HAVE CAPE, WILL ACCESSORIZE

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EXT. NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

167 feet high. 2600 feet across. 100,000 cubic feet of water every second. At least, that's what the guide book says.

INT. RENTAL CAR DRIVING BY - SAME

But to MAGGIE and KIRK HOOPER it's a chance to rekindle their 7-year marriage. Both are creeping up on 40, just as premature gray has crept into their hair and spare tires around their waists.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Maggie hops out of the car as PORTERS rush to handle the luggage. Kirk passes out tips like he's a desert wanderer hoarding his last drops of water.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Maggie dresses at the vanity mirror, choosing just the right earrings to go with her elegant black gown. Kirk sits in his underwear watching *SportsCenter*.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

White linen and fine china. A WAITER serves Maggie and Kirk's entrees. Maggie admires their view overlooking the Falls.

MAGGIE
What a beautiful view.

KIRK
Not as beautiful as the view right here.

MAGGIE
Thank you.

KIRK
Have you ever seen a more perfect prime rib?

Kirk admires his plate.

KIRK (CONT'D)
It's sad when you have to come to Canada for a good cut of beef.

MAGGIE
Does that mean you're glad you came?

KIRK
It was a long way to come.

MAGGIE
I thought it would be good for us. We never talk anymore.

KIRK
We don't have it as bad as some. Didn't you tell me Hank and Ellie are calling it splitsville?

MAGGIE
He served her last week.

KIRK
Well, we're not that bad. I mean, you didn't have to come all the way to Canada for your good cut of beef, did you?

He bares his teeth like a wolf.

MAGGIE
Kirk.

She blushes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Kirk fall to the bed, kissing. Kirk sits up and finishes a flute of champagne. Maggie rubs his back and starts unbuttoning his shirt.

KIRK
Hmmmm. Somebody wants dessert.

MAGGIE
You didn't tell me how I looked tonight.

Kirk pours another glass of champagne.

KIRK
Tell me you want dessert. Tell me.

MAGGIE
I want dessert.

KIRK
I’m not sure I believe you.

He stands and makes a show of re-zipping his pants. He steals a glance at his watch.

MAGGIE
I want dessert.

She jumps up and tickles him. He laughs and bares his teeth again. His phone rings on the nightstand. Maggie reaches for it but he’s faster.

KIRK
Hello?... Right now?... Well, I guess I could. Give me 15 minutes... goodbye.

He buttons up his shirt.

KIRK (CONT’D)
Gotta go.

MAGGIE
Now? Where?

KIRK
Mags, what do I do?

MAGGIE
Sales.

KIRK
And...

He opens the door.

MAGGIE
And sales never sleep.

KIRK
I could be late. Don’t bother keeping the bubbly on ice.

He blows her a kiss and exits.

MAGGIE
But we’re in Canada.

She plops down on the bed and pulls a swig from the champagne bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MIDNIGHT

The empty champagne bottle lies on the floor. The door is ajar.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS OVERLOOK - SAME

Stars twinkle over the Falls. One in particular shoots across the heavens. Maggie stumbles up the street, singing to herself.

MAGGIE
Just gimme a home, where the buffalo roam, and where I don't stum-ble alone...

She reaches the overlook and catches herself against the railing. The Falls rumbles and churns below. She gazes out across one of the Natural Wonders of the World.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You're beautiful. You're the most beautiful falls of all the falls that ever fell.

She notices a coin-operated telescope. She fishes a quarter from her coat pocket and deposits it in the slot. She peers through the lenses.

MAGGIE'S POV: The water crashes at the base of the Falls. Spray and mist enshroud the waters below. A boat, the Maid of the Mist, trolls near the foot of the Falls. The few PASSENGERS wear rain slickers. Two of the Passengers lean against the gunwale in a tight embrace, kissing.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Oh get a room. Have mine, I'm not using it.

MAGGIE'S POV: The couple stops kissing. It's Kirk and a WOMAN.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What the whoa whoa whoa!

Maggie staggers back away from the telescope. She wrenches herself forward to have another look, but slips on the pavement, flipping herself over the railing.

She falls 167 feet to the dark waters below. She sinks like an anchor, plummeting to the bottom where she just sits, unwilling and unable to swim upwards. Her eyes close. Bubbles stream from her nose and mouth...

Her eyes open. She pushes off the bottom and paddles upward, each stroke becoming faster and stronger, leaving a wake trailing behind her. Her eyes are flashing brightly. She rises toward the surface with superhuman strength and speed until BOOM-- her head crashes into the hull of the Maid of the Mist.

EXT. MAID OF THE MIST - SAME

The boat rocks violently. Kirk loses his balance and flips over the gunwale to the dark waters below.

EXT. DARK WATERS BELOW - SAME

Maggie, shaking off the blow to her head, spots Kirk plunging into the nearby water. He fights desperately against the undertow, but he's getting pulled further down. Maggie watches him struggle.

Finally, she dives down and grabs him, pulling him effortlessly to the surface.

Their heads break the surface, gasping air. The boat's Passengers begin cheering. Kirk stares at Maggie. She shoves him away.

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. LAWYER'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Maggie is seated on one side of the table with her DIVORCE ATTORNEY. Kirk is seated opposite with his team of three DIVORCE ATTORNEYS. His Lead Attorney shoves a sheaf of documents across the table. Maggie's Attorney skims through them.

LEAD ATTORNEY
As you can see, it's a very generous settlement.

MAGGIE'S ATTORNEY
He's keeping the Lexus, the ski chalet, and the German Shepherd.

LEAD ATTORNEY
But he's leaving her the house.

MAGGIE
Fine. Done. I just want it over with.

She leans across the table to sign the documents. Kirk shrinks away from her.

LEAD ATTORNEY
Sign here and here. And that should do it. You're officially divorced.

MAGGIE
It's over?

KIRK
Maggie, I don't know what to say...

He gets up and shrugs. His Attorneys grab the documents and file out. Kirk exits. Maggie begins sobbing.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

Quaint Brownstones and old oaks. One Brownstone has all its shades drawn.

INT. MAGGIE'S BROWNSTONE - SAME

Maggie sits on the kitchen floor with a tub of Ben and Jerry's Chunky Monkey and a stack of framed photos. She's carefully clipping Kirk and the GERMAN SHEPHERD from all of the pictures. Her eyes and nose are red from crying. She blows her nose into a dish-towel. The phone rings.

MAGGIE
Hello... Hi, Ellie... I've been better... Is it my night? I forgot completely. Could you fill in tonight?... You've got a date with Hank? You're getting back together?... Don't be silly. I think that's wonderful. Have a really wonderful time tonight.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie stands over the stove, stirring several pots and crying uncontrollably. Tears are dripping into the pots.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Maggie drives down the rain-slicked streets, still crying.

EXT. OLD VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie parks on the street and opens the hatchback. There are several Tupperware containers. She grabs one and hikes up to the front door. She rings the bell. She's getting a chill from the steady drizzle.

OLD LADY (OS)
Who's there?

MAGGIE
Plates on Skates! It's Maggie, Mrs. Munson!

The door opens. MRS. MUNSON has blue hair and a dowager's hump. Her face lights up.

MRS. MUNSON
Maggie!

Maggie hands over the plate.

MAGGIE
Meat loaf and steamed asparagus, Mrs. Munson. Just the way you like them.

MRS. MUNSON
Oh, could you be an angel and help me cut up my food tonight, Maggie? My sciatica is acting up.

She crinkles up her fingers and smiles pleadingly at Maggie.

MAGGIE
Sciatica is in the hips and legs, Mrs. Munson.

MRS. MUNSON
I meant to say arthritis. Please, Maggie.

INT. MRS. MUNSON'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Candles are lit. Maggie and Mrs. Munson are seated in matching settees. Maggie cuts up the meat loaf into bite-sized portions.

MRS. MUNSON
You're better off without him, Dear. Footloose and fancy free.

MAGGIE
I guess you're right.

MRS. MUNSON
No guessing about it. You listen to me, young lady: men are like cars-- there's a newer and better model every year.

Maggie smiles.

MRS. MUNSON (CONT'D)
Besides, did you know four out of five divorced women find true happiness the second time around?

MAGGIE
Mrs. Munson, you might very well be the wisest person I know.

Mrs. Munson chews a forkful of meat loaf.

MRS. MUNSON
This flank steak is delicious.

MAGGIE
It's meat loaf, Mrs. Munson.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie stands on the balcony looking out over the city lights. She climbs into bed and stares at the portrait on her nightstand: Maggie, paddling a canoe, seated in front of the missing shapes of Kirk and the German Shepherd.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Maggie wakes and stretches. She sits up, looking around aimlessly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie hasn't moved. She lies in her bathrobe, shoveling in Chunky Monkey.

Her spoon hits the bottom of the carton. She licks her spoon clean.

INT. CAR - TWO MINUTES LATER

Maggie wears a baseball cap and bathrobe. Chocolate ice cream is smeared on her upper lip like a slightly off-centered Hitler moustache.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Maggie shuffles to the ice cream coolers at the back of the store.

A slim, greasy SHOPLIFTER is slipping condoms and batteries into his jacket. Maggie takes notice.

The Shoplifter steps beside Maggie and scans the ice cream. He grabs a pint and slips it in his jacket.

MAGGIE
Might melt.

SHOPLIFTER
Mind yer business. And wipe yer mouth. Have some dignity.

He motions to his upper lip. Maggie wets her thumb and begins blotting the chocolate from under her nose.

MAGGIE
Maybe this is my business.

SHOPLIFTER
Then, lady, yer in the wrong business.

He tries to push past her, brushing her shoulder. But Maggie's shoulder is as solid as if were made of cement.

SHOPLIFTER (CONT'D)
Oh, lady works out. You think I won't use this?

He makes a fist. Maggie cinches her robe tightly and strikes a ready stance.

MAGGIE
I'll hit back.

The Shoplifter cocks his arm and swings. In a blur of motion, Maggie ducks his punch and lands her own against the Shoplifter's chest. He flies back, knocking over the chips rack and sliding across the floor with a mess of corn chips and pork rinds.

SHOPLIFTER
Devastating. Mmm. Daddy likes.

He gets to his feet and slaps his ass, then gestures for her to do the same.

Maggie looks herself over, trying to comprehend her sudden strength and speed.

The CLERK comes rushing up the aisle.

The Shoplifter leans into Maggie's ear.

SHOPLIFTER (CONT'D)
(whisper)
I'll be at the Northwest Federal Bank, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. Next Friday. Come play with me.

He looks her up and down, then darts out of the store.

CLERK
What happened?

MAGGIE
(addled)
Huh?

CLERK
What happened?

Maggie straightens her hat.

MAGGIE
I have no idea.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Maggie wakes and stretches. She still wears her bathrobe. She looks herself up and down: was the superhuman strength and speed only a dream?

Stepping to the foot of the bed, she grips the foot-board, inhales deep, and lifts the bed as if it was nothing more than an abnormally large pillow.

She hurries to the hallway, pausing at the top of the stairs. Another deep inhale. Then, in a blur of motion, she flashes down the stairs and back to the top.

She giggles nervously.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The room is a sty from weeks of neglect. Maggie looks it over, holding an arm-load of cleaning supplies.

Suddenly, she becomes the TASMANIAN HOUSEKEEPER: lifting end tables and ottomans with one hand while vacuuming under them with the other; high-dusting with cyclonic fury; and washing windows with such velocity the Windex doesn't have time to streak.

Ten seconds later, the place is immaculate. Maggie admires her work.

INT. BATHROOM - LATE MORNING

Maggie looks herself over in the full-length mirror. She doesn't like what she sees: a frumpy, pale, divorce' wearing a tattered bathrobe with chocolate ice cream stains.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Maggie throwing away her bathrobe in the garbage bin.

- Maggie cleaning the attic as the Tasmanian Housekeeper

- Maggie pulling weeds as the Tasmanian Gardener

- Maggie at the fabric store. She selects a material with a tiger-skin print.

- Maggie working on the sewing machine

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Maggie blurs around the kitchen as the Tasmanian Cook, preparing her Plates on Skates meals. Her phone rings.

MAGGIE
Hello... Hi, Ellie... Already done. I was just about to deliver them now... Thanks, I feel better. It's my new workout routine, strength and cardio conditioning, you know?... Oh, the name of the routine is, it's called the...

She quickly scans the kitchen, eyes settling on a refrigerator magnet of Niagara Falls.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
The Niagara Viagra.
(cringes)
I know, kind of strange but it's from Canada... Oh, Ellie, someday I'll share it with you.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Maggie runs up the steep incline carrying two large satchels over her shoulders. She's not even breaking a sweat.

EXT. MRS. MUNSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie jogs up to the door. She rings the bell and pulls a Tupperware plate from a satchel. Mrs. Munson opens the door.

MRS. MUNSON
Maggie!

MAGGIE
Lemon chicken and asparagus spears, just the way you like them, Mrs. Munson.

MRS. MUNSON
Could you be an angel tonight and help me cut up my food--

MAGGIE
Already done, Mrs. Munson.

Mrs. Munson accepts the plate, disappointment on her face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'd stay if I could but I'm in training.

MRS. MUNSON
Training for what, Dear?

MAGGIE
Not really sure. But when the time comes, I'd like to be ready.

MRS. MUNSON
I think I understand. Like I said, your true happiness is coming this time around.

MAGGIE
Well, that's not exactly what I meant. But thank you anyway.

MRS. MUNSON
Good luck, Maggie.

Mrs. Munson smiles warmly and closes the door. Maggie jogs down the driveway.

Mrs. Munson peeks through her curtains and catches sight of Maggie as she accelerates away in a blur.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie looks herself over in the full-length mirror and likes what she sees: wearing a form-fitting tiger-print cat-suit, she has the body and muscle-tone of a 25-year old aerobics instructor.

MAGGIE
Beware, criminals: I'll break your hearts and your necks.

INT. NORTHWEST FEDERAL BANK - NEXT FRIDAY

There's a heavy payday crowd. Maggie enters, wearing a full-length raincoat. She cases the bank, careful to avoid being noticed by a pair of SECURITY GUARDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORTHWEST FEDERAL BANK - HOURS LATER

A lighter crowd. Two different SECURITY GUARDS are on duty. Maggie sits in the loan waiting area, watching like a coiled tiger.

Three BANK ROBBERS enter the bank. They each wear a bright yellow poncho and a Halloween mask of a beloved children's character: ELMO bars the doors and hangs a **closed** sign, BARNEY draws his sawed-off shotgun on the Security Guards, SPONGEBOB addresses the crowd.

SPONGEBOB
Everybody on the floor! This is a kiddie's show!

He pulls out a Tec-9, waving it across the room. People drop to the floor.

Maggie ducks behind a counter.

Spongebob approaches the TELLERS with a duffel bag.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)
(to Tellers)
If you've never been to a kiddie show, this is how we play: no marked bills, no dye packs, nothing off the bottom of the stacks, and NO ALARMS! First one to empty their drawer gets a carton of Milk Duds.

He places a carton of Milk Duds on the counter.

Maggie hasn't moved. Slowly, she takes off her coat. Underneath is her Tigress outfit. She looks herself over nervously, like a first-timer at a nude beach.

Her confidence ebbs away and she slips back into her coat.

As the Tellers are filling the duffel bag with stacks of bills, Spongebob notices a PRETTY WOMAN and her LITTLE BOY.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)
(to Little Boy)
What's your name, little man?

PRETTY WOMAN
Don't tell him.

LITTLE BOY
Sam.

SPONGEBOB
Well, Sam, do you know your ABC's?

Sam nods.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)
Will you say them with me? A is for apple. B is for boy. C is for cat. D is for doggy-style. Do you know what doggy-style means, Sam?

Sam shakes his head. Spongebob leers at his Mother.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)
Well, doggy-style is when you like someone just enough to treat them like an animal--

The TIGRESS leaps to the center of the lobby. She's wearing tiger-print boots and a tiger-print Lone Ranger mask.

TIGRESS
That's enough! Keep your filthy thoughts to yourself!

Elmo and Barney aim their weapons at Tigress.

BARNEY
Who da hell is dis?

SPONGEBOB
Hey, I recognize you! You clean up good.

TIGRESS
I'm going to clean up all three of you.

ELMO
It's going to be a hell of a mess. Blood doesn't come out of tiger-print Spandex, sweet cheeks.

SPONGEBOB
Don't shoot her! Not yet.
(to Tigress)
First, I think I deserve that spanking.

Spongebob pulls his pants down to reveal yellow bikini briefs. He leans over and offers up his scrawny ass. Sam and his Mother are horrified.

TIGRESS
This is for you, Sam.

She winds up and spanks Spongebob like a wrecking ball, sending him smashing head-first into the vault door. He's unconscious, the Tigress' paw print forever tattooed on his left ass-cheek.

Barney and Elmo open fire on Tigress. She blurs around the lobby, dodging gunfire and avoiding the bystanders. Barney and Elmo exhaust their ammo. As they quickly reload, Tigress slinks toward them.

TIGRESS (CONT'D)
Put the phallic symbols down.

As Elmo slams in his new clip, Tigress blurs to him and wrenches the gun away. Barney's too.

Elmo throws a punch, Tigress easily ducks. Barney catches Elmo's punch in the jaw, knocking his mask cock-eyed.

BARNEY
Mother fu--

Tigress blurs her knee into Barney's groin, dropping him to the floor. As he writhes in agony, she steps over him.

TIGRESS
What he meant to say was:
(singing to Barney theme song melody)
I love you, you love me, we're a happy fam-i-ly...

Elmo sprints for the doors.

TIGRESS (CONT'D)
(singing)
...with a great big hug and a kiss from me to you...

She blurs to the doors, blocking Elmo's escape.

ELMO
Who are you?

TIGRESS
(singing)
Won't you say you love me too.

The Security Guards snap handcuffs on Elmo and drag him away. The crowd begins applauding and cheering. Tigress takes a bow and exits.

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Maggie sips coffee and reads the morning headlines on her laptop. One headline**: Bank Heist Foiled by Tiger-Striped Heroine.** A photograph captured from a bank security camera shows the blurry image of Tigress spanking Spongebob with ferocious power.

Her phone rings.

MAGGIE
Hello... Ellie, you sound like you've been crying... Hank what?! Oh, Ellie.

A variety of newspapers are fanned out across the table. All of the stories about Tigress have been carefully clipped out.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Sure, I can take Plates on Skates tonight. You just take care of yourself. Be strong, Ellie.

EXT. MRS. MUNSON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Maggie knocks. Mrs. Munson answers.

MRS. MUNSON
Maggie! I expected Ellie tonight.

MAGGIE
We thought you'd enjoy a little change. Something special.

Maggie opens the Tupperware container and offers Mrs. Munson a peek.

MRS. MUNSON
It looks interesting.

MAGGIE
It's called a soy wrap. Very healthy and tasty.

MRS. MUNSON
Uh huh. What's come over you?

MAGGIE
Nothing. Why?

MRS. MUNSON
You just have a glow about you-- Magdeline Hooper, you've found yourself a man!

MAGGIE
No, Mrs. Munson. Why is it, just because I'm happy, it must be because of some *guy*?

MRS. MUNSON
Because you're way too happy for a soy wrap.

Maggie smiles mischievously.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maggie is on the sewing machine. She stitches a seam into some pink satin. Gold sequins are scattered around the kitchen table. The TV is tuned to the local news.

TV NEWSCASTER
We now break live to downtown where a fire has engulfed several floors of Timberline Tower, threatening to spread to neighboring buildings.

ON TV: FIRE-FIGHTERS and fleeing CIVILIANS rush in opposite directions at street level as flames rage on several top floors of a modern high-rise.

Maggie looks up at the TV, accidentally running her finger under the needle. Blood flows.

MAGGIE
Ow! Ohh!

As Maggie cries out, the sink's faucet ruptures, sending a geyser of water arcing across the kitchen toward Maggie and the sewing machine. Maggie throws up her hands to shield herself. The geyser flows around her, as if an invisible umbrella was protecting her.

Maggie giggles. She waves her hands slowly from side to side. The flow of water follows her actions.

TV NEWSCASTER
We now hear from Fire Chief Parks...

ON TV: FIRE CHIEF PARKS looks into the camera, his face covered in soot and grime.

FIRE CHIEF PARKS
This is the most unnatural inferno we've ever seen. It spreads with human cunning. And if it continues like this, we could have a citywide emergency on our hands.

EXT. TIMBERLINE TOWER - NIGHT

POLICE have cordoned off the street. The inferno crackles and pops overhead.

Maggie appears in the shadows, wearing a gold sequined Lone Ranger mask, pink satin pantaloons, and a tight lacy vest that shows her new abs of steel.

She quickly attracts the attention from several nearby Police. She blurs out of sight.

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING'S FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Maggie blurs up the fire escape of an older adjacent high-rise.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Maggie reaches the roof and steps to the edge. It's fifteen feet across to Timberline Tower. Flames are waiting.

Maggie backs up, takes a deep inhale, and blurs over the gap onto Timberline Tower.

Flames engulf her.

Suddenly, a figure advances through the wall of flames toward Maggie. Wearing form-fitting silver and reflective goggles, he parts the flames with a flicker of his hands. This is KINDLE.

Maggie notices an old creaky water tower on a rooftop two blocks away. She motions to it, pulling as if there was a heavy rope around it. Nothing happens.

Kindle lifts his goggles. His eyes sparkle in the firelight.

KINDLE
New at this?

Maggie pulls harder at the "rope," willing desperately for water. Flames lick at her heels.

KINDLE (CONT'D)
Just a couple of pointers: first off, don't come to fight fires or fire-wielding villains wearing flammable pantaloons.

He smirks at her costume.

KINDLE (CONT'D)
And secondly, you're not commanding water as if you're Harry Potter. You're not a wizard. Think of yourself as a length of hose. Feel the water flowing through you.

He demonstrates. Maggie copies him. Suddenly, the water tower ruptures, spouting a fifty-foot geyser. Maggie directs the water onto Timberline Tower's rooftop, dousing the flames.

KINDLE (CONT'D)
Precisely. A-plus work. Bravo.

Maggie directs the water toward Kindle. He raises walls of flame, easily rebuffing her attack.

KINDLE (CONT'D)
Now now. Let's not get all cock of the walk. This building deserves to burn. It's the corporate headquarters for Timberline Lumber.

Kindle spreads his arms wide. Flames spread over the corresponding expanse of roof.

KINDLE (CONT'D)
Timberline harvests enough trees every Christmas to replant Rhode Island.

MAGGIE
So you're against Christmas trees? What kind of super-villain are you?

Maggie directs water like a pro, hosing down the roof.

KINDLE
You believe my true agenda is vengeance on account of Christmas trees? What kind of super-hero are you?

He twirls a finger. The inferno whorls into a giant pinwheel. Maggie steps back, feeling the spike in flames.

KINDLE (CONT'D)
No, really. Who are you supposed to be? A belly dancer?

MAGGIE
Mata Hari.

KINDLE
Hm. I don't mean to sound unkind, but nobody knows Mata Hari.

MAGGIE
People know Mata Hari.

She flicks her wrists, like chopping vegetables. Columns of water begin pounding the flaming pinwheel into sizzling pockets of steaming leftovers.

KINDLE
I'm not trying to hurt your feelings. It takes some people years to nail down their super identity. Don't get uptight if this isn't the right one for you.

He flicks a finger: fireballs launch, incinerating the water tower into cinders. Thousands of gallons drop to the streets below. Maggie's arsenal is gone. She grits her teeth.

MAGGIE
Oh? You're critiquing my identity? You're wearing a silver onesie and setting fire to avenge Christmas trees.

KINDLE
I told you. I'm not here because of the Christmas trees.

MAGGIE
Where do you come down on jack o' lanterns? Are pumpkin patches getting torched next?

He steps toward her. She stands brave, holding her ground.

KINDLE
Pumpkins are safe.

MAGGIE
Easter eggs?

They're now eye to eye.

KINDLE
I'm okay with Easter eggs.

MAGGIE
You're hot.

KINDLE
Thank you, you're not bad yourself.

MAGGIE
I mean I'm sweating.

KINDLE
It's from all of the steam we made.

Steam rolls off the puddles all around them.

MAGGIE
We did make a lot of steam...

A veil of steam surrounds them, blocking out the world. He leans in, their lips inching closer together...

Suddenly, several NEWSCOPTERS swarm in and chase the steam away as CAMERA CREWS appear on neighboring roofs.

Spotlights capture a FLYING FIGURE soaring through the night. The Figure touches down near Maggie and Kindle, posing heroically for the cameras. Built like a young Schwarzenegger, and encased in blue and white Spandex, this is POWER.

POWER
Flame off, pal.

MAGGIE
Excuse me, who are you? I was handling this.

POWER
Looks like you were handling a quick slide into first.

MAGGIE
Was not. I don't even know what you're referring to.

POWER
I'm referring to you snacking on this outlaw's tongue. You can kiss him til your tongue goes dry, kisses don't stop outlaws.
(to cameras)
So don't become an outlaw, kids. And don't swap tongue germs with outlaws. And always recycle. That's the 411 from Power. Out. Oh, and stay in school. Dropouts don't get shout-outs. And *that's* the 411 from Power. Out.

KINDLE
You're name is *Power*?

POWER
As in *Super* Power.

KINDLE
I caught the subtle play on words.

POWER
You're about to catch a not-so-subtle tail whoopin.

KINDLE
Bring it, flyboy.

Maggie steps between them.

MAGGIE
Whoa whoa whoa. I'm drowning in toxic levels of testosterone.

KINDLE
I'm sorry for this intrusion, Mata Hari.

MAGGIE
We're not on a date!

POWER
Maybe prison will give you two conjugal visits.

MAGGIE
We're not *conjugal*!

POWER
Don't worry, Babe. I'll conjugate with you.

KINDLE
You couldn't conjugate a verb.

POWER
I'm about to conjugate *paste* and *yo ass*.

KINDLE
And I say bring it, flyboy!

Power charges Kindle with blurring speed. Kindle throws up a wall of flame to block.

Maggie takes a seat on the edge of the roof.

MAGGIE
I'll just go bake a cake for the winner.