

KICKASS

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Second draft

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A wide shot in which you could be forgiven for failing to spot a tiny, brightly-clothed FIGURE on one of the rooftops.

Over this, we hear the voice of our hero: DAVE LIZEWSKI.

DAVE (V.O.)

I always wondered why nobody did it before me. I mean, all those comic books. Movies. TV shows... You'd think that one eccentric loner would have made himself a costume.

We track in towards the figure: a YOUNG MAN IN A SUPERHERO COSTUME. Perilously near the edge, striking an iconic pose. With cool resolve, he slips a pair of GOGGLES into position.

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

Is everyday life really so exciting, are schools and offices so thrilling, that I'm the only one who ever fantasized about this?

He spreads his arms to reveal awesome MECHANICAL WINGS.

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

C'mon. Be honest with yourself.

Calmly, he dives off the roof.

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

At some point in our lives, we all wanted to be a superhero.

A smile on his face. A beautiful open vista of concrete and glass windows reflecting the low sun. He's in flight.

Oh wait... No he's not. The smile fades. This isn't flying. Just good old-fashioned falling.

YOUNG MAN

Fuuuuuck!

Below, pedestrians become aware of his impending approach. Pointing and screaming. Camera phones. Running to safety.

He lands on a PARKED CAR. It crumples like paper. The CAR ALARM strikes up over the crowd noise. We needn't look closer to be sure that he's dead. But what the hell. We track in.

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

That's not me, by the way. That's some Armenian guy with a history of mental health problems. On the news, his sister said he read about me in the New York Post.

2 EXT. JERSEY CITY HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

2

A huge, antiquated building. STUDENTS mill around outside. A CAR pulls up and out climbs highschool senior DAVID LIZEWSKI. Not quite Napoleon Dynamite, but not quite Zac Efron either.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's me. Back before any of this
 stuff happened. Back when you'd
 have to be a lot crazier than that
guy to try and be like me.

He waves to his father, MR LIZEWSKI, who is driving...

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Later, Dad.

...And sets off towards the school entrance.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Not saying there was anything wrong
 with me. Just that you'd have had a
 hard time finding a hook.
 (a beat)
 I mean, I wasn't into sport...

HE strolls past a brace of SOCCER-TEAM GIRLS kicking a ball.

3 INT. HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS.

3

Dave joins the back of a line of kids, all waiting to pass one by one through a METAL DETECTOR ARCHWAY.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I wasn't a mathlete...

We move down the line to see three NICE KIDS ahead of him.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 or a hard-core gamer...

Two BOYS. Their t-shirts say "AFK", and "The cake is a lie".

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I didn't have a piercing, or an
 eating disorder, or three thousand
 friends on MySpace.

Four skinny, pierced EMOS stand at the front of the line.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I wasn't funny.

A chubby white guy, who we'll come to know as MARTY, dances through the archway doing the "Soulja Boy" dance.

4 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY. 4

The bell RINGS. Dave and the class scramble into their seats.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like most people my age, I just
existed.

Dave's teacher MRS ZANE, 40, comes in. A slightly chubby
borderline milf. She takes off her jacket and hangs it up.

5 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 5

Dave lies on his bed watching TV.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Kick in my bedroom door and you'd
probably find me watching TV. Or
talking to my friend Todd on Skype.

Dave sits at his PC. On the screen: a You Tube page and, in a
minimized window, the face of Dave's best friend TODD.

TODD (ON THE SCREEN)
You watching Family Guy?

DAVE
No.

TODD (ON THE SCREEN)
Me neither.

The sound dips and we return to Dave's V.O.

DAVE (V.O.)
Or jerking off. Mostly to my
biology teacher.

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY. 6

In a replay of what we just saw, Mrs Zane takes off her
jacket. Then she stares right at us and takes off her blouse.
She reaches back to unhook her bra just as we cut to:

7 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 7

From our vantage point under Dave's desk, we can see his
PANTS around his ankles. A wad of SOILED TISSUES are dropped
into the WASTEPAPER BASKET by his feet.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Though, to be honest, it didn't
take much to set me off.

8 MASTURBATION MONTAGE.

8

Dave's COMPUTER SCREEN. A homework document headed "The Maasai tribe", and a shot of some bare-breasted tribeswomen.

He types: "...traditional ceremonial bead-work". Then - sentence abandoned - the cursor clicks to minimise the document and bring the tribeswomen to the foreground.

Another handful of tissues goes in the basket.

Dave's playing WORLD OF WARCRAFT. His female NIGHT ELF is on screen. The cursor fliesto and fro, removing all her clothes.

Fingers moving urgently on the keyboard, Dave types "/dance". The nearly-naked digital elf performs a sexy dance. Another tissue drops into the basket.

A copy of TV GUIDE is tossed to the floor. Followed by another tissue.

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

I tell you, when my hormones balance out, shares in Kleenex are gonna take a dive, man.

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY.

9

Where we left off, Mrs Zane takes her seat and leans forward to put down her purse. She catches Dave looking at her tits.

MRS. ZANE

Dave Lizewski. You might want to be looking at your textbook about now?

DAVE

Yes, Mrs. Zane. Sorry.

She flashes a playful mock-stern frown, then an amused smile, before looking away. Truth is, she's flattered.

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

Sure, a lot of what got me through the average school day was making deposits in the wack-off warehouse for later. But don't get me wrong. I liked girls my own age, too.

10 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR. DAY.

10

Dave walks the crowded corridor, eyes fixed on a strikingly cute girl who is fumbling in her locker: KATIE DEAUXMA.

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

Especially Katie Deauxma.

Katie looks up and breaks into a broad smile.

KATIE
Hey gorgeous!

DAVE
Hey!

Katie claps her hand over her mouth, and, hearing a bark of laughter from behind him, Dave wheels round to see the person Katie was actually addressing: her best friend ERIKA CHO.

KATIE
Oh my god.

DAVE
No, you meant - Erika. I know. I knew that. You were... I was just kidding. I knew you didn't...

KATIE
Oh god.

DAVE
...mean me.

KATIE
That was...

DAVE
It's cool. Ok then. See ya... later

He hurries away. Behind him, Erika and Katie clutch each other in helpless laughter as Katie dies of embarrassment.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was just a regular guy.

11 INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN. DAY.

11

Dave sits at the table with his DAD, AND HIS MOM, 42. She's eating cereal.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No radioactive spiders. No refugee status from a doomed alien world.

Dave morosely pours himself a bowl of CORN PUFFS.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Know what? Todd said they do still make Count Chocula. They just don't sell it at the A&P any more.

Suddenly, Dave's mom slumps forward onto the table.

Her bowl of cereal crashes to the floor, the spilled corn puffs bouncing iconically towards us like the pearls from Martha Wayne's broken necklace.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My mother was killed by an aneurism
 in the kitchen, as opposed to a
 gunman in an alley. So if you were
 hoping for any...

Close on the cereal box as it morphs into...

12 EXT. GRAVE-YARD. NIGHT.

12

...A GRAVESTONE. Behind it, the New York skyline just visible
 through a fierce storm. Dave: dripping wet, fists aloft,
 raging at the heavens through the thunder and lightning.

DAVE
 I will avenge you, mother!

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ...You're outta luck.

The tombstone morphs back into...

13 INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN. DAY.

13

...A box of COUNT CHOCULA cereal. Just Dave and his dad at
 the breakfast table now.

DAVE (V.O.)
 In fact, in the eighteen months
 since my mother died, the only
 epiphany I had was realizing that,
 like it or not, life just goes on.

Dave studies the cereal box.

MR. LIZEWSKI
 They never had so many mallow
 pieces when I was a kid.

DAVE
 Oh.

MR. LIZEWSKI
 Hey, I have something for you.

He hands Dave three MOVIE TICKETS. Dave lights up.

DAVE
 Spiderman 8! Thursday?! The sneak
 preview?! Dad, you officially rock!
 Don't you got a shift Thursday
 night?

MR. LIZEWSKI
 They're for you and the guys.

14 INT. COMIC BOOK STORE. DAY.

14

A fanboy's dream. Two storeys of comic books, toys and collectibles, with a coffee-shop concession. Dave is here with Todd and Marty, chatting and drinking frappuccinos.

DAVE

How come nobody's ever tried to be a superhero?

MARTY

Gee, I dunno. Oh wait, yeah I do. Cos it's fucking impossible, dickwad.

DAVE

What, putting on a mask and helping people? How is that impossible?

TODD

That's not a superhero, though. How is that super? Super is like, being stronger than everybody and flying and shit. That's just hero.

MARTY

It's not even hero, it's fuckin' psycho.

DAVE

Hello? What about Bruce Wayne? He didn't have any powers.

TODD

Yeah, but he had all expensive shit that doesn't exist. I thought you meant, like how come no one does it in real life.

DAVE

Yeah, I guess I did mean that.

MARTY

C'mon. Anyone who did it for real would just get their ass kicked. They'd be dead in like, a day.

DAVE

I'm not saying they should do it. I just can't figure out why no one does. Seriously, out of all the millions of people who love superheroes, you'd think at least one would give it a try.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
 All those mid-life crisis guys in
 the guitar store, they're never
 gonna be rockstars, but it doesn't
 stop 'em buying guitars.

MARTY
 (shrugging)
 Meh.

TODD
 Yeah, I guess.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Jesus, doesn't it bug you? Why do
 thousands of people wanna be Paris
 Hilton, and nobody wants to be
 Spiderman?

MARTY
 Yeah, what's with that? She has,
 like, no tits. None at all.

TODD
 Maybe it's the porn tape. He
 doesn't have a porn tape.

MARTY
 You never saw One Night in
 Spiderman?

They all crack up. But suddenly, Todd is distracted.

TODD
 Holy shit, check out the wheels.

He nods over to the storefront window. A huge black stretch
 S-class MERCEDES has pulled up outside.

DAVE
 Looks like Mr. D'Amico traded in
 the hummer.

TODD
 Nah. He probably kept it. And has,
 like, both?

A teenage boy climbs out - CHRIS D'AMICO, 17 and self-
 conscious. He shuffles in followed by a large BODY GUARD.

Chris begins to browse a rack of comics, sneaking a look over
 at Dave and his friends before looking hurriedly away.

DAVE
 Is it just me, or do you feel kinda
 sorry for Chris D'Amico?

MARTY
 Yeah. Woah. Must suck to have a
 rich dad and everything you want.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

In fact, I wish you hadn't brought it up. I think I'm gonna cry.

DAVE

Yeh, but he's always on his own.

TODD

We should, like, talk to him. See if he wants to hang with us.

DAVE

I wasn't saying we should talk to him, just, like -

TODD

It'd be awesome! Think about it: if he was our friend, no one would ever fuck with us again!

Dave and Marty consider this. Marty nods over towards Chris.

MARTY

Go on then, Todd.

TODD

Nuh-uh. Dave should go.

DAVE

Why? I just said I felt sorry - Aw shit, ok, fine.

Dave makes his way over to the register, where Chris is now in line. Nearby, the Bodyguard pretends to read a comic. Chris sees Dave approaching and smiles. Dave smiles back with an awkward wave. The bodyguard glances up from the comic.

BODY GUARD

Fuck off.

This guy is massive. Dave does not need to be asked twice.

From Chris' pov, we watch Dave return to his friends and re-enact the encounter. All three burst into laughter.

15 EXT. DODGY STREET. DAY.

15

Dave and Todd walk home, carrying their BAGS of new comics.

Then, from nowhere, TWO GANG KIDS block their path. The bigger kid holds out his hand matter-of-factly.

FIRST GANG KID

Phones. Money.

TODD

Aw man, not again.

Dave hands over his phone and cash. Todd just gives cash.

FIRST GANG KID

Phone.

TODD

I don't have one! Somebody else jacked it last week!

FIRST GANG KID

Gimme the bag.

TODD

It's just comics.

SECOND GANG KID

You wanna get cut?

Todd reluctantly hands over the bag of comics, and the kids walk away casually. Shaken and angry, Todd and Dave walk on.

16

INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

16

TRE FERNANDEZ, 30, unlikely to join his local neighbourhood watch scheme any time soon, is tied to a chair, his fingers in a pair of heavy-duty BOLT-CUTTERS held by a HUGE GOON.

Several other goons surround him - let's call them GINGER, SCARY, SPORTY, BABY and POSH. And here's FRANK D'AMICO, 50s, and his right-hand man, BIG JOE. You know by the cut of Frank's suit that he's in charge.

TRE

Frankie... Frank, I'm telling you, man. I swear I'm not making this up. This fucking guy... Comes outta nowhere -

FRANK

This would be the guy who looks like Batman.

TRE

I didn't say he looked like Batman.

HUGE GOON

You did, you said the guy looked like Batman.

ANOTHER GOON

He said, like, a black mask and stuff.

HUGE GOON

And a cape.

BIG JOE
Like Batman.

TRE
I didn't say 'like Batman.' I never
said 'Batman'.

FRANK
So this guy, he comes in, outta
nowhere.

TRE.
Right. Outta nowhere. Fucks us up
real bad.

FRANK
And this is who killed Johnnie...

TRE
Right. And my two guys.

FRANK
...And jacked my coke.

TRE
He didn't exactly jack it.

17 INT. SCUZZY 2ND FLOOR APARTMENT. NIGHT.

17

A hyper-stylized fantasy sequence. Tre lies on the floor with a gusher of a nosebleed, clutching a BAG OF COKE. TWO DEAD CRONIES lie nearby.

The last man standing is JOHNNIE - clearly the muscle. Tre watches in dismay as the even-bigger SUPERHERO steps behind Johnnie and slices his throat with a HUNTING KNIFE.

The Superhero turns on Tre, who throws the bag of cocaine into his face, bolts for the open window and jumps out. The masked man, his black costume now covered in coke, watches out of the window as Tre limps away for his life.

18 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

18

Frank fixes Tre with an impassive look.

FRANK
And this guy... This guy who killed everyone else, he doesn't bother to follow you. Because?

TRE
Because, I don't know. I swear Frank, I'm just telling you what happened.

FRANK

Okay. Let me explain the problem I got here, Tre. Our mole with the Russians tells it a bit different.

19 INT. SWANKY APARTMENT. NIGHT.

19

Another stylized fantasy sequence. A TALL RUSSIAN shows Tre a BRIEFCASE full of CASH. A group of RUSSIAN HOODS look on. Tre nods his approval and the tall Russian clicks the case shut and hands it over, in exchange for a large bag of coke.

20 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

20

Tre reacts to what he's just heard.

TRE

You're kidding me?

FRANK

(re: the bolt cutters)
Does it look to you like I'm kidding?

BIG JOE

Our guy said you gave them Russians a pretty sweet deal.

TRE

It's a fucking lie, man! I can't believe you believe this shit from a fucking Russian, man.

FRANK

Let's see, Tre. What's more likely? You're a greedy little cocksucker, or my coke is missing because it wound up all over Superman's face.

BIG JOE

Batman.

FRANK

What?

HUGE GOON

Batman's face.

TRE

I never said Batman!

FRANK

Oh for fuck's sake. My son's in the car, waiting to go to the movies. Joe, you're in charge.

He snaps his fingers as he turns to go. Joe nods. The huge goon snips the bolt-cutters closed. Tre screams.

21 EXT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 21

We can still hear the distant screams as Frank - shadowed by Ginger Goon - climbs into the back of the waiting Merc.

22 INT. MERCEDES. NIGHT. 22

Frank gets in beside his son - Chris, who we met earlier - and the bodyguard. Ginger Goon sits in the front.

FRANK
Sorry you had to wait, buddy.

CHRIS
I coulda waited inside. I'm sick of being treated like a kid.

FRANK
We're not having this conversation again, Chris.
(to the bodyguard)
Where's the driver?

BODYGUARD
Restroom.

CHRIS
The movie's starting in, like, 10 minutes.

We can still hear screaming coming from inside the warehouse, studiously ignored by everyone in the car.

FRANK
We're cool. It's okay. We're only gonna miss the trailers.

CHRIS
Yeah, but I wanted to, you know, get popcorn.

FRANK
(to the bodyguard)
When we get there, get Chris some popcorn, okay? And bring it in. What do you wanna drink, Pepsi?

Chris nods grudgingly. The screaming continues, escalates.

BODYGUARD
You got it, sir.

FRANK

And I'll have an Icee. Mixed. Like,
when they mix the red one and the
blue one?

The driver gets in. From inside the warehouse, we hear two
gunshots. Everyone but Frank flinches. Nobody mentions it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And a pack of Twizzlers.
Drive.

23 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE. NIGHT.

23

The limo pulls up outside the theatre. A few people line up
for tickets as a huge tide of others flood out. Among them,
an elated Dave, Todd and Marty - talking excitedly about the
movie they've just seen.

DAVE (V.O.)

The comic-books had it wrong. It
didn't take a trauma, or cosmic
rays or a power ring to make a
superhero.

24 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

24

Dave undresses. In his underpants, he really looks like just
a little kid.

The camera jibs down to see a UPS PACKAGE. From it, Dave
pulls out: a WET-SUIT and a SKI MASK.

He pulls them on and looks in the MIRROR.

DAVE

You are fucking awesome.

He strikes a superhero pose, throws a few martial arts moves.

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

...Just the perfect combination of
optimism and naivety.

25 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND. DAY.

25

Meet MINDY MACREADY. 11 years old, and tiny. Wearing a woolly
hat, a padded jacket and an intense frown.

MINDY

Daddy? I'm scared.

Her father, DAMON, 35, is big and ripped and has a killer
handle-bar moustache. But he's softly spoken.

DAMON

C'mon Mindy, honey. Be a big girl now. Nothin' to be afraid of.

We pull back to take in Damon's full towering height. In his hand is A GUN. He loads the magazine.

MINDY

Is it gonna hurt bad?

DAMON

Only for a second, sugar.

(off her pout)

Handgun bullet goes more than 700 miles an hour, so at close range like this, the force is gonna take you right off your feet, for sure. But it's really no more painful than a punch in the chest. Okay?

MINDY

No. I hate getting punched in the chest.

DAMON

You'll be fine, baby doll.

Before she can protest, he releases the slide, takes the safety off, aims the gun at her and fires off a round.

The bullet hits her square in the chest. She flies through the air, landing on her back a couple of feet away.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Not so bad, huh?

She sits up stiffly and shrugs at him. Then she unzips her jacket to study the KEVLAR VEST underneath. She pokes her finger into the little dent left by the bullet.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Now you know how it feels, you won't be scared when some junkie asshole pulls a glock.

MINDY

Wouldn'a been scared anyways.

Damon guffaws, pulls off her hat and ruffles her hair.

DAMON

That's my girl! 'kay. Up you get. Couple more rounds, then home.

MINDY

Again?

DAMON

Uh-huh.

MINDY

Only if we can go Ben and Jerry's
on the way back.

DAMON

Hmm. Okay. Two rounds, no wincing,
no whining and you got yourself a
deal, young lady.

She gets up and faces him, arms outstretched, grinning.

MINDY

I'm gonna get Phish Food and Chunky
Monkey!

DAMON

Good call, baby!

He takes aim and - BAM! - cracks off another round.

26 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. DAY. 26

Dave, wearing his costume, slips jeans and a long-sleeved tee
over the top. He grabs his school bag and leaves.

27 INT. HIGHSCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY. 27

Mrs Zane is at the whiteboard but Dave isn't watching. He
writes in his book, fingering the collar of his costume under
his shirt, a sly smile playing on his lips.

In Dave's notebook are several heroic DOODLES of himself in
costume, and some names: Night Walker, Bad Night, Bad Ass.

He writes down: Kick Ass. Then a bunch of question marks.

28 INT. BEN AND JERRY'S. DAY. 28

Mindy is here with Damon, scoffing a large core sundae. Fudge
sauce drips onto her padded jacket. She looks down to wipe it
off and notices five bullet holes.

MINDY

Daddy! Lookit!

DAMON

I know, honey. Good job! Hey, you
had any more thoughts on what you
want for your birthday?

MINDY
Mmmm. Can I get a puppy?

DAMON
(surprised)
A... puppy? Like, a dog?

MINDY
Yeah. A cuddly fluffy one. And a
Bratz Moviestar Makeover Sasha.

Damon looks like he's about to have a seizure. Mindy spits ice-cream everywhere as she bursts into giggles.

MINDY (CONT'D)
Just fucking with you daddy! I'd
love a Benchmade model-42 butterfly
knife.

Damon joins in the laughter, relieved.

29 EXT. D'AMICO'S APARTMENT BLOCK. DAY. 29

A black Lexus pulls up and a LIVERIED DOORMAN steps forward to open the door. BIG JOE climbs out, nods his greeting to the doorman, and enters the building.

30 INT. D'AMICO'S APARTMENT BLOCK - LOBBY. CONTINUOUS. 30

Inside, Big Joe greets a SECOND DOORMAN and walks towards the bank of elevators. One is guarded by Scary Goon. Inside the elevator, Posh Goon ushers big Joe in and closes the door.

31 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN. 31

A beautiful bespoke kitchen/breakfast room. Outside, an incredible view of Manhattan. Clearly, business is booming. Frank and Chris eat breakfast with Chris's mother, ANGIE D'AMICO, 47 and looking good.

Posh Goon pops his head round the door.

POSH GOON
Big Joe to see you, sir.

FRANK
Okay, okay.
(to Angie)
Sorry hon.

She rolls her eyes good-naturedly as she stands up, taking her bowl of oatmeal with her, and heads out of the room.

ANGIE
No problem. Chris?

CHRIS
(to Frank)
I don't mind you talking business.
I'll just sit quiet. I should,
like, start learning and stuff.

Frank points at the door. Chris gets up and stomps out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be 18 in eight months for
chrissakes.

Frank ignores him and greets Joe, who gives Chris an affectionate slap on the back as he passes. Joe sits down.

LOUIS
We got ourselves a problem, Frank.

FRANK
And here was me, thinking you broke
up my family breakfast cuz you
wanted to discuss last night's
Dancing with the Stars.

BIG JOE
Our Russian says Tre just gave them
another 5 K's, half price.

FRANK
Which Tre? Tre Tre? Tre Fernandez?

BIG JOE
Right. Tre Tre. Dead Tre.

FRANK
So now I'm getting fucked in the
ass by a ghost.

BIG JOE
Or Tre was telling the truth.

FRANK
This is my choice? I have to
believe in ghosts or superheroes?

BIG JOE
Not the part about the superhero.
Just that he mighta really been
gaffled by somebody.

FRANK
I think it's time we invited our
Russian friend over for a friendly
chat. See what's really going on.

BIG JOE
Put his balls in a vice?

FRANK
Right.

BIG JOE
Cool. I just wanted to double
check. Cos there was that one time
you said "friendly chat", and you
meant it literally, and I thought -

FRANK
I remember.

BIG JOE
So, better safe than sorry, y'know?

32 EXT. ROOF TOP. DAY. 32

Dave, in his costume, carefully treads the edge of the roof.

DAVE (V.O.)
I'll be honest, there wasn't a
whole lotta crime fighting in those
first few weeks.

He reaches the corner and looks across to the next rooftop.
He glances down into the narrow alleyway separating the two.

33 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY. 33

The alley we looked down into before. Dave checks he's not
being watched, then runs a TAPE MEASURE between the walls.

DAVE (V.O.)
But even so, my new vocation kept
me plenty busy. I didn't even have
time for internet porn any more.

34 EXT. ROOFTOP. DAY. 34

Dave has placed two pieces of wood that distance apart. He
runs up to the first, leaps... lands nowhere near the second.

35 INT. HIGHSCHOOL GYM. DAY. 35

Dave pumps iron.

DAVE (V.O.)
If my friends wondered what the
fuck was going on with me, they
never mentioned it.

36 INT. HIGHSCHOOL CAFETERIA 36

Dave sits with Todd and Marty eating a plate of FISH, STEAK and BOILED EGGS. The guys don't bat an eyelid. Marty pokes eye holes in a piece of bread and wears it as a BANDIT MASK.

37 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 37

Dave poses in his costume, flexing his still-tiny pecs.

DAVE (V.O.)
All I knew was I'd never felt so good about myself.

38 EXT. ROOFTOP. DAY. 38

Dave, back at his long-jump, makes several more unsuccessful attempts before he finally lands clear of his target.

Close on his feet as we see his subsequent landings past the second piece of timber, getting further and further away.

DAVE (V.O.)
I called it preparation.

Finally, he takes a run up and we see that the pieces of timber have been put aside, and he is now going for the real thing. He reaches the edge of the roof... and stops.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But if you called it fantasizing, it woulda been hard to argue.

39 INT. MINDY AND DAMON'S APARTMENT. DAY. 39

The kind of place you'd expect to see in a documentary about scary-ass opt-out survivalists - boarded-up windows, a gun rack, not much furniture. Damon sits on one of several METAL TRUNKS, grinning as Mindy admires a PAINTING.

Now we see that it is a brilliantly rendered piece of comic-book artwork depicting them in costume, dynamically posed.

DAMON
You like?

MINDY
I love! You're the bestest comic artist, Daddy!

He beams and hands her a prettily wrapped PARCEL.

DAMON

And here's your proper present.
Happy birthday, baby.

Mindy tears it open and squeals: It's the exact BUTTERFLY KNIFE she asked for. She flings her arms around Damon's neck.

MINDY

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

She studies the knife and tentatively begins to attempt a few traditional "flipping" moves. She succeeds surprisingly well.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Daddy, look!

Damon applauds encouragingly until the blade accidentally slices the back of her hand. She stops and studies the cut.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Shit.

She wipes her hand on her jeans and starts flipping again.

DAMON

Okay, pop quiz. What's the proper name for one of those?

MINDY

Easy: "Balisong". It's Filipino.
Ask me another.

DAMON

Mmmm. 'kay... The AR15 was a lighter, smaller calibre version of what design?

She nicks her hand again. Wipes it, unperturbed. Continues.

MINDY

Eugene Stoner's AR10. Now gimme a hard one.

DAMON

When did Samuel Colt get his US patent?

MINDY

I said a hard one! February 25th, 1836.

DAMON

John Woo's first full-length feature.

Mindy's knife flipping is getting ridiculously good now. At times, the knife is just a silver streak in her little hand.

MINDY

Tie Han Rou Qing. The Young
Dragons... Look, daddy, look!
You're not looking!

40 EXT. DODGY STREET. DAY.

40

At a junction, Dave wheels his bike beside Todd and Marty, all carrying BAGS from the comic store. This is where they part company. Dave mounts up, waves goodbye and rides off.

He rides on, down the same shitty street we saw earlier.

Nearby, two boys skulk by a car. The guys who mugged Dave and Todd. One has a SCREWDRIVER. He looks up, stares at Dave.

DAVE (V.O.)

Like every serial killer already
knew, eventually fantasizing just
doesn't do it for you anymore. It
was time to engage.

Dave looks away, keeps pedalling, head down. But his speed gradually slows until, at the next alleyway, he stops dead.

41 EXT. BACK ALLEY. DAY.

41

Dave chains his bike to a fire-escape. He tears open his shirt, revealing his costume underneath. This is it.

42 EXT. DODGY STREET. DAY.

42

The first gang kid has his screwdriver wedged under the window rubber and is prying it off. His friend loiters nearby, smoking a JOINT and keeping lookout.

They pause, utterly bewildered, at the sight of: Dave. Walking towards them in his full, costumed splendor.

SECOND GANG KID

What... the... fuck?!

FIRST GANG KID

The fuck are you looking at?

Dave hesitates. They start to walk towards him.

FIRST GANG KID (CONT'D)

I said what are you looking at?

DAVE

Two cheapshit losers screwing with
a car that somebody probably worked
their ass off to pay for.

FIRST GANG KID

Say what?

SECOND GANG KID

Leave it man. Motherfucker be high.

DAVE

I'm not high. I just think it sucks that you figure you can do whatever you want. Walk away from the car, and we can just forget about it.

Without warning, the first kid steps up and punches Dave.

Dave reels. But now we see that, behind his back, he has a piece of LEAD PIPE. He cracks it over the kid's head. The kid goes down, the screwdriver flying from his hand.

A beat. Then the second kid sets on Dave. The pipe gives Dave an initial advantage. But now the first guy is up again.

FIRST GANG KID

Fuck this shit! You crazy, man!

He pulls A KNIFE and, before Dave even realizes it, he's been stabbed in the gut. He looks down in disbelief. Then drops.

The gang kids run. Dave gets up and staggers to the road.

43 EXT. ROAD. CONTINUOUS.

43

Dave stumbles into the road as A CAR approaches. He tries to flag it, but the ALARMED FEMALE DRIVER accelerates past him.

Dave turns in disbelief to watch the car disappear into the distance... failing to see A SECOND CAR speed towards him. It ploughs into him, sending him flying like a rag-doll.

The car slows and a terrified BUSINESSMAN stares out to see:

Dave is out cold, his legs and pelvis grotesquely twisted, his costume covered in blood. The driver is in serious shit.

He looks around. No witnesses. Panicking, he speeds away.

44 INT. AMBULANCE. DAY.

44

We fade up to Dave's POV. A SIREN is wailing. A MEDIC is cutting off his costume. The medic shouts up to the driver.

MEDIC

Back and responsive!

(to Dave)

Easy, pal. Take it easy. Don't try to move.

Dave is in a neck brace, an oxygen mask over his face.

DAVE
My dad is gonna kill me.

MEDIC
He's gonna be happy you're alive.

DAVE
I need a favour. Please? Don't tell anybody about the costume?

MEDIC
You got it.

The medic deposits the shredded costume in the MEDICAL WASTE RECEPTACLE. Dave smiles with relief. Then his eyes roll back.

MEDIC (CONT'D)
(shouting to the driver)
Losing him again!

45 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

45

We fade up to Dave's POV: a blur of bright lights and concerned faces, as the hospital gurney speeds him along.

DAVE (V.O.)
I don't remember a whole lot from the first days at the hospital. Just that the pain was a thousand times worse than anything I'd ever experienced.

A nurse leans down with a needle.

DAVE (CONT'D)
And the morphine was a thousand times better.

Dave lies in a hospital bed, bandaged and wired up, asleep. Beside him sits his drained father, staring into space.

46 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

46

A rather battered Russian, DANIL, 30, sits on a chair, hands tied behind his back. Nearby, Big Joe talks on his cell.

BIG JOE
They don't have the vice here no more... No. They only treat the lumber here now... Yeah, but the thing they use for that is even better... Exactly... Okay, cool.
(MORE)

BIG JOE (CONT'D)
 (to Huge Goon)
 Go ahead.

The Huge Goon pulls Danil up and, followed by Joe, begins to walk him across the warehouse, past piles of WOOD.

DANIL
 Look, the guy tells me he is Tre Fernandez, what do I know? Now you say Fernandez is dead, so, okay, this guy, he lie about who he is.

They arrive at a large INDUSTRIAL MICROWAVE OVEN, its door open. The Huge goon punches Danil in the face and pushes him inside. He bolts the door and studies the OPERATION PANEL.

HUGE GOON
 Does it have settings? Like on a regular microwave?

BIG JOE
 The fuck do I know? We're not making a fucking Hungry Man dinner, just turn it on!

Exasperated, Joe leans past the goon and hits the LARGEST BUTTON. A very loud WHIRR starts up.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)
 (shouting to Danil)
 Who did you buy our coke from? And this time, don't tell us somebody who's dead.

Danil peers out, desperate, his hand cupped to his ear.

HUGE GOON
 Can he hear you? I don't think he can hear you.

BIG JOE
 I SAID: WHO REALLY SOLD YOU OUR COKE?

Now Danil is in pain. We can faintly hear him shrieking.

Big Joe begins to mime his question, one word at a time: an open handed shrug... a "handing over" gesture... a point...

BIG JOE (CONT'D)
 WHO... SOLD... YOU...

But before he can finish, there's a popping sound, and - SPLAT - the viewing window is decorated with Danil's insides.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)
 Shit.

47 INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

47

Dave lies in bed, awakening slowly from his sleep. In the chair where we last saw Dave's father, is his mother.

DAVE

Mom? What are you doing here?

MOTHER

David honey, you need to get better now. Your poor dad... First me then you? You really can't go dying.

Dave squeezes his eyes shut.

DAVE

This isn't real.

MOTHER

It's not?

DAVE

Nah. I don't believe in ghosts.

He opens his eyes. She's gone, and in her place is a CHINESE FAMILY in traditional rural dress - a MAN, a PREGNANT WOMAN and FIVE SMALL CHILDREN. The woman turns to her husband and whispers in Mandarin, subtitled.

CHINESE WOMAN

He believes in reincarnation.

CHINESE MAN

(to Dave, subtitled)

You do know that statistically, there's a one in three chance of coming back as a Chinese peasant?

The woman rubs her belly and smiles ominously at Dave.

DAVE

(in Mandarin, subtitled)

Is that even true? If you're just going on numbers, aren't I more likely to come back as an insect or something?

The Chinese family have gone. In their place, a GIANT SPIDER now sits in the chair.

GIANT SPIDER

You have a point, there.

DAVE

Shit... I really don't wanna come back as a spider.

GIANT SPIDER

Why not?

DAVE

I don't know. It's just not really
how I saw things going. Eating
flies... fucking other spiders...

The spider climbs onto the bed and straddles him.

GIANT SPIDER

Hey, don't knock it 'til you've
tried it, baby.

A doctor hurries into the room with Dave's father. They rush
over to the bed, apparently unaware of the spider's presence.

MR. LIZEWSKI

(to the doctor)

See? I think he's...

(to Dave)

Dave? Can you hear me?

The spider has gone, and Dave stares groggily at them.

DAVE

Dad?

Mr. Lizewski's face floods with joy and relief. He kisses
Dave on the forehead, and Dave smiles weakly.

DOCTOR

Welcome back, young man.

48 INT. X-RAY ROOM. DAY.

48

Dave lies on the bed, the X-RAY UNIT poised over his pelvis.
There's a whine and a flash as it takes a shot.

DAVE (V.O.)

Turned out, I'd had, like, nine
operations or something insane.

The RADIOLOGIST enters and moves the unit for another shot.

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

I hurt all over. I felt weak...

RADIOLOGIST

Good job. You can get changed now.

She helps Dave over to a small changing cubicle.

DAVE (V.O.)

And coming off the morphine was a
pisser...

49 INT. CHANGING CUBICLE. CONTINUOUS. 49

Dave takes off the patients gown, and begins to dress, gazing absent mindedly around the cubicle at the various MEDICAL INFORMATION POSTERS. One detailing how to perform a BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION catches his eye.

DAVE (V.O.)
But all things considered...

50 EXT. CHANGING CUBICLE. DAY. 50

The radiologist stands outside the door, looking concerned.

RADIOLOGIST
Dave? Are you okay in there, buddy?

51 INT. CHANGING CUBICLE. DAY. 51

Dave deposits a handful of tissue into the MEDICAL WASTE BIN.

DAVE
Uh-huh. Sorry.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...I was getting back to my old self.

52 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. 52

An X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH of a skull with a big metal plate in it. Now another - an arm with elaborate pins. Now a metal-studded leg. Dave studies these as, in the background, his dad packs away Dave's hospital things into bag.

DAVE
How cool is this? I look like Wolverine.

MR. LIZEWSKI
They still have that metal detector at your school?

DAVE
I know! It's gonna have a meltdown!

MR. LIZEWSKI
(suddenly serious)
Dave, I need to ask you something.

DAVE
Go on...

MR. LIZEWSKI

The police report... They found you naked. You said you didn't remember why. The muggers... they didn't...?

DAVE

What? No! Jesus! I wasn't even... In the ambulance, they had to throw my clothes away! Cos of the blood.

MR. LIZEWSKI

Right... Because the medic said you were naked.

DAVE

Great.

MR. LIZEWSKI

But... Nobody...?

DAVE

Of course not!! Oh my god.

Mr. Lizewski throws his arms round his son and starts sobbing with relief. Dave pats him awkwardly on the back.

53 EXT. A NASTY STREET. NIGHT.

53

Mindy walks alone, carrying a GROCERY BAG. A passing COP CAR slows to a crawl beside her and a handsome African American cop, DETECTIVE MARCUS WILLIAMS, 37, winds down the window.

MARCUS

Hey! You need a ride home?

Mindy carries on walking, ignoring him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be out on your own in the dark, you know. It's not safe.

Mindy shakes her head in amusement and keeps walking.

54 EXT. MINDY AND DAMON'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

54

Mindy lets herself in, unaware that she is still being watched from a distance by Detective Marcus.

55 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA. DAY.

55

Dave carries his tray - a burger and fries - trying to ignore all the people staring or whispering. Katie looks at him as she talks to Erika, then abruptly stops talking as he passes.

ERIKI CHO
Said he's what?

KATIE
(not now!)
Nothing.

Perturbed, Dave takes his seat next to Todd and Marty. Marty punches him hard in the back.

MARTY
Did you feel that?

DAVE
(bored of this)
No.

TODD
You're like fucking Jason Bourne or something! That owns!

Marty does it again, harder.

MARTY
How about that time?

DAVE
No. Marty, give it a fuckin' rest, man. I've only been back, like, half a day and already you're making me kinda miss the hospital.

56

INT. MINDY AND DAMON'S APARTMENT. DAY.

56

A veritable arsenal of WEAPONS are spread out all over the room. Damon is at a makeshift drawing board, inking a picture we can't see. Behind him a row of PORTRAITS are pinned to the wall. All villainous-looking men, drawn in comic book style.

Mindy walks in carrying two open cans of PROTEIN SHAKE. She hands one to Damon and takes a swig of her own.

MINDY
Protein shake for ya.
(re: the picture)
Oooh. Another picture for our plan?

DAMON
Yep. And I have something for you.

He produces: a UTILITY BELT, bristling with LETHAL ITEMS.

MINDY
Sweet! You got me a little one!

DAMON
 Made it just for you, babydoll. Try
 it on?

She does. It's a perfect fit. Mindy inspects it eagerly.

MINDY
 Stun grenade, hand grenade, mace,
 shuriken... And... What's this for?

She scrutinises something on the back of the belt, near her
 behind. We can't see what it is.

DAMON
 It's for... If all else fails. But
 only then.

57 EXT. ROOFTOP. DAY. 57

From Dave's POV, we gaze down into the now-familiar alley,
 then across the chasm to the next roof.

DAVE (V.O.)
 I should have quit, of course.

We see Dave: in a NEW COSTUME. He sprints towards the gap.

58 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 58

Dave holds his phone above his head - the favoured flattering
 MySpace angle - and looks up. He snaps a shot of himself.

On his computer we see the PERSONAL PAGE he's made for
 Kickass. A few clicks and the photo he just took is in place.

DAVE (V.O.)
 But you can't just re-programme
 yourself: what you want, who you
 are... your purpose in life.

59 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT. NIGHT. 59

A costumed Dave approaches with a can of PAINT and a ROLLER.
 He begins to paint a grafitti-covered wall.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Drop a laptop and it'll break. But
 when it's fixed, it's not gonna be
 a fuckin' George Foreman grill.

60 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT. DAY. 60

Dave, in costume, loads SHOPPING BAGS into an SUV for a grateful - if slightly bemused - YOUNG MOM with a BABY.

DAVE (V.O.)
It is what it is.

61 INT. ARCADE. NIGHT. 61

Dave stands beside a DDR DANCING STAGE unit. A huge queue of LITTLE KIDS wait their turn while two HULKING TEENAGERS end theirs. Their feet just a blur, you get the feeling they play a lot. One leans forward to put in another handful of coins.

DAVE (V.O.)
Me? My hardware was fixed now.

Dave leans in and stays the boy's arm, stopping him from inserting the coins. The teens stare at the costumed freak in shock. Dave indicates the line of little kids and gives the universal thumb-jerking gesture for get-the-fuck-outta-here.

Amazingly, the two guys comply, walking away, confused. The crowd of kids CHEER, and the first two in line climb on.

62 EXT. ROOFTOP. DAY. 62

Dave's sprint towards the edge of the roof continues.

DAVE (V.O.)
I was back and running Kickass
version 2.0.

Dave reaches the edge... and stops.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Crap.

63 EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREET. DAY. 63

Close on a poster that reads: HAVE YOU SEEN MR. BITEY ???
There's a PHONE NUMBER and a PHOTO OF A CAT.

Pull back to find Dave, in costume, studying it.

DAVE (V.O.)
Okay, maybe I was still in the beta-
testing phase. But it was a start.

64 EXT. DODGY NEIGHBOURHOOD. NIGHT. 64

Dave - in costume, remember - walks the neighbourhood, searching for the cat, ignoring the stares of PASSERSBY.

DAVE
Mr Bitey!

Two GANG GIRLS walking past burst out laughing.

65 EXT. ANOTHER STREET. NIGHT. 65

A terrified man, OSCAR JUAREZ, 26, runs for his life. In hot pursuit are three BIG SCARY GUYS.

We intercut between this chase, and Dave's more mundane ambling.

66 EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET . NIGHT. 66

From across the street, Dave spots A CAT eating from the trash outside a FASTFOOD JOINT. This is it. He sprints across the road towards it, cars honking as he darts between them.

DAVE
Hey there Mr. Bitey... C'mon...

But the cat makes a break for it, shooting away, up a TREE.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Wonderful.

Dave climbs the tree as the cat watches disdainfully. In the distance, we may see the terrified Oscar Juarez turn onto this street and dash in our direction - but Dave doesn't.

Dave reaches for the cat, but his foot slips and he falls... Right onto Oscar, flooring him. Neither can quite believe it.

OSCAR
Asshole!

Before Dave can speak, he receives a kick in the face. The three scary guys surround them. The BIGGEST GUY, who just kicked Dave, eyes him as the others haul Oscar to his feet.

BIGGEST GUY
Thanks, freak.

The briefest pause. Then he turns and punches Oscar in the mouth. Dave looks on, aghast, as all three lay into Oscar. Dave tries to grab the biggest guy, but he shrugs Dave off.

BIGGEST GUY (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta here! This ain't
none of your business.

DAVE
Yeah, it is.

Dave pulls his lead pipe and piles in, blazing, taking hits
left, right and centre and landing plenty of his own.

A few passerby slow down to gawp. Dave shouts to them.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Call 911! Somebody call 911!

A TEENAGER runs into the nearby fast-food joint.

67 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT. CONTINUOUS. 67

The teenager bursts in urgently.

TEENAGER
Hey!
(a beat)
There's a guy dressed like a
superhero out there fighting a load
of Bloods, it's fuckin' awesome!

And, as one, the DINERS hurry out into the street to watch.

68 EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET. CONTINUOUS. 68

The fast-food diners join the large crowd, many now filming
the fight on their cell-phones.

Dave gives as good as he gets as he fights to protect Oscar.

The biggest guy, badly beaten, clocks the crowd. Dave's not
going down, and now they're on camera, too. Time to quit.

BIGGEST GUY
(to Dave)
Fuckin' freak!

He bolts, followed by his cohorts. The crowd bursts into
APPLAUSE. Dave leans down to Oscar, hunched on the ground.

DAVE
You okay, man?

It's chaos here - the crowd shouting, approaching sirens. An
EXCITED GUY thrusts his cellphone breathlessly towards Dave.

PHONE GUY
Wooh! That rocked! Who are you?

Dave ignores him and leans in closer to try and hear Oscar's response. Oscar manages a swollen smile.

OSCAR
Thank you.

69 EXT. THE OTHER END OF THE STREET. MOMENTS LATER. 69

Dave runs. In the distance, we see the ambulance - now arrived - and much of the crowd still in attendance.

70 EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT. 70

Dave rounds the corner, and after checking nobody's seen him, he opens the dumpster and retrieves a PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG.

He empties it out - it's his CLOTHES. He pulls off his mask. He's bleeding and bruised but can't help grinning. He did it.

71 INT. DAVE'S ROOM. DAY. 71

Dave peers at his bruised face in a mirror.

DAVE
This look like it's going down any?

Todd, at Dave's desk browsing YOUTUBE, doesn't move. Marty, on the floor playing BIOSHOCK on the Xbox, looks up briefly.

MARTY
Give it time man. Only been a week.

TODD
Hey, did you see "Pretty Fly for a Draenei"?

MARTY DAVE
Yeah. Yeah.

Todd looks slightly crushed. Then his face lights up.

TODD (CONT'D)
Ah wait, did you see that thing with the superhero guy? From round here?

DAVE
What thing?

Surely it can't be...? Dave tosses aside his CONTROLLER and moves over to the computer. Marty follows.

72 KICKASS MEDIA FRENZY MONTAGE.

72

In the low-ish res of a youtube clip, we see Dave, bent over Oscar. The camera thrusts towards him.

PHONE GUY (OS)
Wooh! That rocked! Who are you?

Dave leans down to hear Oscar. Then looks up into the camera.

DAVE
I'm Kickass.

MUSIC kicks in now as we follow the explosion of Dave's fame.

- A Youtube page, showing the fight. It's titled: Kickass! Real life Superhero. Underneath it says: VIEWS: 10,019

- Footage from a LOCAL NEWS CHANNEL. A FEMALE ANCHOR speaks.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR
And coming up after the hour: a costumed vigilante has become the latest internet phenomenon after a Hamilton Park resident filmed the man's remarkable intervention in a gang-related attack last week...

- More Youtube footage. Now the counter says: VIEWS: 208,323

- In the school corridor, the mathlete and gamer kids we met earlier stand together by their lockers, talking excitedly.

MATHLETE
(impersonating the clip)
My name is Kickass!

GAMER
No, no, no, he just goes, like, "I'm kickass". Then he runs off.

- In the studios of THE TODAY SHOW, Oscar sits nervously, being interviewed by MEREDITH VIERA.

MEREDITH VIERA
And what would you say to him, if you did, do you think?

OSCAR
If I saw him again? I guess, just how brave he was. And, y'know, just... thank you.

- Dave at his computer, on his Kickass MYSPACE page.

- Another Youtube clip. Now it says: VIEWS: 5,630,621.

- Katie, in pyjamas, lies on her bed with her friend Erika, painting her nails and watching THE SOUP. On TV we see:

JOEL MCHALE
And now it's time for our kickass
clip of the week...

Someone dressed as KICKASS runs in, brandishing a stick.

JOEL MCHALE (CONT'D)
Not you, Kickass. You were our clip
of the week last week.
(shouting offscreen)
I think we're gonna have to change
that segment title.

73 INT. LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN STUDIO. NIGHT. 73

Letterman is reading out the top ten list.

LETTERMAN
Top ten signs your neighbor is
kickass, number nine: Answers
phone, "Kickass residence -- I
mean, Smith residence".

Laughter from the audience, the usual drum roll continues.

LETTERMAN (CONT'D)
Number eight: The family of
supervillains across the street
have really been on edge lately.

74 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. NIGHT. 74

Mindy reads a COMIC while Damon performs pull-ups in the door-frame and watches LATE NIGHT WITH DAVID LETTERMAN.

LETTERMAN
(on TV)
...your neighbor is Kickass, number
seven: Lists his likes as country
music, softball and leaping tall
buildings in a single bound.

MINDY
I like kickass.

Damon, still performing pull ups, doesn't respond.

LETTERMAN
(on TV)
Number six: claims he's getting 50
miles to the gallon since switching
to hybrid Kickass-mobile.

MINDY

Did you see the clip? He was pretty good.

DAMON

Good at getting his ass kicked. He shoulda called himself asskick instead.

MINDY

That doesn't even make sense.

75

INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE. NIGHT.

75

Frank, Angie and Chris are also watching Letterman.

DAVID LETTERMAN

(on TV)

Number four: A lot of "thanks for hospitalizing my attackers" bouquets being delivered.

FRANK

The kid's gonna end up dead, is what I think.

DAVID LETTERMAN

(on TV)

Number three. His last house-guest: The Silver Surfer.

CHRIS

No way. He owns. I'd mail his site if I had a problem needed fixing.

FRANK

Are you kidding me? Tell me you're fucking kidding me! I got a hundred guys could fix a problem and you'd call some Jersey City doofus?

DAVID LETTERMAN

(on TV)

Number two: Mailman mistakenly puts "cowl-of-the-month club" catalog in your box.

CHRIS

Well I wouldn't wanna get in the way of your "business". Where I'm not wanted.

76

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

76

Dave watches TV with his dad.

DAVID LETTERMAN

(on TV)

And the number one sign that your neighbor is Kick Ass: You hear his television blaring "Extreme makeover - Internet Superhero edition".

On TV, the audience applaud.

MR. LIZEWSKI

Is that the guy from round here?

DAVE

Uh... That kickass guy? I guess so. Had you... seen that clip before?

MR. LIZEWSKI

I heard about it. The guys at work were... I had a fight with one of 'em about it, actually. Said to him: when your son's been mugged half a dozen times, then you come tell me what you think of vigilantes.

DAVE

He's more, like, a superhero. Than a vigilante. Wouldn't you say?

MR. LIZEWSKI

Meh. The costume I could do without. Hey, this reminds me, did you look at that catalogue I gave you? The personal tasers?

DAVE

Yeah. I said fine. I'll carry one if you want me to.

MR. LIZEWSKI

You were gonna pick a color.

DAVE

I don't know, they were all kind of gay. I think they're, like, meant for girls or something.

MR. LIZEWSKI

What are you talking about? They had, like, camo, and purple...

DAVE

Exactly!

MR. LIZEWSKI

Camo is gay now? You wanna tell the
armed forces or shall I?

DAVE

No, look, fine, I'll have Camo.
Camo is fine. But I'm... You don't
have to worry about me, Dad... I
wish you wouldn't worry about me.

77 INT. DAVE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

77

Dave sits down at his computer and logs onto Myspace.

DAVE (V.O.)

My MySpace: 38 friends. Kickass's
MySpace: 16k and counting.

He scrolls through his mail. We catch flashes of text: "Can
you help?" ... "and I swear I know for sure he did it" ...
"3rd armed hold-up in two months" ... "broke into my car"

Dave begins to type a reply: "I'm working my way through a
backlog of requests right now, but I'll get to yours as soon
as I can. Yours sincerely..."

He erases "sincerely" and types "truly". Erases that, types
"keep it real". Then wipes that too and just types "Kickass".

78 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR. DAY.

78

Dave strides to his locker, his face still bruised from
Kickass's now-legendary fight, but more confident than ever.
Katie, approaching from the other direction, smiles at him.

KATIE

Hey.

Wary this time, Dave looks over his shoulder. Katie laughs.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Dave. Hey.

DAVE

(surprised)

Oh... Hey.

KATIE

How's the... Uh...

She gestures to her face. He pats his own bruised face.

DAVE

Ah, good, thanks, yeah. Much better. Not as bad as last time, that's for sure!

KATIE

Hey, you're into comicbooks, aren't you?

(off his wary nod)

Well... me and Erika sometimes hang after school at this great store, Gotham Comics? They have a Starbucks. Actually, I always see those two friends of yours there?

DAVE

Yeah...?

KATIE

I mean... I could buy you a coffee there sometime if you want? If you, like, need someone to talk to?

DAVE

Um... Sure. Thanks.

KATIE

Cool. What, today? Tomorrow?

DAVE

Um... Today... sure, why not? Today's good.

KATIE

Sweet! See ya later, then!

And she's off. Dave spots Todd and Marty lurking nearby and walks over, in a euphoric daze.

DAVE

Man, did you just see that?!

Todd and Marty exchange looks.

MARTY

Don't wanna piss on your fries, dude, but it might not be... what you think.

TODD

Yeah, because, Katie Deauxma, she's, like, the world's biggest carebear?

DAVE

What are you talking about?

MARTY

Just look at her friends: Erika Cho - self harmer. Kanasha whats-her-name - alopecia. And I heard Ariel Kressly's piano tutor interfered with her.

TODD

Really? What, like, actual rape, or he just felt her up and stuff?

MARTY

The point is, Katie Deauxma is all about the lame ducks.

DAVE

What's that got to do with me?

Dave and Marty exchange another look.

79

EXT. COMIC BOOK STORE. DAY.

79

Dave walks to the store with Todd and Marty. He is mid-rant.

DAVE

But... A rent boy?! A fucking rent boy?? What kind of rumor is that?

MARTY

Well you know, getting mugged...

DAVE

You guys have been mugged!

MARTY

Yeah, but you got beat up, and you had, like, no clothes on that time?

DAVE

That's not even true! The medic threw my clothes away!

TODD

And, like, someone said when you went through the metal detector the other day they saw you turn in this really gay-looking personal taser?

DAVE

It's camo!

MARTY

Aw, forget about it man. Rumors don't mean shit. The people who care about you know the truth.

TODD

Yeah. And who knows, it might even get you laid.

They've arrived at the comic store.

MARTY

Not if she thinks he's gay, Todd, you fucktard!

DAVE

Thanks a lot, Marty.

Dave opens the door and we see his stunned reaction to:

...the store as he's never seen it before. It's rammed, and the demographic has expanded wildly to include a lot of girls and a good cross section of teenage society. At the coffee-shop, a sign says: "TODAY'S SPECIAL: KICKASS CAPPUCINO"

DAVE (CONT'D)

Holy shit, what happened?

Marty flicks a huge promotional cardboard sign: the cover of Kickass number 1. A strap-line on it says: COMING SOON.

MARTY

This guy happened.

Dave gapes at the poster. But before he can comment, he hears his name being called and spots Katie, in the coffee-shop, waving. Todd and Marty shoo him over to her.

Moments later, we find Dave sitting at a table and Katie returning to him, carrying two frappuccinos. She sits down.

DAVE

You really didn't have to get mine.

KATIE

It's my pleasure. You've had kind of a rough time. I think the least I can do is buy you a coffee.

DAVE

Yeah... about that, I -

KATIE

God, I'm sorry - I didn't wanna... you don't have to talk about it. But if you ever want to... I'm, you know. A good listener.

DAVE

Right... Thanks. So...
(reaching for a subject)
Do you actually... Read comics?

KATIE

Well, I only just started, but yeah. The guy recommended some. Let's see... Love and Rockets. Dan Clowes. That kinda thing. I'm not so big on all the superhero stuff.

DAVE

Guess you won't be lining up for that Kickass comic, then.

KATIE

Guess not. But you know what, I was seriously thinking of mailing that guy's site? I could use some help from a guy like that right now.

DAVE

Help? Really? What with?

KATIE

Oh, boyfriend troubles. But the last thing you need is me unloading. I mean, everything you've been through? My stupid problems are, like, nothing.

DAVE

(trying to hide despair)
Don't be dumb... I mean, I'm fine. I'm... But...
(lightening the mood)
Kickass? Those must be some pretty serious boyfriend troubles!

He cracks up at his joke 'til he realizes she's not kidding.

KATIE

You can't even imagine.
(a beat)
So... What comic books do you like?

DAVE

You can tell me, if you want. I mean... I'm a guy. I could maybe... Give you a guy's perspective or something?

KATIE

(a beat)
Okay... You know I volunteer at the needle exchange?

DAVE

Uh... No, I didn't.

KATIE

Well, there was this one guy,
Rasul? The more I found out about
his upbringing and stuff? I just
felt so sorry for him, and... Wow,
this is weird, unloading. I'm
usually the one playing therapist.

DAVE

Well, I'm... here for you, and all
that kinda thing.

Katie reaches across the table and squeezes his hand.

KATIE

Can I make a confession? Ever since
I was young I always wanted a... a
friend who was... A friend like
you? I hope it's okay to say that?
It's not homophobic, is it? I
don't, like, think you're all the
same or something, I mean -

Dave takes her hand in his. May as well get what he can get.

DAVE

Shhh. Of course not. Carry on.

80 EXT. DODGY HOUSING PROJECT. NIGHT.

80

Dave - in costume - walks the street. A few KIDS cheer as he
passes. Some NO-GOOD TYPES cross the street nervously. A
SHADY-LOOKING GUY unexpectedly high-fives him.

DAVE (V.O.)

I don't know if I was everything
Katie had always dreamed her gay
b.f.f. would be. But I tried my
best. And, more importantly, I
talked her into mailing Kickass.

At a nasty block, he pushes bells 'til someone buzzes him in.

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

Long story short, this particular
lame duck of hers had turned out to
be more of a lame cobra.

81 INT. DODGY HOUSING PROJECT. NIGHT.

81

Dave climbs a filthy stairwell, walks a dilapidated corridor.

DAVE (V.O.)

She didn't want the money back that she'd given him, or an apology for the black eye he'd given her. She just wanted him to get that they were through, and leave her alone.

(a beat)

And - let's be real - no other request could've given me more pleasure.

Dave stops outside one of the doors and pushes the bell. The door is opened by LEROY, 21, huge and intimidating.

LEROY

Ain't Halloween for another few months, kid.

DAVE

Are you Rasul?

LEROY

No... Who's that under there?

Dave steps in, shouldering his way past the puzzled Leroy.

82 INT. RASUL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

82

A depressing drug den in which RASUL - 19, cute but wasted - sits playing CALL OF DUTY 4 with some other THUG.

Dave walks in, followed by LEROY.

DAVE

Which one of you guys is Rasul?

RASUL

Who's that? Leroy, who is this?

Leroy shrugs.

THUG

The fuck is this, trick or treat?

DAVE

You don't know who I am?

RASUL

No!?

(re: the game)

Great, now I'm dead.

Rasul tosses his controller aside, bemused and angry.

DAVE

I, I have a message for Rasul.
About Katie Deauxma.
(off his reaction)
You're Rasul? Ok. You've gotta stay
away from Katie now. It's over.
And, uh... You just need to...
leave her alone.

RASUL

What? Who are you? What is this?

DAVE

I'm Kickass. Look me up. And this
is me giving you a message: leave
Katie alone.

RASUL

(standing up menacingly)
Or what?

DAVE

I'll come back and break your
fucking legs.

Dave turns to leave, but Leroy steps into his path.

Rasul grabs Dave's shoulder, but before he can do anything
else, Dave has pulled his TASER. He tasers Rasul, who shrieks
and falls twitching to the ground.

Dave tries to make a break for it, but Leroy tackles him to
the ground. Dave struggles to load his spare cartridge into
the now empty taser, but Leroy is too strong.

The other thug helps Rasul up, and Rasul pulls a knife.

RASUL

You are so fucking dead, man! I'm -

He stops in mid sentence and his eyes bug out as he looks
down in surprise at: a LONG BLADE bursting from his stomach.

He keels over forwards to reveal a huge knife through his
back and, standing behind him, the tiny costumed figure who
put it there. Her mask conceals her face, but when she pulls
a pair of butterfly knives from her little utility belt and
begins to flip them, we know for sure that it's Mindy.

MINDY

Who's next?

Leroy and the thug look at one another in disbelief, and Dave
stands frozen in shock as Mindy launches herself at them.

It's an extraordinary sight as this tiny, lethal figure flies between the two, knives flashing, deflecting every blow as she slices and dices these two guys three times her size.

When they lie bleeding, she pulls the knife from Rasul's back and stares at Dave. Terrified, he aims his taser at her.

MINDY (CONT'D)
 Dude, that is one fuckin' gay-
 lookin' taser.
 (a beat)
 Chill. We're on the same team.

Dave lowers it, dumbstruck, and watches as she turns the apartment upside down. Soon, she finds a holdall and pulls out several BAGS OF COCAINE. She crams them back in the holdall, grabs it and heads for an OPEN WINDOW - the way she came in, we presume. She climbs out onto the fire escape.

Dave watches her, still glued to the spot. Mindy pokes her head back into the room.

MINDY (CONT'D)
 C'mon, dipshit. Can't use the front
 door now.

83 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT. 83

Too scared to protest, Dave follows her up the fire escape.

84 EXT. HOUSING PROJECT ROOF. NIGHT. 84

Dave stops, out of breath. Reluctantly, Mindy pauses too.

DAVE
 Wait, wait... Who are you?

She holds out her little gloved hand. It's covered in other people's blood. Reluctantly, Dave shakes it.

MINDY
 I'm Hitgirl. And that's Big Daddy.

She points to the next building where we can see Damon, also in superhero costume. Dave gives him a small, awkward wave.

Damon salutes, puts his fingers to his lips - shhh - then draws his finger across his throat.

MINDY (CONT'D)
 Come on.

She breaks into a run towards the edge of the roof.

Dave runs too but, as the gap between the buildings yawns wide before him, slams on the brakes in terror at the last moment. Mindy keeps going, leaping fearlessly into the void and landing on the roof opposite.

She looks back, shrugs, takes Damon's hand and waves goodbye to Dave before the two turn and run towards the next rooftop. And they're gone.

85 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT. 85

Dave climbs shakily down the fire escape to the street.

DAVE (V.O.)
Hitgirl and Big Daddy, they were
the real deal. Me, I was just a
stupid dick in a wetsuit.

86 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 86

Dave sneaks into his room and sits down heavily on the bed.

DAVE (V.O.)
A stupid dick with a real problem.

The superhero duvet-cover, toys and other detritus of Dave's childhood around the room remind us that he's just a kid. He pulls off his blood-spattered mask, curls up into a ball and starts to cry.

87 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY. 87

A grim-faced Big Joe sits with Frank, the huge goon nearby.

FRANK
Let me get this straight: 8 of my
guys are dead, and we have no
merchandise on the street at all.

BIG JOE
No, 8 last night. 15 altogether.
And six more missing.

FRANK
Okay. I want everyone on this. The
Russians want a war? Then a fucking
war is what they're gonna get.

BIG JOE
Frankie... I don't think it's the
Russians. Take a look at this:

He holds his hand out and the goon passes him a blood-stained cellphone. He wipes it with his sleeve and gives it to Frank.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)
Sal's phone. It was in his hand.

ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN: A blurred image of a large costumed figure - who we might recognise as Big Daddy - vaulting out of an open window.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)
I know this sounds fucked up? But we think it's that guy. That superhero guy from the TV.

FRANK
Kickass? One guy?? If you're right, we're gonna look like the biggest bunch of pussies in New York! Man... Go ahead and look into it.

BIG JOE
Look into it, yeah. Okay. Just to double check... You want -

FRANK
KICKASS'S FUCKING HEAD ON A STICK!
And I want it YESTERDAY!

88 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

88

Dave lies in bed, asleep, and gradually we realize that is this is a POV shot: somebody is creeping closer as he dozes.

Dave's eyes snap open and he leaps out of bed, cowering. It's Mindy and Damon in full Hit Girl and Big Daddy costume.

DAVE
I didn't say anything, to anyone, I swear!

DAMON
Good move. Let's keep it that way.

Dave nods like crazy. Petrified. Mindy holds out a handful of unfamiliar-looking SMALL PLASTIC BITS. Dave peers at them.

MINDY
Know what this is? All the cartridge shit that comes outta your gay taser when you fire it. You do know the police could'a traced it right back to you if they'd found it? Lucky for you, I picked it up.

DAVE
I, I... Thanks.

Dave reaches out to take the pieces from her. Damon's hand shoots out and grabs Dave's wrist before it gets anywhere near. With his other hand, he takes the pieces himself.

DAMON

Let's call it insurance. Makes it easier for me to take your word. See, we like you. But we don't trust you.

MINDY

Don't take it personal though. We don't trust anybody.

DAMON

I recommend it.

(a beat)

Listen, I re-routed your IP address for you. Finding you was way too easy.

DAVE

Shit... I hadn't - God, I owe you. But, you know, I'm thinking of shutting my site down anyway, quitting. This is... insane. I'm in way over my head.

MINDY

Shame. You have potential.

DAMON

Your call. But, y'know, we're around if you need us.

DAVE

(humouring him)

Thanks. That's really nice of you.

DAMON

We don't do nice. But put it this way, there's a whole lot of people in this town we'd rather see accessorizing with a toe tag.

DAVE

How do I get hold of you?

MINDY

(deadpan)

Oh just contact the mayor's office. He has this special signal he shines into the sky? It's in the shape of a dick and balls.

DAMON

You need us, put on your site that
you're on vacation. We'll find you.

Dave nods, confused. Damon salutes, takes Mindy by the hand,
and climbs out of the window. Mindy follows, blowing a kiss.

MINDY

Sweet dreams.

89

INT. CLOTHING STORE. DAY.

89

Dave sits on a pink sofa by a curtained changing cubicle.

DAVE (V.O.)

Murder. Superheroes breaking into
my bedroom. And now Katie Deauxma
undressing three feet away from me.
Nothing seemed real any more.

KATIE (O.S.)

(from behind the curtain)
So, I didn't get a mail back from
Kickass, but it's been a whole week
since I've heard from Rasul?

She emerges from behind the curtain in an absurdly sexy
dress. She does a little twirl in front of the mirror.

KATIE (CONT'D)

What do you think?

DAVE

...Awesome. Just... Wow.

KATIE

Shit, can you totally see my
nipples?

DAVE

Uh... No. A bit? Is that bad?

She throws a few poses in the mirror, frowning.

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

Being Katie's gay best friend
sucked and rocked in equal measure.
Somehow, I mostly managed not to
get a boner...

Katie sticks her hand into her top, assessing the
transparency of the fabric.

KATIE

Oh hey, I read those old Ditko
Spidermans you gave me? They were
actually pretty good.

DAVE (V.O.)

...But there's only so much control
a man can have in the presence of
perfection.

He grabs a cushion from beside him and places it on his lap.

90 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - STUDY. DAY. 90

Frank is on the phone, with Big Joe at his side.

FRANK

I need you to get rid of Kickass.

91 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY. 91

In his office, DETECTIVE VIC GIGANTE, 50s, cradles the phone
in his sweaty neck as he chows down on Chinese takeout.

We now intercut between the two men.

GIGANTE

What's up?

FRANK

Kickass is killing my men, that's
what's up, Gigante.

GIGANTE

My condolences. No can do, though.
Outside my remit.

FRANK

Outside your remit?? You're a
fucking cop and he's breaking the
law! That's so inside your remit
it's ball-deep in your remit's ass!

GIGANTE

Listen: The cops pay me to nail the
bad guys. You pay me not to.
Everything else is a grey area.
There's no evidence on Kickass, and
trust me, folks here ain't in a
hurry to find any. He's just doing
what a lot of 'em would like to do.

FRANK

Fuck you very much, Vic. Just do
it, okay?

GIGANTE

Frankie -

Frank picks up a framed photo on his desk. We can't see it.

FRANK

Boy, you sure look good in that picture I have of you down in Tijuana last year. Maybe I should put it on Facebook. You think?

Frank slams the phone down, checks the time and turns to Joe.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where the hell is Dimitri?

92

EXT. JUNKYARD. NIGHT.

92

Damon and Mindy, in Big Daddy and Hit Girl costume, are upside down. It soon becomes apparent that this is the POV of DIMITRI, 30. He's strapped into a seat in an upside down car.

DAMON

Thank you, Dimitri. We appreciate your cooperation.

DIMITRI

Let me out now. Let me down.

(off their silence)

I gave you all them names and address.

(more silence)

I won't say nothing to nobody.

We pull back to see that the car is inside a CRUSHER. Mindy smiles and hits a BUTTON. The crusher grinds into action. Momentarily, a small metal CUBE lands at her feet.

MINDY

What a fucking douche.

93

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY.

93

Gigante has called a group of COPS into his office. All sit around, staring into space, largely disinterested, except: Detective Marcus Williams. The cop we saw tailing Mindy.

GIGANTE

Look, I get that you all like him. I'm just saying we give him a friendly reminder that we don't encourage the public to take the law into their own hands.

MARCUS

This is not about us liking him, Gigante. It's about having better things to do than hunt down some guy who roughed up a few gang-bangers.

GIGANTE

Ah. Detective Williams. Why am I not surprised by your lack of co-operation?

MARCUS

I'll keep an eye out. But trust me, we have bigger burgers to barbecue.

GIGANTE

Then you better get your damn apron on, Marcus. Dismissed. All of you.

94 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. DAY.

94

There's nobody here. Suddenly, the LOCK on the door flies out and onto the floor. Detective Marcus walks in.

He inspects the apartment, stopping at the wall. Where before we saw the row of comic-book style portraits is now a huge pyramid arrangement of pictures. The lower ones - all the gangsters Damon and Mindy have killed, including Rasul - have red crosses through them. The higher ones are as-yet unmarked. At the very top is Frank.

Marcus keeps walking, notes the huge stash of weapons. He opens drawers and rifles through their contents. He picks up what appears to be a home-made COMIC, and begins to read...

95 ANIMATED COMIC BOOK SEQUENCE.

95

- We linger on the first panel, static. Two cops - a black guy and a white guy bearing more than a passing resemblance to Damon and Marcus himself - stand side-by-side, beaming proudly. In front of them, a photographer snaps a shot.

- In the next panel, also static, we see the shot, captured in black and white on the cover of a newspaper. The headline above it reads: LOCAL SUPER-COP TEAM LEAD THE WAR ON DRUGS.

- We whip to the third panel, still static, to see the white cop - definitely Damon - about to get into his cop car when a hand taps him on the shoulder.

- Now the artwork comes to life in animation as we see Damon turn around to see a man who is unmistakably Frank. He has an oleaginous smile and a huge fistful of money.

- A thought-bubble springs from Damon's head, containing an image of himself and a pretty, heavily-pregnant woman, standing together in front of a dingy apartment block. The image magically changes to show the two wearing new, upscale clothes, standing outside a beautiful mansion.
- The thought bubble bursts, and we pan back down to Damon, shaking his head and holding up his hand to refuse the money.
- Frank, red-faced, hands in angry fists, smoke coming from his head. Suddenly a light-bulb appears overhead. He grins.
- Damon and his pregnant wife watch TV. Suddenly, a huge team of cops burst in! The cops tear through the apartment until one - whom we recognise as Gigante - produces two huge bags of white powder. Damon and his wife react in shock.
- An establishing image of jail house gates.
- In a prison cell, Damon sits, his head in his hands.
- Outside the jail, a sad Marcus puts a comforting arm around Damon's now-even-more-heavily-pregnant wife, who is crying.
- In his penthouse, Frank laughs maniacally.
- In a female hand, we see an envelope marked "bill". It is tossed into the air and we follow it as it lands atop a colossal tower of other bills. We pan down to find Damon's pregnant wife sitting in its shadow, weeping.
- Marcus enters Damon's place, looking concerned. His look turns to horror as he sees: Damon's wife lying on the ground, a bottle of pills in her hand, pills scattered about.
- An ambulance streaks across the frame, siren blaring.
- A doctor lifts a newborn baby into view... But we pan down to see another doctor, mournfully drawing a sheet over the peaceful face of Damon's wife. She's dead.
- The first doctor hands the smiling baby to Marcus.
- Marcus and the baby - now in a little pink dress, a bow in her hair - sit in a prison visiting room, the baby waving to a sad-faced Damon.
- In a sunny playground, Marcus plays happily with the baby, now a pretty little toddler, becoming recognizably Mindy.
- In the jail, Damon works out aggressively, transforming from a regular guy into the Big Daddy we now know, acquiring a moustache and a psychotic look in his eye along the way.
- A comic book caption says: FOUR YEARS LATER... Outside the jail-house gates, Marcus hands Mindy - now looking about four years old - over to Damon, and she waves goodbye to Marcus.

- The sky darkens. All around them we see the squalor of a run-down, crime-ridden neighbourhood. And looming over them, filling the horizon, is the giant demonic face of Frank.

- Close on Damon's big hand. Mindy puts her little hand in his. Pull back to see they are now in costume: Hit Girl and Big Daddy. Ready to fight back. The image freezes and we pull back again to see...

96

INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. DAY.

96

...The comic book in Marcus's hand. He jumps as he hears:

DAMON
How did you find me?

MARCUS
One of us is still a cop, remember?

DAMON
So go ahead, Marcus. Arrest me.

Marcus gestures at the comic and the wall of portraits.

MARCUS
This how you brainwashed Mindy?

DAMON
You say brainwashed. I say made it into a game.

MARCUS
This your idea of playing, Damon?
Vigilante justice? Mass murder?
(a beat)
Where is she?

DAMON
I sent her onto the roof when I saw someone had busted the lock.

MARCUS
I want to see her. I... I miss her,
Damon. I miss you both.

DAMON
I appreciate your concern. But you
need to go now.

Marcus looks down to see: Damon has a gun levelled at him. Marcus shakes his head sadly.

MARCUS
Please, hear me out first: that
asshole Gigante is looking for
Kickass. I needed to warn you.

DAMON

Kickass?

MARCUS

Yeah. He anything to do with you?
You got some kinda fucked-up
superhero club going or something?

DAMON

Hardly know the guy.

MARCUS

Well, I wanted to give you a heads
up. You carry on like you've been
doing and it's only a matter of
time before Gigante's looking for
you, too. He's been on D'Amico's
payroll ever since you passed up
the opportunity, no doubt about it.

DAMON

You got proof?

MARCUS

Working on it. But nevermind that.
Point is, you screw with D'Amico,
the cops are gonna be all over you.

DAMON

You know I'm not gonna stop. Not
'til D'Amico and his whole damn
operation are toast.

MARCUS

Ain't gonna bring her back, Damon.

DAMON

Damon's gone, Marcus. Damon died
when she died. I'm Big Daddy now.

MARCUS

This is no life for Mindy, you
know. You owe that kid a childhood.

DAMON

No, I'll tell you who owes her a
childhood: Frank D'Amico. Now get
the hell out of here.

97

INT. D'AMICO'S LIMO. DAY.

97

Frank, fuming over his situation, sits tensely in the back
seat beside the Huge Goon. Suddenly, he spots something.

FRANK

Holy shit... Stop!

The driver complies, and now we see what Frank has: Kickass. Just walking. The goon pulls his gun. Frank stays his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (to the driver)
 Follow that superhero.
 (to the heavens)
 Thank you.

The limo crawls along a discreet distance behind Kickass as he continues on his way, oblivious, pausing only for the occasional high-five from passers by. He takes a left down a quiet side-street.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Oh, you are mine.

As the limo corners, Frank leaps out and runs at Kickass.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Hey! Kickass!

Kickass spins round to be met with a perfect round-house kick from Frank. He goes down instantly. Frank, utterly out of control, kicks him furiously as he lies there, motionless.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Kill my men, huh?! Take my fucking coke?!

A lone ONLOOKER stops and stares in horror at the bizarre sight of a well-dressed man laying into a superhero.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (to onlooker)
 You want some?!

The onlooker runs away, as the goon runs over, gun in hand.

HUGE GOON
 Boss, what the fuck?!

Frank snatches it and shoots the fleeing onlooker before holding the gun to Kickass's head and pulling the trigger.

98 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

98

Katie is on her bed sobbing.

KATIE
 ...I just can't believe he's dead,
 that's all.

We pull back to find Dave. Alive, well and comforting Katie. He puts his arm gingerly around her shoulder.

DAVE

I know. But, Katie, guys like Rasul... They get mixed up in stuff, and...

KATIE

I know, but what if it was my fault? What if Kickass did it?

DAVE

Oh my god, you're talking crazy! Katie, there's no way! He probably didn't even read your mail yet.

Katie throws her arms round Dave and hugs him, sobbing into his neck. He holds her, guiltily relishing the opportunity.

DAVE (CONT'D)

C'mon. Don't cry. Let's go out and buy you... some candy? And some of those magazines you like where they draw the red circle on the picture if a celebrity has, like, an extra long toe or something.

She nods and wipes her nose, looking fondly into his eyes.

KATIE

You're the best, Dave. I hope it's okay to say this but... It so sucks that you're gay.

Dave opens his mouth to speak... but changes his mind.

99

INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

99

Frank holds a NEWSPAPER up to Big Joe and flicks it angrily.

FRANK

What kind of fucking children's entertainer is that? What kind of kid has... I mean, a Spiderman party, sure, but... a fucking Kickass party!? What, are they doing paper plates and fucking napkins at the store now?

Unnoticed by Frank and Joe, Chris walks in behind them and puts a Pop-tart in the toaster.

BIG JOE

Frank, you're scaring me. You're losing it. Since when did you start getting your hands dirty again? And in public!?

FRANK

Since when I ask you fucks to get me Kickass, and you don't deliver, that's when.

BIG JOE

Gimme a break, it's been a week! We mailed him, we got half our guys out doing petty crimes as bait, we're busting our asses, here.

Frank produces a wrap of COKE and empties it onto the table. He begins to chop out a line.

BIG JOE (CONT'D)

The hell are you doing? You're back on the powder now as well?

Frank ignores him and hoovers it up, muttering to himself.

FRANK

"Mommy, I wanna Kickass party".
Dumb little fucks.

CHRIS

I know a way you could get him.

Frank and Joe swivel round, surprised.

FRANK

Chris! Who said you could come in?!
Get the hell out!

CHRIS

You wanna hear it or not?

Reluctantly, Frank nods - go on. Chris tries not to betray his thrill at finally being accepted into his dad's world.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Okay, look: you're a superhero. It's lonely. But who do you trust? You can't really trust anyone, right? Because either they'll find out your secret identity, or -

FRANK

(to Joe, interrupting)
Comic books, this kids reads, all fucking day long.

CHRIS

Point is, there's only one way a superhero would trust a stranger. And... I could be that stranger. Just... Give me a chance. I can do it. I just need a few things.

FRANK
What?

CHRIS
I need these things.

Chris hands Frank a handwritten list. He scans it.

FRANK
What are you fucking kidding me? A Shelby Mustang? A... What is this?

CHRIS
It's all the stuff I'll need. And you have to fuck somebody over. Like, Louie, or somebody.

BIG JOE
Louie?! Woah woah woah, Chris -

Frank holds his hand up to Joe, motions for Chris to go on.

CHRIS
Or somebody. But I swear, dad. If you let me do this, it'll work.

100 INT. COMICBOOK STORE. DAY.

100

Dave, Todd and Marty drink their coffees in the busy store.

TODD
So how are things going with Katie?

DAVE
Oh, just peachy. Spent the weekend watching the entire Ugly Betty box set and doing pedicures.

MARTY
I'm telling you, man: longer you leave it, the worse it's gonna be.

DAVE
I know, I know. I'm gonna tell her. She just seems so... happy. It never feels like the right time.

MARTY
Well, now's your chance.

Marty nods to the door: Katie's just walked in. She runs over, plonks herself on Dave's lap, kisses him on the cheek.

KATIE
Hey guys.

The boys mumble their greetings.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, did you see on TV this morning? The new superhero guy? How cool was that?

DAVE

What? Who?

Katie pulls out her IPHONE, but then spots the store's TV, which is running the news with the sound muted. She squeals excitedly and waves to the BARISTA.

KATIE

Oooh, can you please turn it up?
(to the boys)
Check this!

The Barista shrugs and complies, and everyone in the store turns to watch the screen. On it we see:

101

EXT. DRUG DEN. DAY.

101

An indignant, HANDCUFFED MAN is pushed into a police van. Nearby, other COPS swarm industriously. A superhero in an awesome red costume signs autographs for a gathering crowd. This is RED MIST. (Who is - as we'll surely guess - Chris.)

REPORTER (V.O.)

...After the death last week of a local children's entertainer who was dressed as Kickass. But it seems that far from being put-off, this individual, who calls himself Red Mist, decided to take crime fighting to a new level, as his actions last night proved.

Cut Red Mist, still signing autographs for a clamoring crowd as he talks to the news reporter.

CHRIS

I guess folks have had enough of living with fear, and uh... Kickass proved that one person can make a difference. If anyone needs help, I'm gonna be fighting crime twenty-five/eight. And I'm just a click away.

(he stares down the lense)

Red Mist dot com.

Cut to a shot of some SUSHI being picked up with CHOPSTICKS.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

Up next... A deadly threat at your
dinner table? Why eating sushi
could kill you.

102 INT. COMIC STORE. DAY.

102

The barista turns the sound down again, and the store breaks into excited chatter. Some kids use their cells to log on to Red Mist's site. In the background we may notice Chris himself. Here and Loving it.

DAVE

What did he do?

KATIE

He got, like, some drug dealer?
Some most-wanted guy? You saw 'em
bringing out, like, a ton of stuff,
the cops were wetting their pants.

TODD

Pretty cool.

MARTY

Yeah. Better costume than Kickass.

KATIE

Aw, they're both kinda hot. But he
has a better body than Kickass.
Don't you think, Dave?

MARTY

(trying not to laugh)
Yeah, whaddya think Dave? He the
kinda guy you'd go for?

Before Dave can comment, they are all distracted by a shout across the room: the mathlete kid is making the "rock on!" corna double hand-gesture to his friends.

MATHLETE

(celebratory rock growl)
Red Miiiiist!

He looks down and adjusts his glasses, embarrassed, when he realizes that everyone is looking at him.

103 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

103

Dave is at his desk, fuming. On the monitor: RED MIST'S SITE. It's fabulous. A ticker says- VISITORS: 5,688,502. Dave drains a CAN OF SODA and throws it, far harder than necessary, into the wastepaper basket under his desk.

DAVE (V.O.)
Apparently Katie wasn't the only
one who thought Red Mist owned.

He punches a few keys and the KICKASS WEBSITE comes up. A
button says - NEW MAIL: 2. Dave clicks on it.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Seemed like hardly anybody wanted
to talk to Kickass any more.

Dave opens a mail. It's an advert for a PENIS ENLARGER.

He opens the second... and leans in, surprised and intrigued.
We see a snatch of the mail: ...JUST TELL ME A TIME AND
PLACE, IT'D BE COOL TO HOOK UP. YOURS, RED MIST.

104 EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

104

Dave, in his Kickass costume, enters the alleyway cautiously.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Kickass.

Dave looks up to the source of the voice to see Chris, in his
Red Mist costume, standing iconically on a high wall.

DAVE
Red Mist.

Chris jumps down in front of Dave.

CHRIS
Owww. Shit. That was higher than it
looked.

DAVE
Are you okay?

CHRIS
(clearly in pain)
Yep.

Chris collects himself and shakes Dave's hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I can't believe you're really here.
You're my hero, man. You...
inspired me. I mean, no Kickass? No
Red Mist. Seriously.

DAVE
Wow, I... Really?

CHRIS
Straight up. And, look, if you ever wanted me to be, I don't know, your sidekick...

DAVE
You wanna be... my sidekick??

CHRIS
Yeah, I mean, you and me? Together? Would we own or what? I mean, wanna go fight some crime or something?

DAVE
What, now?

CHRIS
Why not? C'mon, I got a thing I wanna show you.

Dave follows him, protesting.

DAVE
To be honest with you? I really only fight crime between, like, nine and two weekdays, so I'm gonna need to get back pretty soon...

They turn the corner to see: a gorgeous MUSTANG.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Sweet!! Is that yours?

CHRIS
Meet the Mistmobile. Check it out:

He opens the passenger door and Dave gets in.

105 INT. THE MISTMOBILE. CONTINUOUS.

105

Chris points to various things in the car.

CHRIS
Sat-nav. My iphone - so I can check the website for emergencies while I'm driving around. Uh... Cup holder...

Dave notices a pile of COMICS scattered in the foot well. Chris produces what appears to be a JOINT.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sorry about the mess. Smoke?
(off Dave's head shake)
I find a lil' zoot takes the edge off when I'm on patrol.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Going up against a crowd... it can
 get pretty scary, don't you find?
 (off Dave's silence)
 Something wrong?

DAVE
 You're so not how I expected?

Chris shrugs, sparks up and starts the engine.

CHRIS
 Seatbelt?

Dave buckles up, still bemused. Chris hits play on the
 stereo. Danny Elfman MUSIC kicks in. Chris floors the pedal.

106 INT/EXT. THE MISTMOBILE. CONTINUOUS. 106

They speed down the street. Excited PASSERSBY stop and wave.
 Chris grabs his i-phone, hits a key and puts it down again.

CHRIS
 So, I got a mail from this chick,
 said some guy keeps following her
 home from work. I have the address
 and stuff. You wanna check it out?

DAVE
 Sure, why not?

They throw a sharp, screeching left into a dodgy street.

107 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 107

Ten Goons, armed to the teeth. Huge Goon talks into his cell.

HUGE GOON
 Just got an SMS. He's on his way.

108 INT. D'AMICO'S LIMO. NIGHT. 108

Frank's in the back on his cell, beside Joe.

FRANK
 Don't kill him 'til I get there.

He hangs up and pockets the phone.

BIG JOE
 Looks like reading all them comics
 paid off, huh? Your boy did good.

FRANK
 He's his father's son.

109 INT. THE MIST MOBILE. NIGHT. 109

The superheroes drive to the suitably heroic music, the scene undermined only slightly by the interruption of the Sat-Nav.

SAT-NAV LADY (V.O.)
In 100 yards, turn left.

110 INT. D'AMICO'S LIMO. NIGHT 110

Frank grins to himself as he loads his GUN.

111 INT. THE MIST MOBILE. NIGHT. 111

Our superheroes screech round a corner.

SAT-NAV LADY (V.O.)
Destination. Destination.

Chris stops the car and the two stare out ahead, stunned.

CHRIS
What... the... fuck????

112 EXT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 112

Pull back from the car to see: The warehouse. It's on fire.
The boys swing the doors open, climb out and stare some more.

SAT-NAV LADY (V.O.)
Destination. Destination.

DAVE
Oh my god.

Chris begins to run towards the entrance.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

CHRIS
There are people in there!

DAVE
Shouldn't we just call... Oh shit.
Okay.

No choice. Dave runs after him.

113 INT. BURNING WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

113

Our superheroes cough and splutter through the smoke. Within moments, Chris has sprinted away, losing Dave.

Dave enters the main open space, in which he eventually spots the Huge Goon, lying on the floor, face down, out cold.

Dave hoists the man's arm over his shoulder and, with great difficulty, begins to drag him towards the exit. As the goon begins to slip, Dave gives a little tug on his arm. The man's head tips back to reveal his face: his eyes are rolled back in his head and his mouth has been cut nearly all the way to the ear on both sides. Dave screams, drops him and runs.

As he continues his nightmarish fight through the flames, Dave now spots one heap of CORPSES after another: Frank's henchmen. Some shot, other displaying extensive knife wounds.

Utterly freaked out, Dave reaches a door... but it's jammed.

DAVE
Red Mist! Red Mist!

Overcome by the smoke, Dave slumps to the ground.

Suddenly out of the miasma comes: a gloved hand. Chris pulls Dave up and they run, finally reaching the doorway to safety.

114 EXT. BURNING WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

114

Dave and Chris emerge from the flames, looking every inch the authentic superheroes, bar the fact that they haven't rescued anyone and Chris appears to be holding A BURNT TEDDY BEAR.

A group of BYSTANDERS have gathered. They applaud.

DAVE Holy shit, that was... CHRIS Oh my god. Oh my god. Fuck.

DAVE
Did you see all those bodies?

Chris nods in horror. In the distance, SIRENS.

CHRIS
We've gotta get out of here.

DAVE
(noticing the teddy)
Why'd you save the teddy...?

CHRIS
What? I don't know. Come on.

And they jump into the still-open Mistmobile and drive off.

115 INT. BACKSTREET NEAR THE WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 115

Frank climbs from his limo and gapes in disbelief at the sight greeting him: the warehouse on fire. In the distance: SIRENS. Frank climbs unsteadily back in. The limo pulls away.

116 INT. DETECTIVE GIGANTE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT. 116

Gigante lies in bed, sound asleep until his PHONE RINGS.

GIGANTE

Gigante... Yeah, I know that warehouse... So put out an APB. And don't call again until you got 'em.

He hangs up and settles down again when his DOORBELL starts to ring persistently. He gets up, grabs his GUN just in case.

117 INT. DETECTIVE GIGANTE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT. 117

Gigante opens the door to see: Frank. He's a total wreck. Before Gigante can protest, Frank pushes into the hallway.

GIGANTE

What are you doing here?

FRANK

We gotta talk.

GIGANTE

What if someone saw you come?

FRANK

Chris is dead, Vic. My son. That motherfucker burned down my warehouse and killed my son.

GIGANTE

Shit. I just got a call about Kickass... and the warehouse. Chris was in there?

FRANK

Chris... Most of what was left of my men... You gotta help me.

GIGANTE

Okay, listen to me Frank. Good news is, there's an APB out. Tonight we nail these superhero fuckers to the wall.

Suddenly, the door bangs open and Chris, in his Red Mist costume, still holding the teddy, busts in and runs at Frank.

FRANK
Holy shit!...

Gigante goes for his gun... Then stares in total alarm as Frank and Red Mist hug one another.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...You're ok!

CHRIS
(crying)
They're all dead, dad. We got there
and all the guys were dead.

Gigante, still confused, keeps the gun leveled at Red Mist.

FRANK
Put the fucking gun down, Vic, it's
Chris!

GIGANTE
Chris is Red Mist?!

FRANK
It's not Red Mist you gotta worry
about, it's Kickass!

CHRIS
But's it's not!

FRANK
What are you talking about?

CHRIS
Kickass is just some geek! Its not
him! You gotta watch this!

Chris thrusts the teddy at them. Now they both look confused.

GIGANTE
I'm watching.

FRANK
What's it gonna do?

CHRIS
Aw, for fuck's sake. I mean watch -
(to Gigante)
Where's your DVD?

118 INT. GIGANTE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.

118

Chris fumbles around, plugging the DVD cables into the teddy.

CHRIS

You bought this to spy on the nanny
when I was a kid, don't you
remember?

FRANK

Why'd you put it in the warehouse?

CHRIS

I guess I thought it'd be kinda
cool to put the unmasking of
Kickass on the net, okay? But look:

The TV springs to life, and we see:

119 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 119

The same scene we saw: 10 armed goons. Huge Goon on his cell.

HUGE GOON

Just got an SMS. He's on his way.

Suddenly, Damon - in Big Daddy costume - appears behind him
holding a hunting knife, and slices his face open.

A beat, then a full scale fight begins, Big Daddy versus the
gangsters. Within moments, most have been shot or cut.

120 INT. GIGANTE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM. NIGHT. 120

Gigante, Frank and Chris watch the TV, stunned. Reflected in
their eyes, we see the screen, lit up now with flames.

GIGANTE

Jesus... Who is this guy?

CHRIS

He's the real deal.

121 INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY. 121

Dave and his dad eat breakfast in silence.

DAVE (V.O.)

Superheroes who run into burning
buildings are meant to find pretty
ladies screaming "save my baby".
What they're not meant to find is a
pile of massacred corpses.

FATHER

You okay, buddy? You look tired.
Get an early night tonight, maybe?

DAVE
You bet I will.

122 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

122

A shaky Chris, school bag over his shoulder, rifles a shelf. Frank slumps at the table, in the same suit as last night.

CHRIS
(shouting)
Mom? Do we have any Tylenol?

Angie, wearing a coat, pops her head round the door.

ANGIE
In my bathroom.

FRANK
Angie! The fuck are you wearing a coat? Where'dya think you're going?

ANGIE
The hair salon?

PETE
No, you're not! Nobody leaves this fucking building, you understand?

ANGIE
What? What's wrong with you?

FRANK
(to Chris)
And you. Put down the goddamn school bag. You're grounded.

CHRIS
Grounded?

FRANK
Nobody comes in, nobody goes out! You both got it? I'm serious. I -

Big Joe enters before Frank can continue.

FRANK (CONT'D)
About time! Security fixed?

BIG JOE
Tighter than a nun's chooch.

FRANK
You watch your mouth in front of my fucking wife and kid!

Angie, Chris and Joe swap nervous looks: Frank is losing it.

BIG JOE
Easy, Frankie. You're safe. You got
fifteen men here.

FRANK
And everybody else?

BIG JOE
Is out looking for this
motherfucker. Just like you said.

123 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - STAIRWELL. DAY. 123

Marcus is whispering into his cellphone.

MARCUS
They're onto you.

124 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. DAY. 124

Damon is on his cell, cleaning his knife as he talks. Nearby,
Mindy reads a COMIC. We intercut between the two men.

DAMON
I thought they were looking for
Kickass?

MARCUS
Not anymore. Gigante just put on a
little movie show for us. Different
Superhero. In a warehouse rinsing a
whole bunch of D'Amico's guys. I'm
guessing that was you?

DAMON
...I killed all the cameras.

COP
Apparently not. Better get yourself
hid, bro.

DAMON
Appreciate it.

He hangs up and walks over to the wall with the pyramid of
gangster pictures. Now all but the three topmost pictures
have red Xs drawn through them. Damon reaches to the top for
Frank's picture and rips it from the wall.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Mindy? Ditch the comic. It's time
for Frank D'Amico to go bye-bye.

MINDY
What, right now?

DAMON
You bet. Tool up, honey bunny.

Damon tosses the picture towards her. Mindy leaps up to reveal that she is wearing her utility belt.

MINDY
Waaaay ahead of ya.

So fast that we barely see the movement, she grabs a THROWING STAR from the belt and skims it across the room. It catches the picture in mid air and - THUNK - pins it to the wall.

125 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT. 125

- Through the open door to the study, we can see Frank lying comatose on his desk. Chris, carrying a PLASTIC BAG, looks in and tiptoes past. He passes Ginger Goon and salutes him before sneaking out the door.

126 INT. D'AMICO'S APARTMENT BLOCK. CONTINUOUS. 126

Chris leaves the apartment and makes his way downstairs, ignoring the heavily-guarded elevator and taking the equally-heavily-guarded stairs down to the underground parking lot.

127 EXT. D'AMICO'S APARTMENT BLOCK. CONTINUOUS. 127

Additional goons stand outside. Chris leaves on foot via the parking lot entrance, unnoticed. Across the street we find...

Damon and Mindy, parked up and lying low in their car.

128 INT. DAMON'S CAR. CONTINUOUS. 128

Mindy presses her nose against the glass.

MINDY
Daddy, I wanna go home.

DAMON
No, babydoll. He's spooked right now. But it's only been three days. He can't stay in there forever.

MINDY
What if he can? Then what?

DAMON
I don't know, hon. But I do know that if we go in there, we might never come out again. It'd be a gamble, Mindy baby.

Mindy thinks a while.

MINDY
Well... I'm all in.

Damon hugs her.

DAMON
I'm so proud of you.

129

INT. THE MIST MOBILE. NIGHT.

129

Dave sits in the passenger seat beside Chris. Both are in full costume. Chris is smoking a joint.

DAVE
Like I said in my mail, I think I'm just... Done with all this.

CHRIS
I thought the same thing after the other night. But it's kind of...

DAVE
Addictive?

CHRIS
Exactly. Maybe we could forget the crime fighting. Just drive around. In our costumes, you know?

DAVE
Dude, I really... I think there's some messed up shit going on I don't even wanna know about.

CHRIS
How do you mean?

DAVE
Like... I, I think I might know who killed those people at the warehouse. I think they're on our side. But it's major-league shit. I don't wanna... Get mixed up in it.

CHRIS
"They"? Like more than one person?

DAVE
I don't even wanna talk about it. I'm serious. I can't say anything.

CHRIS
Kickass, you gotta tell me.

They pull up at a red light, and another car pulls up alongside, driven by two HOT CHICKS. who notice them immediately. Chris notices them back. Dave remains oblivious.

DAVE
Look man, I just can't.

Chris elbows him and indicates the girls. The BLONDE in the passenger seat rolls down her window. Chris follows suit.

BLONDE
O.M.F.G. Is it seriously you?

CHRIS
Red Mist. At your service. And this is, as I'm sure you know, Kickass.

The BRUNETTE driver cranes for a better look and both giggle.

BLONDE
So what's going on?

BRUNETTE
We fucking love you guys, man.

The light changes and Chris pull over. The girls pull up behind and get out, whispering to each other.

DAVE
What are you doing?!

CHRIS
Ladies. Wanna ride in the Mistmobile?

BLONDE
That's not all I wanna ride.

Chris climbs into the back seat. The blonde follows him.

The brunette gets into the driver's seat. Dave waves at her awkwardly. In the back, the blonde is down to her bra.

BRUNETTE
Oh my god, this is so weird? Me and Jess were just saying last night how superheroes are so fucking horny? And now, like, we just see you guys out?

DAVE
Uh... Wow. That is a coincidence. Imagine that.

She giggles, climbs onto his lap and whispers in his ear.

BRUNETTE

I want you so bad right now.

Dave's eyes widen. Before he can speak, she silences him with a kiss. Meanwhile, the blonde tries to remove Chris' mask.

CHRIS

Uh-uh, baby. The mask stays on.

(a beat)

But the pants, knock yourself out.

The blonde leans over to comply. Chris grins. Meanwhile, in the front, Dave pulls away from the brunette.

DAVE

I'm... I'm really sorry. I'm sure you're a lovely girl and, and, don't get me wrong, I honestly think you're... so pretty and everything. But... I've got to go.

Dave pushes the girl off as politely as he can and gets out of the car. The girl shrugs and climbs into the back seat with her friend and the now ecstatic Chris instead.

And Dave hurries purposefully away down the street.

130

INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT.

130

Frank is freaking out. Ginger Goon cowers nervously.

FRANK

I'm AWARE he's not here. What I wanna know is WHERE THE FUCK HE IS!

Frank throws an empty BOTTLE of whisky at the goon. He dodges, and it shatters against the wall.

GINGER GOON

Woah. Take it easy!

FRANK

The next fucker who tells me to take it easy dies.

GINGER GOON

Boss, I was... I'm sorry about your son, but all they said is make sure nobody gets in. I didn't know we had to stop yer family gettin' out.

FRANK

Why are you still here? Just GO FUCKING FIND HIM!

Big Joe walks in at the end of this tirade.

BIG JOE
 Woah woah woah. Frank. Take it
 easy.

Wrong move. Frank grabs Joe and throws him over his shoulder. Joe staggers to his feet. Frank strikes again with a lethal karate blow to the throat. This time, Joe doesn't get up.

Frank sits down at his desk. The goon rushes to check on Joe.

GINGER GOON
 Shit... he's... dead.

FRANK
 What are you? A fucking doctor?

And with that, he shoots the goon in the head.

131 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

131

Katie sits at her dressing table in nightclothes, brushing her hair. Her music is playing too loudly for her to hear:

Dave, outside the window - still in his Kickass costume - perched on the ledge and struggling to open the sash.

Once in, he leans against the dresser, as coolly and sexily as he possibly can.

DAVE
 Hi. I'm Kickass. You mailed me?

Katie carries on brushing her hair. She hasn't heard him.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 Hi! I'm -

Katie leaps up, screaming hysterically.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Shhh! Shhh! It's just me! Kickass!

KATIE
 Get away from me!!

She grabs a bottle of BODY MIST from the dresser and sprays it into his eyes. Dave crumples, clutching his face. Katie tosses the spray, grabs a TENNIS RACQUET and lays into him.

DAVE
 Stop! Please! Katie! I'm not gonna hurt you! I really am Kickass!

KATIE

I don't care! Fucking freak in a mask!? Breaking into my house?!

At the same time, they both spot: a BASEBALL BAT.

DAVE

Katie, no!

They both lunge for it...

DAVE (CONT'D)

Shit!

But Katie gets there first, tripping over the cable for her stereo as she does so, silencing the music. She pulls back for a big swing at Dave. No choice: Dave pulls off his mask.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It's me!

Slowly, in disbelief, Katie lowers the bat.

KATIE

Dave?! What are you doing? Why are you dressed as Kickass?

DAVE

Because I am Kickass. And I'm also not gay. And I've been an idiot, and a shit friend, and I've lied to you, and if it makes you feel any better, I don't think you could hate me any more right now than I hate myself. I'm just... Really, really sorry. I've never met anybody who was as beautiful and kind, and... and... lovely as you. And you deserve better.

Katie stares at him as he walks towards the door to leave.

KATIE

Dave...

DAVE

(hopeful)
Yes?

KATIE

My mom set the burglar alarm downstairs. You should probably use the window.

DAVE

Oh.

He turns despondently and starts towards the window. He's just about to climb out when...

KATIE

Or...
 (a beat)
 You could just stay.

DAVE

Really?

She nods and sits down on the bed. He walks over uncertainly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Stay... Like when we have a sleepover?

She shakes her head slowly, with a little smile.

He sits down beside her and they kiss. Sweetly at first, and then with a violent intensity that surprises them both.

132 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - CORRIDOR. DAWN.

132

Chris grins as he does up his jeans. He stuffs his costume into the plastic bag as he sneaks back towards his room.

At the study, he glances in to see: two corpses. And Frank making Jack Nicholson in The Shining look like Mary Poppins.

FRANK

So. You wanna explain what part of "grounded" you found confusing?

CHRIS

What... happened?!
 (noticing Joe)
 Oh my god... Joe?

FRANK

Nobody comes in. Nobody goes out. It couldn't have been more fucking simple to understand.

CHRIS

You did this because of me?

Frank looks away. Chris, touched, can't suppress a smile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I think I know how to find this guy, dad. If we get him, everything will be like, okay again, won't it? We can fix things together.

Frank opens his arms and Chris walks over. And they hug.

133 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. DAY.

133

Damon and Mindy are surrounded by CRATES, BOXES, DIAGRAMS and BLUEPRINTS. Both have laptops open. On Damon's: links to the CCTV cameras in D'Amico's building. We can't see Mindy's.

DAMON

Ain't no man in the whole of
Manhattan with bigger cojones than
you, Mindy baby. You know that?

But Mindy is engrossed in something on the computer.

MINDY

Daddy, I think I found one. It's
perfect. And they can deliver in
three days... But it's three
hundred thousand bucks.

DAMON

Can you think of anything else
you'd rather spend it on?

Mindy giggles. Damon looks at her laptop screen in awe.

DAMON (CONT'D)

Damn, that's cool!

134 INT. COMIC BOOK STORE. DAY.

134

Dave sits with Todd and Marty. Katie sits on Dave's lap.

TODD

Out of Kickass and Red Mist, who do
you think would win in a fight?

KATIE

No idea. But Kickass is definitely
cuter.

DAVE

You think?

KATIE

Uh-huh. Kickass is smokin'. I, for
one, would definitely fuck his
brains out if I got the chance.

Todd and Marty look taken-aback by the newly raunchy Katie.

DAVE

You would?

KATIE

Definitely.

Dave and Katie look at one another hungrily.

DAVE

Do you... uh, fancy checking out that new Kate Hudson movie where she's a shoe designer who can't get a guy? I think we can make the next showing if we leave right now.

KATIE

Hell yeah.

They leave, arms around each other. Todd and Marty exchange confused looks, then go back to reading their comics.

135 INT. ALLEYWAY. DAY. 135

Dave and Katie are at it, urgently, up against the wall.

DAVE (V.O.)

Comic-books rocked. Jerking off rocked. And being a superhero owned. But this... there was nothing - absolutely nothing - in the whole wide world that came close to being better than this.

136 INT. DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 136

Dave and his dad are eating dinner together.

MR. LIZEWSKI

No Katie tonight?

DAVE

Tomorrow. Wednesdays she does one of her volunteer things.

MR. LIZEWSKI

You seem like a different guy, you know that? Your mom would've been so happy to see you out of your shell like this.

137 INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 137

Dave is halfheartedly playing World of Warcraft.

DAVE (V.O.)

Katie worried about me getting hurt, so I promised her my Kickass days were over. And the truth was, I hardly missed it at all.

(MORE)

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I realised I hadn't even checked
 the web site for, like, a week.

Dave minimizes the screen and logs on to the KICKASS PAGE.

The button says: NEW MAIL: 45. Dave skims through the list of mails without reading any until he sees one from RED MIST.

138 EXT. DAVE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 138

Mr Lizewski, in uniform for his shift, gets into his car and drives away.

Seconds later, the door opens again to reveal: Dave. Wheeling his bike; wearing a duffle-coat over his Kickass costume, and no mask. He's just about to climb on when his cell rings.

DAVE
 Hey baby.

139 INT. NEEDLE EXCHANGE. NIGHT. 139

Katie is behind a reception desk in a waiting room crowded with JUNKIES. Katie listens intently, her face clouding over.

KATIE
 ...Where? What kind of a thing? I
 thought you were done with that?

We now intercut between Katie and Dave.

DAVE
 This is the last time. I totally
 swear... Well, I wish you wouldn't
 worry.

KATIE
 I can't help it. I do. Because I...
 (is she gonna say it?)
 ...Care about you. A lot.

In the alley, Dave can't control his giant smile.

DAVE
 I... care about you a lot, too.

140 EXT. WHARFSIDE. NIGHT. 140

The Mistmobile is parked in a deserted lay-by near the river.

Dave rides up, hops off his bike and puts on his mask as he approaches. Chris, in full Red Mist costume, opens the door.

141 INT. THE MIST MOBILE. CONTINUOUS.

141

Dave slides into the passenger seat - coat still on.

DAVE

Serious and urgent had better mean serious and urgent, dude. I promised my girlfriend I was through with all this.

CHRIS

How about us both being fucking dead? That serious enough for ya?

DAVE

Dead how?

CHRIS

Like how it turns out those dead guys had some bad mother-fuckers for friends, and they think we did it. There's a price on our heads.

DAVE

A price on our heads? What is this, the wild west?

CHRIS

I'm not messing with you, man. They found out where I live. They trashed my place. I'm fucked. And you'll be next. That guy you mentioned... The guy you thought did it? You said you figured he was on our side. You think he can help?

Dave thinks. Sighs. Then uses his cell to get the Kickass web page. Chris watches as Dave keys in: Kickass is on vacation.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's your plan?! Like they're gonna go "aw shoot, he's on vacation, let's just forget it then"?! What the fuck!?

DAVE

Dude... Calm down.

142 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. NIGHT.

142

Mindy is on her laptop. Damon studies an open packing crate.

MINDY

If I didn't know you better, Daddy, I'd say you were just looking at that thing for the hell of it now.

DAMON
 (laughing)
 Just checking it one more time.
 You gotta admit, it's pretty cool.

From the laptop, an ELECTRONIC ALERT sounds. Damon looks up.

DAMON (CONT'D)
 Kickass?

MINDY
 I think... Yep... Looks like he
 just triggered the emergency
 protocol you set up.

DAMON
 Tell him to go to safehouse B.
 We'll meet him there.

143 INT. THE MIST MOBILE. NIGHT. 143

Chris studies the screen on Dave's phone.

DAVE
 Do you know where that is?

CHRIS
 I'll put it in the Sat-nav.

Chris looks anxiously over his shoulder and starts the car.

144 INT. SAFEHOUSE - CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 144

The run-down corridor of a faceless apartment block. Chris and Dave (still wearing his duffle-coat) ring a doorbell.

145 INT. SAFEHOUSE. NIGHT. 145

The door swings open and Dave and Chris step in to be greeted by Damon, in his Big Daddy costume.

DAMON
 Well, here you are. And Red Mist,
 too. Pleasure to meet you.
 (extending his hand)
 Big Daddy.

Chris and Damon shake hands, and the boys follow Damon into the main room, where Mindy sits on the sill of the open window, looking out. She turns back, a little concerned.

MINDY
 Daddy...

DAMON
Manners, honey.

Obediently, Mindy hops off the window sill.

MINDY
Sorry.
(extending her hand)
I'm Hit Girl.

She extends her hand but, before she can even walk over, before we even realize what's happening, Chris has pulled a GUN. He shoots Mindy three times - BAM BAM BAM - and she tumbles backwards, out of the window.

Hit Girl is no more.

Dave freezes in shock; Damon gives an animal howl of horror. And now Chris holds the gun shakily to Damon's head.

CHRIS
Don't move, motherfucker.

The door behind them is kicked open and EIGHT GOONS rush in. Two grab Damon, two grab Kickass and within seconds they're both on the ground, cuffed and gagged.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
No, not Kickass! He's with me!

SPORTY GOON
Forget it, kid. I don't follow orders from no one but your daddy. These guys are going with me, and you're going home with him.

He indicates Scary Goon, who seizes Chris by the arm. And they're out of the door with Damon, Dave and Chris in tow.

CHRIS
Shit! No!

The Scary Goon holds him back as the others hustle on ahead.

146 EXT. SAFEHOUSE. NIGHT.

146

The goons bundle Damon and Dave into the back of a VAN. Nearby, Scary Goon pushes a fighting Chris towards a LIMO. Seeing Dave in the van, Chris shouts over to him, distraught.

CHRIS
I didn't mean for this to happen, I swear!
(to Scary Goon)
Let me go with them, I have to tell them not to hurt Kickass!

SCARY GOON
Just get in the goddamn car or your
dad is gonna hurt both of us!

Chris struggles as Scary tries to push him into the backseat of the limo. In the scuffle, Chris's mask comes off.

We see Dave's reaction. Then Sporty slams the van door shut.

147 EXT. BURNT-OUT WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

147

Damon and Dave are tied to chairs in the eerily charred warehouse. The former calm. The latter sobbing. There is PLASTIC SHEETING on the floor, and hanging behind them. In front of them is a DV CAMERA on a tripod.

Nearby, Baby Goon hands out SUPER-VILLAIN MASKS. Sporty Goon looks at his in disgust.

SPORTY GOON
The fuck is this? I meant, like
balaclavas or something!

BABY GOON
I just thought these would be fun.

SPORTY GOON
Fun?!

BABY GOON
You know, they're like superheroes,
so we could be -

SPORTY GOON
Just get me some fucking
balaclavas! Or anything! Now!

BABY GOON
Can I still wear mine?

148 INT. PENTHOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT.

148

Chris is here, also on the verge of tears.

CHRIS
We had a deal, dad. We had a
fucking deal that I'd get you the
guy who did it. All I'm asking is
to let Kickass go! He didn't do
anything wrong!

FRANK

Chris, you gotta look at it my way:
I wanna send out a little public
service message to warn the people
out there that being a superhero is
hazardous to your health. And the
big motherfucker? Nobody's ever
heard of him. For all Joe Schmo on
the street knows, he's not even a
real superhero.

CHRIS

But that's not fair!

FRANK

Life's not fair, kid. Get over it.

CHRIS

What are you gonna do to them?

FRANK

Shut up and watch.

He indicates his computer SCREEN. On it is a DIGITAL CLOCK,
counting backwards from 5 minutes. And a graphic saying:
KICKASS IS RETIRING! HIS FINAL APPEARANCE - LIVE.

We pull back to find...

149 INT. TV NEWS STUDIO. NIGHT. 149

...that the graphic is now on a monitor behind a NEWS ANCHOR.

ANCHOR

...the exact nature of the
broadcast, but as word-of-mouth
continues to spread, internet
providers are predicting that it
could be the most-widely viewed
live event in web history.

We pull back from the news studio to find...

150 INT. COMIC STORE. NIGHT. 150

...It is playing on the TV in the comic store. Todd, Marty,
the other kids and store employees are crowded round in rapt
anticipation. Many are logged onto the site on their phones.

151 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 151

A large number of COPS, including Marcus and Gigante, are
gathered around the TV and computers, curious.

152 INT. NEEDLE EXCHANGE. NIGHT. 152

Katie sits behind the reception, looking at the site on a computer, a little uneasy. Nearby a TV runs the news, watched by the waiting junkies, except those who are nodding out.

ON THE SCREEN: The countdown reaches zero. The graphic is replaced by a live feed. Kickass and Big Daddy, captive.

Katie lets out a shriek of pure distress.

153 INT. COMIC STORE. NIGHT. 153

As one, the kids and store employees react in abject shock.

154 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 154

The goons crowd menacingly around their captives. All in balaclavas except Baby, who wears the supervillain mask. Sporty steps forward and addresses the camera.

SPORTY GOON

Uh... I think y'all know who this guy is. And this guy here, his name is Big Daddy. And what Kickass and Big Daddy are gonna demonstrate today, kids, is why trying to be a hero is a bad idea.

The goons, armed with BATS and BLUNT WEAPONS, move in.

155 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 155

As one, the crowd of cops wince. Marcus reacts in dismay.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

...mean we are unable to continue broadcasting these images...

156 INT. COMIC STORE. NIGHT. 156

The kids are glued in stark horror. Some unable to look, most unable to look away. A few of the girls start crying.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

...and those who are logged on to the site are strongly advised...

MATHLETE

Woah! Cool!

The crowd bays at him to shut up.

157 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT. 157

Chris gets up in disgust and walks out, slamming the door.

CHRIS
I hate you!

158 INT. NEEDLE EXCHANGE. NIGHT. 158

Katie, her face streaked with tears and eye-makeup, leans over the desk and screams at the junkies.

KATIE
Please! Someone just turn it off!

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
...appears the fantasy story that captured America's imagination may have what looks to be a tragic ending.

159 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 159

Sporty Goon holds up his hand for the others to stop the beating. Dave and Damon slump forward, breathing unevenly.

DAVE (V.O.)
Even with my metal plates and my fucked up nerve endings, I've gotta tell ya: that hurt.

SPORTY GOON
Gentlemen? Time to die.

He produces a can of GASOLINE, and begins to douse them.

DAVE (V.O.)
But not half as much as the idea of leaving everything behind. Katie. My dad. Todd and Marty. And all the things I'd never do. Like learn to drive. Or see what me and Katie's kids would look like. Or find out what happened in Lost.

Sporty produces a ZIPPO and flicks it open.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And if you're reassuring yourself that I'm gonna make it through this since I'm talking to you now, quit being such a smart ass. Hell dude. You never seen Sin City? Sunset Boulevard? American Beauty?

160 EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF. NIGHT. 160

Close on THREE BULLET HOLES. A little finger pokes them. We pull back to find: Mindy. The top of her costume hiked up so she can examine her kevlar vest.

She shrugs, pulls her costume back down and reaches round to the back of her utility belt. She produces a small package. On it is written: FOR EMERGENCIES ONLY.

She tears it open. She pulls out a piece of PAPER that reads: IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, CALL MARCUS. 212 555 7407

Then she pulls out: a syringe. She plunges it into her arm.

Close on Mindy's eye. Her pupil dilates, a black vortex.

She puts on a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES and - like a small colorful, deadly tornado - she leaps down from the roof.

161 INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 161

The zippo lighter touches Damon. At once he's in flames.

A small hand hits a light switch. And everything goes black.

Dimly lit by the screaming Damon, alight, we can see the goons look to one another in puzzlement.

Seconds later, Hit Girl is all over them. We cut between her night-vision POV and the eerily beautiful darkness illuminated by her burning father as, one by one, she slices and dices the hoods into submission. She's taking a few hits, sure, but she appears to be utterly oblivious to them.

Last man down, Mindy runs to Damon and beats out the flames. All is black now. We hear footsteps as she runs to the light.

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: The dark image of the room lights up. The tripod must have been knocked during the fight, so what we see now is several dead goons and, in the corner of the frame, a shocked - but very alive - Kickass.

162 INT. WAREHOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 162

Mindy pulls a gun from her belt and levels it at the camera.

MINDY
Show's over, motherfuckers.

BAM. It explodes into pieces.

163 INT. COMIC BOOK STORE. NIGHT. 163

On several dozen phone screens, the image goes BLACK. The store erupts in celebration. What the hell just happened?

164 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 164

Confusion and noise. Gigante and Marcus both look shaky.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
...exactly what happened, but it
would seem that Kickass, at least,
is alive.

165 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT. 165

Frank stares at the TV, catatonic with incredulity.

166 INT. NEEDLE EXCHANGE. NIGHT. 166

Katie reacts with near-hysterical relief. In sharp contrast to the junkies, who continue to stare impassively.

167 INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 167

Blinking in the light, Mindy runs to Damon. But as her steps slow and her face falls, we surmise that the sight greeting her isn't good. And we're right: we need no medical degree to make a grim prognosis for the thoroughly fried Damon.

DAMON
So proud of you, baby. I love you.

He closes his eyes. His eyelids are the only things that aren't burned. Mindy plants a gentle kiss on one of them.

MINDY
I love you too Daddy. Sleep tight.

And he's gone. Her face set in a brave show of stoicism, Mindy moves briskly to the traumatised Dave and unties him.

MINDY (CONT'D)
Let's get the hell outta here.

168 EXT. DAMON'S CAR. NIGHT. 168

Mindy and Dave arrive at the car. Dave has removed his mask.

DAVE
I... I can't drive.

MINDY
I can. Get in.

169 INT. DAMON'S CAR. NIGHT.

169

The two drive through Manhattan, battered and shell-shocked. Mindy can barely see over the wheel.

DAVE
What's your name? I mean, your real name.

MINDY
A superhero never reveals his true identity.

DAVE
Look, you can't... However you lived before... It's over. Is there anybody else? Any other family, or?

MINDY
Fuck you! I can take care of myself. I saved your sorry ass!

DAVE
But I mean, what about money? You've got to think long-term -

MINDY
I've got three million dollars in a fucking suitcase! That long-term enough for ya? Just leave me alone.

DAVE
I'm not going anywhere 'til i know you're okay. I owe you. If it wasn't for you, I'd be dead.

MINDY
And if it wasn't for you, my dad wouldn't be.

DAVE
(a painful beat)
...And I owe it to him to look after you. He wouldn't have wanted you to be on your own.

170 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. NIGHT.

170

The door opens into the dark. Mindy hits the light.

The first thing they see, pinned to the wall, is the Hit Girl and Big Daddy picture that Damon did for Mindy's birthday. They both stare at it. A sad, awkward moment.

Dave, holding MARCUS'S NUMBER, breaks the silence.

DAVE
We should call this number your dad gave you.

MINDY
Not now. I'll do it later, okay?

DAVE
Ok... Look, pack up whatever you need. And we'll go to my place. I'll figure out something to tell my dad when he gets back from his night shift. I need to clean up?

171 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE - BATHROOM. NIGHT. 171

It's grimy. Dave rinses the blood from his face and hair.

172 INT. DAMON AND MINDY'S PLACE. NIGHT. 172

Like a tiny Rambo, Mindy begins to tool up, weighing up RIFLES and HANDGUNS, sharpening KNIVES with a WATER STONE.

We intercut between her and Dave's clean up until finally Dave walks out of the bathroom to find Mindy fully tooled up, and shoving additional WEAPONS into an OVERNIGHT BAG.

DAVE
Woah. I meant, like pyjamas and stuff. And clothes. You can't...

MINDY
You know what my dad would have wanted? He would have wanted me to finish what we started. And that's what I'm gonna do. You can try and stop me. Or live. Your choice.

Dave looks around. Blueprints and plans. CCTV feeds on the laptop. Picture of Frank, pinned to the wall by a shuriken.

DAVE
Frank D'Amico?

MINDY
You know him?

DAVE
I know who he is.

MINDY

My dad said Jersey City used to be a real nice safe place to raise a family. Then D'Amico started up his little business enterprise. Flooded the street with cheap drugs. Armed the gangs. Bought-off the cops.

Dave squints at the CCTV footage on the laptop, then looks over at the plans again. Mindy continues to assemble a gun.

DAVE

This is his place? All this security? I don't even see -

MINDY

Let him go, the whole thing starts up again. New guys. New supplies. All our hard work, wasted.

DAVE

I know, but this plan of yours. Even if there were ten of you -

MINDY

My mom already died for nothing. I'm not gonna let my dad die for nothing too.

DAVE

You can't do this on your own. It's suicide.

MINDY

Exactly. You wanna deal with owing my dad? Then shut the fuck up and pick your weapon.

Mindy opens the big crate. Dave gapes at its contents.

DAVE

That what I think it is?

MINDY

Damn straight. Better start reading the instructions, cos you're gonna be using it in about five minutes.

Dave picks up his duffle coat and his mask. He looks at both. Then he puts on his coat and shoves the mask in the pocket. He shakes his head at her sadly.

DAVE

I'd do anything to bring your dad back, if I could. Anything. But nothing will. And if I...

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
 There are people back home who...
 Hit Girl, I'm so sorry. I can't do
 this.

MINDY
 Some fucking superhero.

He shrugs helplessly, nothing he can say. She watches him go.
 The camera tracks in to the laptop showing the CC TV feed. We
 pull out again and find...

173 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - LIVINGROOM. NIGHT. 173

...The bodyguard - the one we first saw with Chris at the
 comic store - watching the same images on D'Amico's monitors.
 Suddenly, the screens go DEAD. He reacts. What the fuck?!

174 INT. D'AMICO'S APARTMENT BLOCK -LOBBY. NIGHT. 174

Posh Goon and ANOTHER GOON, on guard, look confused as Mindy -
 innocent in her street clothes - stumbles in, crying.

POSH GOON
 Hey? What's the matter?

MINDY
 I lost my mommy and daddy.

Another hood steps forward and offers his cell.

ANOTHER GOON
 You wanna use the phone? You know
 your phone number?

175 EXT. ROOF TOP. NIGHT. 175

Dave stands on a rooftop, gazing out towards the Manhattan
 skyline. No mask. But no duffle-coat either.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Had I ever been a real superhero?
 The most I'd ever had to offer the
 world was good intentions and a
 slightly elevated capacity to take
 a kicking.
 (a beat)
 With no power comes no
 responsibility.
 (another)
 Except... that wasn't true.

Dave pulls on his mask. And he starts to run.

Faster and faster. Towards the edge of the building. He reaches the edge... and this time, he doesn't stop. He jumps.

There is no way he's going to make it to the next rooftop, no way anyone could make this jump. Dave begins to lose momentum. He starts to drop...

...Until the JET PACK on his back kicks in. Dave swoops upwards. He's flying.

Dave soars. Over the water. Across New York. It's beautiful. From the streets and windows people gawp in delight.

176 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - LOBBY. NIGHT. 176

Mindy unleashes hell as she wastes the goons in the lobby. We intercut between her fight and Dave's flight.

177 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - ELEVATOR. NIGHT. 177

Mindy - still in her street clothes - pushes the button for the penthouse and catches her breath. The door closes - then jams. She looks down to see that it is blocked by the body of Posh Goon. She boots him out of the way and the door shuts.

178 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT. 178

The elevator doors slide open to reveal: Mindy in her Hit Girl costume and utility belt. Ready to play.

179 EXT. D'AMICO'S APARTMENT BLOCK. NIGHT. 179

Dave is here. Swooping up the side of the building.

180 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - HALLWAY. NIGHT. 180

The TWO GOONS guarding either side of the elevator are down. But EIGHT MORE rush down the corridor towards Mindy.

She doesn't move, but with jaw-dropping precision, employs the contents of her utility belt. THROWING STARS, KNIVES and GRENADES whistle through the air, taking down six hoods in quick succession.

A MACHETE spins down the length of the corridor, neatly decapitating a seventh.

The eighth looks behind him in dismay as he keeps running towards Mindy, to discover that he's now alone. When he turns back, Mindy is right there in front of him, a small CROSSBOW to his forehead. She grins and delicately lets it go. Thwack.

181 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

181

Mindy's inside the apartment now, and YET MORE GOONS are down, but two remain - Scary Goon, and the Bodyguard, also armed. They open fire. She's leaping around, absorbing the hits in her bulletproof vest, until she trips and falls. Scary Goon aims at her head... but he's out of ammo.

SCARY GOON

In the head! She's wearing a
fucking vest!

The bodyguard raises his gun... but before he can shoot, there's an almighty smash from behind them as the GLASS CONSERVATORY leading to the roof terrace explodes in a shower of glass to reveal: Dave coming in to land, opening fire with a machine gun in each hand. The recoil sends him tumbling onto his back on the terrace. But he keeps shooting.

The bodyguard and Scary have barely had a chance to turn and register before they get it in the back and go down cold.

Mindy's smile lights up. Dave smiles back. Mindy limps over.

MINDY

Gimme the guns?

DAVE

We're out of bullets!

MINDY

(sniggering)

Rounds. Ok. Only one to go, anyway.

She runs towards the corridor. Dave throws down the now-useless guns and follows her.

Mindy reaches the first door, kicks it in. It's a bedroom. We see Angie, cowering in a corner. Mindy takes a step in when, outside, we hear SIRENS. Her face falls.

MINDY (CONT'D)

You called the cops.

DAVE

I called the number. Your dad's
friend. Told him to meet us. He -

MINDY

He is the fucking cops.

In a hurry now, Mindy turns her back on Angie and runs on to the next door, Dave racing to catch up. She kicks it open. It's Frank's study. The motherlode.

182 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - STUDY. CONTINUOUS.

182

A beat, as Frank stands in the middle of the trashed study and stares at Mindy. Dave catches up just in time to see Mindy fly at him.

MINDY

You are so dead, you cocksucker.

With his martial arts skills, Frank is an alarmingly even match for Mindy. Dave watches, frozen. This could go either way. Dave moves to help, but finds himself held back by:

Chris. Still in his Red Mist costume, though without the mask. Behind Dave, forcing him into an arm-lock.

Now we have two fights going on - Mindy vs. Frank and Dave vs. Chris. The former a spectacular display of fighting prowess, the second essentially a messy scrap between two frightened kids in superhero costumes.

Just as it looks like Mindy is a goner, she regains the upper-hand with breath-taking aplomb and sends Frank crashing through the window, down 70 storeys to his death.

Chris stops fighting and howls in horror.

MINDY (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

Your turn.

CHRIS

No, wait please, I never... Please don't hurt me. I'm just a kid.

MINDY

So am I, and you fucking shot me!

DAVE

Chris, you don't have to be like your Dad. You have a choice, you -

CHRIS

How do you know my name?!

Before Dave can answer, Mindy has a knife to Chris's throat.

MINDY

Enough with the touchy-feely bullshit already.

DAVE

No! Wait! Don't!

It's not this that stops her, however, but THE COPS. A sizeable team of them, crashing in towards them, armed.

FIRST COP
Freeze! Police!

Chris and Dave put their hands up immediately. Mindy, however, goes for a STUN GRENADE in her belt. Before anyone has a second to react, it's landed by the cops and gone off.

In the fog and confusion, Mindy grabs Dave's hand. They run.

183 EXT. D'AMICO'S ROOF TERRACE. NIGHT.

183

Mindy helps Dave into the jet pack and puts her arms round him. Just as the cops get to the terrace, the two take off.

One cop takes aim at them. Suddenly a shout from behind him:

MARCUS (O.S.)
Hold your fire!

It's Marcus. He smiles as he watches them disappear over the horizon like Superman and a very tiny Lois Lane.

Finally he turns to go inside, the smile still on his face, to find: Gigante, incandescent with anger.

GIGANTE
You'll go down for that, Williams!
Your ass is going straight to
tribunal! I'll see to it myself.

Marcus grins and produces a framed photograph. He admires it.

MARCUS
Oh this is nice. You look awesome.

GIGANTE
What?

MARCUS
Just found this on D'Amico's desk.
Isn't this a great shot, guys?

Marcus shows the picture around to the assembled cops, who react in delighted shock. Gigante reels. He knows it's over.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Hope Frank D'Amico paid you well,
Gigante. You're gonna be needing
one fine-ass lawyer.

184 EXT. ROOFTOP. DAWN.

184

Dave and Mindy land on the roof of Mindy's building.

MINDY

Thanks, Kickass. My dad would have been proud of both of us.

Dave pulls his mask off meaningfully.

DAVE

Dave. My name is Dave Lizewski.

MINDY

I know that, dumbass.

A long pause. Then Mindy pulls off her mask, too.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Mindy Macready.

She holds out her hand, and they shake hands. It's over.

185

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

185

Mr. Lizewski's car pulls up outside the school. Dave climbs out and waves goodbye to him.

As Dave begins to walk, he turns around to see ANOTHER CAR pull up. Driven by Marcus. In the passenger seat, Mindy. Marcus hugs her and she hops out and runs over to Dave.

DAVE (V.O.)

Mindy moved in with Marcus and he enrolled her at my school - first school she'd ever been to - on the promise that I'd look out for her.

Before she reaches him, however, a BIG MEAN BOY and his THREE CRONIES block Mindy's path. He holds out his hand.

BIG MEAN BOY

Hey. New kid. Lunch money. Now.

We cut to Dave's concerned face. O.S, there's a scream.

When we cut back to Mindy, she's once more trotting happily towards Dave, waving, as if nothing has happened. In the background a CONCERNED CROWD has formed a circle around whatever carnage Mindy left.

DAVE (V.O.)

Not that she needed me to.

Marty and Todd are sitting in the sunshine, reading comics. Dave and Mindy join them, Mindy checking out the comics.

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

The guys never knew about what happened. And Katie?

(MORE)

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Well, besides being deeply relieved
that my superhero days were over,
Katie was the same as ever.

From the other direction, we see Katie walking over with Erika and a slightly chubby, FLAMBOYANTLY-DRESSED GUY.

KATIE
Hey everybody, this is Phil. He's
new. Phil, this is everybody.

Marty, Todd, Dave and Mindy all wave their greetings.

DAVE (V.O.)
...And I loved her for it.

Katie and the boy sit down with the group. Dave rests his head on Katie's shoulder. We've never seen him so contented.

In the foreground, TWO LABORERS walk past carrying the metal detector archway away from the school.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But the world around us was
changing.

We pull back a little to see: the two gang kids from earlier, peering into a parked car at the entrance to the school. A FOXY WOMAN IN A SUPERHERO COSTUME walks towards them. They nod at her shiftily and amble away.

We pull back further and see: the streets around the school are patrolled by various other SUPERHEROES.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
People said I'd been the
inspiration for the others. But I
saw it differently.

We pull back further still, across the water, to Manhattan. Here's the Armenian Guy from the beginning, in his winged suit, climbing up the fire escape of a building. There are SUPERHEROES everywhere. Walking the streets. Running across the cars in a traffic jam. Leaping across the rooftops.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All I did was make a door into a
world I'd dreamed about since I was
a little kid. Now it was open. And
the world was coming out.

We pull upwards now, further and further back, 'til the superheroes are just brightly colored dots on the streets.

DAVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's how it looked to me. And I
liked what I saw.

Just as we think it's all over, the camera pushes through a window into...

186 INT. D'AMICO'S PENTHOUSE - STUDY. DAY.

186

The study has been restored and redecorated, and there's someone sitting here with his back to us, admiring his reflection in the glass-topped table.

The camera tracks round and we see: Chris. A crazy look in his eyes, wearing a new, more menacing costume. He slips on an evil-looking mask. Clearly a super-hero no more, now a super-villain. He turns to stare down onto the street.

CHRIS

A world full of superheroes, huh?
As a great man once said: "wait
'til they get a load of me".

FADE TO WHITE.

187 END

187