yeah! Not like those last dodos who
fell for the oldest carbomb trick
in the book!

(beat)

We want kids who are smart!

MOON MISTRESS (O.C.)

But not too smart!

EXT. STEEPLE - CONTINUOUS

Zombie Chippy stands on Wild Boy's hoverboard. He pounds his
head against the bell.

DISSOLVE OUT:

EXT. ST BINGO'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is ravenous. News vans lurk nearby. The bells ring.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)

Okay, Slumberg! You want to talk
Bratpack? But I'm going to ask you
a question...! Like how come only
yesterday those punks were
universally loathed by every
citizen of this city... And this
morning, they get sent out like
heroes, with the biggest funeral
Slumberg's ever seen? Answer that
caller number 6?

CALLER 6 (V.O.)

I think we ought to have another
poll, Neal. Let's vote whether or
not to string up a certain radio
announcer.

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
That's it! One more like that and
I'm signing off! Caller number 8.

CALLER 8 (V.O.)
Yeah! I'll kill you sunova bitchin'
media basta--

NEAL DENNIS (V.O.)
Good night Slumberg!

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END