

# ROGUES GALLERY

## Ep 101: "Relapse"

### COLD OPEN

#### EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT

Two SECURITY GUARDS pace in the shadow of COOLING TOWERS outside the nuclear plant's fence.

VRRRRT. A weird mechanical noise. Getting closer. The guards snap around, clumsily drawing guns...

A toy RC CAR rounds the corner of the fence. Zips in circles until -- CLACK! -- it hits one guard's shoe.

The guard chuckles, holsters his weapon.

SECURITY GUARD

Just a toy. Look.

He bends to examine it...

OTHER SECURITY GUARD

Hey wait, dumbass! Don't--!

The toy EXPLODES in a BURST OF GREEN SMOKE. The guard DOUBLES OVER coughing -- COLLAPSES.

The other guard reaches for his walkie-talkie, trying to cover his mouth. No good. Smoke overtakes him. He keels over.

A MAN approaches clutching the car's remote. He's clad in GARISH GREEN SPANDEX. A bandolier of utility pouches is slung across his chest, a duffel bag across his back. He waits until the smoke dissipates to remove a BREATHING MASK.

This is FELIX REYES, 21. Scrawny, boyish, Latino, dark hair teased into a messy rockabilly quiff. A domino mask covers his eyes. He grins -- strikes a pose out of a comic panel:

FELIX

Thanks, boys. It's been a gas!

He stops, frowns.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Hm. Sorry -- it's just, that sounded better when I rehearsed it. I just wasn't really *feeling* it there, y'know? May I -- let me take it again. *Ahem*.

He paces, working over the phrase:

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 (different intonations)  
 "Thanks, boys. It's been a *gas*.  
*Thanks*, boys! It's been a gas!  
 Thanks, boys..."?

Felix trails off as he bends to examine the unconscious guards: checks pulses, makes sure they're still breathing.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 Note. Quips require extensive workshopping. Barring that, perhaps could retool into more silent, menacing super-villain persona?

Felix searches the guard.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 (to unconscious guard)  
 You know, you aren't exactly the most responsive focus group.

Aha! Felix pulls a key card off the guard's belt.

#### **EXT. CULVERT NEAR PLANT - NIGHT**

Felix hops the fence near a huge VENTILATION SHAFT leading to the plant. WHIRRING FAN BLADES block his entrance.

He SWIPES the guard's card through a keypad beside the entrance. Pounds in: "MAINTENANCE MODE".

KA-CHUNK. Blades stop whirring. Felix wriggles in.

#### **INT. NUCLEAR CORE - NIGHT**

Felix tumbles down onto a walkway from an access chute.

Below him is a HUGE TANK filled with water -- the REACTOR VESSEL. PLUTONIUM RODS glow deep beneath the surface of the water. Felix grins wickedly, bathed in the eerie luminance.

He stops -- tugs at his spandex -- costume's riding up -- and moves to a computer console before the reactor.

FELIX  
 (looking over the console)  
 Hm. Bet you've been patched to block all manner of cutting edge cyber intrusion.

He pulls a souped up CLASSIC GAMEBOY from his pouches -- a kluge of wires and circuit boards dangle from it.

FELIX (CONT'D)

But what about something a little more obsolete?

He plugs the Gameboy into the console before him.

BEEP BEEP. Blocks of text race across the Gameboy's screen. The console starts SMOKING. Meters SPIKE. ALARMS BLARE.

Felix raises his arms in ecstatic victory.

SHOUTING. Felix spins: guards coming up hall waving batons.

Felix races for the reinforced vault door to the reactor. He SLAMS it in the guards' faces -- yanks out a simple BICYCLE LOCK, jams it through the handles.

The guards POUND the door uselessly.

#### INT. MONITORING STATION - NIGHT

Bleary-eyed TECHNICIANS, deep into the night shift, crowd around a bank of video monitors. Felix is on the middle one, looking right into camera. His voice CRACKLES from the PA:

FELIX

*Follow my demands or I'll shut down the cooling systems and irradiate two dozen square miles of coastline. Got it?*

TECHNICIAN

Can he do that?

OTHER TECHNICIAN

*(typing frantically)*

*Locked us out. All this junk code -- doesn't match our syntax -- can't engage the pumps remotely. So yes.*

FELIX

*Don't send cops. Don't send negotiators. This is a job for a superhero. Send Overlord. Got that? Unless you want this whole city to be a nuclear disaster exclusion zone -- send Overlord.*

Off the technicians, staring at the monitors in horror...

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT**

SWAT vans SLAM to a stop outside the plant. TACTICAL TEAMS trundle out. The burly SWAT LEADER barks:

SWAT LEADER

Hold! Just got word we got a dee-em-aitch en route, dee-em-aitch en route. Nobody breaches til the big guy gets here.

TAC team mutters amongst themselves:

TAC TEAM

(various)

"A dee-em-aitch?" "Hell, you ever seen one up close?" "I mean, I seen 'em fly by, but--"

A SHADOW falls over them. Floating toward them is a handsome man in WHITE SPANDEX and FLOWING GOLD CAPE.

OVERLORD. Honest-to-god SUPERHERO. The TAC team -- hardened men, professionals all -- just gawk.

**INT. NUCLEAR CORE - NIGHT**

Felix dumps out his duffel bag. Metal components -- bits and pieces of something -- scatter.

Like a giddy kid with Lego, he sorts through 'em. Screws 'em together. Snaps 'em into place. Until they form...

...a HUGE, NASTY RAY-GUN. It CRACKLES, GLOWING GREEN. Felix smiles malevolently at his toy.

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT**

Overlord lands, light as a feather, beside the SWAT leader.

OVERLORD

Status report?

SWAT LEADER

Uh. Well. Uh.

(overcoming nervousness)

Looks like this is all one guy, Overlord. Broke into the core, started messing with the cooling system. Says he's gonna blow the place unless he gets to talk to you.

OVERLORD

Welp. Let's see what he wants.

Overlord floats toward the plant...

SWAT LEADER

Wait! Before you go, Overlord, sir,  
could I, uh, could I get an  
autograph for my daughter?

The SWAT leader sheepishly holds out a pen and napkin.

**INT. NUCLEAR CORE - NIGHT**

Overlord busts down the door with ease. Floats in -- turns  
when he hears a RUSTLE. Someone stands there in yellow Hazmat  
suit and hood. It's obvious once we hear him talk that it's:

FELIX

(muffled under hood)

Phewf! Thank god! You're here! Just  
missed him! He went thataway!

OVERLORD

Thanks, chum!

Overlord turns--

FELIX

Oh -- and I'd just like to say it's  
a real honour--

In one motion, Felix RIPS off his jumpsuit revealing the  
glowing green ray-gun. He points it straight at Overlord.

FELIX (CONT'D)

--to be the man who kills Overlord.

Overlord spins around. Felix pulls the trigger.

ZZZZZZT. The weapon CRACKLES -- it's SHORTED OUT.

*Shit.*

FELIX (CONT'D)

Um. I assure you this never  
happened in beta testing.

Felix fiddles with the ray-gun. Overlord looks Felix over.

OVERLORD

What is that thing, son?

FELIX

(fiddling with ray-gun)  
This -- is -- a weapon -- that  
emits particles of deadly anti-  
matter -- *your one weakness!*

OVERLORD

That'd be a mighty dangerous piece  
of technology to be waving around  
like that if it really worked.

FELIX

Oh, it works, my nemesis. And  
you've fallen right into my trap.

He pulls the trigger again -- *pffffzzzzttt*. Nothin'.

FELIX (CONT'D)

*Gah!*

Shakes it. Tries again -- PFZT -- fizzles pathetically.

OVERLORD

Sorry, "nemesis" -- do I know you?

FELIX

Um. This was going to be our first  
*official* encounter, hero to  
villain, as it were.

OVERLORD

And who are you?

FELIX

Who am I? *I'm Arsenal.*  
(off Overlord's  
unimpressed reaction)  
Tentative name. I've got alternates  
if you -- if you'd allow me to  
bounce them off you--

OVERLORD

Er, sorry, son. It's just not  
ringing any bells.

FELIX

I assure you I am a prolific super-  
criminal.

OVERLORD

Look, are there any big crimes I'd  
know you from?

FELIX

The raid on Cognito Labs in  
January. Me.

(Overlord shrugs)

The disruption at the Pediment City  
Water Treatment Facility last fall,  
also me.

(Overlord furrows his  
brow, trying to remember)

I robbed the bank on 7th a couple  
of times -- for practice.

(Overlord gasps like that  
one's familar -- then  
nope, shakes his head)

*Fine!* So I suppose I'm nobody.

Felix points the ray-gun, mad desperation in his eyes.

FELIX (CONT'D)

But I'll be somebody after tonight!  
I'll be the man who killed Overlo--

Overlord BLASTS the weapon with his HEAT RAY VISION. It MELTS  
in Felix's hands. Felix stares at the wrecked ray-gun...

OVERLORD

Sorry. I can tell this meant a lot  
to you. Sew that get-up yourself?

Felix nods. Stares at the floor.

OVERLORD (CONT'D)

Gonna come quietly, son? Without  
putting up a fuss?

Felix sticks out his hands.

**EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - NIGHT**

Overlord leads Felix out of the plant. REPORTERS shove  
microphones in their faces. Overlord smiles, waves. Felix  
grins defiantly as he's shoved into a squad car.

END OF COLD OPEN