

INC

written by

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INT. STACEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A boring open plan workspace. STACEY, mid 30s manager, speaks into the intercom from her office.

STACEY

Two announcements today. One, it has been 3 days since the last act of printer-related violence. Let's see if we can make it to a week this time. And two, only 6 hours until the deadline. Let's get moving.

A green timer on the wall counts down from 6 hours.

Stacey's assistant, THOMAS, an overly chipper 40 something, bursts into the office.

THOMAS

We've got the video call in the nursery.

STACEY

On Wednesdays it's the conference room. Ok Thomas? It's not like there are still babies in there... are there?

THOMAS

No, definitely not... I checked this time.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Stacey and Thomas make a beeline for the conference room. Stacey holds up some masking tape.

STACEY

Where's the duct tape? I don't think this will hold the backdrop.

THOMAS

Sorry, I don't know. Also, corporate are still waiting on staff performance reviews.

STACEY

Urgh. Don't test me Thomas, not today.

Thomas holds out a clipboard, waiting for the reviews.

STACEY (CONT'D)
 Corporate is just full of bored
 busybodies who make people fill out
 forms because they've got nothing
 better to do and no friends.

Thomas writes everything down. Stacey looks on shocked.

STACEY (CONT'D)
 Thomas!

Stacey looks at the clipboard.

STACEY (CONT'D)
 Busybody is one word.

Stacey opens up a cupboard, but it's empty. Frustrated, she looks around.

STACEY (CONT'D)
 (to the office)
 Where the hell is my head piece?!

While Stacey tears through the cupboard Thomas stands behind her sheepishly, already holding the strange headpiece she's looking for. He's too nervous to say anything.

STACEY (CONT'D)
 (turning around)
 You idiot! I said don't test me.

Stacey snatches the helmet. They get moving again.

Stacey notices one of the desks has a red tablecloth.

STACEY (CONT'D)
 Who used my cashmere as a
 tablecloth!?

Stacey yanks the cashmere off the desk. Miraculously nothing falls off, like a magic trick. Everyone is impressed, except for Stacey.

She angrily knocks everything off the desk and throws the cashmere to Thomas. Then she grabs a marker from the floor and starts drawing black lines under her eyes.

THOMAS
 Less than 1 minute until the call.

STACEY
 Urgh...

Stacey looks around and sees a woman at her cubicle.

STACEY (CONT'D)

I need these.

Stacey takes the hair pins out of the woman's hair. The woman isn't fussed, she lets Stacey do it. Her hair immediately pops out ridiculously.

Thomas has a giant grin on his face.

STACEY (CONT'D)

What?

THOMAS

I love watching you work.

Stacey rolls her eyes. As they walk into the conference room she uses the hair pins to style her hair into a beehive.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacey hands Thomas the masking tape.

STACEY

This better hold that back drop.

Thomas tapes a volcano backdrop to the wall. From behind we see Stacey put on the head piece and then the cashmere, which reveals itself to be a cape. *What is she doing?*

She steps in front of the camera. Thomas presses record.

THOMAS

You're live!

With the cape, headpiece, new hair and black marker, Stacey has transformed herself into the terrifying super villain, MISTRESS DOOM.

With the backdrop behind her she is seemingly standing in front of an active volcano.

MISTRESS DOOM

Ladies and Gentlemen of the World
Council.

INT. WORLD COUNCIL DEFENCE ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mistress Doom is on the TV in a large situation room. Three officials sit around the table, surrounded by armed guards.

MISTRESS DOOM

This is Mistress Doom. You now have under 6 hours to submit to our demands, or we will gas the capital building. Do not test me.

Beat.

The backdrop falls, revealing an interactive mural of Barney the dinosaur. It says out loud, "Violence is never the answer". Mistress Doom turns and starts to swear at Thomas -

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. MARKETING OFFICE - DAY

The marketing team, JENNY and TERRY, are giving a presentation to an unknown recipient. The slide reads, 'Customer Feedback'.

MARKETING JENNY

The results of your customer feedback are...

Jenny clicks to the next slide, an entirely red pie chart.

MARKETING TEAM BOTH

Negative.

Mistress Doom, in full super villain costume, gasps!

MISTRESS DOOM

How can that be!?

MARKETING TERRY

Well...you are a super villain.

MARKETING JENNY

And from an image standpoint. It's testing negatively in all segments that interact with you.

Jenny clicks to the next slide. The red circle is now chopped up into multiple segments.

MARKETING TERRY

That's not true, what about this group that tested 'indifferent'.
(looking at the slide)
Citizens who were... killed.

MISTRESS DOOM

Can't people understand that I will
do what's best for them... I just
need to destroy the country first.

MARKETING JENNY

People seem to focus more on...

MARKETING TEAM BOTH

The deaths.

MISTRESS DOOM

Hey, I kill less than most. I'm
practically a pacifist compared to
General Genocide.

MARKETING JENNY

Yes, but he has GREAT PR.

MARKETING TERRY

I love his recycling initiative.

MARKETING BOTH

"Together, we can wipe out soft
plastics."

MISTRESS DOOM

So what can I do?

MARKETING TEAM BOTH

We make... A SLOGAN!!!

Jenny and Terry both pull a cord. A giant banner unravels.

'SUBMIT! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD - JUST DO IT!' - 'JUST DO IT' is
tacked onto the end in permanent marker.

MISTRESS DOOM

No. Absolutely not.

MARKETING JENNY

Why not?

MISTRESS DOOM

Well for one thing, 'Just Do It' Is
Nike's slogan.

MARKETING JENNY

(to Marketing TERRY)

Dammit Terry.

Terry, holding a permanent marker, looks down in shame.

MISTRESS DOOM

But mostly, because it makes it seem like I'm terrorising people with threats of harm!

MARKETING JENNY

Well, you did tell the World Council to...

MARKETING TERRY

Submit to your demands.

MARKETING JENNY

Or you'd harm them.

MISTRESS DOOM

That's the World Council, not the people. I just - urgh. You're the marketers. Spin it to sound better!

Mistress Doom goes to leave.

MISTRESS DOOM (CONT'D)

And you need to stop printing banners without budget approval. Everyone's making sacrifices.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

MALCOLM, mid 30s lead engineer, stands next to his invention, a big metal sphere.

MALCOLM

(yelling)

I don't care. I'm not giving up the laser chainsaws!

Malcolm lifts up his chainsaw with lasers for blades.

ANNETTE, mid 40's accountant, responds while referencing her meticulously kept binder.

ANNETTE

Yes you are! Firstly, they're taking up 13% of the budget, and secondly, frankly, they're pointless.

MALCOLM

Give me one reason they aren't crucial to the project.

ANNETTE

We're building a gas bomb? Why would it need laser chainsaws?

MALCOLM

Well... If it's released in a wooded area.

ANNETTE

You just like combining things you think are 'cool', regardless of practical application. Like your wireless flamethrower.

MALCOLM

Hey! That was VERY practical.

ANNETTE

It would incinerate the room at random.

MALCOLM

Only when the wifi dropped out! Whatever. Looking cool is the foundation of super villainy! Do you honestly think Murderman had a practical reason for sculpting his retractable batons like Cluedo candles.

ANNETTE

I have no idea, but I pity his accountant.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacey now in normal clothes, watches the argument between Malcolm and Annette through the window. Thomas holds up the clipboard, waiting for a performance review.

STACEY

(to Thomas)

Malcolm is childish, immature, and has the taste of a 13 year old boy. Which sometimes creates friction with the adults.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

The office Christmas party, everyone is dressed with a small splash of Christmas spirit.

Malcolm walks in wearing a full Stormtrooper outfit with a Christmas hat on over the top of the helmet. Everyone stares at him in judgement. He takes off his helmet.

MALCOLM

What? So you know for certain the stormtroopers DIDN'T celebrate Christmas!

Malcolm pulls out his blaster and shoots the Christmas tree with a real laser. Stacey watches on, impressed.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

STACEY

Annoyingly, he is a great engineer.

THOMAS

And Annette?

Stacey looks at Annette. She has opened up her jacket to reveal different coloured post-it pads meticulously displayed in the lining, like a crook selling stolen watches.

STACEY

Great accountant, but she can be a bit of a stickler for the rules sometimes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Annette is holding documents and telling someone off (who we can't see yet).

ANNETTE

You haven't filed your C-22 or your business license. You need to cease operations immediately.

Annette slams the forms down on the table of the person she is accosting. An 8 yr old girl running a lemonade stand.

The girl looks on the verge of tears.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

STACEY

And that was her daughter...

BRADLEY, a giant muscle of a man, approaches from the other side of the office with the gentleness of a kitten.

Thomas leans over to Stacey with his clipboard expectantly, waiting for another performance review.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Bradley, our behemoth head of security, was hired for his ability to punch a man unconscious from the other side of a wall.

CUT TO:

INT. RANDOM WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A man runs through a hallway, desperately trying to escape from someone. He reaches a dead end, he leans his head right against the wall, facing it, and breathes heavily.

Beat. (We wait for the inevitable punch through the wall).

Bradley somehow pops up behind the man.

BRADLEY

Surprise!

Bradley holds up a large square of drywall he brought with him. He punches directly through it, knocking the man out.

Stacey is behind Bradley shaking her head.

STACEY

Why...?

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

STACEY

But he hasn't been the same since he 'found peace' on a trip to Peru.

Bradley gently scooches past desks, accidentally knocking over knick knacks as he approaches Stacey.

BRADLEY
(whisper)
Heeeyyy... sorry to interrupt.

STACEY
What's the problem?

BRADLEY
I just think, well. I'm giving the company mandated training, and I worry that... it's too violent.

STACEY
That's because it's a presentation on throat punching.

BRADLEY
Maybe I can teach the recruits some non-violent, tactical, solutions to different situations.

STACEY
Why?

BRADLEY
I don't like to hurt people...

STACEY
Despite what Barney the dinosaur may have told you, sometimes violence IS the answer.

BRADLEY
(zen-like)
But what is the question?

STACEY
The question, is why my chief henchman thinks there is anything wrong with violence as a solution.

A large henchman hits the printer.

HENCHMAN
(screaming)
Signal too weak! Who the fuck do you think you are?

The henchman flips the industrial printer over with ease.

Thomas calmly adjusts a counter that says 'days since printer violence' back to 0. Bradley gives Stacey a knowing look.

STACEY

Urgh... Fine. You can teach your non-violent methods AFTER you finish the mandated stuff.

Bradley starts hopping with excitement.

BRADLEY

Thank you so much!
(taking a serious pose)
Namaste.

Stacey rolls her eyes.

STACEY

Just have your team ready in 3 hours!

INT. WORLD COUNCIL DEFENCE ROOM - DAY

The Russian representative, SASHA SASHOFF, mid 40's angry and fierce, looks at her iPad for information.

SASHA

If Doom releases nerve gas in the capital building it will kill thousands of American lawmakers.

MR ROBERTS, late 50's USA business type, stares at his iPad.

MR ROBERTS

Dammit!

Sasha hears video game noise. She leans over and sees Roberts playing Candy Crush.

MR ROBERTS (CONT'D)

I can never beat level 40.

SASHA

This is serious Roberts. Innocent people will die.

DAME WINDSOR, the snobby English representative in her 60's, leans forward, finishing her glass of wine.

DAME WINDSOR

Innocent? Oh little miss Russia, you clearly don't know politicians.

SASHA
YOU are a politician.

DAME WINDSOR
Yes, but I'm not in the capital, am
I dear? I know that, because the
drink service would be better.

WINDSOR holds her empty glass up. A heavily armed soldier
looks around, confused. He puts his bazooka down, and takes
the glass outside for a refill.

MR ROBERTS
If you're worried Sasha we can
evacuate the capital building.

DAME WINDSOR
Plus, we'll put our best soldiers
on it.

Sasha isn't convinced.

MR ROBERTS
And if that doesn't work, there's
always plan B.

DAME WINDSOR
Agreed.

SASHA
What's Plan B?

Mr Roberts and Dame Windsor smile at Sasha.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Thomas walks up to Stacey.

THOMAS
Someone from corporate wants to
talk to you... now.

STACEY
Ok, fine.

Stacey turns around to head to the conference room.

THOMAS
No, it's not a video conference,
they're in the building. The big
office.

Stacey stops, she's worried.

STACEY

What? Why? They never come down here. Did they say who it was?

THOMAS

No, but they said it's someone high up. Powerful.

INT. HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Stacey and Thomas walk out of the elevator.

STACEY

Oh God. What if it's Punch Man... or Stab Man... or the Silent Killer.

THOMAS

It's probably nothing.

STACEY

That's what the Silent Killer's victims always say. Oh God... it's gonna be someone so evil.

Thomas stops as Stacey walks, alone, into the big office.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stacey sees the silhouette of an intimidating looking man behind the desk.

Lightning strikes, illuminating half his face to create a terrifying image. Stacey screams.

Beat.

JOHN

(innocently)

Oh, sorry.

John turns on the light. He is a mid 40's paper pusher, wearing suspenders and a short sleeved white shirt. Absolutely non-threatening. .

JOHN (CONT'D)

You must be Stacey. I'm John Baker,

Stacey breathes a sigh of relief

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'll be staying on indefinitely as
a corporate consultant.

Lighting strikes again, as the power goes out.

STACEY
(terrified)
AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

John turns the lights back on.

JOHN
(to himself)
We'll need to get that fixed.
(to Stacey)
I'll be making sure this division
is following corporate procedure.

Stacey starts to walk towards the desk.

STACEY
What procedu-

John holds his hand up.

JOHN
Please.

John gestures to a ticket machine next to the door with a
sign saying 'please take a number'.

Stacey looks around, the office is completely empty.

STACEY
Are you serious?

John sits down at his desk, pretending he can't hear her.

Stacey types on the touch screen and pushes a button. The
ticket comes out, '00001'. A monitor in the corner of the
room dings and reads, 'Now serving 00001'.

Stacey walks to John's desk, but there is a rope barrier
maze, for long queues, that Stacey has to walk through. It is
literally made of red tape.

Stacey angrily follows along the maze to get to John. All the
while John doesn't look up from his desk full of papers.

STACEY (CONT'D)
I don't need a corporate
consultant, and I don't want you
working for me.

JOHN
I'll need to see your ticket first.

STACEY
Urgh!

Stacey slams her ticket down.

JOHN
Thank you.

John scans the ticket. And looks at the monitor. It says, 'Stacey Doom. Reason for visit. I don't need a corporate consultant, and I don't want you working for me!'

JOHN (CONT'D)
Technically I wouldn't be working for you. I'm reporting directly to corporate, so I'll technically be your superior.

STACEY
You said technically twice.

The lights go out again.

JOHN
That's because I like technicalities. They prevent chaos. Make things work.

John flicks the light switch. It doesn't work.

JOHN (CONT'D)
HMMMMM.

STACEY
Technicalities and red tape just get in the way.

Stacey steps over the red tape barrier and opens up a cupboard to reveal a fuse box. She pulls out a hair pin and uses it to lock the fuse. The light turns on.

STACEY (CONT'D)
Action makes things work.

JOHN
Action alone is inconsistent. Procedure plus action creates a path for repeated success.

John points to a motivational poster that says 'Procedure plus action creates a path for repeated success', under a picture of a parking ticket.

STACEY

(gestures to the working
light)

This looks like it a success to me.

The fuse box sparks and sets on fire. John puts it out with a fire extinguisher.

STACEY (CONT'D)

That doesn't happen usually.

JOHN

But without procedure it will
always happen, eventually.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

Malcolm and Annette continue arguing.

MALCOLM

You're terrified by the thought of
anything fun.

ANNETTE

And you are terrified of a project
ever going into the black.

MALCOLM

I don't know what that means, but
it sounds racist..? This is exactly
why you don't give accounting
robots sentience.

ANNETTE

You're \$92,000 over budget.

MALCOLM

So what!?

ANNETTE

Do you know the number one reason
evil businesses fail?

MALCOLM

That's easy. Collapsing volcanos.

ANNETTE

Cash flow! If we run out of cash now, we can't pay our creditors. And we default.

MALCOLM

We're an EVIL organisation. Can't we just kill them.

ANNETTE

Well sure, but then who's gonna give us a loan.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

John reads the folder that Tom has been writing the performance reviews in.

JOHN

I'm a busybody with no friends... Well, you're not wrong. Except for the fact busybody is one word.

STACEY

(to herself)
Dammit Thomas.

JOHN

Your team are a hodgepodge of personalities, I'm worried that at any moment they could...
(looks at the burnt fuse box)
Ignite... and make a mess. I don't like messes.

STACEY

What about your desk?

Stacey gestures to John's desk, it is a mess of papers.

JOHN

This is a jig saw puzzle.

It turns out all of those papers were just a giant lifelike puzzle forming the image of a messy desk.

John places the final puzzle piece. He lifts the finished puzzle and hangs it on the wall, next to a puzzle of a Terms and Conditions contract.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Putting a team together is a lot like finishing a puzzle. If some of the pieces don't fit, then the whole system doesn't work.

STACEY

My team are amazing. They may be 'misfits', but they still work.

JOHN

Then how come you've failed the last 5 missions.

Stacey goes to break the puzzle, but John interrupts.

JOHN (CONT'D)

- Come on Stacey, what does Barney say?

John presses a button. The screen plays embarrassing footage of the Barney the dinosaur incident from that morning.

BARNEY

Violence is never the answer!

STACEY

We've got an op in 3 hours. If we pull it off without any of your procedures or red tape, will that prove to corporate I don't need you here?

JOHN

Yes. But if you fail, then I stay.

As Stacey walks away John throws her a new roll of Duct Tape.

ACT TWO

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The marketing team surround Stacey and pitch their slogans.

MARKETING JENNY

'Make some room, for Mistress Doom.'

Stacey grimaces at that one.

MARKETING JENNY (CONT'D)

'Family run... run for your life.'

MARKETING TERRY
'Finger Lickin' Evil.'

Stacey stares at Terry.

MARKETING TERRY (CONT'D)
(to self)
Dammit Terry...

STACEY
You guys aren't getting it. Those
don't represent my...

MARKETING JENNY
Mission statement?

STACEY
Exactly. Try harder.

Stacey keeps walking and the marketing team head back to their department.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A beautiful traditional martial arts dojo, except...

'Henchmen Training' is scrawled on a whiteboard. Uniformed henchmen sit around temporary tables taking notes, while Bradley gives a powerpoint presentation.

Stacey smiles while watching secretly from the back. A henchman walks to the front.

BRADLEY
Let me show you a powerful move for
cutting through those extra tough
guys.

Bradley goes to initiate what seems to be a complex judo move - But instead he just gives the henchman a big hug.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
It's called a hug. And we could all
use a lot more of them.

Stacey rolls her eyes. This is not what she had in mind.

Bradley points to the screen. A slide shows 'proper hug technique' in multiple illustrated steps.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
As henchmen, what's the one thing
more important than brute force?
Self care.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

We lost 3 men last week... why? We lost our morale... and the volcano collapsed. But mostly it was the morale.

Stacey has had enough. She storms in.

STACEY

Are you insane! You're hijacking a train in 3 hours. You're meant to be teaching them throat punching, not the Care Bear stare!

Bradley looks sombre, then turns to the class.

BRADLEY

Listen up everybody... I think Stacey needs a hug.

Bradley, arms outstretched, takes a step towards Stacey.

STACEY

Don't even think about it.

BRADLEY

Can everyone see this?
(motioning to Stacey)
The closed off stance. The short sentences.

Bradley changes the slide to 'Non-Verbal Emotional Cues'.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

These are non-verbal cues that she is upset.

All the henchmen nod knowingly and take notes.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Do you notice any other cues?

STACEY

The throat punch?

BRADLEY

What?

Stacey expertly punches Bradley in the throat, then flips him onto the floor. He waits, getting his breath back, then clicks the remote. An image of a train appears on screen.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Relax. It'll be easy, it's an
unguarded train. No one even knows
we're targeting it.

INT. WORLD COUNCIL DEFENCE ROOM - DAY

Mr Roberts points to a slide of the exact same train picture.

MR ROBERTS
THIS is the train they're
targeting.

SASHA
So, what's next?

Mr Roberts places his watch on the table and it generates A
3D laser image of the train.

MR ROBERTS
Her henchmen will breach the rear.
Then move forward and plant the
bomb in the driver's carriage.

SASHA
I don't understand?

MR ROBERTS
That way it will have the most
impact when it hits the capital.

DAME WINDSOR
Yes, we get all that. But why the
laser watch. Just use the
projector, it's the same image.

MR ROBERTS
(grinning)
I'll show you why?

Roberts moves his hands around the lasers in a semi circle.
The projection starts spinning. Windsor and Sasha look at
each other, confused, as the spinning goes faster and faster.

SASHA
How is this helpful?

Mr Roberts snatches his watch, and the projection disappears.

MR ROBERTS
Fine! Our soldiers will hold the
rear of the train and stop the
attack.

DAME WINDSOR
Will that be enough?

MR ROBERTS
Maybe we should send you instead.
You were a field agent once?

DAME WINDSOR
That was long ago. I haven't been
on a train since... I murdered that
man on the Orient Express.

MR ROBERTS
The last train I rode was Thomas
the Tank engine. Not a replica, the
real one. Right before we had to
euthanise him.

SASHA
What would happen if we gave in to
Doom's demands?

DAME WINDSOR
We don't negotiate with
terrorists...

MR ROBERTS
That's not true. I once traded 40%
of Afghanistan's oil reserves for a
shipment of Double XL suits. Bin
Laden was such a sucker.

DAME WINDSOR
If Doom gets control she'll strip
power from anyone who matters and
give it to people in...in...

SASHA
People in need?

DAME WINDSOR
Yes! That's exactly how to describe
them... Neeeeddy.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Stacey walks through the hall. *Oh no.* Here come the marketing
team with fresh slogan ideas.

MARKETING JENNY
'VOTE DOOM. Then stop voting,
forever'.

MARKETING TERRY
'Unrelenting servitude. I'm loving
it'.

Everyone looks at Terry.

MARKETING TERRY (CONT'D)
Sorry guys...

STACEY
You're not getting it. I don't want
to rule the people. I want to...
Free them!

Stacey is even more disappointed now. Thomas pops in and
hands Stacey some paperwork.

THOMAS
Corporate are denying the family
insurance payout you requested.

STACEY
(to herself, angry)
John...

THOMAS
And legal needs to see you.

They start walking. Thomas holds his clipboard expectantly,
waiting for a performance review.

STACEY
We still need those?

Thomas nods.

STACEY (CONT'D)
Fine. Lisa is brilliant. Half
lawyer, half spin doctor. She can
turn anything on anyone at anytime.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

Lisa is in a prison jump suit, in the witness booth.

LISA
And furthermore, by not recusing
yourself you violated multiple
county laws and should be held in
contempt of this court.

The bailiff handcuffs the judge.

BALIFF

She's right.

The Baliff starts walking the judge out of the room.

JUDGE

What?! No, I'm the judge.

Lisa rips off her jumpsuit and is in full judge robes underneath.

LISA

Don't worry I can take over, I'm a qualified County Judge.

Lisa takes her place behind the judge's bench and smacks the gavel. Everyone cheers.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIN SPACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Stacey opens the door to the dingy admin space.

Diligently organised papers cover the desk and walls, like an OCD conspiracy theorist lives there. Lisa, hair slicked back mid-30s woman in a sharp suit, sits among the papers.

STACEY

Jesus, Lisa. Are you trying to solve the Zodiac murders in here?

Lisa points to a photo of a man on the pin board with metres of red string connecting him to other case elements.

LISA

No. I'm finished. It was Frans Madlo, inventor of red detective string. The other files are because of all the crimes you commit. Remember those...

STACEY

Well that's kind of the point. Although lately, I wonder if we're doing much of anything.

Stacey looks out at the office, now in shambles. Malcolm and Annette are fighting. Bradley is hugging 3 henchmen. The Marketing Team are fiercely debating slogans.

Lisa grabs a document.

LISA

Look at this.

(reading)

46 assault charges after you
released a vial of mutated chicken
pox at the anti-vaccination rally,
resulting in super fever.

Stacey takes that document out of Lisa's hand. She smiles.

STACEY

You know, we actually mixed it with
avian flu. Malcolm called it
Chicken Bird flu. He's not great
with wordplay.

LISA

It was quite a mess. But I got it
registered with the FDA as a
weight-loss supplement, and we
actually MADE money. Easy. But with
this latest catastrophe, I don't
know if I can help you.

STACEY

There's an issue with the gas bomb?

LISA

Nah, that's fine. I registered us
as failed fumigators, so we'll just
have to pay a small fine. The
problem is you filming Barney the
Dinosaur.

STACEY

What?

LISA

It could cost us \$2 million in
copyright infringement. Those
cartoon moguls are vicious.

STACEY

But the train hijacking is ok?

LISA

Oh that's fine. Just make sure
everyone buys tickets. I do NOT
want to go to war with Amtrack.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - AFTERNOON

Stacey walks into the lab. Annette and Malcolm are working together. They gently slide a device into the bomb. It starts beeping, like there's a problem. They both look worried.

Stacey runs in and adjusts the device. The beeping stops.

ANNETTE

Thank you.

MALCOLM

I had it covered...

STACEY

Not now Malcolm! There's a lot riding on this bomb.

ANNETTE

Don't worry, its almost finished. And within budget by 53 cents.

MALCOLM

Just enough for a gum-ball...

Malcolm goes to run off.

STACEY

(to Malcolm)

No.

Malcolm stops, disappointed.

ANNETTE

(to Stacey)

I haven't been this excited since I saw T.I. Live.

Stacey and Malcolm look at Annette surprised.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Texas Instruments Live... The calculator convention.

STACEY

So, how did you finish it?

ANNETTE

Malcolm managed to retrofit power cells, but he had to disassemble his laser chainsaws for parts... He struggled.

MALCOLM
No I didn't.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - EARLIER

Malcolm watches a homemade slideshow, set to Celine Dion's 'All By Myself', of photos of him and his laser chainsaw at: the beach, a tunnel of love, chopping down a child's Christmas tree.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - AFTERNOON

Malcolm stares into the distance, still thinking about it.

MALCOLM
(sings to himself)
'Don't wanna beeee...'

ANNETTE
And I secured additional funds from the PR budget by promising the marketing team I'd add fireworks that spell out 'Mistress Doom' after the bomb kills everyone.

STACEY
Terry will be happy I'm finally targeting the 'killed' demographic.

John pops his head in. Stacey sees him.

STACEY (CONT'D)
I guess you two actually do work well together.

JOHN
Hey team. I'm John, I'm your new corporate consultant.

Malcolm looks worried.

STACEY
Temporary... corporate consultant.

John pulls out some papers.

JOHN

I want to address an employee complaint that states Malcolm is a, 'petulant child with the maturity of a finger painting dog-monkey'.

Malcolm looks at Annette incredulously.

ANNETTE

Yes, I submitted that a few weeks ago.

MALCOLM

(to Annette)

Jokes on you! I've genetically engineered some very talented dog-monkeys.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIN SPACE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa hears a dog monkey scream.

LISA

Another dog-monkey?

She pulls out a large folder marked PETA.

LISA (CONT'D)

Malcolm, you cheeky devil.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MALCOLM

(to Stacey)

I'd like to point out that I didn't file any employee complaint forms against Annette.

JOHN

No. But I did receive a maintenance request to 'remove the giant stick from the racist accounting robot'.

Malcolm and Annette start to bicker. John hands Stacey the papers as he walks out. She glares back at him.

STACEY

Enough!

MALCOLM

Fine. Let's just start phase 2,
building the remote detonator.

STACEY

You haven't built a detonator?! The
bomb needs to be on the train in 20
minutes.

MALCOLM

I can build the remote without it.

STACEY

Fine. Bradley and I will take the
bomb now. But that remote better be
ready in time for the detonation.

Stacey walks out.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Stacey storms into John's office. She uses the laser chainsaw
to cut through the red tape barriers and walk straight to
John's desk.

JOHN

Number?

Stacey slams down the complaint forms Malcolm and Annette
submitted.

STACEY

Did you pull that stunt just to
drive my team apart so you could
prove you were right.

JOHN

No. I was just following procedure.

STACEY

What about when you cancelled the
life insurance for my henchmen who
died in the volcano, was that
procedure?

JOHN

Yes. They didn't attend the company
mandated lava and magma seminar. Do
you really not have a number?

STACEY

No. Of course not.

JOHN

Then you'll have to wait in line.

Stacey looks around, the room is empty.

STACEY

What line you bureaucratic turd!?

A farmer is on a large TV screen teleconferencing with John. It is a comically large screen, and amazing the Stacey didn't see it directly behind her.

FARMER

You're closing my business!?

JOHN

Yes. It's illegal to distribute raw unpasteurised dairy in your state.

FARMER

But we've always made raw milk. We don't have the technology for anything else.

JOHN

You should have thought of that before you were born Amish.

The farmer moves slightly off camera, we see a full Amish barn. A group of townspeople look at the camera.

TOWNSPEOPLE

What the hell is that?

The screen cuts to the next person. A man sitting at his computer at home. John looks at a form.

JOHN

We won't be able to reinstate your job on account of the death.

MAN

But... That form was filled out wrong. I'm actually alive.

JOHN

Tell that to the flowers we just sent your wife.

The screen cuts to a small business owner sitting behind the desk of a defunct factory.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We're still waiting on your payment
for the bankruptcy license.

The small business owner is surrounded by a ruined office,
with no stock, everything boarded up.

OWNER

We don't have the money for a
\$15,000 license. We're going out of
business.

JOHN

Not without that license you're
not.

John switches off the TV and turns to Stacey.

STACEY

What the hell was that? Not a
single one of them was a super
villain.

JOHN

Technically you're my only villain
client, I've been externally hired
by corporate.

STACEY

You're not even in the industry!
Then why the hell are you telling
me what to do?

JOHN

Because I can make the tough calls.
I've had my eye on you. You're
going soft.

STACEY

Soft!? I'm a super villain.

JOHN

Yeah, well I'm a corporate
consultant. I invented the
unskippable ads halfway through
YouTube videos, and the Facebook
'seen' message. I know how to make
the evil choice in the present, to
save the company in the future.

STACEY

How does cancelling an insurance
payout help the future of the
company?

JOHN

Because now the other henchman know there are consequences, they won't miss anymore safety seminars. So maybe next time, there won't be any deaths at all.

That point lands with Stacey.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sometimes a company needs a villain. Are you up to it?

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Stacey walks in.

STACEY

Bradley I swear to God, you better be ready to hijack this train?

Stacey looks around. The lights are dimmed. Serene nature music is playing. Bradley is teaching the henchmen yoga. A sign reads, 'henchmen, not hunch-men'.

BRADLEY

Push back, find your downward dog.

Everyone starts moving into downward dog.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Hold it... hold it. Remember. A centred henchman is a powerful henchman.

Stacey turns the lights on.

STACEY

What the hell is this?!

BRADLEY

Yoga. Grab a mat.

STACEY

You're meant to be leaving for the mission in 5 minutes!

BRADLEY

Don't worry we're ready.

STACEY

For what? Kombucha smoothies.

BRADLEY

This hel-

STACEY

- Gear up, and be on the transports in 5 minutes! We better hope no one knows we're hijacking that train.

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

A COMMUTER speaks to his friend, COMMUTER 2, across the aisle from him.

COMMUTER

A super villain is planning on hijacking the train.

Beat...

COMMUTER 2

I don't know, seems a little unrealistic.

They are friends talking about their writing, they have post-it notes and laptops.

COMMUTER

Fine...

Commuter throws a post it away. HEAD SOLDIER bursts in.

HEAD SOLDIER

A super villain is planning on hijacking this train.

Everyone gasps, except for Commuter, he motions to his friend. *I told you so!*

There are a dozen other soldiers, all in black tactical gear, except for one in camouflage.

HEAD SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We'll stop her.

Head soldier gestures at his men, including the one in Camouflage, JOHNSON.

HEAD SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Oh no, Johnson. Where did you go? Are you invisible? I can't see you!

All the soldiers laugh, except for JOHNSON. He looks sad.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - AFTERNOON

A combat truck, driving backwards down train tracks, intentionally collides into the back carriage of the train.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A large impact causes the carriage to shake and jolt. A blowtorch flame punctures the back wall of the carriage.

INT. TRUCK CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Bradley and Mistress Doom stand in the back of the combat truck with the henchman.

MISTRESS DOOM

Bradley, this mission is important.
Just do it like you used to. I need
the warrior, not the warrior pose.

BRADLEY

Fine. But my spirit animal is not
going to be happy about this.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

The blowtorch flame cuts a door shape out of the wall, revealing the henchmen, who run onto the carriage.

Bradley leads the charge and sees the first soldier, who points a gun at him, point blank.

SOLDIER

FREEZE, scumbag!

Bradley looks at the gun.

STACEY

Come on, Bradley...

Bradley hesitates.

BRADLEY

You don't want to do this.

SOLDIER

Yes, I do.

The soldier cocks his gun. Bradley freezes up, so Mistress Doom steps in and knocks the soldier out.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - AFTERNOON

Malcolm and Annette work together on a remote. It sparks.
Something has gone wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

On the train Mistress Doom knocks out the last of the soldiers. But then she hears a gun cock. It's Johnson, in camouflage, holding a machine gun.

JOHNSON

Nobody move! I'll shoot!

Head Soldier sits up slightly and looks around...

HEAD SOLDIER

(joking)

Wait, who said that?

Mistress Doom is too far away to do anything, but Bradley isn't. She needs him.

MISTRESS DOOM

Do something Bradley!

Bradley looks at Johnson.

BRADLEY

(whispering to self)

Closed off stance... Short sentences.

(to Johnson)

Hey friend...

Bradley puts his hands up. Mistress Doom looks on shocked.

MISTRESS DOOM

(to herself)

What is he doing?

Bradley keeps going.

BRADLEY

You look like you're having a bad day.

Johnson starts to soften.

JOHNSON

Well... There was something the captain said.

BRADLEY

Go on. Release your truth.

Mistress Doom rolls her eyes.

JOHNSON

(almost crying)

They made fun of my camouflage. And they said... they said... 'where's Johnson?' Like they couldn't see me. But they COULD see me.

Johnson lowers the gun. Bradley goes up and hugs him.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Mistress Doom shakes her head, shocked.

MISTRESS DOOM

What the hell is this?

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

In the office the marketing team stare at a whiteboard with 'Slogan?' written on it. They shake their heads, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Johnson, still crying, peacefully ties himself to a chair.

JOHNSON

Thanks for listening.

BRADLEY

(puts hands together)

Namaste.

Doom rolls her eyes. Bradley start to wheel the bomb down the carriage. Suddenly Head Solider pulls the emergency release, disconnecting their carriage from the train.

Bradley grabs the next carriage with his hands to buy some time, but the carriages start to separate, forcing him into a downward dog pose. Mistress Doom walks into the carriage.

MISTRESS DOOM

You've got to be kidding me.

Bradley holds the pose, while Mistress Doom desperately tries to fix the mechanism.

MISTRESS DOOM (CONT'D)

I need a minute to fix this.. Hold it... Hold it...

INT. MAIN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lisa reads a book, 'Fumigation Litigation'.

CUT TO:

Malcolm and Annette hesitantly touch the remote, scared it will spark.

CUT TO:

Marketing Terry goes to write something on the whiteboard, then changes his mind.

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Mistress Doom almost has the mechanism fixed.

MISTRESS DOOM

(to Bradley)

Hold it.

CLICK. The mechanism reconnects. Bradley flawlessly transitions out of the pose.

Mistress Doom smiles at a proud Bradley. They push the bomb into the front carriage and arm it. Bradley puts his hands together.

STACEY

Don't say it!

INT. MAIN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bradley and Mistress Doom walk in.

MISTRESS DOOM

The bomb is loaded and ready for detonation. Where are we at with the remote?

Malcolm and Annette run in, holding the remote.

ANNETTE

It's done!

MALCOLM

I took the satellite uplink from my wireless flamethrower.

MISTRESS DOOM

Nice work.

In the background an out of control flamethrower is destroying a sealed room.

Malcolm hands Mistress Doom the detonator. She looks at the timer on the wall. It is down to less than 2 minutes. She smiles and looks across the office, everyone is there.

John walks into the room. Mistress Doom makes eye contact.

MISTRESS DOOM (CONT'D)

In just under 2 minutes we will be in control of the capital.

Everyone cheers. Thomas looks at his iPad.

THOMAS

The World Council are on the line.

MISTRESS DOOM

Perfect! Their surrender.

Mr Roberts appears on screen. He's in the World Council room.

MR ROBERTS

Congratulations Mistress Doom. Your plan has worked.

The crowd cheer.

MR ROBERTS (CONT'D)

But here's something you didn't count on. We have filled the capital building with hundreds of school field trips.

Footage of kids in the capital building. Mistress Doom gasps.

MISTRESS DOOM

What... Why?

MR ROBERTS

All of the leadership have been evacuated. So feel free to gas a building of children, I honestly couldn't care less if you kill every single child.

A small child behind Mr Roberts starts crying.

MR ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Oh. No. Not you. Just all the other children.

Two other children in the corner burst into tears.

MR ROBERTS (CONT'D)

(to off screen)

Why are there so many unsupervised children?

(Beat)

What do you mean the nursery was converted into a conference room!?

The call ends. Lisa holds up 'Fumigation Litigation'.

LISA

If the children are small enough, they might classify as rodents.

THOMAS

The train is about to pass the capital building.

Doom looks at the detonator, the children, her team, John, then the timer. 3 seconds. 2 seconds. 1 second. Mistress Doom puts the detonator down. She missed her chance.

MISTRESS DOOM

Sorry team. It's just not me.

They all nod in agreement. Bradley walks up and gives her a hug. She reciprocates.

The marketing team push a button. A banner comes down from the ceiling, revealing the slogan, 'Evil That Cares'.

Mistress Doom looks up at it and smiles. Then she looks at John, smiling at her. *He's gonna be here a while.*

END