

SPYDRA

Written by

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CLOSE

Spider web, illuminated by moonlight. A spider waiting patiently.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

Another night. Another criminal to catch.

CLOSE

A HAND searches through dirty clothes hamper.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

But someone has to take out the garbage.

CLOSE

These superhero outfits are straightened out and laid on a table (its still dark, but we can tell they're superhero outfits).

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

What drives a woman to galavant the city after dark in this wet suit.

He stretches the suit in his hand. It appears really small.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

This no outfit. This is a dish towel. I couldn't blow my nose with this, let alone wear it.

His hand caresses the material, admiringly.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

It does have a nice viscuous feel. Like an extra layer of skin. Can't be made in China.

Checks for labels, can't find any.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

No labels. No respectable company would manufacture this essemble. It's inappropriate.

WIDE ON

INT. SPYDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Your generic homestead, if you're a young a woman. Very stereotypical, girly things (to ward off the true identity of the person).

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

She must go away for along time. I being "Mr.Felix" aka "The Entrapper." your local bounty hunter.

MR.FELIX, our bounty hunter, sits comfortably on the couch, like he's making himself at home.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

Meaning, I receive a bounty, or a premium, offered by a client to capture and deliver an individual, this one goes by the name of Spydra.

He chews on some nuts, on display in the jar in the middle of the room.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

"Spydra" has kept a tight lid on her indentity.

WE SEE PICTURES of a young college girl, who looks harmless enough. With her boyfriend. With her parents. With her dog. She looks as clueless and naive as anyone.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

By day, she attends Queens Community College. Works two jobs. By night, she fancies herself a crime fighter. Her combat skills are deadly.

The WINDOW opens.

WE SEE one leg entering the premises. Then, the other leg. Like all superheroes, SPYDRA wears a skintight outfit that illustrates the animal she models herself after -- this one being the spider.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

My client, who shall remain nameless, has seen his business damaged from her "crime fighting" interference.

The SILLHOUETTE of SPYDRA breathes heavily. She has just completed a night of crime fighting.

Without noticing the MR.FELIX, she goes into the bathroom and takes a shower. She leaves her SPYDRA outfit on the floor like any clothes.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

I have stopped at nothing to track this one down and pin her where she lives. There is no length I am willing to go to apprehend her.

MR.FELIX receives a phone call. It says DARCY on the phone. He sighs and picks it up, whispering loudly.

DARCY (VIA PHONE)

Dad, where are you?

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

My illegitimate daughter, Darcy. The only one of my children who still speaks to me.

DARCY (VIA PHONE)

I thought we were going to the movies.

MR.FELIX (V.O.)

I'm at work. Capturing criminals.

MR.FELIX gets up from his seat and grabs the SPYDRA OUTFIT, smells it, grimaces.

MR.FELIX

Ugh. That smells rancid.

You can hear SPYDRA really scrubbing herself in the shower.

DARCY (V.O.)

Oh my god, what did you call me?

MR.FELIX

Not you, sweetheart. I was calling Spydra that.

DARCY (V.O.)

Spydra? You know her? What's she like.

MR.FELIX

She's a criminal. And I'm going to apprehend her.

(MORE)

MR.FELIX (CONT'D)
Her outfit smells putrid. Perhaps,
we can see a late show.

DARCY (V.O.)
You can't do that...

MR.FELIX hears SPYDRA turning off the shower.

MR.FELIX
I will be there in an hour.

MR.FELIX hangs up. Pulls out his gun. Aims it at the
BATHROOM DOOR ---

-- IT OPENS, revealing.

The young woman from the photos.

She's drying her hair, and looks far from a superheroin.

She drops her towel when she sees MR.FELIX (she's wearing
home clothes, shorts, tee shirt).

HE SHOOTS NET, which traps her on the floor. She struggles
on the floor, trying to get out. But she's pretty securly
captured.

MR.FELIX (CONT'D)
Good evening Spydra.

SPYDRA
Who are you?

MR.FELIX
Don't pretend like you're not
Spydra.

SPYDRA
Why would I deny it? You have my
outfit in your hands.

MR.FELIX
A rather unflattering smell, this
outfit.

SPYDRA
I destroyed the chemical plant.

MR.FELIX
You're evil.

SPYDRA
Where they make hair spray and
other beauty products for girls.

MR.FELIX

Where you're going, you wont be
needing no beauty products.

SPYDRA

Its toxic.

MR.FELIX

No its not. You are.

SPYDRA

The stuff kills young women slowly.

Suddenly, MR.FELIX's phone goes off again. It says DARCY on
it. MR.FELIX doesn't pick up, but it keep ringing.

SPYDRA (CONT'D)

Young women like "Darcy."

MR.FELIX

Do not include my daughter in your
nefarious activities.

SPYDRA

She is included, whether you like
it or not, Mister.

MR.FELIX

Shut your mouth.

SPYDRA

If you send me away, no one will
protect her and the young women of
America.

MR.FELIX

I'll protect my girl.

SPYDRA

That's a joke. How many times have
you seen her this year?

MR.FELIX

I see her every holiday and the 3rd
of every month.

SPYDRA

Some Dad you are. The tooth fairy
makes more appearances.

MR.FELIX

Don't call me no fairy.

SPYDRA

She will spray her hair and use products that will slowly destroy her body.

Meanwhile, the phone has been RINGING RELENTLESSLY.

MR.FELIX

Talk all you want, community college girl. When this call is over, I'm notifying my client - and he will come collect you to do as he wishes.

SPYDRA

You don't believe me. Look at your hand.

MR.FELIX lets go of the outfit and sees a RASH on his hand. He's having a weird reaction to the chemicals.

MR.FELIX

It's just eczema.

SPYDRA

Eczema my butt. Your client uses toxic chemicals --

MR.FELIX cuts her off, picks up the phone.

MR.FELIX

(to phone)

Darcy, what beauty products do you use?

DARCY (V.O.)

What? I use Camille. Why?

SPYDRA

"Camille" is their most aggressive product.

MR.FELIX looks apprehensive.

DARCY (V.O.)

Don't you ever hang up on me. I have found out of the kindness of my heart to like keep you in my life even though Mom hates your guts.

MR.FELIX

Can I call you later? I'm the middle of...

DARCY (V.O.)

And secondly, I will not be the daughter of the man who stopped Spydra. She's the only person I look up to in this crappy life.

MR.FELIX

You can find other people to look up to. What about Lady Gaga, Hilary Clinton or anyone on the internet. Or me, your father.

DARCY (V.O.)

If I find out you put Spydra away, I will never talk to you again.

DARCY hangs up.

MR.FELIX is sweating now. Holding his phone limp in his hand.

He sees SPYDRA is no longer in the trap.

It's been torn.

By the time he sees her shadow, it's too late.

She dives on top of him from the ceiling.

And attacks him in a flurry of moves.

- ZONK!

- POW!

- OUCH!

EXT. DARCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WE NEVER SEE DARCY. We see the following from her point of view. Her DAD, beaten to a pulp. Barely standing.

She hardly recognizes him.

DARCY (V.O.)

Dad?

MR.FELIX

I let Spydra go. For you.
(checks his broken watch)
You still want to go to the movies?

MR.FELIX (V.O.)