

Yugo Girl!

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSECTION - MORNING

Buckets of rain pour down from a dark dreary sky. Claps of thunder; bolts of lightning.

A dented rust bucket of a Yugo is stalled in a left turn lane, emergency lights flashing. Impatient drivers honk and go around. The license plate reads: YUGO DAD.

The driver, VANESSA GAINS, early 20s, shrouded in rain gear, runs frantically back and forth between the driver's seat and under the raised hood. Finally, the Yugo starts. Sigh of relief. She runs to put the hood down.

EXT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Yugo sputters and spits to a stop in front of the beauty shop.

INT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The proprietress, SANDY, 50s, reads a magazine. She drops to the floor when the Yugo backfires. Peers out of the storefront window as Vanessa dashes through the downpour and bursts in.

VANESSA
(hanging up her raincoat)
Sorry I'm late, Sandy.

SANDY
You need to sell that Yugo, Girl!

VANESSA
And drive what?

She makes her way to a shampoo chair. Sandy drapes a plastic cape over her.

SANDY
At this point, a unicycle would probably
get you around better.

Vanessa leans back. Sandy washes her hair.

VANESSA
We promised Daddy.--They had their first
date in that car.

SANDY

Then why doesn't Leslie drive the Yugo
and you drive the Mercedes?

VANESSA

(laughing)

I know, right?--Plus I promised Mom no
more bills until I can pay them myself.

SANDY

Then it's a good thing you start that new
job on Monday.

LATER

Vanessa reads a magazine under a hair dryer. As the storm
outside intensifies, the phone rings off the hook. Sandy
fields numerous cancellations.

SANDY

Looks like it'll be a slow one today.

INT. BANK - SIMULTANEOUS

Every teller is busy with soggy customers. VICTOR CROSIUS,
early 30s, slides a withdrawal slip towards his teller. When
she looks up, he flashes a little of the gun tucked into the
waistband of his pants.

They each take glances around the bank from the corners of
nervous eyes. Victor's eyes also glance at his getaway driver
idling out in front of the bank.

Dark clothes. Watchman's cap. Sunglasses. In the rain.
Sitting in a nondescript dark colored Korean sedan with
tinted windows and wipers flapping.

INT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sandy does Vanessa's hair with an electric curling iron.

SANDY

So, are you excited about the job?

VANESSA

I guess so. Not looking forward to
fighting to be taken seriously behind the
sports desk.

SANDY

Maybe you should be fighting to be taken seriously behind the news desk. Replace one of those faces talking loud and saying nothing through their rows and rows of perfect pretty sparkling teeth.

VANESSA

Please. Girl jocks definitely don't get taken seriously at the news desk.

SANDY

Well somebody, somewhere, on some channel, needs to start telling folks the truth!

VANESSA

Amen to that, My Sister! I just don't think it'll be me.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

A man at the front of the long line of waiting customers huffs and puffs and sighs impatiently as the teller slides the contents of her cash drawer towards Victor.

ANOTHER TELLER (O.S.)

Next!

Victor pockets the cash and turns to exit just as the impatient customer passes. They collide. Cash flies up in the air. Victor's gun slides across the floor. He dives for it.

Grabs it, only to look up into the eyes of a very, very young very, very nervous security guard with his gun aimed at Victor. Victor gets up. Shrugs. Laughs.

VICTOR

It's not even loaded.

A loud long violent clap of thunder shakes the bank to its very foundation and all but drowns out the sound of a single gunshot.

INT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - SECONDS LATER

A bolt of lightening hits the roof of the salon.

Frenzied electrical currents travel through the circuitry all the way to the curling iron in Sandy's hand. She drops it just as the salon goes dark.

SANDY

Lord, have mercy! You okay, Vanessa?

No answer.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - SIMULTANEOUS

Except for the security guard and a woman still standing in line, Victor and everyone else in the bank has hit the floor. The woman in line looks Victor dead in the eye.

Looks at the security guard. Looks at the beads of sweat on his upper lip. Looks at the trickle of blood running down the front of her blouse.

INT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - SECONDS LATER

Sandy's footsteps hurry across the floor of the dark salon and down basement steps. The lights come on and her footsteps hurry back up the basement steps.

Her face looks like she's just seen a ghost. Vanessa is passed out in the styling chair. Her black hair, eyelashes and eyebrows are snow white.

SANDY

Vanessa!--Vanessa?!?--Vanessa!!!

Sandy spins the chair around. As she feels for a pulse, Vanessa comes around.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Thank you,-

Vanessa opens her eyes. Her irises are an icy blue. Sandy straightens up abruptly and takes a step back.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Jesus--

VANESSA

What happened?--Why are you looking at me like that?

Sandy points to the mirror. Vanessa spins around and gasps at her new reflection.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

The driver, GEORGE, 30s, removes his sunglasses and watchman's cap as flashing police car lights appear in the distance in his rear view mirror.

He glances into the bank one last time as he pulls away slowly just before the police cars cut their lights.

From a safe distance his rearview mirror shows the officers stop their vehicles just short of the bank, exit with weapons drawn, and head for side and front entrances.

George passes a rusty white Pinto with fogged up windows and only one working wiper. On the driver's side. The Pinto lets him go a safe distance then pulls out behind him. Turns right when he turns right.

INT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sandy fans Vanessa with a magazine.

VANESSA

For the last time, I don't need to go to the hospital.

SANDY

Vanessa-

VANESSA

I need to look like I'm supposed to. Look at me, Sandy! I'm a freak! I'm a freak!

Sandy rushes Vanessa to a sink.

SANDY

Time to get out the extra strength, heavy duty products.

LATER

No matter how hard Sandy tries to dye and straighten Vanessa's hair it stays a fried white nappy mess.

Finally, Sandy runs down to the basement, returning with a black pageboy wig. She adds a finishing touch of black mascara to Vanessa's eyebrows and lashes and spins her around to see for herself.

SANDY

Well?

VANESSA

(pointing to her eyes)
What about these?

SANDY

Go to the "Who You Lookin' At?!" optical boutique on Crenshaw.

She scribbles the address on a piece of paper.

SANDY (CONT'D)

It's right next door to the "Who You Talkin' To?!" cell phone store. I'll call ahead. A pair of brown lenses will be waiting for you.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

It has stopped raining. Blue sky and sunshine peek through fat white clouds. A rainbow arches glorious over the city.

Victor is led out in handcuffs. Past the EMT bus. Past shaken bank customers giving eyewitness accounts to jostling media hounds. Past the weeping, inconsolable security guard.

Victor is secured in the back seat of a police car. As it pulls away, the coroner's van pulls up.

EXT. OH, MY NAPPY HEAD! BEAUTY SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Vanessa exits the salon in sunglasses. Gets in the Yugo. It won't start. She gives up. Gets out.

The police car with Victor inside motors down the street. His busy eyes catch Vanessa just missing a bus. Watch her run alongside it all the way to the next stop.

He squirms to peer out of the back window and watch her board the bus.

INT. BUS - SECONDS LATER

The driver and passengers stare at Vanessa as she pays her fare and finds a seat. Their stares compel her to say:

VANESSA

What? I was the top sprinter at UCLA.

INT. VANESSA'S TINY STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vanessa tosses and turns on her sleeper sofa in the main room. Tufts of cotton are stuffed into her ears.

A running toilet plays in the background. Her eyes open reluctantly. She sighs and rises, stomping towards...

INT. A REALLY TINY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is just enough space for a sink, shower stall, the running toilet, and room to move between the three.

Vanessa jiggles the handle of the toilet a few times, a little harder each time. The handle comes off in her innocent hand. She glowers at the running toilet.

EXT. KVLA-TV STATION - MORNING

The Yugo pulls up to the parking lot security kiosk. A SECURITY GUARD looks at Vanessa over his sunglasses. She's beaming all proud. He smiles back but clearly only as a courtesy.

VANESSA

I'm the new news production assistant.

GUARD

I.D. please.

She hands over her driver's license. He checks his list and raises the gate.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

VANESSA

(driving through the gate)

Thanks. I will.

GUARD

(mumbling)

I doubt it.

INT. KVLA-TV NEWSROOM - LATER

Vanessa is shown to her newsroom cubicle by VINCE, 30s, an administrative assistant with little personality; although he is not cold or distant, just efficient with words.

VINCE

Be back in fifteen with your e-mail address and password.

Vanessa looks at her desk, chair, telephone, computer, and empty in and out boxes. Vince looks at his watch.

VINCE (CONT'D)

John's not in for another hour. Relax. Have some coffee.

VANESSA

I don't drink coffee.

VINCE

--Okay. Then make a personal call. It'll be your last chance.

VANESSA

What do you mean?

VINCE

You'll see.

He walks away leaving her looking bewildered.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

The living room window shades are down, but sunlight peeks around the sides and shines down on a kitten sleeping in a curled up ball beside a computer monitor on a corner desk.

The long slender index finger of an amber colored hand with splotchy losses of pigment clicks a computer mouse. Images of Pintos, for sale and in various states of repair, scroll up the monitor screen.

The other splotchy pigment hand picks up a nearby commuter coffee cup.

Guns, lots of cash, and cell phones litter a table in the middle of the room. ROB, 20s, naps in a chair. Feet up on the table, arms crossed. Snoring. Drooling.

The front door opens. George enters. He scowls at Rob and slaps his feet off the table. Rob falls off the chair.

ROB
Hey, Man! What'd you do that for?

GEORGE
Time to clear out. And we need cash.

He's tossing the guns, cell phones, and cash into a plumber's satchel. Rob looks at the cash they already have.

GEORGE(CONT'D)
We need more. For a lawyer. For supplies.
For payoffs--that doctor's house you
painted when you were gainfully employed?
The one in Griffith Park with the expensive
fancy stuff you wouldn't shut-up about?

ROB
She's a nice lady, George.

GEORGE
Good. That means she won't put up too
much of a fight.

INT. KVLA-TV NEWSROOM - AFTERNOON

Vanessa hurries down a corridor with two cups of steaming hot coffee. A few drops splash over a brim onto her hand.

VANESSA
Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!

She reaches the door of the control room and nudges it open.

INT. KVLA-TV CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The production crew watch monitors while working control board knobs and buttons.

News director JOHN JOHNSON, 60s, takes a coffee from Vanessa. His is the weathered face of a seasoned journalist who has reported more than his share of the world's horrors. No "Thank You" for the coffee.

The other coffee is for assistant news director, CHERI, 40s, who throws a thank you over her shoulder like it is alms for the poor.

JOHN

Camera one, are you asleep?

Vanessa hangs in the background watching. Monitor one displays the calm and focused anchor DOREEN ADLER, late 30s, a big girl with big hair that's a just step out of chic. Suburban!

Her image moves from side to side.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Very funny, Steve. Zoom in tighter on Doreen. That jacket makes her look fat.

CHERI

She is fat.

JOHN

(laughing)
Shhhhhhh. It's baby fat.

CHERI

Please. She had that baby a year ago. Unless you think it was a twin and the other one's still inside.

The crew laughs as Doreen relates news about yet another natural disaster in the mid-west.

JOHN

Now, you're just being mean.

CHERI

I am mean.

JOHN

This is true-camera three? You asleep?

Monitor three shows tight lipped, tight assed, and aging BOB WALKER, in an obvious toupee; trying, unsuccessfully, to come off as hip and easy going as his image nods up and down.

EXT. KVLA-TV TELEVISION STATION - DUSK

Vanessa stops at the security kiosk on the exit side.

SECURITY GUARD
So how was your first day?

VANESSA
(smiling)
I'll be back tomorrow.

SECURITY GUARD
Then I'll see you tomorrow, Yugo Girl!

VANESSA
Not if I see you first!

He laughs, for real, and waves good night.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

In a mostly empty room, Vanessa easily lifts a variety of free weights, no matter how heavy.

She snaps the weight cable on a hamstring machine. Looks at it all hmmm... as a gym employee dashes over to make sure she's okay.

INT. VANESSA'S TINY SHOWER STALL - NIGHT

Vanessa rinses soap from her body. Turns off the water. The shower head drips a little. When she tightens the knob, it comes off in her hand.

VANESSA
Argh!!!

EXT. BEACH - SUNRISE

Lifeguard stands are closed. Even surfers haven't arrived yet.

As Vanessa roller blades on the bike path, she hears a swimmer in peril in the ocean.

Without a second thought, she dashes across the sand, dives into the water and rescues the swimmer. A handful of onlookers gather; mostly of the homeless boozehound variety.

They point at her, whispering because she has lost her wig and her lenses, but not her wet sandy roller blades.

A police truck tears across the sand, siren wailing. A police helicopter approaches from way in the distance. Vanessa runs away, disappearing in no time.

INT. VANESSA'S CUBICLE - DAY

The cubicle overflows with post-its everywhere. Her in and out boxes are stuffed with paperwork, paperwork and more paperwork. Her fingertips fly across her keyboard.

Her desk and cell phones ring off the hook. New e-mails announce themselves each time one pops into her in box. She. Is. Swamped.

DOREEN(OS)
Vanessa, are-

VANESSA
What!

She looks up to find Doreen standing over her in full camera make-up and quickly adjusts her attitude.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Yes, Doreen.

DOREEN
Are the research notes ready for my piece on domestic elder abuse in-

Vanessa plucks a file from the nightmare that is her desk.

VANESSA
Jaime Nestor is your cameraman.

DOREEN
Cliff Stanley is my cameraman.

VANESSA
You hate Cliff.

DOREEN
(leafing through the file)
As a person. As my cameraman, I love him.

VANESSA
I thought you might like a refreshing change. Jaime needs this chance.

DOREEN
And Doreen needs a cameraman who knows how to make her look-

Young, hip, and handsome anchorman ZACK CASE saunters past.

ZACK
-Thinner?

Doreen doesn't look up from the file.

DOREEN

Bite me!

He laughs, continuing on his way. Doreen looks up from her file; down at Vanessa.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Cliff Stanley, Vanessa. Save your refreshments for the new kids in town.

Vanessa turns back to her computer.

VANESSA

What. Ever.

Doreen recognizes a cold shoulder when she feels one.

DOREEN

Vanessa?

VANESSA

Yes, Doreen.

DOREEN

I'm sure that your youth, your incredible speed on the track oval, and your brand new Bachelors Degree in Journalism might leave you feeling--invincible.

VANESSA

(looking up)
Invincible?

DOREEN

Even out here in the real world with us grown-ups. However-

JAIME NESTOR, mid 20s and cute as a button, stops by. He rests his camera and his chin on the wall of Vanessa's cubicle.

JAIME

Hola, Vanessa.

Smiles all sexy. Doesn't even seem to see Doreen. Just the smile lighting up Vanessa's face.

VANESSA

Hi.

JAIME

Esta bien?

Doreen watches Vanessa's shoulder warming up.

VANESSA

Yes.

JAIME

We still on for tonight?

DOREEN

Oh.

Vanessa and Jaime suddenly remember they're not alone.

DOREEN(CONT'D)

I see.

JAIME

See what?

DOREEN

Why the paid intern is pushing to make you my cameraman. You put her up to it.

JAIME

I put her-why would I want to be your cameraman? Cliff can't-

Vanessa clears her throat quickly. Jaime smiles.

DOREEN

Oh, please don't stop him now, Vanessa. I can practically see the words hanging from the tip of his tongue. Cliff can't what?

Jaime laughs as he eases away from his sticky situation.

JAIME

Nothing. Forget it, Doreen. Pick you up at eight, Vanessa?

VANESSA

Okay.

She turns back to her busy workload; turns her back to Doreen's intimidating glare.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - THAT NIGHT

Everyone's shaking it to pounding hip-hop beats. Vanessa and Jaime are smack in the middle of it all on the dance floor having the time of their lives.

A gang of YOUNG THUGS crashes the party and starts dancing with the wrong girls the wrong way. A fight breaks out. The host and some of his friends toss the thugs out.

LATER

Vanessa and Jaime sit on a couch near the dance floor.

JAIME

What in the world made you think I wanted to be her cameraman?

VANESSA

I thought it would be a chance to get you some attention. Your camera work is the best at the station.

JAIME

Really? And I thought all you noticed was my-

VANESSA

What?

JAIME

(laughing)

What about you? You gonna go for the gold?

VANESSA

(shrugging)

I couldn't even win the bronze.

JAIME

You almost won it. And you sure looked good trying.

VANESSA

(surprised)

You saw me in the Olympics?

JAIME

Every heat. You did good, Vanessa.

VANESSA

Yeah, well we also rans are a dime a dozen. Maybe they should introduce some new alloy medal for athletes who did good.

JAIME

Or maybe it's time to set your sights on a higher goal. You've got to work it! Take advantage of your talents. You're special, Vanessa!

VANESSA

And I plan to be behind the sports desk by-

JAIME

Forget sports desk. Think news desk. Our generation needs to keep shaking this world up if it's ever going to get any better.

She's looking at him all...well, he's got her smiling.

LATER STILL

Jaime and Vanessa a few other couples slow dance to a song that suddenly turns into a new booty shaker. And just as he was about to kiss her, too. The dance floor fills right up, knocking them about.

JAIME

Want another beer?

VANESSA

You trying to get me drunk, Jaime?

He laughs and leads her from the dance floor before leaving the room. She sits on the couch and looks around at people laughing and talking. Kissing. Looks at the busy dance floor.

Looks at the front door. Hears a whispered conversation on the other side.

VOICE #1(O.S.)

Soon as I open the door, we start
blastin', Dawg! Don't take no prisoners!

VOICE #2(O.S.)

I know, Man! I'm ready!

VOICE #1(O.S.)

But leave that punk host for my cap.

VOICE #3(O.S.)

A'ight, Dawg! A'ight! We down with that!

With two overflowing cups of beer, Jaime navigates what little room there is around the edge of the dance floor near the front door. Just as it bursts open.

VANESSA(O.S.)

(shouting)

Jaime, get down!

She leaps up and flies between him and sprays of bullets that bounce off of her back. But no one sees this miracle. Too busy shooting wildly; or screaming and diving for cover.

The young thugs empty their guns and flee.

MUCH LATER

Paramedics tend to the minor injuries. Crime scene investigators dig bullets out of walls and furniture. They find some on the floor, inexplicably mangled.

Vanessa shivers on the couch, wrapped in a blanket. Jaime is hugging her close as DETECTIVE STAN SHIRP, 40s, walks over.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

Ms. Gains?

VANESSA

Yes?

DETECTIVE SHIRP

I'm Detective Stan Shirp. May I ask you a few questions?

JAIME

She already told the police everything.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

I know, Mr. Nestor, but-

JAIME

Look--Detective Shirp. I need to get Vanessa home. She's scared half to death. We both need to get out of here.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

I understand, but-

JAIME

No, I don't think you do.

He takes Vanessa's hand. She is careful to keep that blanket wrapped tight around her.

JAIME (CONT'D)

We're leaving.

He pulls Vanessa towards and out of the front door.

EXT. VANESSA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Jaime walks Vanessa to her front door still snug in her blanket.

JAIME

Want me to walk you up to your apartment?

She shakes her head.

JAIME (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay? You want me to call somebody? Or keep you company until you fall asleep.

She laughs.

JAIME (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it that way. Hey, you saved my life. You're like my personal superhero.

VANESSA

Right.

JAIME

Right.

He leans in to kiss her good night just as her phone rings. She digs it out from under the blanket.

VANESSA

Hello?--Hi, Mom.--Fine. It was great.
--Yeah. We had a real blast!

He shakes his head in mock scorn.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

(whispering to Jaime)
I don't want to worry her--

He's backing towards his car.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What?--Yeah, I like him.--A lot.

She's smiling back at his big smile; then waving goodbye back as he pulls away.

INT. VANESSA'S TINY STUDIO APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Vanessa's shoulder holds her phone to her ear as she holds up the blouse she was wearing at the party the night before. Her fingers poke through the holes in the back of it.

VANESSA

Hello?--Dr. Smithers? It's Vanessa Gains.-
-Fine, thanks.--Well, no, I'm not fine.--
I've been feeling-

She looks in the mirror. No wig. No lenses. She turns to look at her bare, scarless back.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

-funny.--I don't know--it just feels like something's wrong.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

--I don't know how to describe it. I just feel weird.--Thursday at 1:00? Yes, that's fine.--Thanks.

Her little television is on in the background of the mirror. Zack Case anchors the news.

ZACK

There was a dramatic ocean rescue in Venice Beach yesterday. Here with the report is Sammi Wanatabe.

Vanessa spins around as SAMMI WANATABE, a young reporter with nominal Japanese features, smiles into the camera.

SAMMI

It was just after sunrise when witnesses say a woman ran across the sand in her roller blades at top speed and dove into the Pacific Ocean-

The camera pans to the ocean.

SAMMI (CONT'D)

-to save swimmer Stanley Leonard.

Footage is shown of STANLEY, 30s, in his hospital bed.

STANLEY

She had, like, a short white Afro and blue eyes.

Another WITNESS appears in the frame with Sammi.

SAMMI

And you say this was a Black woman?

CUT TO:

INT. SANDY'S KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Sandy frowns at her television, a spoonful of cornflakes halfway to her mouth, as she watches Sammi's report.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Sammi is live at the beach with one of the witnesses.

WITNESS

Yeah--She was Black and she was, like, a streak of light, whoosh, right across the sand--I couldn't believe my eyes!

Sammi smirks into the camera.

SAMMI

And neither can we. We assume that Mr. Leonard's excuse for this account of his rescue is that he was dazed by his near death experience. He was taken to a nearby hospital, treated, and released. Police have no idea who this strange looking Good Samaritan is, but Mr. Leonard is grateful. Back to you in the studio, Zack.

Vanessa turns off the television.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

DR. SMITHERS, 40s, listens to Vanessa's heart and lungs. Checks her eyes, ears, throat and reflexes. Taps a knee. Vanessa's foot kicks a tray of utensils across the room.

They both nearly jump out of their skins. Dr. Smithers pulls out a syringe as her eyes blink and roll to Vanessa.

DR. SMITHERS

Roll up a sleeve, please.

INT. THE OLD HODGEPODGE THRIFT STORE - DAY

As Vanessa sifts through a rack of vintage jeans she spots a pair of those old back cover comic book X-ray gogs on a shelf. She puts them on and looks at her hands. Sees bones!

Rips them off. Looks at the shoppers going about their business. Puts on the x-ray gogs. Looks at the skeleton shoppers going about their business. Looks at her hands. Bones! Buys the x-ray gogs.

INT. VANESSA'S TINY STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Vanessa sits on her sofa in the x-ray gogs, seeing through everything. She takes them off and picks up her phone. Dials. Her fingers drum on the coffee table, echoing loudly.

VANESSA

Hello? Dr. Smithers? It's Vanessa Gains.

DR. SMITHERS (O.S)

Vanessa! I was just about to call you.

VANESSA

You were?

DR. SMITHERS (O.S.)

Yes. I need to see you ASAP.

VANESSA
Why? Did you find something?

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
You first. Why are you calling?

VANESSA
--I'm very--Something's very wrong. Why do you need to see me?

DR. SMITHERS (O.S.)
There's an unusually high incidence of adrenaline in your bloodstream. I'd like to know why. Can you meet me at the Medical Center tomorrow morning at 7:00 A.M.?

VANESSA
Sure.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

Dr. Smithers puts Vanessa through a battery of tests: EKG, EEG, CT scan, and an MRI.

INT. DR. SMITHERS' OFFICE - LATER

Dr. Smithers sits at her desk, reviewing Vanessa's test readouts. Vanessa sits watching the doctor's furrowed brow.

DR. SMITHERS
--and your adrenal gland is somewhat enlarged.

VANESSA
What's that mean?

DR. SMITHERS
Not sure, yet. Your synapses are firing at an extremely high rate of speed. Your blood shows large amounts of beta carotene, amino acids--and lots of iron.

VANESSA
What's that mean?

Dr. Smithers stands pulling a syringe from her pocket.

DR. SMITHERS
It's the coincidence of how these factors work together that intrigues me--and the results they should be producing in you.--
Make a fist, please.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - LATER

Dr. Smithers puts Vanessa through a battery of strength and endurance tests. Their eye popping results cause Vanessa to slow her pace on the treadmill.

DR. SMITHERS
What's wrong?

VANESSA
I--I'm tired. I don't think I can--can I
stop?

Dr. Smithers reviews Vanessa's treadmill readout.

DR. SMITHERS
You shouldn't be tired.

VANESSA
Well, I am.

She stops the treadmill. Dr. Smithers eyes are a little suspicious.

DR. SMITHERS
--Sure--Sure, Vanessa. I guess if you
weren't exhausted by now, you'd have to
be superhuman.

Vanessa steps off the treadmill.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

Vanessa goes for a run alone, working up to running as fast as she can; until she becomes mere streaks of light. She stops, looks at her wristwatch, and shakes her head.

She does the run again and again. Doesn't even have to catch her breath when she stops and hasn't broken a sweat.

EXT. TRENDY COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

People sit at outdoor tables chatting, working on laptops, or simply watching the world go by. Vanessa and Jaime approach laughing and chatting.

A customer exits the coffee house with an iced coffee just as another customer is hurrying in; just as Jaime and Vanessa exchange that look that often precedes the spontaneity and surprise of a sweet first kiss.

His hand is easing into hers when the two customers collide and the iced coffee goes flying. Lands all over Vanessa.

VANESSA
Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!

She staggers suddenly, stumbles, and falls to the ground. Try as she might, she cannot get up. She is dazed and limp.

JAIME
What's wrong?

VANESSA
(slurring)
I don't know.

He carries her to a chair.

Suddenly she sneezes. Sneezes again. And again. And again. Can't stop. A little kitten's head pops out of a nearby customer's purse.

Just as suddenly Vanessa stands with no effort. Sneezing. The kitten's owner's splotchy pigment hand scratches it behind the ears. Vanessa can't stop sneezing.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Sorry. I'm allergic.

She's backing away quickly. Jaime, looking confused, runs to catch up.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Violently allergic.

She is nearly half a block away before the sneezing stops.

INT. BISTRO - LATER

Vanessa and Jaime enjoy a nice lunch, although he shows some concern over her voracious appetite. Lips ajar, he watches her inhale the first of the two entrees in front of her.

JAIME
--Um--Vanessa?

She barely glances up.

VANESSA
Huh?

JAIME
Are you sure you're okay?

As she digs into entree #2, she realizes her audience hasn't touched his entree.

VANESSA
I'm fine.

JAIME
--Oh--Okay.

VANESSA
Are you gonna eat your steak?

He pulls his plate close and grabs up his knife and fork.

JAIME
(defensively)
Yes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Yugo motors past really big houses on a wide boulevard. Slows down near a parked black mint condition Pinto.

INT. BLACK PINTO - SIMULTANEOUS

The splotchy pigment hand pets the kitten nestled in a large purse on the front seat, then reaches for its commuter coffee cup as the Yugo turns into the open garage of a really big house across the boulevard and parks beside a Mercedes.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa enters the really big house through the garage door.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa finds her frantic mother, DR. LESLIE GAINS, late 40s, gagged and bound to a chair. As Vanessa hurries to free her, a ski-masked HOME INVADER grabs her from behind.

Vanessa throws him off, then throttles him with exceptional tae kwon do skills before flinging him away like a rag doll.

His ski-masked ACCOMPLICE runs in with a gun. Vanessa bends the barrel as she rips it from his hand then tae kwon do's his ass, too, and flings him on top of his unconscious partner.

VANESSA
(whispering)
Are there anymore of them?

Her stunned mother shakes her head. Vanessa removes the gag.

LESLIE
You go, Girl! I see those self-defense classes paid off.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - LATER

Police cars with flashing lights are parked in front of the house and driveway. The black Pinto is gone.

INT. KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Paramedics tend to the battered and bruised home invaders, Rob and George, who now sit unmasked and handcuffed.

DETECTIVES MIKE MAY, 40s, and DAN QUARLES, 30s, are questioning Leslie and Vanessa.

LESLIE

I was making hot cocoa when they just burst in from the garage.

DETECTIVE MAY

Did they hurt you, Dr. Gains?

LESLIE

(shaking her head)

But I don't know what they'd've done if Vanessa hadn't shown up.

Detective Quarles holds up the mangled gun.

DETECTIVE QUARLES

Can either of you explain this--or how these two-

He points behind him.

DETECTIVE QUARLES (CONT'D)

-got so--whapped?

Leslie glances at Vanessa. The detectives look at Vanessa.

VANESSA

They fell.

Leslie goes slightly gape mouthed.

DETECTIVE MAY

They fell? How?

VANESSA

They tripped and when they fell, the gun bent.

DETECTIVE QUARLES

What?--Guns don't-

LESLIE

She's telling the truth. One tripped over Vanessa while she was untying me and the other one, the one with the gun, tripped over him when he came to see what happened.

Leslie and Vanessa's eyes avoid one another as the detectives' eyes meet, then look around the spacious kitchen.

GEORGE(O.S.)

I'll tell you what happened! It was her!
She attacked us and she bent the gun.

He aims his chin at Vanessa. The detectives blink and frown.

ROB

It's true. She attacked us. For no reason--
-and she bent the gun!

The detectives burst out laughing. A police officer peers into the kitchen. Detective Quarles holds the gun out.

DETECTIVE QUARLES

Bag this. And get these clowns outta here!

Rob and George are dragged away professing their innocence and Vanessa's guilt.

DETECTIVE MAY

Well--we're pretty much done here. It seems open and shut.

DETECTIVE QUARLES

We'll be in touch.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The police and paramedics are gone. The room is back in order. Leslie is at the stove staring into the pan of hot cocoa she stirs. Vanessa stares into space.

LESLIE

Did you want to clear up exactly what happened tonight? For my peace of mind?

She looks at Vanessa.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Vanessa?

Vanessa stands and removes her wig. Leslie frowns. Vanessa removes her lenses. Leslie looks horrified.

FADE TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Wearing her x-ray gogs, Vanessa stands in front of the closed refrigerator.

VANESSA
 --milk, orange juice, a pitcher of iced
 tea, 1/2 a bottle of chenin blanc:
 something French, 2008.

Leslie cracks the refrigerator door, keeping an eye on Vanessa as she peeks in. Vanessa watches Leslie's skeleton slam the door closed. Looks over the top of her x-ray gogs.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 Shall I continue?

Leslie nods.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 Bottom shelf--I thought you were on a diet?

LESLIE
 What?

VANESSA
 Banana cream pie hidden in a fresh
 Hawai'ian pineapple box?

Vanessa watches Leslie's skeleton reach in for the wine bottle, pull out the cork and swig from the bottle. Vanessa snatches off the gogs.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 Well, that was just wrong.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie stands in the shadows of tall hedges at the edge of her front lawn holding a stopwatch. She looks up and down the quiet street.

A streak of blur suddenly appears out of nowhere, until it becomes Vanessa slowing to a stop. Leslie stops the stopwatch.

LESLIE
 (excited)
 Ten seconds again!--Wait a minute!--On
 the news the other day, they said the
 girl who rescued that drowning swimmer
 was a Black girl with blue eyes and white
 hair. That was you?

Vanessa nods. Leslie lets out a whoop and turns to run up her winding walkway.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

My baby is a hero, a genuine superhero!

VANESSA

Where're you going?

LESLIE

To the library. Meet me in the kitchen.

INT. LIBRARY - A MOMENT LATER

Leslie scans shelves of medical and science books in her library. She pulls out a basic chemistry textbook.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Leslie sips cocoa as she studies the periodic table at the table. Vanessa leans over her shoulder. Yawns.

LESLIE

I'll be awhile.

VANESSA

(not moving)

Okay.

LESLIE

(not looking up)

Your trampoline's still out there.

VANESSA

Oh. Right.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The sky is crystal clear and moonless over the rear garden. There's a large trampoline out on a far edge. Vanessa climbs on. She jumps high, higher and higher. Higher; until she is looking down at Los Angeles; and a tiny little trampoline.

She panics but is easily able to gain control of her sudden and rapid descent. Lands gently on the trampoline. On her feet. Frowns. Floats up a few inches.

Hovers. Floats up again, this time a few feet. Scrambles back down to the trampoline.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa bursts in. Leslie almost chokes on a sip of cocoa.

VANESSA

Mom!

LESLIE

What? What's wrong now?

VANESSA

I think I can fly!

LESLIE

What?!?

Vanessa smiles. She easily lifts Leslie and her chair up, then they both rise a few feet into the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie watches as Vanessa, wigless and lensless, slowly floats up off the ground then flies up high high high until she disappears.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa soars, arms stretched out to her sides. Her face looks thrilled and terrified at once. She dips, spins, twirls and loop-to-loops.

Finishes with a free fall, stopping just short of the ground. Smiles at her stunned mother then tucks her arms in close to her sides and shoots straight up like a rocket.

Evens out and holds her right arm out in front. Tilts right. Tilts left. Stunning technique. A natural. She holds both arms out in front and employs a cruising speed.

Breaks into a big smile as she coasts over the Griffith Observatory. Sees the Hollywood Sign and the Capitol Records building up ahead.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY FRONT LAWN - SIMULTANEOUS

Geeks and nerds dot the lawn peering into their fancy telescopes. They all straighten up suddenly and simultaneously, look at one another, then scramble to be first through the front doors of the observatory.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Vanessa approaches Leslie's house from the sky.

An OLD HOMELESS WOMAN sees her fly over the alley and disappear behind a fence. She digs into her shopping cart. Pulls out and admires a half full whiskey bottle.

OLD WOMAN

Now that's what I call good hooch!

She drinks until her bottle is empty.

EXT. LESLIE'S ROLLING REAR GARDEN - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa lands on the lawn so full of exhilaration that she's about to burst. Finally, something has taken her breath away.

LESLIE

(calmly)

Have you been to see Jessie Smithers?

VANESSA

Twice. She-

LESLIE

Can't be your doctor anymore.

VANESSA

What? Why not?

LESLIE

Knowing Jessie "ASAP" Smithers, M.D. she's already got experts from NIH on the way.-- We should check in with Sandy, too.

EXT. SKY - LATER

Vanessa cruises through the air. She must wear her backpack as a front pack because Leslie's lying on her back with her arms tight around Vanessa's neck.

Leslie's face looks both thrilled and terrified at once. They pass the Griffith Observatory. The Hollywood sign is just ahead.

EXT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY FRONT LAWN - SIMULTANEOUS

The geeks' and nerds' eyes are glued to their telescopes. They all straighten up suddenly and simultaneously, look at one another, then scramble to be first through the front doors of the observatory.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Vanessa and Leslie land on the rooftop. Leslie is breathless and quite giddy. Vanessa must hold her up until she gets her sea legs back.

Vanessa puts on her x-ray gogs to read the entry code in the box beside the rooftop door.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa's x-ray gogs lead her and Leslie downstairs through a series of coded security doors and into a hallway leading to Dr. Smithers' office.

INT. DR. SMITHERS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa easily pulls open a locked file cabinet. She finds her thick file and gives it to Leslie who scans a few pages, reacting appropriately. Vanessa listens to the air, frowning.

Puts her ear to the door holding her index finger to her lips. Leslie ducks behind the desk when the door opens.

Vanessa's hand reaches out from behind the door and oh so gently plucks a security guard on his temple. His searching flashlight drops just before he does.

Leslie peers over the desk, then runs to check his pulse, his pupils, and the huge lump forming on the side of his head.

LESLIE

He's okay--but you'll need to be more careful with your superpowers and we mere mortals.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Unit four, state your location.

Vanessa and Leslie look at the guard's walkie-talkie. Leslie stuffs the file into Vanessa's backpack and wipes the file cabinet and doorknob free of fingerprints with her sleeve.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O./CONT'D)

Unit four. Unit 4, do you copy? Come in,
Unit 4. Do you copy?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SECONDS LATER

Leslie and Vanessa disappear through a security door just before an elevator opens spilling more security guards into the hallway.

LESLIE (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 After we get out of here, can we just
 take a taxi home?

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

An empty taxi rattles down the street as Vanessa dons her wig and puts in her lenses. Leslie hails it, but it doesn't stop.

VANESSA
 Oh, no he didn't!!!

She takes off running. The taxi screeches to a stop when she's suddenly in front of him and walking towards that taxi looking mighty determined.

The shocked driver rolls up his windows and locks the doors. To his dismay, Vanessa easily opens the rear passenger door anyway. She looks back at Leslie who slowly makes her way to the taxi and climbs in. Vanessa climbs in after her.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The driver looks at Leslie's proud and satisfied smile in his rearview mirror.

LESLIE
 5000 Griffith Park Boulevard, please.

The taxi doesn't move. Vanessa leans over the front seat and turns the meter on.

VANESSA
 Meter's ticking!

The driver's rearview mirror eyes look at her, then look ahead as the taxi slowly moves forward.

INT. JAIME'S CAR - LATER

Jaime's rear view mirror eyes watch the taxi pull up in front of Leslie's house. They watch Leslie pay the driver before she and Vanessa exit the taxi.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jaime jumps out of his parked car and runs towards Vanessa and Leslie as the taxi drives away. Vanessa spins around ready for action.

JAIME

Vanessa!

He grabs her and hugs her close.

JAIME (CONT'D)

Are you and your mom okay?!? We heard down at the station-

VANESSA

Yes--Jaime--we're fine.--This is my mom. Mom, this is Jaime.

He reaches out to shake Leslie's hand, one arm still hugging Vanessa protectively.

JAIME

It's nice to meet you, Dr. Gains.

LESLIE

It's nice to meet you as well, Jaime.

VANESSA

Jaime--(whispering in his ear)can you let me go?

JAIME

Huh?--Oh--

He lets his other arm drop. Laughs all embarrassed with no idea of what to say now.

LESLIE

--Would you like to come in for some cocoa?

He looks at Vanessa with questioning eyes.

VANESSA

He'd love to.

He smiles. Her hand eases into his as they follow Leslie up the winding walkway to the front door.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

At the table, Leslie and Jaime sip hot cocoa. Vanessa sips hot herbal tea. They laugh and chat over a plate of homemade cookies.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - MUCH LATER

Jaime's car is parked in the driveway in front of the closed garage door. All the lights of the house are out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Jaime sleeps soundly on a chaise lounge, a fireplace poker secure in his hands.

FADE TO:

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - NEXT MORNING

Under a drab fluorescent ceiling and gray walls inmates wait in line for or already feast on lumpy oatmeal, runny powdered eggs, greasy sausages and bacon, and watery coffee.

Armed GUARDS stand watch. Victor Crosius sits at the lonely end of an otherwise full table scowling at his breakfast.

Rob and George limp up, bandaged and bruised, breakfast in hand.

VICTOR

What the hell happened to you two?

A NERDY INMATE sits beside Victor.

NERDY INMATE

Wazzzzuuuuuuup!

Victor barks like a lunatic. Nerdy Inmate quickly stands, picking up his breakfast.

NERDY INMATE (CONT'D)

Deuces.

INT. VANESSA'S OLD BEDROOM- THE NEXT MORNING

It's bigger than her entire tiny apartment. The walls are covered with posters of rap, hip-hop, and pop music stars. And Olympic track champions past and present.

Anchorman Bob Walker delivers the KVLA morning news as Vanessa dashes about getting dressed.

BOB

Did you see something strange in the sky last night? Police switchboards were flooded with calls from stargazers claiming to have seen something flying through the air.

Vanessa pops in her lenses and dons her wig.

BOB (CONT'D)
Officials from Pasadena's Jet Propulsion
Lab and from the Griffith Observatory
would neither confirm nor deny reports.
Vandenberg Air Force Base had no comment.

Co-anchor, Zack Case, chuckles, shaking his head.

ZACK
Only in LA, Bob.

Bob chuckles as Zack looks into his camera.

ZACK (CONT'D)
Coming up--can your smartphone give you
hand cancer? Stay tuned to KVLA to find
out surprising concerns being raised over
these very popular and--"handy" devices.

Vanessa shuts off the television and leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Coffee is brewed. Bacon sizzles as Leslie scrambles eggs.
Jaime reads the morning paper at the table. She refills his
coffee mug.

JAIME
Thanks, Dr. Gains.

LESLIE
You're welcome.

A commuter cup with a dangling tea bag string sits ready to
go on the counter. Vanessa runs through heading for the
garage as Leslie pulls fresh homemade biscuits from the oven.

VANESSA
I'm late.

She grabs a biscuit. Grabs the tea. The garage door slams
closed behind her.

LESLIE
And yet, some things refuse to change.

Jaime looks absolutely befuddled. The garage door opens and
Vanessa's head pops back in.

VANESSA
(smiling)
Good morning.

JAIME
 (smiling back)
 Good morning.

VANESSA
 Sleep okay?

JAIME
 Yes. I did. You?

VANESSA
 With our own guardian angel downstairs?
 Like a baby! Call you later?

JAIME
 Of course.

VANESSA
 Okay. Bye. Bye, Mom.

LESLIE
 Bye, Baby. Have a good day!

The door closes. She and Jaime listen to the Yugo backfiring and refusing to start, to Vanessa getting out and giving it a good kick as she screams in frustration. Are looking at the garage door when it pops open one more time.

VANESSA
 --Can I get a ride?

Jaime is up and downing the rest of his coffee as he heads for the garage, grabbing a couple of biscuits on the way.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - A LITTLE LATER

Rob and George finish up breakfast. Victor's is untouched. They speak in very low voices.

VICTOR
 And this chick kicked both your asses?

ROB
 Not at the same time. I was in the dining room getting the silver.

GEORGE
 Plus she had the element of surprise.

ROB
 And she knew kung fu and stuff.

VICTOR
 This is the story you're sticking with?

GEORGE
It's the truth. And your story ain't much better.

VICTOR
I did not kill that woman.

GEORGE
Yeah. Keep singing that song, Victor.
Nobody'll get tired of hearing it.

Rob snickers but Victor's glare stops that quick enough.

VICTOR
Which is why I'm exercising my right to a speedy trial.

GEORGE
What?

VICTOR
Before this whole public opinion thing buries me.

ROB
What about us?

VICTOR
Your dumb asses were supposed to help get me out. Now we gotta get you back out so you can get me out.

ROB
Huh?

Victor reaches over and smacks Rob upside the head.

ROB & GUARD
Hey!

Victor looks at the guard. Laughs. Shrugs.

VICTOR
No need to get excited, Officer.

Rob laughs and waves the guard off.

ROB
Just a little horseplay.

Back to hushed voices.

VICTOR
Will you focus!

Rob leans in close.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 (frustrated)
 Sit up, Rob. We want to look like we're
 not up to something.

Rob sits up.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 Pinto is posting your bail as we speak.
 And we have a back-up plan should the
 judicial system fail me.

He stands.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 Meanwhile, maybe you two should avoid the
 chicks until you take a few self-defense
 classes.

He picks up his plate and walks to the exit. Dumps his
 breakfast, plate and all, into the trash can and leaves.

INT. JAIME'S CAR - LATER

Jaime and Vanessa motor along on the streets of LA. Vanessa
 digs her ringing phone out of her backpack.

VANESSA
 Hello?

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
 Hello, Vanessa. It's Dr. Smithers.

VANESSA
 (glancing at Jaime)
 Hi.

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
 We had a break-in at my office last night.

VANESSA
 What?--Wow.--I'm really sorry.

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
 So am I. Whomever it was broke into my
 patient files.

VANESSA
 What?

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
Yes. Curiously, yours was the only file
taken.

VANESSA
What? Who would do that?

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
That's what I wondered. The police
suspect it was an inside job.

VANESSA
Why?

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
The person knew the entry codes to every
door he needed to get through.

VANESSA
Hmph. Well, that's scary.

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
Luckily, everything's backed up on my
computer.

Vanessa coughs and strangles on a sip of tea. Jaime looks
over, concerned.

DR. SMITHERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Vanessa, are you okay?

Vanessa takes a deep breath.

VANESSA
Yes--I'm fine--Everything's fine.

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
Are you sure?

VANESSA
Yes. I'm sure.

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
Okay. Anyway, the other reason I called
is to set up your next appointment.

VANESSA
Oh--But you know what? I feel fine.
Whatever was wrong is gone now.

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
That's good to hear. But I want you to come
in for a consult with some colleagues. We
want to run more extensive tests.

VANESSA
I don't have time. I have a new job-

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
And I can appreciate that, but-

Vanessa makes a crunching, static sound with her mouth.

VANESSA
Hello?--Dr. Smithers?

She makes the sound again.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Hello?--I think you're dropping out!

DR. SMITHERS(O.S.)
But I can hear-

Vanessa hangs up.

JAIME
Everything okay?

VANESSA
Yes. My doctor's trying to make a big deal out of a little work related stress.

JAIME
Is that why you fainted the other-

VANESSA
I didn't faint, Jaime, I just got a little dizzy.

JAIME
A little? You couldn't stand up! You could barely sit up.

VANESSA
And then I could. I was fine. I am fine.

He stops in front of KVLA-TV, not looking convinced as she gets out waving goodbye and scurries into the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Vanessa soars through the air at top speed. She lands on the rooftop of Dr. Smithers' office's building.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE ENTRANCE- SIMULTANEOUS

George trades a valet a one hundred dollar bill for a set of car keys.

EXT. ROOFTOP DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa has forgotten her backpack. No backpack, no x-ray gogs. No x-ray gogs, no x-ray vision; no entry code access. She lifts off and flies down the side of the building.

Stops. Hovers in front of a large mirror window regarding her reflection for a second. Kicks the window in.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

George disarms the alarm of a luxury sports car. Gets in the driver's seat. Jump starts the engine. Drives to the exit. Returns the keys with another one hundred dollar bill. Winks at the valet who waves him off.

INT. DR. SMITHERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

An alarm howls as Vanessa types furiously at Dr. Smithers' computer. No access without a password. She thinks hard for a few seconds, then types ASAP. No access.

She hears elevator doors opening and footsteps running towards the office. She grabs up the whole CPU tower, easily snatching it free of power cords and cables.

Wipes the keyboard and mouse with her sleeve before running to the window. Keys are unlocking the office door.

The guards burst in as she disappears through the window. They run to the window. They look down. Up. Sideways. At one another.

EXT. GIANT MOVING TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

George rounds a street corner and drives the luxury sports car up into the truck. Rob pushes the ramp up while George gets out of the car and jumps down from the truck.

They close it up, lock it, get in and drive away. The black mint condition Pinto falls in behind them and follows at a safe distance. Turns right when they turn right.

The license plate of the Pinto reads: KABOOM

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

Vanessa's ripped and torn clothes lie in a pile on the floor. The glass enclosed shower/steam room is all fogged up.

Vanessa sits on a tiled ledge, blasted by jets of hot steam that would be intolerable to ordinary humans. The jets suddenly shut off.

VANESSA

--Mom?

LESLIE (O.S.)

The police are here.--They want to ask you about another break-in at Jessie's office.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa and Leslie, in jammies and bathrobes, sit together on a sofa in the sprawling living room. Detective Shirp and his partner, DETECTIVE CAMPBELL, 30s, sit on the sofa facing them, taking notes.

VANESSA

I went for a run, like I do every night.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

Where?

VANESSA

Griffith Park.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

You went for a night run in Griffith Park?

VANESSA

Yes.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

Alone?

VANESSA

Yes.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

You weren't afraid of getting lost? Or worse?

LESLIE

Please. Griffith Park was my daughter's backyard. She grew up playing there every day. And what do these questions--wait a minute! You don't think Vanessa broke into Jessie Smithers' office?!

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL
We're just following up on leads, Ma'am.

LESLIE
And how's she supposed to have gotten in?

DETECTIVE SHIRP
--Through the window.

Leslie pretends surprise and shock.

VANESSA
On the 18th floor of a secured building?

Detective Campbell's lips are sealed. It's all he can do not to shrug.

DETECTIVE SHIRP
Burglars have been known to rappel down the sides of buildings to gain entry.

LESLIE
--Or maybe she flew!

She and Vanessa burst out laughing. Detective Campbell snickers until Detective Shirp throws him a glare.

VANESSA
Detective Shirp, why would I break into my doctor's office?

DETECTIVE SHIRP
Well, someone broke in the other night and stole your file.

VANESSA
I know. Dr. Smithers called me today.

Detective Shirp's quiet gaze lingers.

DETECTIVE SHIRP
She also told you that she had the file backed up on her computer and now, tonight, someone matching your description broke into her office.

VANESSA
And stole just my file?

DETECTIVE SHIRP
In this case, all of the doctor's patient files, her whole computer, was taken.

VANESSA
And you think I did this?

DETECTIVE SHIRP

I don't know, Ms. Gains. Is there anything in your file that you don't want someone to find out?

LESLIE

I hope Jessie Smithers hasn't violated any doctor patient privileges.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

No. She hasn't, Dr. Gains. And I hope your daughter hasn't violated any laws regarding sports and doping.

Leslie smiles politely. The detectives return the favor.

LESLIE

--Do you want me to call Gloria Allred or are you just testing my waters?

DETECTIVE SHIRP

Dr. Gains, we're fully aware of who you are and who your friends are.

DETECTIVE CAMPBELL

We're just trying to do our job, Ma'am.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

You **do** want to know who's so interested in your daughter, and why, don't you?

LESLIE

Of course. So why don't you find out.

She stands. Vanessa stands.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Good-night, Detectives.

The detectives stand. Reluctantly.

DETECTIVE SHIRP

Good night, Dr. Gains. Ms. Gains.

Vanessa shows them to the door and closes it behind them. She and Leslie run to peer out through a window as the detectives wend their way down the driveway to their car.

LESLIE

Get rid of the computer. And the clothes.

VANESSA

--Okay.

The detectives get in and slowly pull away. After they are out of sight Leslie smiles at Vanessa with worried eyes.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

What?

LESLIE

Why don't you pay a visit to the lab. I have an old formula for a more--durable fabric to suit your escapades. I came up with it in what your dad used to call my "Mad Scientist" pre-med days.

INT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - DAWN

Big old rusted out roasting ovens sit against a back wall. Long ago done their service, they are now home to spiders and cobwebs. The kitten jumps out of the mouth of one and bounds over and up onto an uber tidy workbench.

Under the light of a single naked bulb, the long slender fingers with splotchy loss of pigment set down the commuter cup and carefully line up bomb ingredients: wires, timers, C-4 explosives, etc.

One of the hands scratches the kitten behind the ears as it purrs loudly.

INT. LESLIE'S LAB - MORNING

Everything is in anal retentive order: jars, slides, clean and festering Petri dishes, and large and small droppers, vials and test tubes. Flasks and beakers bubble over Bunsen Burners.

Leslie is consumed with the slide under her microscope. Only looks away to jot notes on a nearby pad.

INT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - AFTERNOON

The splotchy pigment fingers connect wires to the C-4 explosives, then to the timers. They secure a bomb in an ultra, ultra slim padded briefcase.

INT. LESLIE'S LAB - LATE LATE AFTERNOON

Vanessa knocks and pokes her head in, sniffing cautiously.

VANESSA

Is it safe?

LESLIE(O.S.)

Yes. You can come all the way in.

Vanessa enters. Looks at her mom hunched over the microscope. Watches her shoulders silently sigh.

VANESSA
How's the exciting world of cancer research?

LESLIE
Don't ask.

Her eyes don't leave her microscope.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
It's in the locker.

Vanessa opens the locker and peeks in.

VANESSA
It's black.

LESLIE
Can't be too inconspicuous. It's a perfect combination of nylon, Lycra spandex, some liquid Lucite--and Kevlar.

VANESSA
Kevlar?

LESLIE
Bullet proof vests?

VANESSA
Oh.

LESLIE
Now I have at least concluded that those x-ray gogs of yours work because, for whatever reason, a red filter now gives you x-ray vision.

Vanessa takes out her new outfit and holds it up as Leslie comes over and feels around the locker's top shelf.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Sooooo--I thought these might work, and look, better.

She pulls out a pair of spectacularly sleek neo-retro-post-modern aerodynamic x-ray gogs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
They attach to the hood of your suit, so you can just rotate them down when you need x-ray vision. Up when you don't.

INT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - EVENING

Pinto exits an interior door of a long high wall with her commuter coffee cup and the ultra, ultra slim briefcase and the kitten peeking out of her purse.

Pinto is a very young, very slim woman. Her skin is the color of amber with splotchy loss of pigment and at least half of her waist length jet black hair is absolutely white in spots.

She walks past a blue Pinto. A brown Pinto. A green Pinto. An orange Pinto. All in mint condition. She gets into the black Pinto parked beside the rusty white one with one wiper.

EXT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

From outside it is no more than a large abandoned industrial building with broken window panes and boarded up doors.

Automatic double doors open out for the black Pinto to drive out, then close tight behind it as Pinto drives towards a giant setting sun.

INT. LESLIE'S LABORATORY - SIMULTANEOUS

In a full length mirror Vanessa looks at herself in her state of the art sleek, new outfit that shows off her state of the art athletic sinew with no shame.

Her hand finds a deep back pocket.

VANESSA

A pocket?

LESLIE

For your phone--since you all but sleep with it.

She reaches back into the locker one more time and pulls out a pair of black sprinter's shoes.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

These have reinforced arches and soles.

VANESSA

Reinforced with what?

LESLIE

That shall remain my secret. But since you're hard enough on footwear as it is, these will last longer now that you're-

VANESSA

Faster than a speeding bullet?

They break into giggles that become warm and misty smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Thanks, Mom.

LESLIE

Unnecessary. I promised Caleb that I'd take good care of us.

VANESSA

I know. I promised, too. I think we're doing Daddy proud.

LESLIE

We'll see. Just don't go out there thinking this suit will make you invincible.

VANESSA

Invincible?

LESLIE

Promise me you'll be careful, Vanessa. Please. Please, please promise me that.

VANESSA

Okay. I promise.

LESLIE

Because whether we like it or not, some mornings we wake up and life will never be the same again and there's nothing we can do but live with it.--But at least we have each other.

VANESSA

I know, Mom. I'll be careful. I will.

She digs her phone out of her backpack and slides it into its new home away from home. Goes to a large open window.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Can you take my backpack home?

LESLIE

Done.

Vanessa lifts off and flies out into the evening sky. Leslie watches as she disappears.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Oh! And it's waterproof--

But Vanessa is too far away to hear her. Leslie shrugs and shakes her head, sm

iling. Returns to her microscope.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An armored truck pulls up to an ATM. Two ARMED GUARDS get out and carefully scope out the area. One empties the ATM while the other stands guard.

As they approach their truck, a ski-masked Rob and George appear out of nowhere. George presses the muzzle of a gun to the temple of the guard with the bags of cash.

GEORGE

We'll take the cash.

Disarms him as Rob disarms the driver.

ROB

And the keys.

VANESSA(O.S.)

If I were you, I'd just take a walk.

George, Rob, and the guards spin around to find her standing behind them, arms akimbo.

ROB, GEORGE & THE GUARDS

What the-?

Rob and George start shooting as she approaches. Bullets bounce off of her, zigzagging in all directions. George and Rob look at the smoking barrels of their useless weapons.

The guards seize the chance to jump into their truck and screech away. The black Pinto screeches out of a hidden alley and hauls ass in the opposite direction.

George is reloading when Vanessa grabs the scruff of his shirt and floats up just high enough to drop him to the ground with a thud. He looks up at her, screaming in pain.

GEORGE

Owwwww! You broke my legs!

She looks at Rob as she lowers back to the ground. His gun drops as he turns tail to run.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Wait! Rob! Come back here! Help me!

Vanessa walks towards him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Not you, you--freak! You've helped enough.

VANESSA

I've only just begun to help.

She pats him down for his phone and dials 911.

VANESSA(CONT'D)

Hello? I heard gunshots.--I'm at the corner of Vine and Cole.--Yes. Thank you.

She replaces his phone in its pocket and stands. As she walks away, two headlights speed towards her. Last thing she sees before the Korean sedan hits her is Rob's laughing sneer.

The car cleaves in half and falls to pieces. Even Vanessa looks surprised when she is still standing. Rob is a writhing, bloody mess of broken bones and shattered ego.

Wailing sirens get closer. Vanessa goes up, up, and away.

EXT. WILSHIRE CORRIDOR - LATER

Fire fighting units on the ground aim hoses at flames shooting from windows halfway up a hotel. Guests trapped above the fire hang over balconies.

Others huddle on corner of the roof awaiting helicopter rescue, but the winds are too strong. A cherry picker eases into position. KVL A's news van is first on the scene.

Jaime is out and already getting shots of the fire as reporter, JESSICA LEE, 30s, hurriedly pretties her face in the passenger seat. Vanessa flies into the scene.

The firefighter on the cherry picker glimpses her through billows of smoke. He blinks hard, squinting and shaking his head. The helicopter crew squint to make out the hovering figure fading in and out of the smoke.

Jaime tries to focus better on what his eyes can't believe.

Vanessa fills her lungs and blows until the flames are out. Jaime looks up without the camera but Vanessa is gone before the smoke clears. He shakes his head and continues filming.

EXT. TREE LINED STREET - LATER

The silence of a quiet neighborhood is broken by the mews of a frightened kitten. Vanessa lands on a tree branch the kitten clings to. She picks it up. Sneezes. Lifts off.

EXT. SKY - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa holds the howling, clawing kitten close as she flies through the night. Every time she sneezes, she surges forward.

EXT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - SIMULTANEOUS

The automatic double doors open out for the black Pinto to drive into, then close tight behind it.

INT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - LATER

Vanessa enters the kitchen from the garage with the delirious kitten. She sneezes, startling Leslie who stirs a pan of cocoa on the stove.

LESLIE
What on Earth?

VANESSA
I found you a(sneezes)present.

Leslie takes the kitten and tries to calm it. Vanessa sneezes less, but doesn't stop.

LESLIE
And you picked this present because--?

VANESSA
I thought you could use some company.

INT. VANESSA'S OLD BEDROOM - AROUND MIDNIGHT

The faraway wails of the kitten pierce the air as Vanessa's sneezing head tosses and turns under her pillow.

INT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - SIMULTANEOUS

Pinto lounges on a big couch in the middle of a huge long room; eyes closed, MP3 player ear buds in.

The kitten runs over to jump up on her. She sits up with a start. The kitten falls to the floor. She picks it up and lies back down.

Gently scratches it behind the ears as it curls up on her chest and closes its eyes, purring. Pinto closes her eyes, too.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

It's decorated in soothing desert tones: a setting sun in a clear winter sky, sagebrush, sand, and tumbleweeds.

A wedding portrait of Leslie and Caleb sits on the night stand beside a phone, alarm clock, and Vanessa's first baby portrait; and a very old picture of a beaming Caleb in his brand new Yugo.

Leslie is sound asleep, buried under down and fleece, an eye mask, and ear plugs.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Mom!!!!

Leslie springs up in bed.

VANESSA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mom!!!!

The mask and ear plugs go flying.

INT. VANESSA'S OLD BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Leslie runs in, stopping short when she catches sight of her daughter.

LESLIE

Oh, my God.

Vanessa's hair and nails have grown. Exponentially.

She has a humongous white Afro, extremely long matching eyebrows and lashes, plus her skin is covered with a fine patina of white hair.

The wailing kitten enters the room. Vanessa starts sneezing. Leslie shoos it out.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Vanessa peers over Leslie's shoulder as she drops two eggs into a large mixing bowl with mayonnaise, an avocado, and slices of lard.

VANESSA

You really think this'll work?

Leslie turns on the mixer, slowly pours in some beer, then sprinkles in oatmeal flakes.

LESLIE

It worked on Cousin Verlene--and she had the nappiest head in all of Philly.

VANESSA

Hmph.

LESLIE

She says it's the pig fat that does the trick.

She turns off the mixer and unfastens the mixing bowl. Vanessa's long toenails click along the floor as she follows Leslie out of the kitchen.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leslie slathers the homemade hair mask onto Vanessa's humongous Afro. Vanessa gazes at her in the vanity mirror.

LESLIE

Last thing the world needs is a superhero with self-esteem issues.

VANESSA

Too bad superheroes can't cure cancer.

LESLIE

--Shouldn't let that stop us from trying like hell though.

There's a little regret in her eyes as she wraps Vanessa's hair with cellophane and covers it with a hot towel.

VANESSA

You do just as much through your research as when you treated patients.

Leslie hugs her from behind.

LESLIE

I love you, Baby.

VANESSA

I love you, too, Mom.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - LATER

The floor is littered with hair and nail clippings. Leslie trims Vanessa's pinkie toenail. Vanessa's eyebrows and lashes are back to their normal length and the hair that was on her face, arms and legs is gone.

And what was once a fried, lumpy mess of an Afro is now soft and curly. Vanessa runs her fingers through the white ringlets that dangle to her shoulders.

She and Leslie smile into one another's mirror eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER STILL

Leslie and Vanessa sip coffee and herbal tea at the table.

LESLIE

You know what else? We need to know if you have a weakness.

Vanessa frowns.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
An Achilles heel. A Kryptonite.

VANESSA
Why?

LESLIE
You don't want to find out when you least expect it, do you?

VANESSA
--I guess not. No.

LESLIE
Maybe it is your Achilles heel.

She bends down and pinches Vanessa's Achilles heel as hard as she can. Vanessa giggles.

VANESSA
That tickles!

Leslie purses her lips.

LESLIE
Okay, so it's not your Achilles heel.

VANESSA
Water?

LESLIE
Water conducts electricity. Electricity is what gave you your--super powers.

They break into giggles, then both look suddenly excited.

LESLIE & VANESSA
Rubber!

Then they look at Vanessa's rubber flip flops and fall dejected. The kitten wails on the other side of the garage door.

LESLIE
Crybaby?

VANESSA
Except all he does is make me sneeze.

Vanessa yawns.

LESLIE
And keep you up all night.

VANESSA

(nodding)

I don't know how I'm going to stay awake at work today.

She looks at Leslie's coffee mug. Goes to the cupboard for a mug and pours herself a cuppa.

LESLIE

What are you doing? You don't drink coffee.

VANESSA

Because I was always in training. And I need help to get through this day.

She throws back the whole steaming mug.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

--Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!

LESLIE

Too hot?

Vanessa falls flat on her face as the mug in her hand shatters on the floor.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Vanessa!

She runs to turn her over. Finds nothing but white when she lifts one of Vanessa's twitching eyelids. She slaps her cheeks.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Vanessa!!!

She lays her head down gently and runs out of the room.

INT. LIBRARY - SECONDS LATER

Leslie runs in to get her medical bag from the bottom drawer of her desk.

INT. KITCHEN - JUST AFTER THAT

Leslie's all business: fishing out her stethoscope, listening for a heartbeat. Relief replaces worry on her face just a little. She sits Vanessa up.

Her eyelids have stopped twitching. Leslie opens them and finds fixed pinpoint pupils in the ice blue irises.

LESLIE

Vanessa! Vanessa!

She slaps Vanessa's cheek. Nothing. Finally, she looks at the telephone. The kitten wanders in mewling at the top of his lungs. Vanessa sneezes. And sneezes and sneezes and sneezes.

Leslie gently lays Vanessa down and gets up to shoo the kitten back out to the garage and close the door. The sneezing stops.

She sits on the floor, cradling Vanessa's head in her lap. Vanessa's eyes open and look up at Leslie, full of questions.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Can you move at all? Can you talk?

Vanessa doesn't move. Tears roll out of her begging eyes. Leslie wipes them away and gently strokes her cheek. She massages Vanessa's legs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Can you feel this?

Vanessa's eyes say yes. Leslie tickles her feet. Vanessa's toes wiggle and she makes a face and a weird sound that could be laughter.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I think it was the coffee.

She takes a syringe from her medical bag. Taps a vein on Vanessa's inner elbow.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY

Some beds are empty. Some have patients. Two patients are George and Rob. Rob is in a full body cast up to his neck. George's legs are in casts and in traction.

Victor wheels a bucket into the room with a mop. He whistles a happy tune. Stops between George and Rob's beds. Mops.

VICTOR

So I hear you two are going for the temporary insanity plea.

GEORGE

What?

VICTOR

You're ranting and raving about some flying chick.

GEORGE

She flew. I swear it.

VICTOR
Really? And how come Pinto didn't see
this amazing feat?

GEORGE
She was too busy fleeing to see the
flying.

ROB
But we both saw it with our own eyes.

GEORGE
Why would we make up something this
crazy, Victor? It's the truth.

Victor stops mopping.

VICTOR
No, the truth is that I'm still in this
hole for a crime I didn't commit.

ROB
You didn't rob that bank?

A DOCTOR and NURSE stroll through reviewing patient charts.

VICTOR
(mopping & whispering)
I didn't kill that woman.

ROB
Oh. Right.

Victor slaps Rob upside the only part of his body not encased
in plaster.

ROB, DOCTOR & NURSE
Hey!

VICTOR
(laughing & shrugging)
No need to get excited.

Rob smiles at the doctor and nurse. Laughs.

ROB
Just a little horseplay, Doc.

The doctor and nurse go back to their charts, keeping a
suspicious eye on the man with the mop as he leans in close.

VICTOR
(whispering)
I don't think I like your attitude, Rob.
And I'm not the one seeing flying chicks.

GEORGE

Think what you want, but that chick flew.

VICTOR

Yeah. Keep singing that song, Georgie.
Nobody'll get tired of hearing it.
Meanwhile, guess it's up to Pinto to get me
out of here if the judicial system fails.

ROB

What about us?

VICTOR

I'd say your fate is sealed. You'll go
straight from plaster to the looney bin.
--Flying chicks.

He puts his mop in the bucket, laughing as he wheels the
bucket towards the door.

GEORGE

We ain't nuts. We know what we saw.

Victor's peals of laughter resonate through the ward.

INT. VANESSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vanessa is propped up in her bed. The television is on. Her
thumb continually presses the channel button on the remote
control in her hand.

Her phone is in her other hand. Texting. Painfully slow.
Leslie enters.

LESLIE

How you feeling?

VANESSA

(very slurred)
Like I was hit by a bus.

LESLIE

I told work you have the flu. They said
not to worry. Jaime's another story.

Vanessa's eyes are back on her phone when the screen lights
up. She sighs.

VANESSA

I know. He wants to know how much longer.
Me, too.

LESLIE

(shrugging)
We can only wait and see, Vanessa.

VANESSA

This sucks.

FADE TO:

Vanessa sleeps soundly. The kitten noses its way into the room, jumps on the bed, and curls up into a ball.

Vanessa's nose twitches. She sneezes. Sneezes again. And again. And again. She wakes up and sits up. Looks around, sneezing. Sees the kitten.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Shoo, Crybaby!

Her speech is much clearer, though still a little thick. She is brushing the mewling kitten off of the covers when Leslie comes to see what the fuss is. She looks surprised.

LESLIE

You're sitting up on your own?

Vanessa looks at the arms she can move at will, although her fine motor skills still need work. She swings her legs off the bed to stand up.

VANESSA

Whoa!

She crumbles to the floor in a sneezing heap until Crybaby is pushed out of the room by Leslie's foot. He mews nonstop in the hallway as Leslie helps Vanessa back into bed.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Guess I'm going to have to wait a little longer to get back on my feet.

INT. KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Leslie and Vanessa sit at the table sipping hot cocoa and herbal tea.

LESLIE

I can't find anything, cause or cure.
Have you tried to use any of your powers?

VANESSA

(nodding)
Except flying. What if I relapse in midair?

Leslie pulls out a syringe. Vanessa rolls up her sleeve. Her inner arm looks like a junkie's.

INT. GARAGE - THE NEXT DAY

Vanessa is on her back under the Yugo with tools strewn around her.

One of her greasy hands pops out and feels around until it finds a wrench. Leslie's feet walk out from the kitchen.

LESLIE(O.S.)
A prisoner has taken over a downtown courthouse.

The tinkering stops.

LESLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's that serial bank robber. A woman got killed during his last heist.

Vanessa slides out from under the Yugo. Her grease covered face looks up.

LESLIE(CONT'D)
The jury had just found him guilty of murder. He stole a court officer's gun. Says there's a bomb in the building.

Vanessa is on her feet wiping her hands and face.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
He released civilians and employees and his lawyers, but took the judge, jury and prosecutors hostage.

Vanessa gets in the Yugo. It fusses and spits, but starts. She backs down the driveway, stalling out at the end but starts right back up, sputtering and spitting.

She gives it a few good revs until it's willing. And then she's gone. Not in a flash, but gone.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

Traffic police detour the Yugo and the traffic jam in front of and behind it away from police barricaded chaos.

News and police choppers swarm over a convoy of news vans spitting out clamoring reporters and camera operators. Vanessa spots the KVLA news van.

Jessica sits in the passenger seat going over notes. Jaime loads his camera.

FADE TO:

Vanessa approaches on foot. She assesses the SWAT teams getting into place, uniformed police officers guarding barricades, and a BOMB SQUAD UNIT establishing radio contact.

She eavesdrops until she hears in which courtroom the hostages are being held then easily slips past two bored and distracted police officers guarding the underground parking garage entrance.

INT. COURTHOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa stuffs her wig, lens case, and street clothes into her backpack then pries open the parking elevator doors.

She looks up. Snaps down her x-ray gogs and looks into the elevator being swept by skeletons in bomb squad unit gear.

She slowly flies up the shaft, bypassing the bomb squad skeletons at work. Hears a beep. Listens intently then looks up. An ultra, ultra slim briefcase is hidden a few floors above.

She zooms up. Looks through the briefcase at the timer. Less than an hour until detonation. She looks down. The bomb squad skeletons are moving the elevator up to the next floor.

She snaps up her gogs and zooms down to the elevator. Removes a small ceiling panel. The bomb squad looks up as her head pops in.

BOMB SQUAD UNIT

What the-?

VANESSA

Afternoon, Gentlemen. I think what you're looking for is three floors up. I don't know much about bombs, so I didn't want to move it in case it's motion sensitive. And from what I've seen in movies, I think it's made of C-4?

The unit looks at one another. When they look up again, she is gone and the ceiling panel is replaced.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa zooms along until she reaches the vent of the courtroom with the hostages.

From her slatted perch, she sees beleaguered HOSTAGES who keep a watchful eye on a sweaty, pacing, and armed Victor Crosius. Their eyes dart to the ringing cell phone on the PROSECUTOR'S desk.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Victor snatches up the phone.

VICTOR

What?!--What?!? What's to renegotiate?!
My offer's the same as before! Fifteen
live hostages and one intact courthouse
in exchange for my personal freedom, a
passport, and a million dollars! Or you
can try some of your dirty little tricks
and end up with-

He looks at the Honorable JUDGE SLOAN SCANLON.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

-fifteen dead hostages and a courthouse
rubble. And by the way--

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(looking at the courtroom
clock)

YOU HAVE THIRTY MINUTES!!!

He hangs up and turns to the jury box.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I. Did. Not. Kill. That woman! My gun
wasn't even loaded! It's never been
loaded! I never use a loaded gun! Call me
a fool! Call me a very lucky fool! But
don't ever, ever call me a murderer!

The gun in his hand waves around wildly. His jittery finger
is on the trigger. The hostages look like they want to take
cover, but don't dare move.

PROSECUTOR #1

I assure you, Mr. Crosius, that gun
presently in your hand is fully loaded.

Victor regards the deliberate man.

VICTOR

How can you try a man for committing
murder with an unloaded gun?!?

He regards the terrified JURY.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And how can you convict him?!?

He regards the annoyed JUDGE.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
(laughing sarcastically)
And you! Your Honor.

INT. EMPTY COURTROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa removes the slatted vent cover from the air conditioning duct. She glides to the floor of an empty courtroom and presses an ear to the wall.

VICTOR (O.S.)
How can you allow such a miscarriage of justice in your courtroom?!?

Vanessa snaps down her goggles and looks through the wall into the other courtroom. Victor's skeleton stands in front of the bench, glaring at the judge. The gun dangles from his bony fingers. The judge's skeleton rolls his eyes and sighs.

Vanessa backs all the way to the opposite wall, then makes a run for the connecting wall.

VICTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Well, Your Honor? What do you have to--

INT. COURTROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa bursts in through the wall. People scream and dive for cover. Victor is far too stunned to fire off a single round as Vanessa charges him full speed.

The gun bounces out of his hand when they fall. Vanessa lunges for it. Victor can't be bothered as he is out cold.

Vanessa stands, dusting herself off as she looks around at eyes peering over overturned tables, jury box seats, and the judge's bench. She lays the gun up on the judge's bench.

VANESSA
I don't think he'll be giving you any more trouble today, Your Honor.

An OLDER WOMAN JUROR stands. Looks at Victor. Looks at Vanessa.

OLDER WOMAN JUROR
Well, I'll be--You go, Girl!

Over the murmurs of the rescued hostages, she hears running boot steps and dashes back through the hole in the wall just as the SWAT team bursts into the room. The former hostages all point towards the hole.

The SWAT team runs through it into the empty courtroom. Not a sign of disturbance anywhere. They turn to find the former hostages peering at them through the hole.

INT. GREEN PINTO - MOMENTS LATER

From an alley at a safe distance Pinto watches the courthouse through binoculars. She sees Vanessa sneak out of the parking garage in her black suit wearing her backpack. Watch her run down the alley, suddenly bursting into lightening speed.

From eyes that are two different colors, one brown and one blue, she watches the streaks of light run past the Pinto.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

The honorable Judge Sloan Scanlon wraps up a press conference on the front steps. His tearful family surrounds him.

JUDGE SCANLON

--No, I don't know who this young lady is or where she came from, or why she came, other than to be a desperately needed angel in the City of Angels.

He smiles, waves and hugs his wife and kids as Jessica and Jaime chase down some of the freed jurors for live interviews.

OLDER WOMAN JUROR

She just busted right through the wall and wrestled that Victor Crosius to the floor.

2ND JUROR

She was real nice.

3RD JUROR

And nice looking, too. In a strange way.

2ND JUROR

(nodding)

--Yeah.

JESSICA

And she showed no sign of injury after breaking through the wall? No broken bones or bruises? No bleeding?

The jurors shake their heads quickly.

OLDER WOMAN JUROR

Not a one. And just before she left, I told her, 'You go, Girl!'

MOMENTS LATER

The prosecutors scurry down the front courthouse steps, through a pack of rabid reporters, pushing past cameras.

PROSECUTORS

No comment.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - LATER

The Yugo pulls into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa gets out. Takes out her lenses and removes her wig. Her ringlets fall into place when she shakes her head.

She yawns. Sneezes. Crybaby howls, winding in and out and around her ankles as a very excited Leslie runs out from the kitchen with a balloon. She picks up Crybaby.

VANESSA

(sneezing)

Hi, Mom. Everyone's safe.

LESLIE

I know. I saw on the news.

VANESSA

What's with the balloon.

LESLIE

I think I've figured it out.

Crybaby swats at the balloon Leslie tries to keep away.

VANESSA

(sneezing)

What?

LESLIE

Crybaby! It's induction v. conduction!

Vanessa backs as far away as she can, looking at her mother like she is a madwoman. Sneezing.

VANESSA

Mom, I know you love your science and all, but you really should think about getting out of the lab and socializing a little more.

LESLIE

Look-

She rubs the balloon on Crybaby's back, then sticks the balloon to the wall. It holds fast to the spot.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Lightening is static electricity. The static electricity in cat fur is like a natural energy boost for you, Vanessa.

VANESSA

Even with my allergy?

LESLIE

That's a definite downside. On the other hand, I think Crybaby was the coffee antidote.

She pulls a pill bottle from her lab coat pocket.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

These should help with the sneezing.

VANESSA

Did you make them in your lab?

LESLIE

No. Brand X from the drugstore. Friends swear by them.

Vanessa looks safely skeptical there on the other side of the garage. Sneezing. The balloon drifts to the floor.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Think about it, Vanessa. The cat? The wall to wall carpeting?? Our desert climate? This house is like a Petri dish for your electrons.

VANESSA

How?

LESLIE

(laughing)

Right now, I only have the what. And a little of the why. I'm thinking the how is a ways off.

VANESSA

Oh.

LESLIE

Vanessa, you can fly. There's no explaining it, yet there it is.

Vanessa sneezes. Crybaby howls and struggles until Leslie sets him on the floor. He immediately swats at the balloon.

Leslie goes into to the kitchen and returns with a tall glass of water, reading the label on the pill bottle. She drops two pills into Vanessa's palm.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Please, Child.

As soon as Vanessa swallows the pills, the sneezing stops. Crybaby pops the balloon. Sounds like a small caliber gunshot.

He jumps straight up into the air and runs for the kitchen when he lands. Leslie is also startled, but Vanessa has hit the deck. Her mother looks down at her and laughs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You go, Girl!

FADE TO:

THE NEXT MORNING

The Yugo will not start. Vanessa rests her head on the steering wheel. Leslie knocks on the passenger window. Vanessa looks up. Leslie smiles.

LESLIE
Need a ride?

Vanessa smiles and nods.

INT. VANESSA'S CUBICLE - DAY

It's a quiet day. Jaime hangs with Vanessa playing games on her computer.

JAIME
Yeah, those bugs can knock you down, then the next day, it's like you never even-

DOREEN(O.S.)
I'm so glad you two have time to play games and socialize while the rest of us-

Jessica runs by all aflutter and headed for the elevator.

JESSICA
Chop chop, Jaime!

DOREEN
What's going on?

Jaime is seconds behind Jessica as Vanessa peers over her cubicle wall.

JESSICA
Tour bus accident at the 110/105 overpass!

DOREEN
What? Any casualties?

Jaime passes Jessica.

JESSICA
Not sure, but the bus is full of senior citizens and dangling over the 105!

He grabs the closing elevator doors.

JAIME
Tick tock, Jessica!

She's running into the elevator.

JESSICA
It could fall any sec-

The doors close behind her. When Doreen turns back to Vanessa, she is gone. Doreen looks around the suddenly bustling news room. No Vanessa.

JOHN(O.S.)
Doreen!

He hurries towards her, grabbing her arm and pulling her along. Her high heels clickety-clack beside him down the tiled floor.

DOREEN
Goodness, John!

JOHN
We need you at the desk for breaking news!

DOREEN
The tour bus, I know.

EXT. 105/110 FREEWAY OVERPASS - LATER

Traffic is halted in all directions on both freeways. Police and news choppers swarm overhead.

Police cars, fire engines, and emergency vehicles surround the back of a tour bus teetering over the guardrail of the 105 Freeway.

Its rear is packed with terrified senior citizens and a driver trying to keep them absolutely still. Paramedics attend to the injured victims of an overturned passenger car.

Jessica positions herself between Jaime's camera and the accident scene.

JAIME

3-2-1-Go!

JESSICA

This is Jessica Lee reporting live from the 105 Freeway, where a tour bus-

Jaime's camera shows a shot of the bus.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

-has collided with a passenger vehicle. As you can see, this is a grave situation, where the only thing keeping that bus from plunging to the freeway beneath them is the driver and tourists huddled in the rear.

Jaime pans to the bus filled with faces of panic and fear.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Rescue teams are unable to remove even one person from the bus until they can move that large crane-

A crane inches up an on ramp, threading along the shoulder past bottleneck traffic.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

-into position to stabilize the vehicle.

INT. KVLA-TV NEWS ANCHOR DESK - SIMULTANEOUS

Doreen's and Zack Case's eyes dart between their cameras and their news desk monitors.

ZACK

Jessica, how many people are on the bus?

EXT. 105 FREEWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

JESSICA

Zack, all we know so far is that-

There's a sudden commotion behind her as firefighters, police officers, rescue crews, paramedics, and other news crews all point to the sky.

INT. KVLA-TV CONTROL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

John, Cheri, and the KVLA station manager, ED KEIKO, 45, stare at the main monitor, mouths hanging open as they watch chopper footage of Vanessa zipping through the air space of the helicopters towards the accident scene.

JOHN, CHERI & ED
What the-?

Cheri quickly switches to Jaime's footage of Vanessa hovering in front of the tour bus like a hummingbird.

John realizes that his mute anchors are staring at their monitors.

JOHN
Doreen! Zack! Somebody start talking!

INT. KVLA-TV NEWS ANCHOR DESK - SIMULTANEOUS

Doreen and Zack look into the camera like deer into headlights.

DOREEN
--Um--Jessica, can you describe for us here at the station, and for our viewers, what's happening?

EXT. 105 FREEWAY - SECONDS LATER

Jessica doesn't take her eyes off of Vanessa as she brings her microphone up to her mouth.

JESSICA
You mean you're not seeing this?

The bus driver's and passengers' faces are smashed up against the windows, trying to see who is slowly lifting the front of their bus up and easing it back to safety.

INT. KVLA-TV NEWS ANCHOR DESK - SIMULTANEOUS

Doreen and Zack's deer eyes are glued to their monitors.

ZACK
--Um--yes. Yes, Jessica. Although we, and, I'm sure, our viewers, are having a difficult time believing our eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - SIMULTANEOUS

Some beds in the infirmary have patients. Some are empty. One patient is very excited at what he's watching on television.

ROB
George! George! Somebody!

George's bed is empty, but the doctor and nurse come running. They check Rob's vitals.

DOCTOR
Are you in pain?

ROB
Of course I am, but what I ain't is nuts.

DOCTOR
What?

ROB
Look at the TV!

The doctor and nurse do as they're told.

THE DOCTOR & NURSE
What the-?

An ORDERLY wheels Victor into the infirmary double handcuffed to a bed. The top of his head is bandaged. An armed guard follows closely.

ROB
Victor! Look! It's her! On TV!

Victor, his guard, and the orderly look at the television. Patients sit up and take notice.

ORDERLY & GUARD
Is she-?

VICTOR & ROB
Flying!

ROB
She's flying! Where's George?!? George!
George!!

INT. PRISON REC ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Under a drab fluorescent sky and gray walls, excited INMATES and guards are gathered around the television. George wheels himself in in his wheel chair. Both his legs are in casts and stick straight out.

GEORGE
(locking his wheels)
What's going on?

INMATE
Some chick just rescued a bus full of old people.

GEORGE
Well, yippee for her.

INMATE
Dawg. She's--she flew.

George falls from his chair as he tries to jump up.

EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Pinto stands at the back of a crowd of stunned pedestrians watching Vanessa rescue the tour bus on multiple TVs in the display window of an electronics store.

She sips from her commuter coffee cup and pets the kitten in her purse. The old homeless woman from the alley behind Leslie's house pushes her cart past the store. She stops. Frowns as she pulls out her whiskey bottle.

Pinto watches her take a swig. Lets her pet the kitten and pour some whiskey into the commuter coffee cup when it's offered. They sip and watch TV together.

EXT. 105 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Helicopters get as close as they can, which is nowhere near as close as they want to be. Once the tour bus is safe, Vanessa lifts off, hesitating a second to look directly into Jaime's camera. His eyes leave his viewfinder to look directly into her ice blue eyes. Then she's gone. In a flash.

The helicopters try to follow, but can't match her speed.

INT. KVLA-TV STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

It is sheer madness with everyone running everywhere telling everyone else what to do. Vanessa slinks through the bedlam towards her cubicle.

JOHN (O.S.)

Vanessa! Where is Vanessa?!? Has anyone seen Vanessa?

VANESSA

I'm right here, John. What do you need?

JOHN

What do I need? I need someone to tell me how that--human being--flew!

VANESSA

--Uhhhh--

JOHN

(laughing)

Sandwiches. Lots of sandwiches. And energy bars. Get some energy drinks, too. And get every anchor, reporter, and camera person into the station.

EXT. 105 FREEWAY - LATER

Jessica and Jaime wrestle with other news crews to shove microphones and cameras into the weary faces of the rescued senior citizens.

OLDER WOMAN

It was a bird, a really big black bird.

OLDER MAN

But it had boobs! Big ones!

OLDER WOMAN

It did not have-

INT. KVLA-TV NEWS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa passes a monitor.

OLDER WOMAN

-boobs!

Vanessa looks down at her breasts.

INT. KVLA-TV CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

A large long table is covered with stale to go coffee cups, partially eaten sandwiches and empty cans and bottles.

Reporters, anchors, camera people, and other KVLA staff are jammed into the room: sitting, standing, or leaning against walls.

All eyes and ears are eagerly tuned to John Johnson standing at the head of the table with one foot up on his executive chair. Ed Keiko sits at his left.

JOHN

It would be great if LA's number one local news station could get this scoop. The networks are all over it, and their affiliates have more manpower than we do, but we have something they want. We have something the cable stations and international news channels want.

He smiles at Jaime proudly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We have the best footage, of all the crews on the scene. We have a close-up of this--woman looking directly into Jaime's camera.

Everyone applauds.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Good work, Jaime and Jessica.

More applause.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But now it's time to find out more about this flying strong girl. We need to re-interview Stanley Leonard--and those geeks up at the observa-

ANCHORMAN, BOB WALKER

John--Do we really want to be the first station with egg on our face when this ruse is shown for the farce that it is?

SAMMI WANATABE

Yeah--what if this is some kind of hoax? Or a secret government project or conspiracy or something?

JOHN

A conspiracy? To save a drowning swimmer?
To save courtroom hostages and bus full
of senior citizens? Tell that to the
families of those grandparents. If it is
a government conspiracy, then it's nice
to see our tax dollars finally being to
put to good use.

Vince sticks his head in the room. He wears a dangling
telephone earpiece and looks completely annoyed.

ED

Who's answering the phones?

VINCE

Please. They're ringing off the hook.
Whoever can't get through will call back.

ED

(sighing)

What do you need, Vince?

VINCE

Vanessa's mother is downstairs.

Everyone looks around the room. Vanessa, lost in the crowd of
more important staff, tries hard to seem more invisible than
she already is.

JOHN

We're in the middle of a meeting.

VINCE

Well, should security let her in or not?

Vanessa steps forward looking more than embarrassed as she
snakes through the crowd and out of the room.

VANESSA

Excuse me.--Sorry.

INT. NEWSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa is hunkered down in her cubicle chewing on a cuticle
in the practically empty newsroom. Monitors continually show
footage of her flying to the rescue.

The elevator doors open and spill out a worried Leslie. Faces
glance at her visitor's pass then go back to what they were
doing.

DOREEN (O.S.)

Dr. Gains?

Vanessa's eyes peer over the top of her cubicle wall as Leslie swings around to find Doreen approaching with an extended hand and a really big smile.

Vanessa looks up at a monitor. Bob Walker has taken over the job of droning on with the same old inaccurate speculation of what happened, and how, on the freeway.

LESLIE

I'm sorry, do we know each other?

Her puzzled face smiles politely as she shakes Doreen's hand.

DOREEN

I interviewed you and your husband a few years ago about your experimental treatments for his pancreatic cancer.

LESLIE

Oh. Of course. Forgive me. We did a lot of interviews that year.

DOREEN

So what brings you to KVLVA?

She glances at Vanessa.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Perhaps you could get Dr. Gains some coffee, Vanessa?

LESLIE

Oh, that's not necessary.

DOREEN

Tea?

LESLIE

No. Nothing, thank you.

DOREEN

You know, I was wondering--would you be interested in-

LESLIE

Ms--Adler?

Doreen nods.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I haven't practiced medicine in almost two years and although great advances have been made in oncology in just that short time, so far none of my research has been part of those advances.

Doreen presses on.

DOREEN
 Actually, Dr. Gains, I'll be profiling
 dynamic women who've successfully bridged
 the chasm of career, marriage, and
 family.

LESLIE
 The chasm?

DOREEN
 Is there a word you prefer?

LESLIE
 Well, I never thought of my career and
 family as vast empty spaces separate from
 one another. For me they complimented one
 another and allowed me to pursue interests
 that had nothing to do with either of them.

Doreen is blinking quickly, trying to keep up.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 But, today I'm just here to see if my
 daughter has time for a quick dinner.

She looks at Vanessa.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Are you free?

Doreen looks at Vanessa. Looks at the Vanessa Gains nameplate
 hanging over the ledge of Vanessa's cubicle. Free associates.

VANESSA
 Not right-

DOREEN
 Of course, she is!

VANESSA
 What?

DOREEN
 Have dinner with your mother.

VANESSA
 But-

Doreen actually pats her cheek.

DOREEN
 I'll take care of John.

Her high heels turn towards the conference room with new purpose, then suddenly spin back.

DOREEN (CONT'D)
And Vanessa--I think I'd like Jaime
Nestor to shoot my piece on domestic
elder abuse.

Vanessa glances at Leslie.

DOREEN (CONT'D)
See what you can do, will you?

VANESSA
Sure, Doreen.

She sighs and looks up at her alter ego rescuing the senior citizens over and over and over.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Vanessa and Leslie walk down a busy boulevard. Leslie carries tin foil shaped like a swan. Vanessa overhears conversations all around them, near and far.

VOICE #1
It was definitely a bird, like those old
people on the bus said.

VOICE #2
Or some kind of experimental governmental
drone.

VOICE #3
Right. A bird with boobs.

VOICE #4
You're wrong. It was-

VANESSA
(mumbling)
Yugo Girl.

LESLIE
What?

VANESSA
Nothing.

INT. KVLA-TV NEWSROOM - LATER

Leslie and Vanessa step off the elevator into the busy and bustling chaos where everyone is dashing somewhere. Doreen greets them. All smiles.

DOREEN

There you are! How was dinner?

Purring all over Leslie who quickly looks at her watch.

LESLIE

Goodness, look at the time! Are you sure Jaime can give you a ride home, Vanessa?

She's inching away, back to the elevator, with Doreen inching right along with her.

DOREEN

Don't be ridiculous, Dr. Gains. I'll give Vanessa a ride home.

VANESSA

You will?

DOREEN

It'd be a pleasure to do a favor for the progeny of two pillars of LA's highest medical society.

Vanessa's pursed lips smile quickly when Doreen looks over.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

--Vanessa, I took the liberty of perusing your resume while you were at dinner.

VANESSA

You did? Why?

DOREEN

I've decided to take you under my wing.

VANESSA

What?

DOREEN

I'm curious. Is your career goal really to be taken seriously as a sports anchor? Honestly, Vanessa. Pro sports? That'll always be a man's world.

Leslie does not look happy. Vanessa looks none too glad either, and doesn't try to hide it.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

Sure, you may ask, 'What about women's basketball? Or women's soccer?' Well, what about them? No one's interested unless the teams play in bikinis and have big hooters.

VANESSA

Doreen, is there a point you'd like to get to?

DOREEN

Why not be taken seriously behind the news desk, Vanessa? Why not be one of the women making huge strides in broadcast journalism, and maybe be someone who helps stop our industry from losing its way anymore than it already has?

A little smile eases into a corner of Leslie's mouth. Vanessa just looks like she doesn't know what to think.

LESLIE

Tell you what, Ms. Adler. Why don't I think about letting you do that profile you mentioned earlier.

Doreen's eyes almost pop out of her head.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

And maybe check to see if any of my colleagues would be interested.

Doreen is overcome.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, I'm sure Vanessa won't mind getting a ride home from Jaime.

She looks at Vanessa.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Will you?

VANESSA

No, not at all.

LESLIE

I'll be in touch.

DOREEN

I look forward to that, Dr. Gains. And please. Call me Doreen.

Leslie smiles and nods. When she is gone, Doreen transfers her overwhelming feelings of warm and fuzzy to Vanessa who drops down into her cubicle.

Looks very busy when John dashes by barking orders at anyone in his path. Doreen scurries to catch up to him.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

John, may I have a word with you?

JOHN

About?

DOREEN

I'd like to do a series profiling dynamic women who've successfully combined career and family.

This stops John in his tracks long enough to give Doreen an incredulous look.

JOHN

Doreen--you may not be aware of this, but there is a girl flying around Los Angeles lifting very heavy objects.

DOREEN

But-

JOHN

(looking at his watch)
And you're due back behind the desk.

DOREEN

But-

But nothing. He's gone, leaving her mouth hanging open. She glances around the frantic newsroom as Vanessa's eyes disappear behind her cubicle wall just in the nick of time.

Doreen slowly changes course and heads in the direction of the broadcast studio.

INT. KVLA NEWS VAN - THAT NIGHT

Jaime and Jessica ride in the front seats. Vanessa rides along in the back with the equipment. Jaime swerves to avoid a pothole. A large, heavy equipment box snaps free of its secured perch.

Almost lands on Vanessa's head. She catches it with one hand and quickly puts it back just before Jaime glances into the rearview mirror.

JAIME
You okay back there?

VANESSA
I'm fine.

JAIME
Sorry your ride home has to be in the news van.

JESSICA
Please. Anything's better than a Yugo.

She laughs. Doesn't even bother looking back to see Vanessa scowling at her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You must be some kind of genius to keep that thing running--(laughs harder) Hey, maybe you can help us.

VANESSA
Help you what?

JAIME
Help us what?

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Find Flying Strong Girl.

VANESSA & JAIME
What?

JESSICA
We never know when or where she'll turn up. How can we cover a story with that kind of variable?--Any ideas?

She's looking at Vanessa, who shrugs. Jessica sighs. The news van slows to a stop.

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jaime helps Vanessa out of the back door and walks her up the winding walkway.

JAIME
Sorry about that. Jessica can be a bit-- you know.

VANESSA
I know.

They reach the front door; looking at each other that way again. As he leans in to kiss her good night, the news van horn honks. They both jump back. Laugh.

Vanessa eases her arms around his neck and pulls him close again. His arms go around her waist. But, just as their lips are about to meet, they get:

JESSICA(O.S.)
(shouting)
Chop chop, Jaime!

VANESSA
Where was that girl raised?

His forehead rests against hers.

JAIME
--I better go. See you at work tomorrow.

VANESSA
Okay.

He runs down the winding walkway and jumps into the van. As soon as it pulls away, she removes her wig and lenses. Peels down to her suit. Snaps on her goggles. Lifts off.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Under a starry sky with a full moon, Vanessa cruises over the Pacific Ocean.

CUT TO:

INT. KVLA-TV NEWS STUDIO - SIMULTANEOUS

Doreen and Bob Walker are behind the news desk.

DOREEN
Have you heard them, folks? They're the
only words on everyone's tongue lately.

A clip from the older female juror's courthouse interview plays.

OLDER FEMALE JUROR
You go, Girl!

EXT. SKY - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa does a few dips and spins before leveling out and soaring straight forward, arms stretched out in front of her.

DOREEN (V.O./CONT'D)

In our age of reality TV, when everyone seems to expect their fifteen minutes, our intrepid "shero" avoids hers. There are already T-shirts, buttons, posters, web pages, fan pages, blogs and vlogs devoted to her. And no one knows whom to thank, or how, other than to say-

INT. KVLV-TV NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Footage rolls of the older female juror from the courthouse.

OLDER FEMALE JUROR

You go, Girl!

A Man in the Street montage follows, showing average citizens looking into the camera and repeating the catch phrase.

Back to the news desk.

DOREEN

Bob?

Bob chuckles at his smiling co-anchor, shaking his head.

EXT. SKY - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa smiles, tilting her face into the wind.

BOB (V.O.)

You go, Girl!

Her phone rings. She pulls it from her back pocket.

VANESSA

Hi, Mom.--Flying.--Yeah.--It's beautiful out and I couldn't resist now that I've got my wings back.--Okay. I will.

As soon as she hangs up, a text pops up from Jaime. She coasts along, texting back.

INT. VANESSA'S CUBICLE - ONE LATE AFTERNOON

She's as busy as a worker bee: ear glued to her desk phone, eyes glued to her monitor as her fingers fly across the keyboard. A queen bee stops by.

DOREEN

Vanessa? Have you spoken to Jaime about that matter we discussed?

VANESSA

Not yet. He's been kind of busy.

DOREEN

I know, Vanessa, but this *was* your idea.

VANESSA

--I'm going to need to call you back.--
Thanks.

She hangs up just as John rushes through, grabbing Doreen's arm on his way to the control room.

JOHN

Doreen! To the news desk!

Her hurried high-heels clickety-clack down the corridor beside him.

DOREEN

For goodness sake, John. What now?

JOHN

Bomb threat.

DOREEN

What?! Where?!

JOHN

We're trying to find out.

DOREEN

So what exactly am I supposed to report?
That there's a bomb somewhere but we
don't know where?

JOHN

Tell you what, Doreen. You get behind the desk. I'll get you the feed.

CUT TO:

INT. KVLA NEWS DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Doreen faces the camera as serious as can be.

DOREEN

We interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to bring you this breaking news! KVLA has just received word that there is a bomb threat at Hollywood's famed Cineramadome movie theater.

Live footage shows movie patrons being hurried out by police as a bomb squad hurries in.

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

The previews had just started when movie goers were evacuated from the theater by-

Doreen is suddenly back on camera but she isn't talking, just looking a bit puzzled.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

We interrupt our breaking news to bring you this breaking news; we've just received word that there is a bomb threat at Dodger Stadium.

EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Police cruisers and bomb squad trucks scream towards Dodger Stadium. News vans are right behind them as police and news choppers zoom in the same direction overhead.

INT. KVLA NEWS DESK - CONTINUOUS

Doreen is as cool as a cucumber.

DOREEN

No one has claimed responsibility and officials are unsure as to whether the two threats are related, but the first pitch had just been thrown when Dodger fans were directed to-

Doreen stops talking and blinks into the camera stone faced.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

--Ladies and gentlemen. There is now a bomb threat reported at Hollywood's famed Grauman's Chinese Theater. This is not a joke. I repeat this is not a joke.

EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Police cruisers, bomb squad trucks, and news vans make U-turns wherever they can as police and news choppers turn tail overhead.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - SIMULTANEOUS

Movie patrons are hurried out by a few police, theater security and staff.

INT. INT. KVLA NEWSROOM- CONTINUOUS

All eyes are glued to any nearest monitor.

DOREEN

Officials are still unsure if the threats are related, but the credits had just started to roll when patrons were evacuated by-What?!? Oh, come on, John! This is ridiculous!

Eyes glance at one another with embarrassed smirks. Yes, Doreen has lost her cucumber cool on air; but she quickly regains her composure as she adjusts her earpiece.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

--Ladies and gentleman. I apologize for my--momentary lapse, but this is all just so unbelievable even to a most seasoned journalist such as myself. We now have reports of a bomb threat at the Disney Music Hall in downtown Los Angeles.

John dashes into the newsroom.

JOHN

Vanessa!

He looks towards her empty cubicle.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Has anyone seen Vanessa?

Eyes peel themselves away from the monitors briefly to look around helplessly.

EXT. SKY - SIMULTANEOUS

The city is streaks of colorful light beneath Vanessa as she approaches downtown. Disney Hall is a tiny silver geometric blob that grows bigger as she gets closer.

DOREEN(V.O)
 Maestro Dudamel had just raised his baton
 to begin a special weekday matinee
 concert at the Los Angeles Philharmonic
 Orchestra's famed music hall-

EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Traffic is at a standstill on every freeway and street in metropolitan Los Angeles. Frustrated drivers honk angry horns. Nervous pedestrians scurry hither and thither.

DOREEN(V.O.)
 -when the music was abruptly halted and
 music patrons quickly ushered out into
 already busy downtown sidewalks and
 streets.

EXT. KVLA-TV NEWS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jaime and Jessica are stuck in the gridlock just like everyone else, including other news vans and police cars. Her cell phone rings.

JESSICA
 Yes!--What?--What?!?--Okay.

She hangs up.

JAIME
 What?

JESSICA
 Make a U-turn anywhere you can.

JAIME
 What!?? Why? What about Disney Hall?

JESSICA
 Hoax. They were all hoaxes. We need to
 get to the Santa Monica Pier.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - SIMULTANEOUS

It's a beautiful sunny day at the beach. The pier is packed. Leslie and Sandy are last in line to board the ferris wheel for its next go round. The ride operator helps them into a car, secures the gate closed, and starts the ride.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jaime zigzags the news van through all sorts of legal and illegal shortcuts to get where he's going.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Over Disney hall a swarm of police and news choppers make U-turns and are suddenly headed straight for Vanessa, so busy making sure they don't all crash into each other that they don't see her.

She can't get out of the way before they zoom past her. The combined wake of their blades sends her tumbling from the sky head over foot.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa crashes into an intersection, busting up asphalt and cement and sending a manhole cover flying like a saucer into a delivery truck full of soda pop.

Grid locked drivers scream into reverse pile-ups as fleeing PEDESTRIANS are sprayed with soda pop when bottles fall from the truck, exploding all over the place.

Everyone stops honking and hollering to look up and point as Vanessa leaps to her feet and flies away.

PEDESTRIAN

Hey! That's that You go, Girl girl!

CUT TO:

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leslie and Sandy face the surf, sky, and sun taking in the spectacularly sweeping view. Leslie clears her throat.

LESLIE

So Sandy?

SANDY

Yes?

LESLIE

I guess you're wondering why I asked you to meet me here.

SANDY

No. I know why.

LESLIE

You do?

SANDY

Girl, please. I watch the news. You want to talk about Vanessa.

Leslie smiles nervously. As she opens her mouth Sandy shakes her head.

SANDY (CONT'D)

And you should know by now that your secrets are always safe with your hairdresser. That's as sacred as your doctor patient privileges. After all, did I ever tell Caleb or Vanessa about those times you-

LESLIE

Thank you, Sandy. We--

The ferris wheel stops when their car is almost at the very top. They frown and look down. Police officers detour bike path traffic away from the pier in both directions.

They spin around and look down behind them. Police officers are hurriedly evacuating everyone, including their ride operator, from the pier. The only people hurrying towards the pier, and the ferris wheel, are wearing bomb squad attire.

A faint and distant wail of sirens gets louder and closer over the animated German spoken in the car above theirs and the animated French in the car below.

And all the other animated conversations in all the other languages in all the other cars on the ferris wheel.

SANDY & LESLIE

Oh no--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

News crews and police officers have abandoned their grid locked vans and squad cars to run the last few blocks to the pier through the crowd running towards them.

Jaime and Jessica are almost to the pier but the panicked fleeing crowd is just too thick to fight.

JAIME

C'mon! I know another way.

They try to get through but only get separated. Jaime watches as Jessica is swallowed up and carried off, calling his name.

Nothing he can do but...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jaime hurries down the darkness of a long damp sandy tunnel towards sunlight at the other end.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - SIMULTANEOUS

The bomb squad evacuates the ferris wheel car by car but it is nowhere near a frantic Leslie and Sandy's turn. Nor fast enough for the frantically adjacent German and French tourists.

SANDY

Shut-up! Or at least worry in English!

LESLIE

Sandy!

SANDY

Well, they are getting on my nerves! We all want to get rescued! They ain't special!

Now, not only do they hear sirens but also a growing buzz in the distance. They look up, squinting to make out the swarm of choppers heading their way.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

Rob, George, and Victor are the only patients in the infirmary. George wheels himself between Victor's bed, which he's still double handcuffed to, and Rob's, where he's been upgraded to a half body cast from the waist up.

VICTOR

What's going on--why won't they let us watch TV? I want to watch the news!

GEORGE

Televisions's out in the whole place. Something big is happening. And I bet it has to do with that flying chick.

VICTOR

I still don't believe it. They doctored that tape. Humans cannot fly.

GEORGE

We saw her fly with our own eyes, Victor. And whatever she is, she ain't human.

ROB

Then she's like--like--like Superman!

GEORGE
(sarcastically)
--Okay.

VICTOR
Who had a weakness!

GEORGE
What?

VICTOR
Kryptonite!

ROB
You really think she might be from the
planet Krypton, Victor?

Victor looks at Rob like he really wishes he had a free hand.

VICTOR
We find out what Superchick's kryptonite
is and we're back in business.

GEORGE
Business? What business? We're down for
the count, Victor.

VICTOR
Because of her! This is all her fault!

ROB
Was she at the bank, too?

VICTOR
Shut-up, Robert.--When we get out, we pay
her back first thing!

GEORGE
Okay, we'll be very old men with no
prostates by then, but okay.

Victor glares at George like he really wishes he had two free
hands.

VICTOR
Have you forgotten about Pinto? Remember,
she's a genius.

GEORGE
Yeah, a genius with all of our cash.

VICTOR
Which she will use to get us out of here.
Soon. Don't you worry. And she'll find
out what Superchick's weakness is, too.

Their heads jerk in the direction of the sound of loud explosions as prison alarms go off all over the place. The infirmary staff runs hither and thither looking like they have no idea.

GEORGE, ROB, & VICTOR

Oh no--

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa catches up to the choppers just as they reach the pier. She sees the bomb squad evacuating the ferris wheel and flies in much closer than the choppers can dare. She sees Leslie and Sandy. And the frantic tourists.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Leslie and Sandy see Vanessa.

SANDY

Look! It's Va-

Leslie clamps a hand over her mouth.

EXT. SKY - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa snaps down her x-ray gogs and looks past the skeletons, frantic on the ferris wheel and calm in bomb squad attire, to the hub and to a hidden ultra, ultra slim briefcase just like the one from the courthouse.

Looks at the timer. Less than thirty seconds left. And no way to get to the briefcase in time.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Pinto runs in wearing a gas mask and carrying three extra gas masks and a can of knock out spray that she uses when the infirmary guards run toward her.

They drop like dead flies. She tosses two masks at George and runs to Victor who smiles up with love in his eyes. She kisses him full on the lips then hurries to put his mask on.

George puts on his mask, then Rob's as running footsteps and loud commanding voices head their way. A thick fog seeps from every vent. The running footsteps and loud commanding voices fizzle to nothing. Silence abounds.

VICTOR

Let's go!

Pinto grabs keys from one of the knocked out guards and frees Victor. He pushes Rob's bed out, followed by Pinto pushing George's wheelchair.

ROB
Please tell me that we are not escaping
in a Pinto--

VICTOR & GEORGE
Shut-up Rob!

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Victor's motley gas masked crew scuttles through the fog, passing corrections officers in riot gear passed out all over the place.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Jaime exits the other side of the tunnel. He aims his camera up at the ferris wheel just as there is a huge KABOOM!

EXT. PIER, BIKE PATH, STREETS - SIMULTANEOUS

Everyone everywhere runs for their lives as the ferris wheel shoots straight up, spinning and gyrating into the sky.

Completely intact.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Leslie, Sandy, and the French and German tourists all hold on for dear life, screaming their heads off as they soar up, up, up and out over the ocean until the ferris wheel reaches its pinnacle.

When it stops suddenly, all screaming stops. Everyone everywhere freezes, watching it hang there in the sky for a second. A toddler falls out of one of the cars before her parents can catch her.

The ferris wheel drops, falling just seconds behind the screaming toddler and getting closer. Vanessa swoops down, catches her, and flies towards land.

She looks back. The riders are screaming louder than ever until the ferris wheel plunges into the ocean.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone drifts from their cars, dazed and confused and arms and legs flailing in all directions, as the ferris wheel sinks like a stone. Part of it conks Leslie on the head. She drifts downward.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa hands the toddler to a police officer and flies back out over the ocean, diving in where the ferris wheel sank.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa pierces the water like a bullet. Her x-ray gogs work like underwater night vision goggles and she easily finds the disoriented riders. Gets them each holding someone's hand and pulls everyone up towards the surface.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The ferris wheel riders pop up one by one, treading water. A lifeguard helicopter is overhead dropping lifesavers into the water. Sandy dons a lifesaver, all the while looking around, distraught.

SANDY
Leslie! Leslie!!

She and Vanessa lock eyes. Vanessa dives back underwater.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa swims past the falling ferris wheel desperately looking all around. She finally looks down and sees Leslie just when she's almost reached that point of ocean darkness where even Vanessa's vision might not have found her.

Vanessa zooms down, grabs her up, and swims for the surface.

INT. KVLA CONTROL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Mouths agape and holding their collective breaths, everyone watches the monitors showing Jaime's dramatic footage of the ferris wheel riders floating on the ocean.

DOREEN (V.O.)
--Ladies and gentleman. You've just witnessed for yourself what can only be described as a miracle.

INT. KVLA NEWSROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Mouths also agape and holding their collective breaths, everyone watches the monitors showing rescue divers shimmying down ropes dangling from the helicopter and dropping into the water to aid the floating ferris wheel riders.

DOREEN (V.O.)
--With no thought for her own safety, this woman--with extraordinary powers has done the unimaginable.

(MORE)

DOREEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But why did she plunge back into the
chilly depths of the Pacific? And why
hasn't she resurfaced?

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa suddenly breaks the surface with an unconscious
Leslie in her arms.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa flies Leslie up to the rescue helicopter and gently
lays her inside. The EMTS immediately set to work with CPR.

VANESSA
Hurry. Please. Please. I'll help with the
people in the water.

The helicopter drops its lines and peels away towards the
city. Vanessa watches it longingly, hesitating, but
ultimately flies down to pick up the rope the rescue divers
have attached to each lifesaver. She tows everyone to shore.

EXT. SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

Rescue personnel assist the weary ferris wheel riders out of
the water to waiting rescue vehicles lined up on the beach.
People are cheering Vanessa who hovers above the scene, under
the helicopters, before she takes off for the city.

The helicopters don't even bother trying to follow. They
focus on the rescue scene.

INT. NEWS DESKS AROUND THE WORLD - SIMULTANEOUS

Anchors tell the story of the ferris wheel explosion and
rescue in every language.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa soars through the air, crying uncontrollably. Her
cell phone rings. She looks confused as she reaches into her
pocket for the phone. Doesn't recognize the number.

VANESSA
--Hello?

LESLIE (O.S.)
Vanessa!

INT. RESCUE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Leslie is strapped to a gurney. An EMT tends to a nasty gash on her forehead and she's holding an oxygen mask away from her face so she can talk on a cell phone.

VANESSA (O.S.)
--Mom!--You're okay?

LESLIE
(coughing)
Yes. I'm fine, Baby.--I'll be fine.--

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa lands on the roof of the KVLB building.

VANESSA
(crying)
--Mom--I thought you-

INT. RESCUE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter lands on a hospital heliport.

LESLIE
I know, Baby. I know. That's why I had to call you.

She's coughing again.

EMT
We really need you to put your oxygen mask back on, Ma'am.

LESLIE
Okay.--We just landed @ at Cedar-Sinai.

VANESSA (O.S.)
Okay. I'll be right there.

And she's airborne again.

INT. CEDAR-SINAI ER - MOMENTS LATER

Vanessa runs up to the nurses' desk.

VANESSA
I'm looking for my mom, Dr. Leslie Gains!

FADE TO:

INT. ER TREATMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie sits up in bed, big gauze patch on her forehead, surrounded by relieved colleagues asking all kinds of nosy questions. Her eyes catch sight of Vanessa through them all. She smiles and holds out her arms.

Vanessa runs to hug her about as tight as superhumanly possible. Leslie hugs her back, shooing her colleagues off as Vanessa buries her face in Leslie's shoulder. One of them pulls the privacy curtains closed.

LESLIE
(massaging Vanessa's back)
Shhhhhh--I know.--Shhhhhh--

EXT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - TWILIGHT

Pinto pulls a giant moving truck up to the automatic double doors. They open out. She drives in. They close tight as she parks beside her priceless collection.

She gets out as the back door rolls up. Victor jumps down to help her pull down the ramp.

He backs George down, then he and Pinto roll down Rob's hospital bed.

ROB
Careful--careful!!

VICTOR
Shut-up, Rob!

They roll him through the interior door of the long high wall. George wheels his chair in behind them.

Victor heads straight for the couch and turns on the television. Surfs as George rolls his wheelchair beside the couch.

Pinto's kitten bounds out of a roasting oven. She picks it up and gently scratches it behind the ears as she sits under Victor's waiting arm.

ROB
Hey!! What about me?!?!

They all look over at his hospital bed abandoned by the automatic doors. Victor sighs, gets up, settling on KVL A news as he goes to turn Rob to face the television.

INT. ER TREATMENT ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa lays in bed beside Leslie, safe in her arms, watching the news.

INT. KVLA NEWS DESK - CONTINUOUS

Doreen updates the city of Los Angeles.

DOREEN

All of the ferris wheel riders are safe and accounted for.--Police speculate that the bomb threats, all of which turned out to be hoaxes with the exception of the destruction of the ferris wheel on the Santa Monica pier, were diversions to enable the gutsy prison breakout of convicted murderer, Victor Crosius.

INT. ER TREATMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa sits up with a start. She looks at Leslie.

LESLIE

Go! Go!

And Vanessa's gone. Leslie looks at the television screen.

DOREEN

Police have no leads on the whereabouts of the escapee, considered armed and dangerous, nor of two other patients who escaped from the prison infirmary with him.

INT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - SIMULTANEOUS

Victor leaps to his feet.

VICTOR

I am **not** a murderer!

Pinto's frightened kitten flees.

GEORGE

Calm down, Victor! It doesn't matter. We're free. As soon as we get out of-

VICTOR

We're not getting out of anywhere until I clear my name.

ROB

From escaping prison, the bank robbery, or-

VICTOR
Shut-up, Rob!--Let's go, Pinto!

GEORGE
Where?

VICTOR
To clear my name!

He's on his way to the garage. Pinto grabs keys and her purse. Doesn't notice that her kitten has hidden in there.

GEORGE & ROB
Oh no--

INT. KVLA-TV CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

John and Ed are staring Jaime down in the conference room.

JOHN
You left the van unlocked?

JAIME
No one was interested in that van.

ED
So the equipment just up and walked out on its own.

JAIME
Look, it was Santa Monica, not South LA. We were focused on getting to the pier.

ED
Young man, crime knows no tax brackets.

Vanessa enters with a tray of sandwiches and coffee.

JOHN
Vanessa! Where have you been?!

VANESSA
--I had to go to the bathroom.

JOHN
Where? In China?!?

VANESSA
When I came back there was a voice mail that my mom was at Cedar-Sinai.--She was on the ferris wheel.

JOHN, ED, & JAIME
What?

JAIME
Is she okay?

JOHN
What are you doing here? Why
aren't you-

VANESSA
She's fine. She's resting comfortably. I
came back in case you needed me.--They'll
call when she wakes up.

ED
You see! Now that kind of dedication will
take you far at KVL A!

He smiles at her as she sets a sandwich and, very carefully,
a coffee in front of him, then he's back to glaring at Jaime.

ED (CONT'D)
Not losing expensive equipment!

JAIME
(sighing)
Did you see the footage I shot, Ed!?!?

Vanessa sets a sandwich and, carefully, a coffee in front of
Jaime. He smiles at her with a little knowing glance that she
returns as he devours a quarter of his sandwich in one bite.

JAIME (CONT'D)
We have insurance!

JOHN
--Don't talk with your mouth full.

Vanessa sets the last sandwich and carefully placed coffee in
front of John.

VANESSA
--Any word on the guy that escaped from
prison?

Heads shake. She leaves with her empty tray.

JAIME
--Be right back.

He's on his feet following her.

ED & JOHN
Where're you going? We're not done!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

Jaime catches up to Vanessa and steers her into a tiny cramped stockroom.

VANESSA

What the-

He closes the door behind them.

INT. STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

VANESSA

Jaime, what're you doing?!

He turns on the light. Too bright. Turns it off. Much better with just the street light falling through the little window up near the ceiling. He leans down to kiss her. Finally. Once and for all. A nice sweet kiss. Tender. Eyes closed. Hands caressing her-

VICTOR (O.S.)

Everyone out and no one gets hurt!

Their eyes lurch towards the door. Jaime lets her face go and gently turns the knob to crack open the door.

They both peer out at the nervous newsroom staff hurrying to an emergency exit, each dropping their cell phone into a bag that Victor holds open.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To the roof, People. And no funny business! I just need to borrow your studio for a few minutes-

They hurry out and up the stairwell as Ed, John and the studio and control room crews are hurried past the stockroom door to the exit; by Pinto and the pistol in her hand.

She sips from the commuter coffee cup in her other hand.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And your anchorwoman.

He plucks Doreen from the crowd.

DOREEN

What? Why?

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

When Ed and John stop to argue, Pinto shoots twice into the ceiling; at the exact same second that Vanessa sneezes.

Jaime hurries to close the door to the sounds of sudden screams and people running to drop their cells into Victor's bag before exiting to the roof.

VICTOR

Now as long as no one else wants to try
to argue--

Another sneeze. Pinto replaces him at the exit door as he drags Doreen to the stockroom, high heels clickety-clacking beside him. He glares down at them, then up at her.

She shrugs and tiptoes. He snatches open the stockroom door. Jaime sneezes. Vanessa is nowhere in sight.

DOREEN

Jaime? What are you doing in-

VICTOR

Get out and then get out. Now. Or the
girl will shoot you in the knee.

Jaime avoids Doreen's eyes as he leaves the stockroom. Victor looks in, looks around.

INT. STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa hides in a corner, desperately holding her hands over her mouth and nose, looking up at Victor's face illuminated only by a chunk of corridor light, until he finally closes the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jaime is almost to the emergency exit.

VICTOR

Wait!

Jaime stops walking but doesn't stop looking at the pistol Pinto points at him.

JAIME

What?

VICTOR

Phone, please.

Jaime turns to toss his phone into Victor's bag then is back on his way.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Wait!

JAIME

What?!?

VICTOR

You know how to operate a studio camera?

INT. KVLA NEWS DESK - MOMENTS LATER

A very nervous Doreen looks directly into the camera.

DOREEN

Good evening, Los Angeles. We interrupt your regularly scheduled programming to bring you this special broadcast--

INT. STOCKROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The little window up near the ceiling is open. Vanessa's clothes are in a pile on the floor.

EXT. KVLA ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Ed, John, and a few other menfolk try unsuccessfully to force open the locked rooftop door.

Vanessa rises from the side of the building and hovers above. With her x-ray gogs snapped down.

VANESSA

Everyone okay up here?

Ed and John's skeletons spin around as all the other skeletons gasp. They all nod slowly.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Then I'll be right back.

She zooms away.

INT. STOCKROOM - SECONDS LATER

Vanessa enters through the window and lands on the floor. Exits the stockroom door.

INT. KVLA NEWS DESK - MOMENTS LATER

All of the monitors in the deserted room show Victor on camera stating his case.

VICTOR

I was wrongly accused and wrongly convicted!

Vanessa steals down the deserted corridor.

INT. KVLA NEWS STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Victor sits beside Doreen at the news desk. He speaks directly into the camera but her watchful eyes are on Pinto standing beside Jaime working the camera. And the pistol aimed at her.

VICTOR

--Justice was not served!

When Doreen sees Vanessa, who's hidden from Victor's view by the camera, sneaking into the studio, her eyes stretch wide.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And so I say to you-

The kitten's head pops out of Pinto's purse. Vanessa sneezes just when she is almost upon Pinto who spins around, as does Jaime.

INT. POLICE STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

Amid the hustle and bustle of cops and criminals going about their business, Detectives Shirp and Campbell watch Doreen on television leaping from her anchor seat onto Victor before he can get away. She tries to get him in a choke hold.

INT. KVLA NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The startled kitten leaps from Pinto's purse as she throws her commuter coffee cup at Vanessa and runs for the door. The lid pops off of the commuter cup. Coffee splashes all over Vanessa.

Jaime loses control of the camera as she falls into him and drops like lead, sneezing. The kitten scurries for parts unknown.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Detectives Quarles and May, and all the cops and criminals around them who have stopped whatever business they were conducting, holler at the television when Victor and Doreen suddenly become a blank green screen.

But they can still hear the action and so quiet down.

INT. KVLA NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Doreen screams as she and Victor fall over in his chair.

Vanessa tries to get up but can't. She looks around desperately before collapsing. Her face lands in the small coffee puddle spilling from Pinto's commuter coffee cup.

Last thing her blurring vision sees is Jaime running to help Doreen. A few twitches, a final sneeze, then nothing.

Jaime, Doreen, and Victor wrestle like crazy until gunshots ring out. Jaime and Doreen freeze. Victor snatches himself free as Pinto runs towards them clearly ready to fire again. He gets up.

VICTOR

Alright you two! On your feet!

DOREEN

Is that all you know how to do, Mr. Crosius? Take hostages when things don't go your way?

VICTOR

Shut-up, Anchor Lady!

He and Pinto shove her and Jaime towards the door. Victor stops to look down at Vanessa's absolutely still body. He squats down and rolls her over, out of the coffee. Pulls up one of her twitching eyelids. Nothing but white.

The kitten noses towards them as a faint wail of sirens eases into the air. Pinto is about to pick the kitten up, but Vanessa starts to sneeze again as it gets closer.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Leave it!

He smiles and sets it on Vanessa's face. She gasps for air as he stands.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

We'll get you another one.

The sirens are close. He and Pinto hurry their hostages out of the studio.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Let's go!

And they're gone.

Vanessa sucks in a deep breath and sneezes so hard that she sends the kitten sailing across the studio as equipment and stage lights topple down all over the place. Hanging lights shake in the rafters.

She is sneezing like a fool. Her eyes spring open. She sits up slowly, breathing heavily. She gets to her knees. To her feet. Sneezing. Less and less, but still sneezing. She staggers to the studio door.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa slowly makes her way to the stockroom. She goes in. Comes out a moment later in her clothes, fully recovered. She runs to the emergency exit.

EXT. KVLA ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Vanessa's head pops out. Police and news choppers are overhead shining lights onto the roof.

VANESSA

Everyone okay?

JOHN

ED

Vanessa! Where were you? What happened down there? Where're Doreen and Jaime?!

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I was hiding in the stockroom! I think they took Doreen and Jaime with them!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Victor and Pinto hurry Doreen and Jaime down an alley. They back them into a dark recess when a squad car zooms past at the end, lights blazing and sirens blaring.

VICTOR

Alright, you two, this is where we part ways! Turn and face the wall. If you turn around, the girl will shoot both of you in the knee.

Jaime and Doreen face the wall and stay that way as Pinto and Victor back away then run off down the alley. They separate at the point where it intersects another alley running in opposite directions.

INT. KVLA NEWS ROOM - LATER

POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES write down employees' various versions of what happened.

DETECTIVE #1

So where did she go? Did she follow you?

DOREEN

No! I told you she was dead to the world on the floor!

FADE TO:

POLICE OFFICER #1

Well did she fly? Did you see her fly?

JAIME

What?-No! Who flies inside?

The police officer looks at him.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Really? That's your answer.

FADE TO:

POLICE OFFICER #2

And you hid in the stockroom the whole time?

VANESSA

Yes. I only came out when I thought it was safe.

FADE TO:

DETECTIVE #2

So you couldn't get back in-

ED

Because the door opens from the inside! Yes! It wouldn't be very secure if it opened from the outside now would it?!

DETECTIVE #2

Look, there's no need to get snippy!

ED

Well, why aren't you out there trying to catch them. Did you see what he did to my studio! That was unnecessary. It'll take weeks to get it repaired.

Vanessa sneezes. Can't stop. She hears the kitten meow. Looks down at it weaving in and out of her legs. She hurries out of her cubicle, sneezing.

VANESSA
Sorry. I'm allergic.

Jaime looks over, frowning.

POLICE OFFICER #2
--But--

VANESSA
Violently allergic.

She's backing away, towards the elevator. Hits the down button and hurries on when the doors open. Catches Jaime's eye.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I'll call you!

The elevator doors close.

FADE TO:

INT. ABANDONED COFFEE BEAN ROASTING PLANT - LATER

Victor storms in. Rob and George watch the news.

GEORGE
Well that went well.

VICTOR
Shut-up, Rob!

ROB
What?! But I didn't even say anything!

They look towards the sound of the automatic doors opening and a car driving into the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - A FEW EVENINGS LATER

Leslie relaxes on a chaise lounge in the living room watching television. Crybaby sleeps curled up beside her. The doorbell rings.

She gets up to open the door. Jaime stands there smiling with the little kitten in his arms.

JAIME
Hi, Dr. Gains.

LESLIE
Jaime? Hi.--Vanessa's--not here.

JAIME
Oh.--But her car's in the garage.

LESLIE
(shrugging)
--She went for a walk.

JAIME
At this hour?

Leslie shrugs again and nods.

LESLIE
--Who's that?

JAIME
Victor and his accomplice abandoned it
the other night.--I didn't want to take
it to the pound but I can't have pets
where I live.--So I thought since you
already had a kitten-

Leslie smiles.

LESLIE
Come on in.--Would You like some cocoa?

JAIME
Sure.

LESLIE
And why don't you call Vanessa and let
her know you're here?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa hovers a few feet above the W. Her feet alight on the middle of the letter. She crosses her arms. Looks down on the light show that is Los Angeles. Smiles. Lifts off.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

A group of teens harass the old homeless woman. Everyone looks up when they hear a phone ring overhead.

VANESSA (O.S.)
Hello?--Hi, Jaime.

She lands between the teens and the old homeless woman.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 --Can I call you right back?

She hangs up. The teens look at her; looking much less sure of themselves than just a few seconds ago.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Boo!

The teens scatter like frightened roaches. Vanessa smiles at the old homeless woman.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 Night, Ma'am.

And she's gone. The old homeless woman pulls out a full whiskey bottle. Holds it up to the sky. Drinks.

OLD HOMELESS WOMAN
 You go, girl!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Leslie and Jaime sip cocoa at the table chatting. Vanessa enters from the garage.

VANESSA
 Hi!

LESLIE & JAIME
 Hi!

Vanessa hugs Leslie.

JAIME
 How was your walk?

VANESSA
 Refreshing. It's a beautiful night out.

She kisses him. Square on the lips. A sweet lingering kiss. Like it's something she's done everyday of her life. Or wants to. Jaime glances at Leslie smiling at them.

JAIME
 (blushing)
 What was that for?

VANESSA
 For what you did when I sneezed in the stock room.--It's been so crazy down at the station that I never got to thank you properly.

JAIME
--You're welcome.

LESLIE
You want a cup of tea, Baby?

Vanessa and Jaime sit as Leslie puts the kettle on.

VANESSA
Sure, Mom. Thanks.

She and Jaime smile into one another's eyes all knowing.
Blushing.

POST CREDITS

EXT. LESLIE'S REALLY BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

A policewoman reads Dr. Smithers her rights as she's handcuffed and escorted to a squad car at the foot of the driveway.

They pass Leslie and Vanessa in jammies and robes giving statements to Detectives May and Quarles.

DR. SMITHERS
I'm telling you she's the girl you're looking for! She can fly! I have proof!
It's in that house!

The squad car door closes. Dr. Smithers' animated mouth is fussing at the policewoman as she walks around to get in the driver's seat.

Vanessa and Leslie look at each other and shrug.

LESLIE
I was making cocoa and heard someone in the library. I thought it was those home invaders again.

The detectives nod, shrug and walk down the driveway to their car. They get in and follow the squad car as it pulls away. Leslie and Vanessa walk into the garage and pull the door down behind them.

FADE OUT