

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF BUSINESS-MAN: PILOT

written by

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INT. BUSINESS-MAN'S OFFICE OFFICE

BUSINESS-MAN, mid-thirties man wearing a normal looking suit and a terribly tacky tie is sitting behind a desk and looking at a resume.

BUSINESS-MAN  
So, where do you see yourself in  
five years?

ZIP (O.S.)  
Saving the day, of course!

Reveal ZIP, a chipper but dorky young man in full superhero costume standing across from Business-Man. The camera pans up from his shoes as he stands in a heroic pose. Heroic music plays.

BUSINESS-MAN  
(A little annoyed)  
Please take a seat.

ZIP  
Oh! Sorry.

Zip takes his seat.

BUSINESS-MAN  
So your name is-

ZIP  
No! Don't read that! It's my secret  
identity!

BUSINESS-MAN  
You wrote it on a piece of paper  
and gave it to me. It can't be that  
secret.

ZIP  
The lady up front wouldn't accept  
my application unless it was  
completely filled out.

BUSINESS-MAN  
Fair enough. So what do I call you?

The whole room shakes. Zip is startled but Business-Man only seems annoyed.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
(Getting up)  
Hold on.

Business-Man stands up, picking up a megaphone with his tie, which acts as a third arm. He walks over to the open window and shouts out of it using the megaphone.

BUSINESS-MAN  
(Yelling out the window)  
Hey! I told you not to do that anymore.

MR. CITIZEN (O.S.)  
But I'm fighting crime.

BUSINESS-MAN  
You're punching graffiti. I'll just send someone to paint over it later.

MR. CITIZEN (O.S.)  
Your days are numbered, vandalism!

There is a crash off-screen. Business-Man sighs and turns back to Zip, who is excited.

ZIP  
Zip.

BUSINESS-MAN  
What?

ZIP  
(Distracted)  
Zip. My name is Zip.  
(Perking up)  
Was that Mr. Citizen?

BUSINESS-MAN  
(Annoyed)  
Yup. That was him. He-

ZIP  
Does that mean we get to fight crime?

BUSINESS-MAN  
...In a way. So Zip...tell me, what can you bring to our organization?

ZIP  
Well, I've always wanted to be a superhero. I have over 3 Boy Scout merit badges. Oh! And I can do this!

Zip picks up a Rubik's cube from Business-Man's desk and fiddles with it really fast. This is dramatic. He hands it to Business-Man. Close up of the cube, still scrambled. Business-Man and his tie look confused. Business-Man often emotes with his tie.

BUSINESS-MAN  
This...isn't solved.

ZIP  
(Still chipper)  
But it was fast.

BUSINESS-MAN  
(Mildly impressed)  
I gotta give you that, kid. It was fast.

ZIP  
I can do all *kinds* of fast things with my hands!

BUSINESS-MAN  
But only your hands?

ZIP  
Well, yeah, but-

BUSINESS-MAN  
Do you know Word?

ZIP  
What? Oh, yeah, sure, I know Word. I mean, who doesn't?

BUSINESS-MAN  
Well then, congratulations! The team could use a guy with your skills.

ZIP  
(Overjoyed)  
Really? Oh wow. Oh my god! I'm finally going to be a superhero!

BUSINESS-MAN  
Kind of.

Business-Man and Zip walk to and stand in the door of the office. Reveal a completely normal/boring looking office.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
*This is where you'll be working.*

A water cooler bubbles. Zip looks heartbroken. The building shakes again.

MR. CITIZEN (O.S.)  
 Ha, ha! I've got you now, crime!

Opening credits.

**Act I**

EXT. CRACKER CO. WORLD HEADQUARTERS

Establishing shot of a skyscraper in the city of Los City. Large white letters on a hill in the background read 'Los City' ala the 'Hollywood' sign.

BUSINESS-MAN (O.S.)  
 You see kid, there's more to  
 superheroing than rescuing orphans  
 and slaying space monsters.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

Business-Man and Zip are standing in front of Business-Man's office. Zip still looks crushed.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
 Those things generate a lot of  
 paperwork. And that's why we're  
 here.

ZIP  
 (Crushed)  
 I...I'm going to work in an office?  
 I thought I was gonna be a hero.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 We're all heroes here! Do you know  
 what would happen if we weren't  
 here?

ZIP  
 (His voice picking up a  
 little)  
 What?

BUSINESS-MAN  
 (Unenthusiastic)  
 Well, for starters, all that  
 paperwork would just kind of pile  
 up...

M'FI (Pronounced "Muffy"), a small, waif-like young alien woman runs up holding a stack of papers. Zip gets excited at the sight of M'Fi.

M'FI  
 (Panicky)  
 Mr. Business-Man! Mr. Business-Man!

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Oh no, there's more?

M'FI  
 I'm sorry, Mr. Business-Man, but we  
 found more surveys when the mail  
 room blinked back into existence.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 (Annoyed)  
 Are you serious? These were  
 supposed to be done last week.  
 (Sees Zip waiting)  
 M'Fi, show the new kid around, I've  
 gotta fix this.

Business-Man takes the papers and heads back into his office, muttering angrily to himself and shutting the door behind him.

ZIP  
 (Chipper)  
 I'm Zip! Are you an alien?

M'FI  
 Um...yeah.

ZIP  
 Oh wow! I've only ever seen aliens  
 on the news. Will you die if I  
 sneeze on you?

M'FI  
 Please don't.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

MOD GIRL, a posh 60's looking woman wearing a Union Jack dress flies towards the screen, anime style, shooting a laser out of her ring while making an intense face.

MR. CITIZEN, a well-muscled generic looking superhero strains to hold a giant crab claw open.

Wide shot showing the whole scene. A giant crab wreaks havoc on the city's waterfront as the heroes battle. In addition to Mod Girl and Mr. Citizen, THE MECHANICAL GENTLEMAN, a Victorian Gentleman in a steampunk battle suit is shooting flames out of his hands at the crab.

BUSINESS-MAN (O.S.)  
(Reading a survey)  
The super heroes battled the giant  
crab for hours.

FADE TO:

INT. BUSINESS-MAN'S OFFICE

Business-Man sits alone at his desk reading a piece of paper.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
In the end, they destroyed the  
monster once and for all. The  
people cheered and the heroes made  
crab cakes for everyone. Very  
satisfied.

He signs that paper, puts it aside with his tie and reads from another one.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
You idiots better replace my car  
after destroying it in that giant  
robot fight. And don't think you  
can buy me off by sending that  
asshole with the stupid tie to kiss  
my ass again. Very dissatisfied.

Business-Man sighs.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

M'Fi and Zip are walking through the office.

M'FI

So, you just saw Mr. Business-Man's office. This is where the rest of us work. We're in charge of all the filing and typing. There's always a lot to do.

ZIP

(Chipper)

And sometimes we get to fight bad guys, right?

M'FI

Well, once we had a moth infestation...

ZIP

(Fishing)

Giant moths?

M'FI

Not really. Here's your desk.

ZIP

Giant desk?

M'FI

(Slightly annoyed)

No. It's a normal desk.

They come to an ordinary looking desk. There are two bins on the desk, one full of papers and one empty with signs that read "IN" and "OUT" respectively. M'Fi places her hand on it. Zip walks around, slumps down into the chair and sighs.

M'FI

Your job is to take all of the forms in this bin, put them in alphabetical order, and then place them into that bin.

Zip picks the top paper up from the stack and looks at it.

ZIP

So I'm not going to be doing anything important?



M'FI

Hey! This is important. If these forms aren't in order they'll be a lot harder to shred!

ZIP

If it's so important why doesn't Mr. Citizen do it?

M'FI

(Flustered)

Hmmph!

M'Fi begins to walk away.

M'FI

(To herself)

...he doesn't know what he's talking about. All of us are essential-

ZIP

Finished.

M'FI

(Turning around)

Listen, mister. We all-

(Pause)

Wait, finished? Already?

M'Fi is visibly impressed. She walks back to the desk and examines the pile. Zip looks bored. He messes and pokes around at the things on his desk.

M'FI (CONT'D)

Wow...you even made a table of contents.

ZIP

Yeah. I got bored.

M'FI

I've never seen anyone be so busy.

ZIP

Yeah, you know, I just like to zip things along.

Zip leans back in his chair knocking over a stack of boxes behind him. Moths fly out of the boxes and Zip falls over.

ZIP

Gah!

M'FI

Oh no, they're back!

CUT TO BLACK

End of Act I.

## Act II

Zip is sitting at his desk spitting moths out of his mouth while M'Fi sprays bug spray at the remaining moths. M'Fi sets the can down on the desk. The stack of papers has been knocked over.

M'FI

Aww, the papers are out of order again. Looks like you'll have to-

Camera cuts to Zip placing the last piece of paper on top of the resorted pile.

M'FI (CONT'D)

Oh right...

ZIP

So what do I do now? Can I battle more moths?

M'FI

I don't know. You finished all of your work for the day. No one's ever done that before.

ZIP

Does that mean I can go home?

M'FI

Sorry. Mr. Business-Man says it's against the rules to go home early. Then he just sighs. Mr. Business-Man sighs a lot.

M'Fi looks a little sad.

## INT. BUSINESS-MAN'S OFFICE

Business-Man sits at his desk attempting to work on the surveys. He looks distressed. He sighs and begins to read from a sheet of paper.

BUSINESS-MAN

(Reading)

You think you're better than me?  
With your powers and your tights?  
Huh? Well do ya? Dissatisfied.

Business-Man sighs and rubs his face with his hand.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, you're not that great  
either, piece of paper, are you?  
(beat, sudden realization)  
God, this day needs to end.

Business-Man crumples up one of the surveys, gets up from his desk, walks across the room, and throws the paper into the trash bin.

Business-Man sits back down at his desk. The surveys are sitting there with a memo with the typed letter head "From the desk of Mr. Shadow" and in blood it reads "Do your job." Ominous music plays.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)

Oh right.

## INT. MAIN OFFICE

DREADNOUGHT, a very large man in his late forties with a gray beard and wearing a black sailor outfit, is sitting at his desk using a tiny (compared to him) adding machine.

The camera pulls out to reveal Zip standing there eagerly. It's clear that he's been there for at least a minute and Dreadnought is trying to ignore him.

ZIP

Hi. Hi. Hello. Hi. Hey. I'm Zip.  
Hi. Are you deaf? Are you deaf?  
Blink twice if you're deaf.

Dreadnought doesn't look up.

DREADNOUGHT

(Annoyed)

What do you want?

ZIP  
Hi, I'm Zip.

DREADNOUGHT  
I heard that.

ZIP  
I'm here to help! M'Fi said that I should...wait, do I know you?

DREADNOUGHT  
No.

ZIP  
Yes I do! You're Dreadnought.  
Terror of the seven seas, the demon  
seaman, scourge of the deep, the  
horrible seaman, the gruesome  
seaman, the rusty sea-

DREADNOUGHT  
Stop that!

ZIP  
Man, you were the coolest villain  
ever! What are you doing here?

DREADNOUGHT  
You have it all wrong.

ZIP  
No way! That totally is you.

Dreadnought looks up and puts down his work.

DREADNOUGHT  
I was no mere villain, boy.

Dreadnought stands up. The camera starts to slowly zoom in on him as the background gets darker. The sounds of LAPPING WAVES and FOG HORNS begin to build.

DREADNOUGHT (CONT'D)  
I stared into the blackness of the  
deep and it consumed me. The void  
was my every thought, my every  
dream. I walked in its cold  
embrace. And do you know what came  
out the other side?

Zip is staring in wide eyed terror. The camera zooms in on him as the background gets darker. Faint SCREAMS join the other sound effects.

DREADNOUGHT (CONT'D) (O.S.)  
 I became erosion, destruction,  
 decay. I was entropy itself. Entire  
 cities fell by my hand. I was to be  
 the end of all things.

Cut back to Dreadnought who snaps out of it, the background  
 lights light back up quickly. The sound effects die down.

DREADNOUGHT (CONT'D)  
 But that was a long time ago.  
 (Muttering to himself)  
 Demon seaman...

Zip stands frozen with fear and adoration.

ZIP  
 (Awed)  
 Wow...I wonder if all superheroes  
 are this cool.

INT. BUSINESS-MAN'S OFFICE

Business-Man is talking to Mr. Citizen on the telescreen.

MR. CITIZEN  
 But the people love me!

BUSINESS-MAN  
 No, Mr. Citizen, you're not lis-

MR. CITIZEN  
 They love me!

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Well, yes, most of them love you,  
 bu-

MR. CITIZEN  
 Then I don't see the problem.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Remember when you helped that guy  
 get to work on time after his car  
 broke down?

MR. CITIZEN  
 Yes, of course! I got him there  
 withf minutes to spare!

BUSINESS-MAN  
You shattered his tibia.

MR. CITIZEN  
Nonsense!

BUSINESS-MAN  
Look, you need to be a lot gentler  
with people. Not everyone has  
indestructible bones.

MR. CITIZEN  
Well...what did he mark for his  
satisfaction level?

BUSINESS-MAN  
He was 'very dissatisfied'.

MR. CITIZEN  
Dissatisfied? Did he not hear me  
say 'good day'?

Mr. Citizen pauses, scratches his head looking disconcerted.

MR. CITIZEN (CONT'D)  
No, no, no, that can't be right.  
You must have made a mistake. Try  
harder.

BUSINESS-MAN  
You have to learn your own  
strength, otherwise you might  
accidentally sink the city to the  
bottom of the ocean-

The Telescreen goes blank.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
-again.

Business-Man sighs, as does his tie.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
I've gotta get out of here.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

TEACUP, a small teddy bear with a pink stomach and bow, is sitting in a tiny desk on top of a normal desk. Zip walks up behind her. On her desk is a name plate that reads "Princess Teacup: Super Human Resources."

ZIP

Hi!

TEACUP

(Surprised)

Ah! I told you guys not to...oh,  
you're the new kid.

ZIP

Zip.

(Noticing what she is)

Awww, you're adorable.

TEACUP

And you're very irritating.  
Consider this your first warning.

The happiness is sucked from Zip's face.

ZIP

M'Fi said I should help you.

TEACUP

And what can you do to help?

ZIP

Well I could...sharpen these  
pencils!

TEACUP

(Dismissively)

Fine.

ZIP

It'll be done in a zip!

Zip begins to sharpen one of the pencils. He uses his fast hands and the pencil breaks. Teacup looks annoyed.

ZIP

Sorry. Let me try another one.

Zip sharpens another pencil. It breaks again. And again. And again. Teacup gets more and more annoyed.

ZIP

Sorry...Sorry...Sorry...I guess  
these pencils aren't rated for high  
speeds. Don't worry, I'll get  
it...Sorry... Sorry.

TEACUP  
 (Trying to interrupt Zip)  
 No...wait...stop...that's a  
 pen...ugh...  
 (Loudly)  
 Enough!

Zip suddenly stops. Cut to a wide shot revealing a pile of broken pencils and a broken pen.

TEACUP (CONT'D)  
 Go bother someone else!

ZIP  
 But I can help, I really can.

TEACUP  
 (Sarcastic)  
 Right. Last time someone was this  
 helpful the city ended up on the  
 bottom of the ocean.

Zip looks distraught. CYBERG, a cyborg whose robot parts are office machines, notices the commotion and walks over to Teacup's desk.

CYBERG  
 Beep boop?

Zip sees Cyberg and is frozen with terror.

TEACUP  
 Cyberg, this isn't a good-

Zip suddenly snaps out of it and dives behind the desk screaming. Teacup is perplexed.

ZIP  
 Ahhhh!

TEACUP  
 What the hell-

Zip grabs Teacup and pulls her under the desk.

ZIP  
 Get down!

TEACUP  
 What are you doing? What's wrong  
 with you!?



ZIP

What's wrong with *me*? Can't you see  
that we're being attacked by an  
evil robot?

CYBERG

Beep?

TEACUP

He's not evil, he's the copy  
machine!

Cyberg peeks under the desk.

CYBERG

Beep?

ZIP

Ahhh!

Zip picks up Teacup defensively and starts grabbing the  
broken pencils and throwing them at Cyberg. Teacup struggles  
and tries to stop him.

ZIP (CONT'D)

Die! Die! Die, evil robot! Diiiiiee!

The pencils bounce off of Cyberg's chestplate. He doesn't  
react much to the impacts. The final pencil manages to hit  
one of his buttons, causing the words "PAPER JAM" to appear  
on his LCD display. A red LED starts blinking and a mild  
alarm starts sounding. Cyberg throws his hands in the air  
and runs back and forth, panicking.

CYBERG

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Teacup begins hitting Zip's head with both of her arms.

TEACUP

YOU IDIOT! YOU IDIOT! YOU IDIOT!  
THIS IS YOUR SECOND WARNING!

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUED

Zip walks alone through the office hanging his head in shame  
and rubbing the side of his face with his hand.

ZIP

I can help people, I know I can.

Zip looks up and sees a motivational poster starring Mr. Citizen. The poster reads "Success: It's as easy as throwing a car." The picture is of Mr. Citizen in the Action Comics #1 pose with a car over his head. Zip gets an idea.

ZIP (CONT'D)

Zip you genius! Just find the real superheroes and show them how awesome you are.

Zip walks quickly toward the door, passing M'Fi.

M'FI

Wait! You can't leave! That'll be your *third* warning.

M'Fi runs after him.

ZIP

I'm not going to sit around here all day when I could be fighting for Justice.

M'FI

Waht's wrong with sitting all day? I do it.

ZIP

When I got these powers, I thought everything would be different. I thought everything would be better.

Zip looks glum, then he turns to M'Fi.

ZIP (CONT'D)

Haven't you ever wanted to do something with your life?

M'Fi starts to stare into the distance. The shot dissolves into:

INT. BALLROOM

Hundreds of people are crowded into a gigantic, ornate ballroom. They all dance to ballroom music. The camera sweeps down to M'Fi wearing a frilly dress like the rest of the women there. She is dancing with MR. DARCY.

MR. DARCY

Run away with me, M'Fi.

M'FI  
 (Swooning)  
 Oh, Mr. Darcy!

The shot dissolves back to:

INT. MAIN OFFICE

M'Fi has a dreamy look on her face. She sighs.

M'FI  
 (Dreamily, to herself)  
 Of course I'll run away with you.

ZIP  
 Well then, let's go!

Zip grabs hold of M'Fi's hand and runs off towards the door.

M'FI  
 But! Wait! You can't-

She runs with him as he leads them both through the door and away.

Business-Man walks up to Dreadnought by the water cooler. In the background Zip and M'Fi leave through a door.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 I think I've figured out why old  
 people aren't afraid to die.

DREADNOUGHT  
 So you found more surveys, did yeh?

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Listen to this one.  
 (Reading)  
 Night Predator has claimed our  
 porch as her territory. Now we have  
 to go out the back door. Please  
 come get her. Somewhat  
 dissatisfied.

DREADNOUGHT  
 They're not gonna be happy when she  
 digs up their garden.

Teacup sighs and walks up to the water cooler, joining the group.

TEACUP

This day is worse than the time  
that the janitor threw me out.

Business-Man shuffles through his stack of papers.

BUSINESS-MAN

Maybe this will cheer you up.

Business-Man pulls a paper out of the stack. Dreadnought  
picks up Teacup and places her on top of the water cooler.

BUSINESS-MAN

(Reading)

Stupendo stopped the burglars, but  
then he slept with my wife. She  
wasn't even home at the time. How  
did he know where my wife was?  
Dissatisfied.

TEACUP

Sounds like not everyone was  
dissatisfied! Hey, are you guys  
going to the bar later?

BUSINESS-MAN

Ugh, I don't know. I can only  
handle being humiliated so many  
times in one day.

TEACUP

Oh, come on. The super team isn't  
that bad.

DREADNOUGHT

At least they haven't committed a  
war crime yet.

BUSINESS-MAN

You wanna bet?

Business-Man rifles through his papers.

INT. HALLWAY WITH A LOT OF DOORS

Zip is opening all the doors looking for the superheroes.  
M'Fi looks worried.

ZIP

It's got to be one of these.

M'FI

We should go back. This was a bad idea.

ZIP

(Trying doors)

What are you worried about?

Zip opens a door and looks inside. This room is full of snakes. Zip takes no notice.

M'FI

We're not supposed to be here!  
Besides...

(Quiet)

...the last guy that was up here  
came back upside down.

Zip opens another door. This room has astronauts in zero gravity. Zip takes no notice.

ZIP

I'm not supposed to be back there  
either! I'm supposed to fighting  
crimes and robots and junk!

Zip opens a door. This room is a giant hamster cage, with shredded wood bedding, a food bowl, and a giant hamster running on a giant wheel. Zip takes no notice.

M'FI

You did fight a robot today. And  
the moths. It's been the most  
exciting day in months!

Zip tries to open one more door, but the room is locked. He keeps trying to open it.

ZIP

That's exactly my point! These were  
the lamest battles ever. I didn't  
even get any loot! Besides, nobody  
here likes me.

M'FI

(Coyly)

I wouldn't say that...

Zip ignores her and tries to open the locked door. It doesn't give and he tries faster and faster.

ZIP  
 (Frantically)  
 The real heroes will like me. And  
 I'll be with them  
 (Punctuated by effort)  
 As. Soon. As. This. Stupid. Thing-

Zip shakes the handle with such speed that it breaks off.

ZIP (CONT'D)  
 Uh oh.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

Cyberg has joined Dreadnought, Teacup, and Business-Man at the water cooler. Business-Man is reading a survey.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 (Reading)  
 The blood, oh god, the blood. Very  
 dissatisfied.

TEACUP  
 (Sad)  
 That poor cat.

CYBERG  
 (Sad)  
 Beep.

A very loud alarm goes off, surprising Business-Man.

CUT TO BLACK

End of Act II.

### **Act III**

INT. BUSINESS-MAN'S OFFICE

Business-Man sits at his desk. M'Fi and Zip are seated across from Business-Man. M'Fi looks distraught and defeated. Zip looks defiant.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 (Holding his face in  
 exasperation)  
 So...you thought that finding the  
 superheroes meant you could become  
 one? They're upstairs. I go there  
 every day.

ZIP

I thought if I showed them what I could do-

BUSINESS-MAN

And what is that, exactly? Break a door knob? Well, if there's ever an evil door knob infestation, we'll know who to call.

Zip pouts.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how many forms I'm going to have to fill out to fix this?

ZIP

Forms!? That's what you're worried about? Forms? This is a superhero team! We should be worried about CRIMES, and alien invasions and...giant radioactive women!

BUSINESS-MAN

Maybe I should have been more clear when you got this job. You have your desk. You sit at your desk until you're 65. Then you die.

Zip looks away.

M'FI

(Meekly)

I like my desk.

Business-Man sighs.

BUSINESS-MAN

Look kid...not everyone is cut out to be a hero.

Business-Man looks at a plaque on the wall that reads "Congratulations on your 10 years of excellent service." Business-Man sighs.

MR. SHADOW (O.S.)

(Icily, with authority)

Business-Man.

On the telescreen behind Business-Man appears the silhouetted head of MR. SHADOW. M'Fi sinks down in fear. Zip looks perplexed. Business-Man, startled and scared, turns around to face Mr. Shadow. His tie sort of bows. An ominous theme plays. The light flickers and then dims.

BUSINESS-MAN

Sir?

MR. SHADOW

We understand there was an anomaly?

BUSINESS-MAN

I assure you sir there is no reason to be concerned.

MR. SHADOW

You ignore your duties while petulant children run amok and company property is destroyed. Let us assure you there IS reason to be concerned.

BUSINESS-MAN

Sir. With all due respect, I'm having trouble seeing the point of these surveys. The super team doesn't even read them. They usually just turn them into paper planes to throw at us.

MR. SHADOW

(Abruptly, supernatural voice)  
Enough.

Mr. Shadow pauses to regain composure.

MR. SHADOW (CONT'D)

(Normal voice)

You will do your work as you have always done it and will always do it. If you have any objections...perhaps another organizational restructuring is in order?

BUSINESS-MAN

(Supplicant)

N-no sir. I'll have the surveys ready by morning.



MR. SHADOW

See that you do. Now, as for the boy.

Zip suddenly perks up and looks frightened.

MR. SHADOW (CONT'D)

Listen to me very carefully. While you are in our employ, you will do exactly as told, without exception.

ZIP

But you only tell me to do lame things. I can do awesome things. Super things, even!

M'Fi looks terrified. She touches Zips arm and attempt to quiet him.

M'FI

Uh. Zip?

MR. SHADOW

You have proven worthless to the organization thus far. If your performance continues to be inadequate, perhaps you will be replaced by someone who can be trained. Possibly a baboon.

Zip looks crushed.

BUSINESS-MAN

To be fair, sir, Zip did his work faster than that baboon could.

MR. SHADOW

Those who disobey us soon wish they hadn't. Everyone learns their place eventually. Isn't that right, Business-Man?

Everyone stands still in silence. Business-Man seethes.

MR. SHADOW

I see that we are understood.

The telescreen flicks off. The light brightens back up. They are all stunned.

BUSINESS-MAN

Zip.

ZIP  
 (Defeated)  
 What now?

Business-Man looks at the clock that reads 5.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Get your stuff and come with me.

Zip and Business-Man leave the office leaving M'Fi alone in the room.

M'FI  
 So should I just stay here...?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Business-Man and Zip sit inside a semi-divey bar. Zip looks dejected as Business-Man tries to console him. M'Fi, Teacup, and Cyberg are in the background talking amongst themselves.

ZIP  
 (Moping)  
 I just screw everything up. Mike Laskey was right, I am a dweeb.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 You're not a dweeb, kid.  
 (Thinks)  
 Okay, you're kind of a dweeb, but a lot of great people were dweebs. George Washington Carver was a dweeb, and he invented peanut butter.

ZIP  
 I'm allergic to peanuts. I'm bad at everything.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 You're not bad at everything. Do you think just anyone could do all that paperwork?

Zip looks down at the bar.

BUSINESS-MAN (CONT'D)  
 Not a chance!

ZIP  
 Nobody there likes me.

BUSINESS-MAN

That's not true. Dreadnought likes you, isn't that right, Dreadnought?

Dreadnought is sitting at the bar next to Zip, holding a beer bottle.

DREADNOUGHT

I could take 'em or leave 'em.

Dreadnought takes a drink. Business-Man shoots Dreadnought a look. Dreadnought puts his bottle down.

DREADNOUGHT (CONT'D)

(Sighing)

I guess I'd rather take him.

BUSINESS-MAN

See, Zip? Dreadnought likes you!

ZIP

No he doesn't.

Dreadnought shrugs.

BUSINESS-MAN

The point is...you had one bad day. Lots of people had bad days. George Washington Carver had bad days, and he invented peanut butter.

ZIP

You don't understand. I've been having bad days for years. Having a superpower was going to change that. Today was supposed to be different.

Zip looks up at Business-Man.

ZIP (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea what it's like to be completely disappointed with every aspect of your life?

Business-Man is speechless.

SKELETON SAM (O.S.)

Business-Man!

Three men in skeleton costumes, SKELETON SAM, SKELETON PETE, and SKELETON JOE stand with GRAVEYARD SHIFT, an attractive, demure, undead woman in her mid 30's near the entrance of the bar.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

My, my, are you that eager for your weekly beating?

BUSINESS-MAN

Look. I didn't come here to deal with you guys. We forfeit, okay? Now move along.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

Now, that's not how it works. You know that.

ZIP

(To Dreadnought)

Who are they?

DREADNOUGHT

They are filth that crawls from the black of mens' souls. They are greed and corruption and pain and woe. They are the Skeleton Crew.

BUSINESS-MAN

They're basically us, but for the bad guys.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

Waste all the time you want. We'll wait.

SKELETON JOE

We gonna wipe the floor with you!

SKELETON PETE

Then they gonna have to wipe the floor with a mops cause we made the floor so bloody!

Graveyard Shift is visibly annoyed by her companions' actions. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath before continuing. She gives a sly smile.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

I do hope my men didn't scare you too much. You know how I like to play with you. So how bout it, Business-Man?

BUSINESS-MAN

(Flat and intense)

Zip, get up. We're going to kick some balls.

Business-Man and Graveyard Shift glare at each other.

CUT TO:

Zip and Business-Man stand on one side of a foosball table and Skeleton Pete and Skeleton Joe stand on the other. Zip still seems glum. Skeleton Sam, Graveyard Shift, M'Fi, and Teacup stand watching. Dreadnought stands holding the ball over the table.

DREADNOUGHT

You all know the rules. No nerve  
gas, no explosions, no freeze rays.

Dreadnought drops the ball in the middle of the table. Zip looks bored as he flips one of the poles and immediately scores a goal. Everyone stares at Zip in shock. M'Fi starts to clap. Dreadnought looks at Business-Man and shrugs a little. Teacup and Cyberg give a bewildered cheer.

Zip starts to smile and leans closer to the table, becoming more interested in the game. Zip's hands are a blur. Shots of the ball flying into the goal over and over. Skeleton Joe and Skeleton Pete can't keep up. The game ends with a score of 100 to 0.

Dreadnought, M'Fi, Teacup, and Cyberg rally around Zip as he rejoices. Dreadnought pats him on the back. Business-Man looks at Zip and smiles.

Business-Man leaves them to their celebrating and walks to the bar, gestures to the bartender, and leans against the bar. Graveyard Shift walks up next to Business-Man.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

Cute kid.

Business-Man turns around and leans his back against the bar.

BUSINESS-MAN

Yeah. Looks like your reign of  
terror is finally over.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

I wouldn't say that.

Graveyard Shift pulls out a stack of papers.

BUSINESS-MAN

(Annoyed)

Where did you get those?

## GRAVEYARD SHIFT

Tell me, are you 'extremely satisfied'?

Business-Man tries to grab the papers but Graveyard Shift pulls away.

## GRAVEYARD SHIFT (CONT'D)

(Mocking)

Ohhh, 'dissatisfied'. You shouldn't leave important things just anywhere.

## BUSINESS-MAN

C'mon. Those are confidential.

## GRAVEYARD SHIFT

(Reading)

Mr. Citizen never wears the scarf I sent him.

(Not reading)

Yes, I can see why you wouldn't want *that* getting out.

Business-Man snatches them away from her.

## GRAVEYARD SHIFT

You shouldn't take those things so seriously.

Graveyard Shift starts walking away. Business-Man lays the surveys down on the bar and stares at them, frustrated.

## GRAVEYARD SHIFT (CONT'D)

You know what they say about all work and no play, don't you?

Business-Man looks up and eyes her as she walks away, swaying her hips. His tie swoons.

## ZIP

We won!

Business-Man is startled and turns to see Zip standing behind him.

## ZIP (CONT'D)

We beat them! Everyone's happy now. Except those guys we beat. I saved the day!

Business-Man looks back at the surveys on the bar.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 (Distracted)  
 You sure did, kid.

ZIP  
 Wait, you're still doing those? Did  
 you say they were useless?

M'Fi joins Zip.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Sometimes you have to do the  
 useless things in life. Not because  
 you want to, but because you don't  
 like getting yelled at.

ZIP  
 But the surveys are dumb.

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Look. If I don't look at these  
 surveys then no one will, alright?  
 The boss doesn't ever see them. The  
 super team won't read them. Hell,  
 they don't even care what the  
 citizens have to say.

(Pause)  
 Huh, I guess I *don't* need to do  
 this. I mean, who would even know?

M'FI  
 What are you gonna tell the boss?

BUSINESS-MAN  
 I'll just tell them that everyone  
 was "adequately satisfied".

ZIP  
 Right!

BUSINESS-MAN  
 Would you do the honors?

Business-Man hands the stack of surveys to Zip, who proceeds  
 to tear them to shreds using his supre fast hands.

ZIP  
 Consider it zipped!

He throws the resulting confetti into the air. M'Fi looks at  
 the confetti in wonder. Business-Man and his tie look upset.

BUSINESS-MAN

What, were you raised in a barn?  
Pick that up!

Zip and M'Fi look disappointed.

ZIP

Aww man.

A thrown car crashes through the wall of the bar, causing  
all of the bar patrons to panic but not hitting anyone.

MR. CITIZEN

I've got you now, crime!

CUT TO BLACK

Credits.