

ELECTRA WOMAN AND DYNA GIRL

Pilot

Written By

Elisa Bell
&
Jeff Kline

ELECTRA WOMAN & DYNAGIRL

CREDIT SEQUENCE

At the beginning of each episode, there will be an opening credit sequence consisting of all-new footage, but shot/cut in the style of the original show.

Electra Woman & Dyna Girl, two hip crime fighting chicks in pleasingly tight red spandex. Using their massive Crimescope computer to locate trouble spots. Jetting around in their groovy three-wheel Electra-Car. Relying on their Electra-Coms and their Electra-Beams to help rid the world of cackling evil villains who favored blue eyeshadow, sparkly hair and store-bought costumes.

Everything was Electra-Fantastic! And let's not forget their theme song. Now sung fast and furious by STROKE 9.

Electra Woman and Dyna Girl
Fighting all evil deeds.
Each writes for a magazine
Hiding the life she leads.

Electra Woman and Dyna Girl!

Summoned to Electra-Base
By the Electra-Coms they wear
Lori and Judy dare to face
Any criminal anywhere.

Electra Woman and Dyna Girl!

Yeah!

ELECTRA WOMAN & DYNA GIRLACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - 1987

A flashback feel in saturated tones.

LEGS MOVE

through a crowded theme park. Legs, because we are seeing this from a child's eye level. JUDY BENNETT, five years old, to be exact. Cute, brunette, big chocolate-brown eyes.

We know her name is Judy because the script on her pink hat tells us so. As does her pink shirt. And even her cute pink tennis shoes.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE

attracts her attention. She stares at a sign above her head: MEET REAL-LIFE SUPERHEROES ELECTRA WOMAN & DYNA GIRL. Judy can see nothing but the celebrities' shiny red boots. She tugs on the adult hand holding hers.

JUDY

Dad. Dad.

JUDY'S DAD O.S.

The line's a little long, angel.
I promise we'll meet them later.

JUDY

But. But. But.

JUDY'S MOM O.S.

Judy, look! The buckets!

Way, way above her head, Judy sees the skybuckets. Like little pieces of candy making their way through the clouds. Judy grins..

CUT TO:

THE SKYBUCKETS.

Judy, MOM and DAD about to board the ride.

JUDY

I want my own.

JUDY'S DAD O.S.

I don't think...

JUDY

Please. Please. Please. I'm big!

Parents discuss this somewhere above her head.

JUDY'S MOM O.S.

Promise to sit still?

Judy's head bobs, absolutely 'yes'. And she bounds into her own bucket. Where only we notice that the cable seems to be separating...

EXT/INT. SKYBUCKET - SECONDS LATER

Judy's blue bucket ventures out into the sky. Mom and Dad a few feet behind, in their own bucket. It's the first time we can see their faces.

THEY WAVE GOOFY

at Judy, who's too busy staring down at all the ant-like people. She's just about to get a glimpse of the real Electra Woman & Dyna Girl (at least, the tops of their heads) --

WHEN SUDDENLY

Judy's bucket staggers and jolts to a stop.

THE CABLE

holding Judy's bucket has almost snapped clear through! Mom screams. Judy's bucket listing at half mast. People below scatter.

MOM AND DAD

panic. Dad tries to climb out of his own bucket, to grab his daughter. But it's no use, she's too far away. Judy lets out a five-year-old's scream.

HER CABLE'S

threads, unraveling before our eyes. When from below,

AN ELECTRA BEAM SHOOTS OUT!

Exact hit. Fusing the cable back together. Judy's eyes go wide; she peers over the side of her bucket to see real-life superhero, DYNA GIRL, down below using her Electrabeam/Wristcom.

A few words on Dyna Girl: A brunette babe in red spandex. Eighteen years old. Tights. Boots. Gloves. Red cape. No panty line. And ponytails. Men think about this girl at night. (If you know what I mean.)

EVERYONE BREATHEs

a sigh of relief as the ride starts back up.

BUT JUDY

has been leaning on her bucket's door, reaching out for her Father. As the ride jerks to a start, the door falls open. And Judy tumbles out. Hanging on only by her tiny pink hand...which is rapidly slipping...

Out of the corner of her eye, Judy sees --

ELECTRA WOMAN. Scaling a nearby support tower. A few words now on Electra: Also in red spandex. Blonde. A little older than Dyna Girl. (Thus the word "woman".) But quite a looker herself. Tights, gloves, boots. And a snazzy yellow cape.

ELECTRA WOMAN

is an athlete. High above. From the tower, swinging onto the cable, shimmying it like a beautiful spandex monkey.

MOM
(trying to be calm)
Hold on!!

But Judy's small fingers are weakening. Barely. Holding. On. Judy plummets --

ELECTRA

leaps! Mid-air. Gasps from below.

Electra catches Judy. Flips. Downward. Falling! When suddenly, she hooks her feet under the railing of Mom and Dad's bucket, hanging below. Swinging herself up and over, into the bucket. Judy safely in her arms.

DYNA GIRL
(from below)
Electra-Awesome!

IN THE BUCKET,

a tearful Mom and Dad hug Judy. An astonished Judy stares up at Electra Woman. Large saucer eyes.

JUDY
I love you, Miss Electra Woman.

ELECTRA
(big ole smile)
You can call me Electra, honey.

Judy giggles nervously...

SWIRL CUT:

AS JUDY'S GIGGLE BLEEDS INTO...AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT KIND OF GIGGLE.

INT. USC DORM ROOM - EARLY MORNING - PRESENT DAY

The kind of giggle that comes from underneath the sheets when you are not alone. (Well, sometimes you're alone).

JUDY'S IN BED.

Her eyes pop open. No longer asleep. She's eighteen. Same big chocolate brown eyes. Pretty, but plain. And no, she is not the one giggling. It is her currently unseen roommate, DAISY.

Judy glances over to the other side of the room. Where a bedsheet is rustling in a joyous way.

JUDY

groans and rolls back over. Staring at her alarm clock. 7:58 AM Willing it to buzz.

AS A GUY

springs not so quietly from Daisy's bed. The guy is BOB HIGGINS. Cut. USC wide receiver. Currently pulling boxers over his tight end.

JUDY PEEKS. EMBARRASSED, BUT LIKES WHAT SHE SEES.

Bob is barely in his jeans. Gives Daisy a fast kiss, opens the door -- just as Judy's ALARM blares. The door closes. Bob is gone.

And Judy pretends to wake. Daisy, Judy's perky blonde roommate, lies in post-coital bliss.

JUDY
(annoyed)
Sleep O.K.?

DAISY
(smiling)
I'll sleep when I'm dead.

Judy gets out of bed, where we start to notice vast differences in each girl's side of the room.

Daisy's side is a tornado of sweaters, underwear and empty wine cooler bottles. Pictures of her cheerleading squad. Aquaman in a Speedo. And Bob dropping a football.

Judy's side is, well, neat. Really neat. A place for everything and everything in its place. Including assorted Post-It's reminding her of things-to-do, and a framed picture of her dog.

JUDY MAKES HER BED

with perfect tucks; Daisy wads her blanket into a ball, searching for --

DAISY

You seen my suitcase?

Judy points on top of the closet.

DAISY

How'd it get up there?

JUDY

The maid?

Judy can't stand the mess. Picks up papers and wine cooler bottles, tossing them into the trash. Folds Daisy's blanket. While Daisy packs and slathers herself with INSTA-TAN.

JUDY

I thought you were going to South Beach for Spring Break.

DAISY

(pre-occupied)
Uh-huh.

JUDY

Then. Why are you tanning from a bottle?

DAISY

(duh)
MTV's already there.

She holds up her micro-bikini. Grins.

DAISY

And Aquaman's judging the thong-a-thon.

Judy shakes her head. Her computer screen suddenly springs to life. TODAY'S LIST OF TO-DO.

DAISY
Where're you going?

JUDY
Vegas. To research a story for
journalism class.
(excited)
On Electra Woman, a sorta Where Is She
Now. Like on VH1, only without the
music.

DAISY
(could care less about
Electra)
You're doing homework?

JUDY
Have to if I want on staff at the
Daily Trojan. Which should lead to an
internship at the LA Weekly. Then, a
stringer position at the Times.

DAISY
(mock-sincere)
I admire you. Working so hard. Guess
you have to though, to keep that
financial aid package.

JUDY
I --

Daisy heads for the bathroom with her makeup kit. Gone.

JUDY
(as if swearing)
Cheerleader.

CUT TO:

EXT. USC DORM - LATER THAT MORNING

Judy sits on her suitcase, reading the LA Times.
Headline reads: **BATMAN SOLVES CALIFORNIA ENERGY CRISIS**

Behind Judy, Guys and Girls stream from the dorm, all
suitcase-ready. A convertible screams by, MUSIC blaring.

And behind it, is GRIFFEN on his moped. He skids to a
stop just short of Judy. She doesn't even flinch.

JUDY
You're late.

Griffen is Judy's techno-head friend. Not a bad looking
guy. He checks his watch, which emits a loud series of
beeps and bright flashing lights.

(Like those cool Halo watches. If you haven't seen 'em, you should ask for a demo.)

 GRIFFEN
Five minutes.

 JUDY
Isn't that the Timex I gave you for Christmas?

 GRIFFEN
 (proud)
I made a few modifications.

He hits a watch button, and a dial tone sounds. Griffen grins.

 JUDY
Cool. Will you check my flight, please?

As he's dialing, two VERY TALL BASKETBALL PLAYERS approach.

 BASKETBALL PLAYER
Grif! What up!

 GRIFFEN
Hey!

 BASKETBALL PLAYER
Those positional stats. Very helpful.

The Player hands Griffen two concert tickets.

 GRIFFEN
Go Trojans!

High-five. The Players wander off.

 GRIFFEN
 (to Judy)
If you're nice. Maybe I'll take you to see Moby.

 JUDY
 (smiling)
Define nice.

 VOICE FROM WATCH PHONE
Hello? Hello?

 GRIFFEN
 (realizing/into watch)
Oh. Sorry. Flight 204?

VOICE FROM WATCH PHONE
Delayed. One hour.

JUDY
(yelling at watch)
What?! It can't be delayed! I have a
schedule!

Several Students are now staring at Judy, screaming at
Griffen's wrist.

GRIFFEN
Judy?

JUDY
What?!

GRIFFEN
Chill.

Judy recovers, sort of.

GRIFFEN
Who'd you say you're lookin' for in
Vegas? Electric Woman?

JUDY
Electra Woman. She was my hero.
Smart and tough and together. She put
the Justice League in their place.
Saved hundreds, maybe thousands of
people.

GRIFFEN
And she wore that tight red spandex,
right?

JUDY
That too. I hope she has time for me.

GRIFFEN
Maybe I should come with. You've
never been to the desert before.

JUDY
I'll be fine. I have my tickets. My
map. And my --

GRIFFEN
(knowing)
-- schedule.

Judy grins.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - THAT NIGHT

Billions of tiny little light bulbs. The glitz. The glamour. The all-you-can-eat midnight buffets. BLINK-182 booms on the soundtrack.

Enormous billboards advertise: "Aimee Mann" at the Hard Rock. Another asks: "Got Milk?," with a milk-moustached Spiderman.

And then there's Judy, backpack on her shoulders, holding a mini-cassette recorder. Staring at all the lights.

JUDY
(into recorder)
Story idea: Vegas and General
Electric. In bed?

She clicks off her recorder. Checks her map. Frowns. Approaches a YOUNG COUPLE.

JUDY
Excuse me, I'm looking for --

But they completely ignore her. Walking away. A WOMAN moves toward a casino.

JUDY
Could you please tell me where --

The Woman just keeps on walking.

JUDY
(to herself)
What am I...Hollow Man?!

A MAN in a business suit, weaving a little unsteady.

MAN
I can see you.

JUDY
Oh, thanks. I'm trying to find the
Sands Hotel.

MAN
Forget the Sands. Blown-up years ago.
I'll take you to the Best Western,
treat you like a real lady.

He hands her a twenty dollar bill.

JUDY
(totally confused)
What?

Okay, he makes it twenty-three.

MAN
Only 'cuz I had a good night at the
tables.

Lightbulb.

JUDY
(angry)
I'm not a hooker!!!

The Man backs off; Judy yells after him:

JUDY
I'm from Bakersfield!!!

Several people are now staring at her. Including two
COPS on bicycles.

COP
Everything alright?

JUDY
Officer. I'm looking for this woman.
She's missing.

She hands them an old publicity photo of Electra from the
mid-1980's.

COP
How long?

JUDY
Ah. Ten-ish years?

The cops shake their heads, ride off.

JUDY
Okay. I get it. I'm in hell!

CUT TO:

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - SAME NIGHT

As signs inform us, the car lot also serves as a VISITOR
INFORMATION CENTER. Judy approaches. Finds the visitor
brochure box empty. With spiders living inside.

HAROLD MCGEE

suddenly appears from nowhere. His loud sports jacket
says all.

HAROLD
Power under the hood!

JUDY

Huh?

HAROLD

Name's Harold. Make me an offer. Go ahead. Insult me.

JUDY

Nice jacket. Got any brochures left?

HAROLD

Fresh out.

Judy starts to move off, when she notices a faded promotional sign in his lot window. A Woman in an Electra Woman costume, face averted, caressing a Cadillac.

JUDY

Hey! Isn't that Electra Woman?!

HAROLD

(nervous)

Um...I don't recall the gal's name. I mean, I wanted Wonder Woman, but her people wouldn't even talk to me.

(reflective)

I remember when superheroes didn't have "people."

JUDY

(pointing at sign)

Do you know anything at all about that woman? Like maybe where she lives?

HAROLD

Did my wife send you?

We get the feeling, the distinct feeling, that Harold has seen Electra sans her costume.

HAROLD

Why can't she let it go?

JUDY

Look. I don't know your wife. But it's very important that I find Electra Woman.

(serious)

I owe her my life.

HAROLD

The gal who worked for me was named Lori something. She lived in that trailer park off Independence. The one with the giant pink bird.

JUDY
A trailer park? Are you sure?

HAROLD
Nope.

Judy's already moving.

HAROLD
And it was only drinks!

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT FLAMINGO TRAILER PARK - SAME NIGHT

So named, because of the twenty-foot, badly faded flamingo out front. (It also appears to be missing a leg.)

Judy steps out of a cab. Asks the Driver to wait. It's pretty late. Dark. Most of the lights are out in the trailers. When Judy happens upon a WOMAN who is clearly stealing a gnome from a neighbor's yard.

JUDY
Excuse me?

Embroided in her theft, the Woman doesn't appear to hear Judy. Hoists the gnome up into her arms. Turns. Running smack into Judy. Dropping the gnome. Breaking off his little beard.

WOMAN
Holy muther. You scared the crap out of me.

JUDY
Sorry.

The Woman is curvy/round. Badly in need of a dye job for her once blonde hair. And not exactly sober. She holds a half expired bottle of Boone's Hill Strawberry Wine. (Yes, the stuff you drank in high school. And yes, they still sell it.) She chugs on her beloved bottle.

JUDY
Your blouse is ah --

It's unbuttoned, showing quite a bit of cleavage. So the Woman pointedly unbuttons another button. Judy stares in disbelief, then recovers her task.

JUDY
Do you know if this woman lives here?

Judy holds up her Electra publicity photo. The Woman BURPS.

WOMAN
Never seen her.

The Woman starts back for her own trailer. But Judy doesn't give up. Follows.

JUDY
Wait. Please. Look again. It's very important. I'm a reporter and --

WOMAN
Never. Seen. Her.

Judy hands a card toward the Woman. Resolute.

JUDY
If you happen to cross paths, will you ask her to call me at my hotel?

The Woman stares at the card. It's a MOTEL 6 promo postcard.

WOMAN
(sarcastic)
Nice business card.

JUDY
Nice gnome.

This gets a grin out of the Woman. She then disappears into her trailer. Judy retreats to the cab. And leaves.

INT. WOMAN'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

This place redefines mess. Dirty plates. Dirty clothes. But there are a few things worth noticing: Dusty Humanitarian Awards crowd a shelf. Yellowing Photos of Electra Woman with Celebrities cover a wall. And -- the ELECTRA WOMAN costume. Which the Woman grabs, and uses to wipe up a spill.

We now realize, this Woman is the honest-to-God, genuine Electra Woman! She sees the blinking light on her answering machine. Amazed. Someone actually called. Presses play.

PHIL ON MACHINE
Lori. It's Phil. Smell the teen spirit and stop calling me! Nobody will hire you without a Dyna Girl.

LORI (AKA ELECTRA)
Screw that anorexic bitch!

She tears the tape from the phone machine. It lands near a bunch of torn magazine modeling layouts from various years. Jantzen bathing suits...Charlie Perfume...Brut Cologne...Victoria's Secret.

ALL OF THE ADS

feature our DYNA GIRL from the teaser. No longer in her spandex and cape. She clearly traded up. And became a supermodel!

Electra (aka Lori Warner) has graced all of the pictures with her own ink-pen subtleties. Blackened-out teeth. Arm pit hair. And arrows through the head.

LORI

is about to sit down to a midnight "snack", when suddenly the far end of her trailer lifts up off the ground!

Lori goes flying, along with cold pasta, the Boone's, her furniture, pillows, ads, phone. Everything.

LORI
What the fu --

Lori lands hard on her ass. The far end of the trailer keeps rising. She fast opens a back window. Okay, breaks it with her shoe. And tumbles out. To find the source of the problem --

A TOW TRUCK

has attached itself. And is towing her.

LORI
Hey! Buddy!

BUDDY stands at the back of his truck, using his hydraulic lift. He doesn't look at her. Keeps raising.

LORI
That's my house.

BUDDY
(could care less)
Yeah.

LORI
Yeah. Put it down!

He pauses.

BUDDY

You know how I pay for my house? By towing yours. Difference: I make my payments on time.

Several NEIGHBORS are now staring out their doors and windows. Watching the show. Buddy rounds to get into his truck.

LORI

Okay. Hold on. I understand that you need to make a living. But sometimes. There are more important things.

BUDDY

(sarcastic)
Like what?

LORI

(whispering)
Sex.

This isn't what he expected.

BUDDY

Sex?

LORI

Guaranteed.

BUDDY

(interested)
With who?

LORI

Me!

He stares.

BUDDY

Forget it.

Gets into his truck. Revs the engine. And in a not so small puff of dust and dirt, takes away Lori's home.

She watches as several items fall out the broken back window, trailing down the street like bread crumbs.

Lori gathers up some stray shoes. And then finds her Electra Woman costume. Laying in the dirt. Covered in pasta. Picks it up slow. Sad. Then, recovers.

Turns to the neighbors, still staring at her.

LORI

Anybody got a futon I can crash on?

All the doors slam.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL SIX - LATE, LATE THAT SAME NIGHT

Judy tucked neatly asleep in her flannel pajamas. Wakes to pounding on her door. Scared. Hesitant, she gets up. Grabs a lamp as a weapon (but it's still plugged in, stops her short.)

So she grabs an ice bucket instead. Looks through the peephole. Frowns. Then opens the door to:

Lori. Grinning. Wearing her very dirty, stained and slightly torn Electra Woman costume.

ELECTRA

Ta-dah! You found me!

Judy is afraid. Very afraid.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Judy sits on the bed, still not completely sure who this woman really is...

ELECTRA
 (rapid-fire)
 ...two forms of ID?! I'm Lori Warner.
 A.K.A. Electra-Woman for chrissakes.
 Remember the Falklands? The Tylenol
 panic? I haven't changed that much.

She catches herself in the motel mirror.

ELECTRA
 Have I?

JUDY
 You can't be Electra Woman.

ELECTRA
 I am.

JUDY
 Am not.

ELECTRA
 Am.

JUDY
 Am not.
 (beat)
 We could go on like this forever.

ELECTRA
 Am.

Judy shakes her head.

JUDY
 (upset)
 But. Look at your costume. The real
 Electra Woman would never let her
 spandex get so trashed.

ELECTRA
 (sarcastic)
 I ran out of dry cleaning coupons.
 (beat)
 Face the wind. I'm the real deal.

JUDY
Then why deny it earlier? What
changed your mind?

ELECTRA
You did, honey. You really seemed to
need my help.

Judy stares her down.

ELECTRA
(giving)
Cash.

JUDY
Explain.

ELECTRA
Dinero. Scratch. I just need enough
to get my trailer back. Maybe have my
legs waxed...

JUDY
(still suspicious)
But if you're actually a superheroine
...how can you be broke?

ELECTRA
(snorting)
You don't get paid to save the world.
The money's in the merchandising. And
without a sponsor...
(beat)
Then there's the fact I wouldn't
kowitz to those misogynist Avengers.
Not to mention, my ex-husband opted to
exit with my bankbook, my car, my
vibrator, my...

JUDY
Stop!
(beat)
I have \$37 dollars.

Electra grabs it.

ELECTRA
(grinning)
It's a start --

Electra takes Judy's arm, dragging her toward the door.

JUDY
Wait...it's 2AM --

CUT TO:

INT. MGM GRAND - SAME NIGHT

To the sound of NELLY FURTADO, Electra pulls Judy across the gaming floor to the "Wheel of Fortune" roulette table. Maniacally bets on black. An occasional PASSERBY takes note of the intense woman in the stained spandex outfit, but most ignore.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS brings Electra a big goofy blue drink with umbrellas in it. Judy tries to grab the alcohol away; Electra's too fast. Gulps it down. Judy places a coaster under Electra's empty glass, just as SECURITY appears and cards her. Showing her the door.

CUT TO:

INT. A LOW-END CASINO - CRAPS TABLE

A small stack of chips sit in front of our duo. Electra lets her breasts brush against the arm of the ASIAN BUSINESSMAN holding the dice. Judy turns to exit, Electra grabs her. The Businessman smiles. And tosses.

It's a bust. Judy lowers her head. Electra slaps the Asian Man across the face. SECURITY intervenes.

CUT TO:

INT. 7-11 - SAME NIGHT

Electra plays one of two slot machines next to the ATM. Judy does same. Judy hits a Jackpot! Much jumping and whooping. Payout - \$5.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAWN

A depressed Electra -- forehead on tabletop -- and exhausted Judy sit in a vinyl booth. Judy counts small, neat stacks of nickels, and nurses java. COLDPLAY is heard in the background.

JUDY

Ms. Warner --

ELECTRA

(big smile)

You can call me Electra, honey.

Judy's face registers. This really is Electra Woman. (And for those of you who put the script down to eat dinner, this is the exact same line Electra said to a five-year-old Judy in the opening.)

Judy takes a sip of java...wants to broach...can't.

ELECTRA
 (sensing)
 Just say it.

JUDY
 (quietly)
 I used to worship you. Watch you on the news. Whenever you spoke I taped it and played it over and over again. You were so "all that." So kick-ass. So --

ELECTRA
 Blah. Blah. Blah. And you're wondering how such a fabulous role model became a fat, broke, drunk?

JUDY
 Yes. I am.

ELECTRA
 Wait. I'm not fat.

Judy pulls out her mini cassette recorder and presses record. Electra lifts her head. Almost smiles.

ELECTRA
 You really a reporter?

JUDY
 Yes.
 (beat)
 I want to be. I'm a journalism major. USC. After I get on the school paper, I'll be interning at the LA Weekly and then at the Times and then --

ELECTRA
 (thoughtful)
 It's nice to have a plan, honey. But, in my experience, life doesn't get lived in a straight line.

Judy's impressed.

JUDY
 Good soundbite.

ELECTRA
 (a little defensive)
 I went to college too. Didn't finish...

Judy sees a flash of pain in Electra's eyes; she softens.

JUDY

(trying to sound upbeat)
I guess I'm pretty lucky. Only a few
have ever known Electra Woman's true
identity.

ELECTRA

More than a few. Hefner's a
megaphone. And then the bastard
wouldn't even run the pixs.

JUDY

(changing subject)
So, assuming we have enough to cover
the check...where do you go from here?

ELECTRA

(looking at watch)
Well...in about an hour...I'll drop by
my pseudo agent's office. Phil. I'll
ask for an advance. He'll tell me I
haven't earned enough in the past
decade to cover his dry cleaning.
I'll pretend to cry. And in all
likelihood...he'll give me twenty
bucks to go away.

JUDY

What happened to you? I mean, why
don't you work anymore?

ELECTRA

'Cuz hard as it is to fathom...the
world doesn't want me.
(turning serious)
I was never as interesting as
Superman. C'mon, technically, he's an
alien. And Batman, with his whole
gothic thing. Wonder Woman had better
tits. Fake, but...
(wistful)
...fantastic. I was never super-
powered. Or super-human. I was a
jock. Trained by Frank. Outfitted by
Frank.

JUDY

Frank?

Electra withdraws her Wallet from her boot. It's
basically empty, save for a license and a few photos
including:

A PICTURE OF FRANK.

Young. Smiling. Welder's mask atop his head.

ELECTRA

(wistful)

My svengali. Frank built everything. The Crimescope computer. The Electra-Coms. The Electra-Car. He was brilliant.

JUDY

Is he...dead?

ELECTRA

Sorta. I think he's a cop or something.

(wistful)

We lost touch...

Judy contemplates...then...

JUDY

And what about Dyna Girl? What's she up to?

ELECTRA

Probably still blowin' my ex-husband.

Judy's clearly startled.

ELECTRA

Don't look so shocked. The world's a bitch. Your trailer gets towed. And then, you die.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. OFFICE TOWER - EARLY THAT MORNING

Electra and Judy enter an imposing mass of glass and steel. In a hallway, Electra finds a door marked "CREATIVE TALENT MANAGEMENT." Walks in...

BARGING PAST

the stick-figure SECRETARY who tries to block her path. Heading for a door marked "PHIL KENNEDY." Judy hangs back in the Lobby.

INSIDE PHIL'S OFFICE

Electra enters with attitude. Finds early 20's PHIL, seated behind a huge desk. A headline on Phil: he's tanned, well-groomed, and smarmy.

Phil waves his Secretary out; she closes the door. He's currently wearing his beloved headset, rolling calls.

ELECTRA

Hang up. And take off the earmuffs.
You're in the presence of a lady.

Phil snorts, ends the call, sits on the edge of his desk.

PHIL

You know the minute the old man dies,
you're no longer a client.

ELECTRA

Where do you find the nerve? My
implants are older than you.

PHIL

My point exactly. Why do you think
Batman's had so many Robins? Soon as
a kid's voice changes... "next!" Why
don't you just give it up. Work at
one of the casinos? Or better
yet...travel. Very far. Away.
(cruel but not intentional)
Nobody cares. Nobody remembers.

ELECTRA

Not true.
(animated)
Last night. A reporter came to my
house.

PHIL

And then you sobered up.

ELECTRA

She's a writer. From L.A. She's in
your lobby.

PHIL

Really?

Phil crosses to the door. Yanks open.

JUDY AND THE SECRETARY

fall onto the floor. (Obviously, they'd been leaning
against, listening in). The Secretary scrambles away.
Electra helps Judy to her feet.

JUDY

Sorry.

PHIL

(to Electra)
She's no reporter.

ELECTRA/JUDY
She is./I am.

Phil looks Judy up and down. And up. And down.

PHIL
Suit might fit.

ELECTRA
(realizing)
And?

PHIL
I'll make one call.

JUDY
What are you two talkin' about?

Electra smiles -- wide. Judy can't help but smile, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - THAT AFTERNOON

RADIOHEAD blares as Electra, still in her badly-stained costume, walks down the street next to a ponytailed Judy. Judy's costume is very form fitting. Turns out, she has a killer bod. And MEN are really noticing.

JUDY
I wish they'd stop staring.

ELECTRA
It's not you, honey. It's those perky little B-cups.

Judy's embarrassed, but secretly enjoys it.

JUDY
(pulling out recorder)
Where exactly are we appearing?

Electra doesn't answer.

JUDY
Are you sure we're going the right way? What time are we supposed to be there?

ELECTRA
You ask more questions than a vice cop.
(realizing)
Not that I've ever been busted.

JUDY

You've been arrested? For what?

Electra crosses the street.

ELECTRA

(sarcastic)

Jaywalking.

JUDY

Jaywalking.

(realizing to her horror)

We're jaywalking!

Judy scampers across the street, staring around worried. Follows Electra around a corner, where Judy spies a HOSPITAL.

JUDY

(excited; into recorder)

I knew it! We're visiting a children's ward!

She tucks the tape deck, and starts toward the hospital. Electra lets out a two finger WHISTLE.

ELECTRA

Pop-tart. Over here.

Judy now notices --

A PAWN SHOP

with a big sign out front -- "Come Meet Electric Woman and Dino-Girl! Free Ice Water!!" Judy's face falls.

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

The store is nearly empty, save for an ELDERLY SECURITY GUARD. Electra and an unhappy Judy sit behind a card table. Trays of faux diamond rings, and old 8x10s of Electra are spread out before them.

A middle-aged PAWNBROKER is half-asleep.

ELECTRA

(desperate; to Judy)

C'mon. Isn't this fun???

JUDY

Oh yes. My day as Dino-Girl.

Electra ignores. Judy gets up with a sharpie and corrects the spelling on the smaller sign in front of them. She bends over. The Pawnbroker, now awake, gawks at Judy's posterior.

ELECTRA
I used to have an ass that flat.

The Pawnbroker does not believe.

SUDDENLY THE FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

And TWO UGLY THIEVES enter, armed with a SHOTGUN. The Pawnbroker moves to grab his own weapon from under the counter; THIEF #1 fires. Judy screams. The Pawnbroker is hit in the shoulder, crumpling to the floor.

The Thief then trains his gun on the Security Guard.

THIEF #1
Sit.

The Guard does. Fast.

THIEF #1
(to his Partner)
Guns.

His Partner hops the counter, going for the Gun Case on the back wall. Meanwhile, Electra is going for the back door. With a ring tray under her arm.

JUDY
(quiet)
Hey! Lori!!

Electra ignores.

JUDY
(accusing)
What kind of superhero are you?!

ELECTRA
The kind that's leaving.

Thief #2 breaks the glass front of a GUN CASE. Thief #1 roots around the register.

JUDY
(quiet but commanding)
Aren't you supposed to overpower the felons or something?

ELECTRA
Gig doesn't pay enough. Besides, there's a Security Guard.

JUDY
He's a hundred and seven years old.

ELECTRA
Like that's my fault.

JUDY
(genuine)
You disgust me.

Electra is rocked. She stares into Judy's eyes. Sees the contempt. Sees herself.

ELECTRA
(to self)
Goddamnit...
(to Thief #1; shouting)
Hey...Mr. Head Bad Guy. You picked the really wrong day for this.

THIEF #1
(cocky)
Oh? Why's that?

ELECTRA
'Cuz today is Meet Electra-Woman and Dyna-Girl Day. And since we happen to be guests of this establishment... we're gonna have to kick your bony little asses onto the street.

Thief #2 momentarily stops taking guns to observe.

THIEF #1
(laughing)
I'm holding a gun. A big gun.

ELECTRA
Oh, please. I've had bigger things than that in my...

JUDY
(interrupting)
Surrender...um...evil-doer.

ELECTRA
(to Judy)
Needs work. But 'A' for effort.

Electra suddenly "frisbees" the jewelry tray straight at Thief #1's face. Hitting him squarely across the forehead. He staggers, then slips and falls on the various rings scattering upon the ground.

Electra drops, scurries under the card table, rises behind it, flips it on its side, grabs the top two legs, and swings it like a Louisville Slugger toward...

FAST-APPROACHING THIEF #2

Who is promptly whacked by the tabletop -- and goes sprawling. Unfortunately, courtesy of the impact, so does Electra.

The Security Guard has rushed Thief #1. Both men have their hands upon the weapon. Wrestling for control.

Electra rises -- slowly -- and starts for them. But Thief #2 is up again and grabs Electra from behind. She struggles. Without success.

ELECTRA
(to Judy)
Kick 'im!

JUDY
Where?!

ELECTRA
In the beanbag! That's why the boots
are pointy!

So, Judy closes her eyes, and musters. Electra jumps. And Judy bull's-eyes Thief #2 in the balls. Pretty darn hard. He promptly releases his hold, and doubles over in manly-type pain. Judy grins.

ELECTRA
(to Judy)
Not bad. You do pilates?

JUST AS

Thief #1's gun discharges into the ceiling; he wrests control, and points the barrel directly at the Guard's heart.

ELECTRA

uses a nearby counter as a springboard and LEAPS into the air. Grabbing onto an ancient-looking Chandelier hanging overhead.

Electra flips, hooking her legs through the fixture's branches, swinging toward Thief #1. (For those paying close attention -- an homage to the "skybucket move" in the opening).

ELECTRA ATTEMPTS

to clip the bad guy on the downswing, but overshoots, and blows right past him. By the time the chandelier swings back, Electra's weight has proven too much for the old lamp. It pulls from the ceiling. Crashing atop the intended target. Hero, villain and chandelier crumple to the floor.

Causing the gun -- BANG! To fire. The bullet missing the Guard by inches. The weapon skitters across the floor. Electra rises, winded.

An infuriated Thief #2 is now up.

JUDY
Use your Electra-Beam!

Still hyperventilating, Electra raises her wrist, and presses the appropriate button. The device ekes out a tiny, weak ray. Then sparks, smokes and electrocutes Electra Woman.

ELECTRA
(in pain)
Mutherfu --

A HORRIFIED JUDY

grabs a nearby Guitar, smashing Thief #2 over the head; he drops.

ELECTRA

sees Thief #1 attempting to get up.

ELECTRA
(hyperventilating)
Please. Don't. Too tired.

But of course, he doesn't listen. So, Electra spin-kicks him in the head. A one-two hit. He's instantly unconscious. And Electra is instantly nursing a sprain.

ELECTRA
(pissed)
I said 'please.'

JUDY
Electra-cool!
(beat)
Oh my god. I can't believe I just said that.

THE SECURITY GUARD

has recovered the gun. Electra, noticeably limping, crosses to Judy. Looks out the front window of the shop, spying activity in the Parking Lot. Grins.

ELECTRA

Well...whadda you know?

Electra starts for the door.

JUDY

Wait.

Judy pulls Electra's cape from the top of her tights. Cleans a smudge of her cheek.

JUDY

Now.

Electra smiles "thanks," flips her hair, sucks in her gut, and starts out the door. Judy stares at the chaos of the pawn shop. And can't help herself, starts cleaning up the rings scattered on the floor.

ELECTRA

Come on, Dyna-Girl!

CUT TO:

THE PARKING LOT

where TV NEWS CREWS jostle for position as Electra recounts her heroics. Judy by her side, relishing how much Electra is enjoying the attention.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TELEVISION IS TUNED TO "GOOD DAY L.A."

Not the best gig in the world, but what-the-hey. A now perfectly coiffed and dry-cleaned Electra sits beside STEVE EDWARDS. She's gone through quite a transformation.

STEVE EDWARDS

...almost a decade out of the public eye. Why? Where were you?

ELECTRA

(all smiles)

I fell in love with Europe, Steve.

Steve leans in, expecting more. Awkward silence. Finally...

STEVE EDWARDS

And whatever became of the first Dyna Girl? There's a rumor she's an ubermodel.

ELECTRA

She's quite a talented...
(coughing/under her breath)
Whore.

STEVE EDWARDS

(confused)
Okay. Electra. Why don't you tell our viewers what was going through your mind as we watch the videotape...

Steve's attention turns to a nearby Monitor. On it -- security camera footage from the Pawn Shop. Documenting Electra's run-in with the Thieves.

Judy/Dyna Girl is clearly visible on-screen, too. Hammering Thief #2 with the 5-string Acoustic.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

And we are --

INSIDE THE E.V.K. CAFETERIA

Watching the wall-mounted television. Judy and Griffen sit at a small table. Griffen, stunned.

GRIFFEN

(quiet)
That's you?!

JUDY

Hello?

Judy pulls her hair into two Dyna Girl-type ponytails. Griffen instead looks from Dyna Girl's breasts (on TV) to Judy's.

GRIFFEN

It is you.

JUDY

It's all in the hair.

GRIFFEN

Your secret identity's safe with me, D-G. And if you two need any hardware, I can --

JUDY

Thanks Griffen, but there will not be a recount.

GRIFFEN

What? Why not?

JUDY

In a Cameron Crowe "Fast Times" kinda way...yeah, it was exciting. Wearing someone else's pointy boots. But there's no way I could partner with Electra. She's insane, living completely out of control.

(bit wistful)

And the whole superhero thing is definitely not part of my plan...

The TV has gone to a breaking news story:

NEWSCASTER ON TV

...the theft of the Ebola Reston virus from a Cal-Tech lab. Should the virus become airborne, thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, could be infected each day. There is no known cure or treatment. The FBI, working in conjunction with the entire Justice League, is seeking any information --

A MALE student flips the TV channel to "Blues Clues."

JUDY

(standing)

Hey! I was watching that!

Everybody stares at her. Judy sits back in her chair. Quiet.

GRIFFEN

You at least spoken to her?

JUDY

Electra? No, but I heard E! might do a True Hollywood Story. And I think she's meeting with Wax Paper Man next week.

Griffen contemplates, then screws up the courage.

GRIFFEN

Hey Judy...you don't still have that sweet-lockin' costume, do you?

JUDY
 (not quite getting it)
 Why?

Griffen is now five shades of red.

GRIFFEN
 No reason.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Judy sits at her desk, typing her journalism story:
 ELECTRA WOMAN -- SHE'S BAAAACK!

There's a KNOCK on the door. Judy crosses, and opens to
 find Bob in all his freshly-scrubbed glory.

JUDY
 (pleased)
 C'mon in.

Bob does. Judy's looking and feeling quite confident.

JUDY
 Hey. Sticky fingers on Saturday. I
 was in Vegas over the break. Bet on
 SC to cover the spread.

BOB
 (surprised)
 Really? You went to Vegas?

He's clearly intrigued. Judy's bursting.

JUDY
 I'm just full of surprises.

Bob doesn't have time to consider, before a dolled-up
 Daisy enters the room, destroying the moment. Her
 boyfriend radar way up.

DAISY
 (to Bob)
 Ready?

And she kisses Bob.

DAISY
 (patronizing, to Judy)
 Staying in again? Help yourself to
one of my wine coolers.
 (pause)
 And don't forget to put two dollars in
 the piggy.

Daisy smiles and grabs Bob's wrist, dragging him out the door. Gone.

JUDY
(as if swearing)
Head cheerleader.

Judy returns to her computer. Typing. Concentrating. When she hears --

LOUD, OBNOXIOUS LAUGHTER

from somewhere nearby. She opens the door. Calls down the hall.

JUDY
Hey! Keep it down!

But the laughter grows even LOUDER. Judy tracks the sound down the hallway to --

THE GIRLS' BATHROOM/SHOWER ROOM --

the LAUGHTER echoes, but the restroom is empty. Seems to be coming from the other side of the wall...

So Judy moves to the BOYS' BATHROOM/SHOWER ROOM. Enters, her eyes covered -- just-in-case.

JUDY
Hello...?! Some of us are trying to work.

The LAUGHTER is deep, throaty. At least two or three voices. Male and female. The noise of RUNNING WATER, too. Judy removes the hand from her eyes, scanning...

Finds the Shower Stalls. Sees...

LORI WARNER!

Her bare parts discreetly covered by steam. Being soaped by two muscular, and very naked, MALE STUDENTS.

LORI
I bet I know which one of you is Feldman.

Judy SCREAMS. LORI wheels; their eyes meet.

IN THE HALLWAY,

Judy bolts for her dorm room. A dripping Lori quickly pursues, towel awkwardly (and barely) wrapped around.

LORI
Wait. Honey!

INT. JUDY'S DORM ROOM

Judy rushes into her room. Tries to shut the door before Lori can follow, but it's too late.

LORI
I know. I should've called.

JUDY
What are you doing here?

LORI
I was in town for Good Day L.A.
Didn't think you'd mind if I
crashed...

JUDY
With me???

LORI
Of course. Just us girls. Well...
and maybe a boy or two.

Judy is so confused, she doesn't know where to begin. Meanwhile, Lori crosses to Judy's desk. Spying the photo of young Judy and a younger Electra.

ELECTRA
Oh my God. The amusement park.
You're...

JUDY
Judy.

Lori smiles at the memory.

LORI
Your Mom...

JUDY
Left.

Lori stumbles, recovers.

LORI
I'm sorry. How's your Dad?

JUDY
Fine. Look...it's nothing personal,
O.K.? But, I have a routine. A 4.0
GPA. And putting-up a nomad, even for
a night...I'm sure it's against some
rule.

LORI
You never know --

JUDY
(cutting her off)
I always know...

LORI
(ignoring)
You never know when you might need
some womanly advice.
(beat)
Or when I might need a Dyna Girl
again.

JUDY
One. Time. Gig.

LORI
That's what I told myself once, too.

Judy considers. Lori crosses to the little closet.
Drops her towel.

LORI
O.K. if I borrow a robe? We're about
the same size.

Lori puts on a robe. Judy grabs the wet towel from the
carpet, absently folding it.

JUDY
(a little less sure)
You can't --

LORI
Your pillows are goose-down, right? I
can't sleep on that foam stuff.
And...Hey! There's a midget fridge in
here.
(opens it)
Peachy wine coolers! Parrrttyy!

Judy covers her ears with her hands, closes her eyes.
Trying to make Lori disappear.

AS WE PULL OUT OF THE ROOM,

LINKIN PARK blasts to the tune of their arguing --

ELECTRA O.S.
Oops. Sorry. I spilled.

JUDY O.S.
Grab the club soda!

ELECTRA O.S.
Just cover it with this throw rug.

JUDY O.S.
That's my sweater!

Moving out over the USC campus. Until the soundtrack is abruptly yanked --

RIP CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

A palatial estate. With rolling greens. And a Ferrari outside.

INT. MANSION - OFFICE

A wall covered with modeling shots that look very familiar to us. It's Dyna Girl! Nearby, a large advert announcing her new swimsuit line.

A VIDEO PHONE RINGS. A perfectly manicured hand stabs at the button, answering it.

EX-DYNA GIRL O.S.
(into phone)
What?

A face becomes visible on the phone screen. GLITTER ROCK. Wearing his trademark rouge. Huge silver sunglasses. And glittery green afro wig.

GLITTER ROCK
Baby. Baby. Baby. You heard the news?

EX-DYNA GIRL
And which news would that be?

DYNA, (Yes, the Dyna from our Teaser) swings around in her chair. Revealing -- A great looking BABE sporting a micro bikini (as featured in the advert above).

GLITTER ROCK
Electra, of course. The bitch is back.

EX-DYNA GIRL
Oh. That trifle. I thought you might be referring to something actually newsworthy.

Behind her is an open safe. Inside, a vial of the EBOLA VIRUS marked "Cal Tech".

EX-DYNA GIRL
Something...viral.

GLITTER ROCK
Don't tell me...?

Glitter Rock cackles maniacally.

GLITTER ROCK
Oh, baby! It's time to rock, roll,
and rule the world!
(realizing)
But what about E-W?

EX-DYNA GIRL
Oh please. She'll be back at Betty
Ford before the end of the month.

GLITTER ROCK
(gleeful)
If not, can I kill her?

EX-DYNA GIRL
Wash your hands before and after.

Dyna stabs the "off button" with a perfectly-polished
toe. The screen goes blank.

FADE OUT.

END