

emPOWERment

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. HOOVER DAM - DAY

Today is a bright, sunny day at the Hoover Dam. The tourism is as high as the temperature.

Above the dam stands a giant ghostly figure of a woman, THE VISIONARY, who wears robes and a collar a LOT like the Watcher from Marvel.

Also, the Visionary is WHOOP! GOLDBERG.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

On a different Earth than where YOU
come from there once was a woman
who went by the improbable name of
Bad-Ass Bitch.

Out of the sky, BAD-ASS BITCH flies towards the dam. Bad-Ass Bitch is Leslie Jones. She wears a white costume with a cape and a white harlequin mask. As she lowers herself towards the dam, ice and cold air flow from her hands, lowering her to the top of the dam.

As she's descending, a villain terrorizes the tourists. His name is the GLOBAL WARMER, this world's NIKOLAJ COSTER-WALDAU.

As Bad-Ass Bitch lowers herself to the ground, she looks up toward the sky and gets agitated. She lands.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Hey, Global Warmer.

He can't hear her. He's emitting flames from his hands and chasing tourists off the dam.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Hey!

Nothing.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

HEY!

She shoots a barrage of icicles that smash into the villain's back. He tumbles to the ground, unhurt.

He turns around and blasts fire at the second barrage of icicles. Bad-Ass Bitch moves in closer.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

The ice and fire continue to cancel each other out. Leslie waves at him.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop! Let's talk.

After a few seconds, he realizes his fire can't overcome her ice. They stop fighting.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Sorry about all that, my tech isn't working. There was supposed to be a whole song when I arrived. With like a whooshing, snowy intro and a bumping 808 beat. It didn't work, though. You can get it on Soundcloud. Hashtag Bad-Ass Bitch.

GLOBAL WARMER

Your inanity will be the downfall of your kind, bitch.

BAD-ASS BITCH

What was that? I didn't quite hear the capital B in that Bitch. You aren't calling ME a bitch, are you?

She cups her ear to hear him.

GLOBAL WARMER

No... uh... I definitely didn't mean. You can't... I....

He flies off, leaving the civilians behind to cheer for Bad-Ass Bitch.

A MOTHER and her DAUGHTER stand among the crowd near Bad-Ass Bitch's custom car.

The BITCHMOBILE is a 1999 VW Beetle in Lime Green. Just like the one from that Mandy Moore video, "Candy." On the side is a door magnet that says "That Bitch" in cursive. Extruding from the front of the car are two long-barreled machine guns.

DAUGHTER

Can I get your autograph?

Bad-Ass Bitch smiles.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Oh, sure, anything for the kids!

She takes the pen and paper from the daughter and half-
 assedly scribbles something. She opens the door to get in the
 car.

MOTHER

Wait...

Bad-Ass Bitch stops and looks at her with a gleam in her eye.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Who ARE you?

She grins.

BAD-ASS BITCH

I'm the Bad-Ass Bitch! Now let me
 hop in my Bitchmobile and jet to
 the Bitch Cave, I got some other
 superhero shit to do.

The mother covers her daughter's ears. The daughter grins.

Bad-Ass Bitch tries to get into the car, but she's kinda
 tall. It's a struggle. It takes her 30 seconds to finally get
 in and shut the door. All along the mother and daughter
 watch. The daughter enjoys it, but the mother grows more and
 more uncomfortable.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

I have to drive this model. Damned
 corporate sponsorships, you know.

The mother grabs her daughter's hand and walks away.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Have a Bad-Ass Day!

She cranks the car, but it doesn't start the first time. She
 takes a deep breath and tries again.

EXT. THE BITCH CAVE - LATER

The Bitchmobile zooms down a lonely country road. Bad-Ass
 Bitch turns down one side road, then another. Before her is
 the wall of a cliff that overlooks the forest.

The Bitchmobile speeds up as it approaches the cliff wall.
 Where there should be an impact, the rocky face shimmers as
 the car speeds through it.

Seconds later, there's no evidence the Bitchmobile was ever
 there.

INT. THE BITCH CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The Bitchmobile zooms through a tight, dark tunnel. The only light comes from the car.

After an inordinately long drive, the Bitchmobile emerges into the Bitch Cave.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

There were super heroes and super villains. They were powered up by an event, an event that bestowed wonderful gifts upon normal human beings.

Bad-Ass Bitch parks the Bitchmobile and gets out.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

But the villains have a scheme, an original scheme, that may pull the carpet out from under the heroes. If Leslie Jones, yes, THAT Leslie Jones, can't stop the villains, two worlds' fates are in the balance.

Throughout the room, four other costumed super heroes attend to various tasks.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Lo and behold, The Fantastic Five...

Beat.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Lo and behold? Who writes this shit?

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL, this world's Sean Bean, stands perilously on top of a ladder that stands on top of, like, a pile of boxes.

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL

Momoa, hand me that flexi-spanner.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Captain Immortal. He can't be hurt. He's super strong. He can't die. He thinks he's the smartest man in any room. Sometimes he's right. This is not one of those times.

THE FLAMING FALCON looks down at the flexi-spanner, which rests on the work bench that she's working at.

She looks at the spanner, looks towards Captain Immortal and back to the spanner.

THE FLAMING FALCON

You know I'm right here, right?

The Falcon is blonde and is this world's Sophie Turner. She's dressed in the most ridiculous costume in superheroine history. It's based on Sue Storm's costume from Fantastic Four #371, with more skin showing than being covered up. For no real reason.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

The Flaming Falcon. Gifted with the cosmic power to control flame. And she can also fly somehow. But that costume, I mean seriously...

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL

Sorry honey, I wasn't sure that people like you knew what a flexi-spanner is. It IS post-human technology.

THE FLAMING FALCON

I've told you at least four times not to call me honey. We aren't dating. We never dated. We are never going to date. And what do you mean 'people like me'?

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL

Mortals.

THE FLAMING FALCON

I--

MAN MOUNTAIN MOMOA walks across the room and picks up the flexi-spanner and hands it to Captain Immortal. He is this world's Jason Momoa and he's dressed in nothing but a speedo and cute little booties that protect his feet.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Man Mountain Momoa. The strength of a mountain. The invulnerability of a mountain. The brain of a mountain.

MAN MOUNTAIN MOMOA

Here's the... uh... spexy-flanner.

He doesn't correct himself.

Sitting at a computer terminal is WATER WOMAN, this world's Maisie Williams. She wears her civilian clothes. A team-branded bikini lays on the floor behind her.

WATER WOMAN

What is with these new costumes,
Immortal?

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Water Woman. Controls water in all
it's forms. Can transform into
water in all it's forms. Can talk
to shellfish.

Bad-Ass Bitch joins the rest of the Fantastic Five, drinking from a Fantastic Five-branded squeeze bottle.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Good question, Water Woman. Here's
the even better answer: Marketing.

WATER WOMAN

No.

BAD-ASS BITCH

The market research very clearly
says that the public prefers to see
some skin. It improves our
positives, improves our ratings,
improves our revenue...

WATER WOMAN

Then why are you and Immortal
completely covered up, while the
rest of us are ready for a set at
Magic City?

Bad-Ass Bitch condescendingly smiles at her.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Because the public prefers to think
of the Captain and I as the...
parents of the team.

WATER WOMAN

Ugh.

BAD-ASS BITCH

And the rest of you as the barely-
legal teenage kids. Very sexy,
barely-legal teenage kids.

WATER WOMAN

I want a raise.

BAD-ASS BITCH
Fill out the proper paperwork.

WATER WOMAN
Stuff the proper paperwork up my--

The Five Signal goes off. Crazy-ass lights, alarms, bells, whistles.

BAD-ASS BITCH
Okay Five, let's flex!

They all stare at her, straight-faced.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
You don't like it?

A cacophony and variety of no's.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
It market-tested well with the 'Pop Tarts for Dinner' demo.

Nothing.

She shrugs.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
Alright, let's turn this mission out.

She rushes out of the room.

THE FLAMING FALCON
Turn this mission out?

MAN MOUNTAIN MOMOA
That's stupid.

They reluctantly follow Bad-Ass Bitch.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The stadium is empty, no games today. Standing across the outfield, evenly-spaced for effect, are six members of The Evil Brotherhood of Death and Destruction.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)
They are known only as 'The Evil Brotherhood of Death and Destruction', which seems a bit on the nose.

Bad-Ass Bitch leads the Fantastic Five onto the field.

MAN MOUNTAIN MOMOA

Why do we get the ugly dirt and
they get the pretty grass?

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL

Well, actually, the beautiful clay
of the infield is one of the most
interesting dirt of the world.
This one smells like Florida...

He sifts the clay through his hands.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

As is customary in such battles,
each of the members of the Evil
Brotherhood of Death and
Destruction has to pose and show
off their powers. You know, for
marketing purposes. Sizzle reel.
You know the deal.

KAOS THEORY, who is this world's Richard Madden, steps
forward.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Kaos Theory, with the ability to
reverse probabilities.

He flips a coin. It lands on heads. He buzzes the coin with
his powers. It falls to the ground and lands on TAILS!!!!!!

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

The Global Warmer, who becomes a
being of living and flying flame.

The Global Warmer bursts into flame. And flies.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Ms. Magazine. Her powers to create
and manipulate energy know no upper
limit and grow each time she
witnesses a microaggression.

MS. MAGAZINE is this world's Lena Headey.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

The Dragonrider...

DRAGONRIDER is this world's Emilia Clarke.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

The mother of--

Dragonrider turns and looks into the camera.

DRAGONRIDER
Are you fucking kidding me? I'm not
doing this shit again.

She storms out of the room. Everyone waits uncomfortably.

Seconds later, she storms back in, wearing a new costume, a full-body catsuit of shiny silver. No mask.

DRAGONRIDER (CONT'D)
I will NOT be typecast. And stop
calling me Dragonrider.

What should we call you?

DRA--
Call me... Star Warrior!

Okay.

STAR WARRIOR
Why is there a boob window? Why
would anyone put a boob window in a
battle costume?

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)
The Star Warrior. With the power to
control cosmic energy. I guess. Did
these people even read the script?

ROLLER BABY in his bright blue and yellow costume and helmet weaves in and out of his teammates on rocket skates. Not blades, SKATES. With rockets on the back. Roller Baby is this world's Kit Harington.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)
Does this guy really call himself
Roller Baby? Oh, and disco music
plays every time he skates? Trying
to recapture the magic of Marvel's
'Dazzler', huh? Leading with the
deep cuts.

MR. EXPENDABLE is this world's Peter Dinklage. He waves to everyone.

MR. EXPENDABLE
I'm basically here to meet the
diversity requirement.

He holds two fingers to his temple and wavy lines float from his head to Roller Baby.

Out of nowhere, Roller Baby slaps himself in the face. He looks around dazed. He rubs his temple. He rubs his face.

Mr. Expendable looks into the CAMERA, gives a sly smile and winks.

JUDGE DREAD is this world's Isaac Hempstead Wright.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Judge Dread... Wait, isn't that a Sylvester Stallone movie? Like the dude from Rocky?

Exasperated, Isaac turns and talks directly into the camera.

ISAAC

No... It's what you Americans call a graphic novel. It really is the height of the artform outside the works of Sir Alan Moo--

His mystical powers magically tell him that he's boring everyone.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Never mind. Nobody's even been listening to me...

His eyes drop to the ground.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Let's get these bitches!

She looks at Water Woman, who nods approvingly.

WATER WOMAN

I'll allow it.

BAD-ASS BITCH

LET'S GET THESE BITCHES!

They rush into battle. And despite the numbers, the Fantastic Five quickly have the upper hand.

MS. MAGAZINE

This is your last chance. Surrender or perish.

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL

Hah. You don't seem to understand basic math. Let me explain it to you...

Bad-Ass Bitch scoffs.

BAD-ASS BITCH
Do you ever SHUT UP!!!

Everybody stops to look at her.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
Toss me the apparatus.

Global Warmer tosses her a small flame-red gem set in a leather harness.

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL
What IS that?

She straps the gem on, it rests on her chest.

BAD-ASS BITCH
This? This is the Crimson Crystal.

THE FLAMING FALCON
What's it do?

BAD-ASS BITCH
It is an ultimate nullification
ray.

She finishes strapping it on.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
When it blasts someone, it removes
them from existence. Like, it
disintegrates them. Instantly.
Thing is...

Captain Immortal and the Flaming Falcon exchange a worried look.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
It works on ANYONE.

CAPTAIN IMMORTAL
Anyone?

Bad-Ass Bitch grins and taps the Crystal. Fire shoots forth from it and disintegrates Captain Immortal. He's just gone.

MAN MOUNTAIN MOMOA
Fuck.

He turns and runs. Bad-Ass Bitch blasts him. He's gone.

Quickly, she blasts Water Woman.

WATER WOMAN

Bitch.

Finally she takes out the Flaming Falcon.

CUT TO:

Later, Bad-Ass Bitch has taken the Crystal off and it's back in it's lead-lined carrying case (or so she thinks).

BAD-ASS BITCH

Man, that was rough. The pay on this gig better be--

She looks up to see Star Warrior wearing the Crimson Crystal.

MS. MAGAZINE

Kill this bitch.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Wait, wait, wait! Let me use the restroom.

Beat.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

I gotta shit before I die.

Ms. Magazine raises her hand, prepared to order the death strike.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Hold on. Like, you know how every time when you die on TV or whatever, they say that your body... lets go... and, you know, you... soil yourself... down there. I can't let nobody find me like that. Please think about my mamma. She can't see that shit on TV...

Ms. Magazine almost drops her hand. Bad-Ass Bitch drops to her knees and begs.

MS. MAGAZINE

It's a disintegration ray. You won't HAVE a body.

BAD-ASS BITCH

You're about to kill me. Like fully erase me from existence. Can't you give a sister a last request.

She begs.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

It once was a world of heroes...

Ms. Magazine relents. Bad-Ass Bitch gets up and runs to the restroom. She slams the door behind her. Roller Baby and Kaos Theory guard the door.

They wait.

For a while.

And some more.

A little bit more.

Finally.

Bad-Ass Bitch walks back out.

BAD-ASS BITCH

TRUST ME, don't go in there.

Nobody responds. She shrugs.

Star Warrior looks at her.

STAR WARRIOR

Sorry.

She taps the Crimson Crystal and disintegrates Bad-Ass Bitch.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

Sometimes... a hero comes along.
One with the strength to carry on.
One who casts their fears aside.
One who knows they can survive....

Music starts to play. The Visionary starts to sing. Quite well.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

*So when you feel like hope is gone
Look inside you and be strong
And you'll finally see the truth
That a hero lies in you*

The music ends.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)

What? Thursdays are cosmic karaoke nights, I HAVE to practice, that place is cut-throat.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. SORRY (NOT SORRY) NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A long line of nicely, but barely, dressed people stand in line to get into a club marked only by a neon sign that says "Sorry (Not Sorry)." The lone entrance is protected by a BOUNCER with more muscles than brain cells.

THE VISIONARY (V.O.)
 Meanwhile, on a world with even
 fewer heroes...

LESLIE JONES walks towards the bouncer. She's dressed in her own going out clothes, how she would dress in real life. She stumbles towards the entrance, her muscles and bones cracking as she walks.

LESLIE
 I'm sore, vulnerable and cranky.
 Why am I even here?

She looks at the line and sees two really attractive Black men dressed in very expensive suits.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Oh, that's it. I'm here to exercise
 my constitutionally-protected right
 to the pursuit of tight asses.

The bouncer lets the two attractive Black men inside.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 I ain't EVEN about to stand in this
 line, tho.

The bouncer is definitely on steroids. He's a white man at least 6'6" and 240, with no body fat and no body hair. He stares at her when she steps to him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Hey, you big beautiful Jean-Luc
 Picard...

No response.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Why don't you let me slide on into
 the club? I left my ID at home.
 Sorry, not sorry.

She laughs exaggeratedly. He doesn't laugh.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You know who I am, boo?

BOUNCER
No. And don't call me 'boo'.

She frowns.

LESLIE
C'mon. Just let me in. You look
like you need a hug? Is that it?

She gives him a big bear hug, which he ignores.

BOUNCER
Why in the world would I let you
in?

She's offended.

LESLIE
Why'd you ask me that? You ask
white people that?

BOUNCER
Give me three reasons why I should
let you in my club?

She counts off three fingers.

LESLIE
I'm fine. I can fuck. I can fight.

He chuckles.

BOUNCER
We don't allow at least two of
those inside.

She gives him a look of disgust.

LESLIE
Listen here you big bald-headed,
Mr. Clean-looking BITCH, you must
be OUT your DAMNED mind. Don't you
know who the HELL's time you're
wasting right now? I'm Leslie
DAMNED Jones and you'd better le--

The bouncer opens the rope to let her in.

She cocks her head and struts like, 'yeah the hell he let me
in'. She stares him down.

She stares down the people waiting in line and struts into the building. As she goes, she mumbles under her breath, confidently:

LESLIE (CONT'D)
They KNEW I was about to get in
that ass.

The bouncer replaces the rope.

INT. SORRY (NOT SORRY) NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie steps up to a bar that has a wall of pretty much every possible liquor. The wall reaches so high, a sliding ladder, like in a library, is attached to the wall.

She stares up and down and back and forth. She can't take in the whole thing at once.

LESLIE
Y'all know too many options ISN'T
HEALTHY!!!

Her attempt at getting the BARTENDER's attention doesn't work.

SMOOTH OPERATOR (O.S.)
Let me get that.

Leslie turns to see a SMOOTH OPERATOR get the bartender's attention. He turns towards her and flashes a smile that makes her eyelids flutter. He is a Black man in his early 40s who is dressed like he's living in the 1970s, brown leather jacket, bell bottoms, afro and mustache. He looks a little bit like Snoop Dogg, but it's definitely not him.

The bartender brings each of them a drink. Looks like orange juice.

They clink glasses and she takes a big gulp. She hates the taste and makes a face.

LESLIE
What the hell is this?

SMOOTH OPERATOR
Gin and juice.

She takes another sip and grimaces.

LESLIE

Ooh-wee. Gin always puts me on my back, son! That's my favorite drink!

She takes another sip. She reacts like she's drinking motor oil.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Snoop's uncle.

He tries to put his arm around her, but she shakes him off with a snarl.

SMOOTH OPERATOR

C'mon baby...

LESLIE

You'd better get your ass outta here, you half-weight crook.

She barks at him. He flinches and walks away. Leslie turns the other direction to see a PRETTY WHITE GIRL wearing probably a bit less clothing than she should.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

We're in the club....

She stomps her foot on the floor.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Why are you standing NEXT TO ME?

Leslie stomps away. Then she stomps back into the shot and grabs her drink. Then she stomps away again.

She wanders into a VIP area where she's hanging out with her friends ANNA KENDRICK, LENA DUNHAM and LONI LOVE. The women are surrounded by a sea of SUITORS.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Why do we always come to this club?

No one answers. They're all flirting and drinking and having a good time. They don't even notice Leslie.

She flops down on a couch and something pops out from behind a pillow. She picks it up and flips it open, like a phone. It is the shape and dimensions of a flip phone, but it only has one button and no screen. The button just has a lower case letter "i" on it.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
This must be one of those new
European joints.

She sticks the phone in her purse as a large Black man,
MANDINGO, with muscles for days and a shaven head, sits down
next to her. He wears designer slacks and a skin-tight V-neck
t-shirt.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Ooh, what's your name, sugar?

MANDINGO
Mandingo.

She recoils in fake shock.

LESLIE
Nuh-uh. You did NOT just come in
here looking like Dwayne "The Rock"
Johnson dipped in chocolate and
tell me your name was Mandingo.

He smiles. It makes things flutter inside her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Look at you. Good breath.
Respectful. Ass so tight it could
crack walnuts.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I like walnuts.

MANDINGO
Me, too.

She looks at him funny.

LESLIE
You have nice skin. You smell like
an Israeli.

He sniffs her neck. She gets flustered.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
What are your thoughts on
avocadoes?

MANDINGO
I hate 'em.

She grins.

MANDINGO (CONT'D)
What, they're only edible for like
30 seconds.

LESLIE
I know, right?

They laugh gently.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Can I ask you a question?

MANDINGO
Any time.

She gets a sly look in her eye.

LESLIE
Is Mandingo like a race thing, to
like intimidate the white boys? Or
is it like, you know, a reference
to the... uh... you know... size...
of your... PENIS.

MANDINGO
Why not both?

LESLIE
You smoke weed?

MANDINGO
Only on days that end in -Y.

She nods.

LESLIE
Tight. What about your mom? You
live with her? How often do you
hang out?

He laughs.

MANDINGO
I have my own place. My mother only
comes over once a week.

Leslie raises an eyebrow.

MANDINGO (CONT'D)
When we smoke a bong and watch old
Olympics highlights.

Leslie starts fanning herself.

LESLIE
I'm about to pass out.

MANDINGO
I'll catch you.

LESLIE
Bartender? Clean up on aisle ME!

She crosses her legs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Okay, if you're so smart, what do I
want for my birthday?

He smiles.

MANDINGO
A dragon.

She melts. She fans herself with her hands.

LESLIE
You got nine lives. Like a cat.
Meow.

He gives her a smoldering look and does a sexy voice:

MANDINGO
Woof.

She looks at him like he farted in church.

LESLIE
That was weird. But you're kinda
fine, so let's go get our squab on.

She stands up. He pulls her in close and firm.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, so you just gonna--

He kisses her. For a while.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Okay. Now THAT's what I like. You
are good kisser. The exact right
ratio of dry-to-wet. I can't stand
when dudes slob all over me. I--

He kisses her again.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Leslie and Mandingo walk towards the entrance of a massive and expensive apartment building. Only celebrities and stock brokers can afford to live here.

Arm-in-arm, they walk into the lobby. Leslie waves to the front desk clerk.

CLERK

Welcome back, Ms. Jones.

LESLIE

Now I've told you, Ms. Jones is my sister.

Everyone laughs.

Leslie and Mandingo step onto the elevator, where a uniformed ELEVATOR ATTENDANT awaits them. Once they are on board, the attendant pushes the button for the top floor, where Leslie's apartment is.

ELEVATOR ATTENDANT

Who is your guest?

LESLIE

That's Will Smith. Didn't you know?

The attendant looks skeptically at Mandingo.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

He's got that Big Willie Style and you can call me Jada.

The attendant turns towards the front and pushes the close door button several times quickly.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It's gonna be a beautiful night.

INT. LESLIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The next morning, Leslie wakes up in bed. She's hungover and the sunlight hurts. She reaches for a half-full glass of water on the night stand, but knocks it over instead.

She sits up and has been sleeping in nothing but a big Yankees t-shirt. Mandingo sleeps naked in the bed next to her, but she doesn't pay him any mind.

She fully sits up with her back against the headboard. She reaches over to the nightstand and picks up a swirly rainbow-colored bong and a lighter.

LESLIE
Oh, yeah, good morning to you, Lady
Rainabong.

She takes a big hit and relaxes.

Mandingo rustles and she notices him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Damn.

She hits the bong one more time and sets it down. She pushes Mandingo's shoulder, but his body stays lifeless.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hey, um, dude...

He stirs. He rolls over and smiles at her.

MANDINGO
Hey you...

She stares at him like she's crazy for a moment.

LESLIE
You gots to go.

She points towards the door.

MANDINGO
Can't I stay? I thought we could
cuddle in bed all day.

LESLIE
Nah, I don't do that.

He looks at her forlornly.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
That's how I live my life, dude.

He gets up and walks towards the bathroom. She leaps up and blocks his way.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Nope, You can't use my bathroom. I
don't play like that.

MANDINGO
 (smoothly)
 Let me draw you a bath?

LESLIE
 This ain't Titanic, Leo, you don't
 need to draw anything for me.

He moves behind her and starts massaging her shoulders.

MANDINGO
 C'mon, it'll be relaxing.

She shakes him off and walks away.

LESLIE
 That's booty water. I don't get in
 no booty water. You'd have to heat
 all that up again. Get like one of
 those tea kettles or whatever.
 Sanitize that big old bowl of
 chunky soup.

He pouts.

MANDINGO
 You want me to go down on you one
 more time before I leave?

She nods her head and heads towards the bed.

LESLIE
 Hell yes I do. C'mon and get on in
 there, you mocha chocolata puddin'
 pop.

The strange phone from the club rings, but she ignores it.

INT. LESLIE JONES' APARTMENT - LATER

Leslie washes herself in the shower, singing with passion, if
 not skill.

LESLIE
 Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce
 soir? Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh.

She grabs a towel and gets out. A phone with an odd, spacey
 ring tone goes off in the bedroom.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Go away!

Ring. Ring.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Ugh. Why don't y'all LEAVE ME
ALONE!

Ring. Ring.

She stomps into the other room and picks up her phone.

It's not ringing.

Ring. Ring. Nonetheless.

She looks around. The ring is coming from her purse. She goes to it and pulls out the strange phone she found at the club.

Ring. Ring.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. Dammit.

Ring. Ring.

She opens it.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

Strange computeristic sounds, kind of like the sound a dial-up modem makes, make Leslie wince. She cries out.

A blue light emerges from the phone and envelops Leslie's entire body. Once the bubble around her is fully sealed, it gets sucked into the phone, Leslie with it. Once she's sucked into it, the phone collapses in on itself and disappears.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

SUPER: A Different Earth

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Leslie wakes up lying on her back in the grass of Central Park. She looks down and sees she's still naked.

LESLIE
Naked like the damned Terminator. I
hate you SO much right now, James
Cameron.

She runs, trying to cover her private parts. And failing.

BYSTANDER #1
Are you here to save us?

LESLIE
Save YOU? I'm trying to save my
nekkid ass from being on the cover
of the Post.

She moves away from the BYSTANDER, but more and more crowd in on her.

BYSTANDER #2
Help us!

BYSTANDER #3
Save us!

She turns and runs away.

BYSTANDER #2
Only you can stop them!

BYSTANDER #1
Or they'll kill us all!

She pushes past them.

LESLIE
I don't know who the fuck you think
I am, but I'm not her.

She runs away, her feet hurting with each step.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

EXT. THRIFTY SWIFT THRIFT SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hurrying down the sidewalk, various ONLOOKERS stare at her and she steps gingerly as her feet hurt.

Several onlookers take pictures. She steps on something gooey on the ground. She recoils in disgust.

LESLIE
Was that a used...?

She looks up to see the sign for the "Thrifty Swift Thrift Shop." She quickly ducks inside.

INT. THRIFTY SWIFT THRIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the thrift shop is small, but it's packed. Mostly clothes and shoes and such. Leslie weaves her way between the clothing racks that cover her from the breasts down.

She grabs a T-shirt featuring Eddie Murphy's Gumby on it and pulls it over her head. Once the shirt is on, she makes eye contact with the store's PROPRIETOR, a white man in his 60s.

LESLIE

I got hit by one of those polar
vortexes... vortices... you know,
that shit from the Weather Channel.

The proprietor doesn't laugh. She pulls on a pair of pants.

PROPRIETOR

You gonna pay for those?

LESLIE

These? Oh yeah, just a sec.

PROPRIETOR

HOW are you gonna pay for those?

LESLIE

I uh... I keep my wallet up my ass?

The front of the store explodes inward. Roller Baby rockets into the store and stops in the middle. Disco music plays as long as his wheels roll.

Leslie ducks as he comes in and the cheap paneling falls and pins her to the ground. Roller Baby sees her and leaps on top of the panel.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Oof!

He reaches his hands to choke her, but the clothing racks fall on them and his hands get tangled up. Their faces are close enough to kiss.

PROPRIETOR

Why don't you headbutt him?

She struggles to push Roller Baby off.

LESLIE

Dude, headbutts hurt. I've been in
situations where I had to butt
someone... shut up and help me!

PROPRIETOR

How?

LESLIE

Dude broke your store?

Nothing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hit him.

Nothing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

HIT HIM!

The proprietor picks up an aluminum baseball bat from behind the counter. Roller Baby pays no mind as the proprietor walks up behind him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(choking)

Hit... him!

The proprietor swings away, connecting with Roller Baby's helmet. The villain is knocked off of Leslie and rolls across the floor several times.

Leslie scrambles out from under the panel. She gets to her feet and gets into a boxing stance.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Alright, come on, you punk. You don't look so tough.

Leslie snarls her lip then flexes her biceps.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You must be ready for the gun show.

Roller Baby stares at her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You know you wanna kiss it.

She leans in to kiss her own bicep. Roller Baby takes a step towards her. She throws her hands up in a defensive stance.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Don't make me lay these big ass hands on you.

There's only one clear space on the floor that isn't carpet. He rockets across the tile towards her. She dives out of the way and Roller Baby crashes into the wall.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Time out! Time out!

She does a "T" with her hands, standing on the tiled floor once again.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Where's my stunt double? Do I get like a knee girl or something like that?

Roller Baby bursts forward in her direction, but she dives the other way. He crashes into the other wall. Leslie pulls herself up by a fallen clothes rack. Once she's on her feet, she bends over, breathing heavily.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Man, I did NOT host the MTV Movie and TV Awards for all this nonsense.

She looks to her right and sees a hockey stick poking out from a bunch of sporting equipment sitting on a shelf.

Roller Baby rockets towards her one more time. She grabs the hockey stick, falls onto a rack of clothes and jams the stick between his skates.

Roller Baby screams as he catapults into the air and smashes face-first into the wall.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Haha, take THAT you fake-ass Jon Snow.

Roller Baby wobbles as he tries to stand up. His nose is bleeding. A lot.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Oh no!

She covers her mouth.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Cover that shit up!

He stands there, barely keeping his balance.

Leslie vomits on the tile. The splat heard 'round the thrift store.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I just threw up in
front of Roller Baby Jon Snow. I am
so embarrassed.

He wipes the blood from his face and skates directly at her. Once he gets into range, Leslie holds the hockey stick like a baseball bat and swings. It connects with Roller Baby's jaw and he falls to the ground.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You broke, son!

She smashes the butt of the hockey stick in his face.

Roller Baby gets up, wobbly, but still strong enough to try one more time.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Hey... uh... Roller Baby, is it? I
really like that name. It reminds
me of middle school lock-ins at the
skating rink... Sorry, none of
that's important right now. You
wouldn't hit a woman, would you?

Roller Baby gives her an evil grin. He skates towards her and goes on past, quickly disappearing out of sight.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Yeah, you'd better take your psycho
ass on home.

EXT. THE HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - NIGHT

Rain thunders down on the massive structure that houses the Evil Brotherhood of Death and Destruction. A big massive marble building with columns that make up a skull pattern. The Hall of Death and Destruction is scary, but not in like a Castle Greyskull kinda way.

INT. HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the Hall is just one giant room with no decoration. At the front of the room is a row of seven iron thrones of equal size and rank. Off to one side are three doors, marked: "Little Superheroes," "Little Superheroines" and "Mess Hall/Personal quarters/Pit of Eternal Doom and Despair."

The big empty room seems to serve no real purpose.

Roller Baby skates up to Leslie, pulls out a syringe and jabs her in the arm. He draws blood, offers a fake smile and skates to the Mess Hall door.

The other villains take their seats. By the time they are seated, Roller Baby skates back in and joins them. Ms. Magazine sits just to the left of the center chair, which is empty. She addresses Leslie.

MS. MAGAZINE

Are you Leslie Jones?

Leslie looks around nervously.

LESLIE

Nah... uh... my name is Frosty.
D.J. Frosty.

GLOBAL WARMER

Bah! She is clearly lying. Bring out the apparatus.

Mr. Expendable walks out of the room. Leslie looks concerned.

LESLIE

The apparatus? We don't need no apparatus. Like who actually says 'bah'?

JUDGE DREAD

You look just like her.

LESLIE

Who?

STAR WARRIOR

Bad-Ass Bitch.

Leslie is proud.

LESLIE

I AM a bad-ass bitch, glad you recognized.

MS. MAGAZINE

No, you idiot, HER. Bad-Ass Bitch, the superheroine.

LESLIE

Wait, who?

MS. MAGAZINE

This imposter knows nothing. She is useless.

LESLIE
Stop messing with me, Cersei
Lannister. Go kiss your brother and
let me go.

She waves her hand at the men.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Y'all aren't even going to talk
about how y'all sitting in here
looking like the people from Game
of Thrones?

KAOS THEORY
We have thrones?

LESLIE
No, Game of Thrones? The TV show?

No one has heard of it.

MS. MAGAZINE
Enough of this! Put her in the
dungeon!

LESLIE
Myself? I've seen every episode.
I'll bet NOT one of y'all has a
penis. Like just a whole damned
group of penis-less men.

She starts to fake sobbing at the loss of penises.

MS. MAGAZINE
Stifle your childish insults. Our
NEW leader is arriving.

Everyone tenses up in anticipation.

LESLIE
(under her breath)
Man, it BETTER not be Bran.

Judge Dread walks in and takes the center seat. He is this
world's Isaac Hempstead Wright, the actor who played Bran
Stark.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Dammit! I KNEW it.

MS. MAGAZINE
We know you are not from this
Earth.

LESLIE

That's good to know. Even I wasn't sure about that one...

MS. MAGAZINE

We know you don't have any powers.

Leslie rubs where the blood sample was drawn earlier.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

We know you have no way home. You are of absolutely no use to anyone on this Earth.

Leslie takes it personally.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

But WE can give you purpose.

Leslie's not buying it.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

Masquerade as your doppelganger...

LESLIE

I don't know that word.

MS. MAGAZINE

...the OTHER you.

Leslie nods.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

Masquerade as her, serve our purposes, and you will live a life of luxury like you have never imagined. And never could obtain on YOUR Earth.

Leslie can't believe the offer. She takes a few seconds to think about it. She looks around the room.

LESLIE

Nah... uh... this doesn't sound like the right thing to do...

Ms. Magazine and Judge Dread exchange a look of displeasure.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

See, I can't really wear super villain uniforms. Like, the color scheme clashes with my eyes and I'd have to wear like TWO Spanx to keep my shit looking tight.

JUDGE DREAD
Then you will rot in our dungeons
for the rest of your natural life.

Leslie re-examines the costume and this time, she's impressed.

LESLIE
So what kind of dental plan does
the Brotherhood offer?

MS. MAGAZINE
Away with her.

Kaos Theory and Global Warmer grab Leslie and escort her towards the door to the basement.

INT. HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HOLDING CELL - LATER

Leslie sleeps on a cold iron bunk in a holding cell. The iron bars connect the iron floor to the iron ceiling. Her arms are wrapped around her in an attempt at warmth.

Judge Dread walks in and takes ahold of the bars to be as close to her as he can be.

JUDGE DREAD
Hey, it's me. Isaac.

She turns over on the bunk. She hugs her arms closer around her body.

LESLIE
Isaac who? I don't know nobody
named Isaac. What kinda dumb name
is Isaac anyway?

JUDGE DREAD
Isaac Hempstead Wright. From Game
of Thrones.

Leslie's interest has been piqued.

LESLIE
Like the actor?

ISAAC (JUDGE DREAD)
It's me.

She turns over and squints to see him.

LESLIE
That IS you!

She excitedly jumps up and hugs him through the bars. He tries to pull away, but she's too strong for him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Oh, I love you so much. What are you doing here?

ISAAC
I'm here to free you.

Leslie is surprised.

LESLIE
And why would you wanna do that? You just put me in here.

Isaac shakes his head.

ISAAC
No, no, no... you misunderstand. I'm not the Isaac of this world. I'm the Isaac of YOUR world.

She looks at him funny.

LESLIE
What the hell are you talking about, Bran Stark?

He's exasperated.

ISAAC
That's why I'm here. I CAME to this Earth to get away from the fans.

Beat.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Those people are crazy.

Beat.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
So, the OTHER Leslie?

LESLIE
Yeah?

ISAAC
She and I... we... we had a... many would call it a... relationship. Like I was... somewhat officially... her sidekick.

LESLIE
I guess that's pretty cool.

ISAAC
I wanted to let you know that we...
I mean you and I... well... we
COULD have the same... I could be
YOUR sidekick.

Leslie stares at him for a moment.

LESLIE
Yeah... uh... I'mma put a pin in
that one. I'm considering some
other options for, you know, the
whole sidekick thing and I don't
really want to, you know, commit to
anything at this... um... exact
moment.

ISAAC
(wounded)
Sure I get it. ANYWAY, I gotta get
outta here. Got some secret
supervillain duties to attend to
and all that. But I have something
for you.

Leslie rubs her hands together in anticipation.

LESLIE
Oh shit, this is the part where I
get all my little spy gadgets and
like a watch that can open a safe
and cufflinks that shoot little
lasers...

Her grin turns to a frown.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I don't know how to put cufflinks
on. Could you maybe like show me--

ISAAC
What I have for you is advice.

Leslie is crestfallen.

LESLIE
Man, they never give all the cool
gadgets to Black people. This is
why we don't spy.

ISAAC
Remember, when you need it most,
call for help.

She doesn't quite get it.

LESLIE
Yeah, sure.

ISAAC
Call for help.

Beat.

LESLIE
So, like, I call and then you'll
give me the advice or...

ISAAC
Call for help.

LESLIE
No, like I heard you... my
complaint wasn't that you were a
low-talker or--

ISAAC
I'm not sure you DID hear me.

LESLIE
You said 'call for help.' I heard
it you three-eyed raven-ass looking
motherf--

INT. HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - LATER

The seven members of the Brotherhood sit upon their thrones,
which actually makes having a conversation a bit challenging.

JUDGE DREAD
What are we to do with Leslie
Jones?

Kaos Theory sits at the far end from Judge Dread.

KAOS THEORY
What?

JUDGE DREAD
I said... This is ridiculous.

He stands up and starts to drag his throne across the floor, screeching and scraping the whole way until it's directly across from Mr. Expendable.

He sits down.

JUDGE DREAD (CONT'D)
There. Better. Now, I said--

Everyone else gets up and drags their thrones, screeching and scraping for a LONG time until they are finally all in a circle.

MS. MAGAZINE
(exasperated)
Now. Are we all settled? Yes? Good?
Now, where were we.

JUDGE DREAD
I said what should we do about
Leslie Jones?

They all look around at each other for a few seconds.

KAOS THEORY
Maybe we should kill her?

He looks around from face to face.

KAOS THEORY (CONT'D)
C'mon?

He waves his hands to pump them up. They all cave. Nods and murmurs of assent.

MS. MAGAZINE
So it's agreed that we will kill
Leslie Jones.

Beat.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)
Again.

EVERYONE
(simultaneously)
Aye!

MS. MAGAZINE
Good. Meeting adjourned.

Everyone just kinda sits there looking at each other for a few seconds.

Kaos Theory stands up and starts dragging his throne, scratching and screeching, back to its' original place.

EXT. KENNY'S ROASTERS - DAY

Leslie wanders a downtown street, teeming with PEDESTRIANS and stumbles across a storefront window. The window is filled with rotisserie chickens, dripping with juices and flavors. A sign above the door says "Kenny's Roasters."

Leslie stops and stares as if nothing more succulent has ever existed. She wipes drool from her face.

NYPD OFFICER (O.S.)
Hold it right there!

Leslie knows the sound of a cop when she hears one. She whirls around with her hands up.

And sees that the NYPD OFFICER wasn't talking to her. He has his gun out and pointed at a THIEF standing next to an ATM.

THIEF
I didn't do nothing!

NYPD OFFICER
Show me what's in your hand.

He reluctantly does.

NYPD OFFICER (CONT'D)
Is that an eyeball?

Leslie looks up.

LESLIE
What the fuck?

NYPD OFFICER
You steal that or take it yourself?

LESLIE
What the hell kinda question is that?

THIEF
Dude, I totally stole it. I'm no freak. I was just using it to eat.

Leslie stares at that exactly the way you assume she'd stare at that. The NYPD Officer makes eye contact with her and she rushes inside so he doesn't notice her.

INT. KENNY'S ROASTERS - CONTINUOUS

A TEENAGE CLERK stands before a cash register.

TEENAGE CLERK

Welcome to Kenny's Roasters, how may we help make today a great day?

LESLIE

Y'all serve food here? I'm hungry as a motherf--

TEENAGE CLERK

Yes, we offer a large assortment of cuisines, instantly replicated.

LESLIE

Yo, that sounds like some weird shit, but I'm hungry.

She starts to sell the story.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Thing is... I don't have any cash? But I, like, haven't eaten for days. Can you hook a sister up?

TEENAGE CLERK

What's cash?

LESLIE

Umm, yeah... like I can't pay for it.

The clerk points towards a eye scanner next to the register. The sign clearly says "Pay with your eyeball!"

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Yeah... no... I'm not paying with... does it like... take my eyeball? I ain't that hungry yet...

TEENAGE CLERK

What are you, a comedian?

They both look directly into the CAMERA.

TEENAGE CLERK (CONT'D)

Just put your eye to the scanner and pay and I'll take your order.

Leslie is hesitant. She leans in slowly. The clerk smiles and encourages her.

Leslie puts her eye to the scanner. A blue light flashes on her eye.

LESLIE
Ahhh! It's tickling my cerebellum.

She pulls away from it.

TEENAGE CLERK
Says here you have exactly
4,815,162,342 credits.

LESLIE
Is that a lot?

TEENAGE CLERK
It's the third most credits owned
by any living human being. After
Ms. Magazine of the Evil
Brotherhood of Death and
Destruction and Elon Musk of the
Brotherhood of Evil Destruction and
Death.

LESLIE
Yeah, yeah... YES!

She claps her hands and rubs them together while scanning the menu.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Alright, then let me get the
macaroni and cheese... of course,
some chicken... ribs... a hamburger
with a sesame seed bun. I mean, if
you don't have sesame seed buns, I
don't EVEN want that shit. So give
me... nah, even if you don't have
sesame seeds, I want that burger.
Can I get some of that fancy
ramen... you got any Popeye's
biscuits? Probably not... okay...
ooh, gimme that Silk yogurt with
blueberries and granola. I LOVE
that shit...

CUT TO:

Leslie washes down a bite of food with a glass of wine. She's eaten some of everything and all of some things.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Garcon?

A WAITER quickly arrives.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
More wine, PLEASE. Like a whole
bottle.

WAITER
Right away, Ms. Jones.

The waiter walks away. A man walks up and sits across from Leslie.

LESLIE
Yo, man, this seat is tak--

She looks up and her jaw drops. The man is very clearly Mr. Expendable. But he's wearing glasses. Like no other changes, it's just Peter Dinklage without the costume and with glasses.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You're Mr. Expendable, aren't you?

MR. EXPENDABLE
I have no idea who that person is.
I'm simply known as 'The
Accountant'.

LESLIE
Your superhero name is 'The
Accountant'?

MR. EXPENDABLE
'The Actuary' was taken.

She smirks at him.

LESLIE
Are you SURE you aren't Mr.
Expendable? You look a LOT like
him.

MR. EXPENDABLE
Is this because of my size?

She clutches at pearls. She's taken aback.

LESLIE
No, no, no... I-I would never...

He cocks his head to the side.

MR. EXPENDABLE
The old you did.

Her face sours.

LESLIE

Ooh, that's a valid point. I'm sorry about that. The other me seemed to be a bit of a b-word, if you know what I mean. I'm not like that.

MR. EXPENDABLE

I DO know what you mean. Everybody's like that.

She grabs a opaque glass and takes a big sip.

LESLIE

Is that a cigarette butt?

She looks around.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Isn't this a non-smoking restaurant?

She's embarrassed as she spits the drink back into the glass.

MR. EXPENDABLE

I know where you live.

She points at him.

LESLIE

I knew it. You're a stalker, aren't you?

MR. EXPENDABLE

Do YOU know where you live?

She thinks for a second.

LESLIE

To be honest with you, my memory is a little hazy with all this moving and craziness and all that and I was hoping you could help ME out with that.

MR. EXPENDABLE

Let's go.

He gets up and walks out.

EXT. THE COMPTON CASTLE - LATER

The foyer of this house alone is massive and ornate. Bigger than many studio apartments.

MR. EXPENDABLE

You said this place is called the
'Compton Castle'?

LESLIE

Yo, I definitely never said that,
because I've definitely never seen
this George Jefferson wet dream
before. But the name is tight. That
IS the type of shit I would name
something.

Leslie yawns and stretches her arms.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It's getting late.

He doesn't get the hint.

MR. EXPENDABLE

Especially with all you've been
through.

She nods, 'yeah, that was the fucking point'.

LESLIE

Right, so I will see YOU in the
morning.

He doesn't leave.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Dude, I've GOTTA get some sleep.
I'll rack up the Z's and we can
face the world fresh in the morning
after a BIG breakfast.

MR. EXPENDABLE

I could stay over. You know, to
protect you.

LESLIE

Nah, I don't know you like that.
And you ARE in a club called 'The
Brotherhood of Death and
Destruction'.

He shrugs.

MR. EXPENDABLE
Valid points.

She shuts the door behind him.

LESLIE
I'd fuck the shit out of that man.

CUT TO:

She walks into the living room, craning her neck to see all the art and architecture and fancy shit.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
The REAL Compton Castle! Finally!

She screams and starts running through the room.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
This is MY house!

A series of shots, all selfies with Leslie in various rooms in the house:

-The foyer, with art and stained glass and an antique grandfather clock.

-A living room big enough and with enough fancy couches to have some plush-ass meetings.

-A dining room with an ancient oak table big enough to seat 30.

-A kitchen with an illegally insane amount of counter space, a walk in pantry, a full grill, stove, twin ovens, a massive fridge, a full-sized freezer and a marble island you'd murder for.

-A lavish bedroom with a four-poster bed. The walls hand-painted with tiny figures of every famous Black person ever.

-A bathroom with a fur toilet seat.

-A workout room with free weights.

-A home theater with a massive projection screen.

-A dance floor.

-Tennis courts.

-A hedge maze.

Leslie stands at the entrance to the hedge maze. She peers into the leaves, which start to swirl and hypnotize her and random scary images appear in them.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Nope.

She turns and walks away from the hedge maze.

INT. THE COMPTON CASTLE - NIGHT

Leslie sits on her four-poster bed in a nice, fluffy robe. A VERY expensive laptop before her.

LESLIE

Now, let's find out who this world's Leslie Jones is... uh... was.

She searches her name on YouTube and watches a series of videos.

CUT TO:

Bad-Ass Bitch appears on the Jimmy Fallon show.

BAD-ASS BITCH

As you know, I was born in Memphis, but I've moved all around.

JIMMY FALLON

Where'd you go next? Obviously, WE met in New York. So we got Memphis, New York, what else?

BAD-ASS BITCH

We made our way out to Los Angeles...

The audience cheers.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

Where my dad, who was a musician, worked for Stevie Wonder.

Bigger cheers. Jimmy is stoked.

JIMMY FALLON

No way!

She nods.

BAD-ASS BITCH

Yes way.

Jimmy is even MORE stoked.

CUT TO:

Leslie looks at the laptop. It shows a music video for the song "Bowls, Bowls, Bowls," by Bad-Ass Bitch. It has 3 million views. It's already playing. The song is Leslie's verse from the Saturday Night Live parody "Back Home Ballers."

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

*Bowls, bowls, all types of bowls
Chips and mints and seashell bowls*

Leslie bumps her head to the music.

LESLIE

I always thought that should've
been a single.

CUT TO:

The next video is the SNL parody "The U.E.S." In this world, it's a single by Bad-Ass Bitch and it has 50 million views. It plays:

BAD-ASS BITCH

*Always got a seat and it's clean as
hell
Got that nobody peed in here subway
smell*

Leslie bops along.

CUT TO:

The next video is titled "Swap Meet Kimono featuring Queen Latifah."

LESLIE

What the hell is this here? Queen
Latifah?

In this clip, Bad-Ass Bitch wears one of the title kimonos and dances back and forth in a fish eye lens focused on a small room with flashy lights and shit, like a Puffy or Missy video from back in the day.

BAD-ASS BITCH

*When I got that kimono I feel like
the beast*

(MORE)

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
*Gotta get away from the swap meet
 police*

QUEEN LATIFAH dances into the video.

Leslie goes crazy, jumping up and down and waving her arms.

LESLIE
 No shit! I got a duet with the
 queen!

QUEEN LATIFAH
*Ain't no party like a swap meet
 party
 To get my kimonos, that's where I
 shop*

CUT TO:

Bad-Ass Bitch appears on the WENDY WILLIAMS show.

WENDY
 Girl, I am obsessed with those
 videos. Are you as obsessed with
 them as everyone else?

The audience applauds.

BAD-ASS BITCH
 I DO love myself.

More applause.

WENDY
 Who else loves you these days? Are
 you dating? Seeing someone? Swiping
 left?

BAD-ASS BITCH
 Nobody.

Gasps from the crowd. An over-reaction from Wendy.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
 I should have a man, huh?

WENDY
 Men don't like strong, strong
 women.

BAD-ASS BITCH
 Ain't that the truth?

WENDY
They're afraid we'll all kick their
asses.

She holds up her muscles, which are not insubstantial.

WENDY (CONT'D)
And it's true in your case.

Cheers.

BAD-ASS BITCH
Yours, too!

She goads the audience on, getting them to cheer while Wendy waves them off.

WENDY
You are TOO kind.

CUT TO:

Bad-Ass Bitch Appears on the Jimmy Kimmel show.

JIMMY KIMMEL
Okay, so let's go over this, you've talked about it before, but I LOVE the list of jobs you had before you were a superhero.

BAD-ASS BITCH
There's a lot of them.

Everybody laughs.

JIMMY KIMMEL
Well, let's hear 'em?

The audience applauds.

BAD-ASS BITCH
Okay, I sold perfume on the street... I was a justice of the peace...

JIMMY KIMMEL
I hear they all got divorced.

BAD-ASS BITCH
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM.

Big laughs.

JIMMY KIMMEL

I hear you used to work at Roscoe's
Chicken and Waffle's, which used to
be my favorite place before I went
on this diet.

She nods her head.

BAD-ASS BITCH

I did. I did. In fact I used to
work there with Guillermo.

The audience goes crazy as the shot cuts to GUILLERMO,
Jimmy's security guard and side kick, who laughs and nods.

GUILLERMO

We used to go out back and smoke
weed!

Huge laughs.

BAD-ASS BITCH

That's true. I used to sell it to
you.

GUILLERMO

Don't tell my wife!

The audience explodes with laughter.

CUT TO:

A big angry red-faced man with stringy balding hair sits in a
dark room, all alone, staring directly into the CAMERA. This
is ALEX WATKINS.

ALEX

Alex Watkins here folks. After you
write yourself a reminder to invest
in physical, tangible gold. G-O-L-
D. Not fiat currency and other
things the supers can take away
from you at any time. Because the
unpowered man has no freedom in a
world of supers. None at all.
Unless you have a gun. Now the pro-
super media will tell you that
supers are immune to guns. But
that's just what they WANT you to
think. That's how it starts...

CUT TO:

Leslie yawns as she surfs the web. She stops and cocks an eyebrow.

LESLIE
What is SUPERS HUB?

She clicks on it. It's a porn website dedicated to super hero sex tapes.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Huh. What do you think about that?

She scrolls down the page, revealing new video titles:

-Sidekicks gone wild!!?!1!

-Batwoman lesbian honeymoon leaked???!1!

-WOW! Batman and Superman make up and make out

-Yawn, another Emma Frost bondage video

Leslie stops. She has an idea. She goes to the search field and types in "Bad-Ass Bitch."

The first thing that comes up is titled "THE REAL BAB SEXTAPE (RE-UPLOAD)."

Leslie looks around the room sheepishly. She hits play.

In the video, Bad-Ass Bitch walks into a posh bedroom. The camera angle is bad, but a naked Black man, THE MULTIPLIER, lays on the bed. His body is a shape that could only be drawn by a comic-book artist.

Bad-Ass Bitch takes off her robe and walks over to the bed.

BAD-ASS BITCH
Show me again why they call you
'The Multiplier'.

He claps his hands and he instantly becomes two identical men.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
Do that again.

They both do, now there are four. Leslie bites her lip.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
(whispered)
One more time.

They ALL do it one more time. Now there are eight.

Leslie looks up from the laptop and looks all around the room. She unbuttons her pants as the video goes on.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)
Where are you going to put all of those?

Devilish laugh.

Leslie slides her hand into her pants.

CUT TO:

Leslie lies back on the bed. Snoring loudly. She snores too loudly and wakes herself up.

LESLIE
So many sweaty, sweaty balls!

She bolts up and looks around, embarrassed.

She picks up the phone and dials Mr. Expendable.

MR. EXPENDABLE
Yes.

LESLIE
Okay, I think I've purged all the demons and I'm ready to get this party started. Quickly, right?

MR. EXPENDABLE
Grab a pencil and I'll tell you where to go.

EXT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - DAY

Leslie looks down at a scrap of paper with an address on it. She looks up and it's a vacant lot. Off to the side is a large tree with a massive trunk. In the branches, a modest child's treehouse sits there.

She looks down at the paper again and the street number is 3742. She looks up at the tree and the street number 3742 is on the trunk.

LESLIE
What the fuck is this? This CAN'T be the place.

A sign hanging from one of the wooden ladder rungs reads: "This IS the place." She turns up her nose, but heads towards the ladder.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Ooh, I'll bet you it stinks like high hell up in there. Like dirty tube socks and mildew-covered Playboy magazines with the pages all stuck together.

She climbs anyway.

INT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

Leslie climbs into the treehouse, stands up and dusts herself off.

LESLIE

I'm getting to old for this shi--

She looks up. Her jaw drops. The inside of the treehouse is impossibly big, like that tent in Goblet of Fire. There are multiple levels and offices and a faux fire pit in the middle of the lobby.

Standing before her is Mr. Expendable, wearing his business suit and glasses, so 'The Accountant'.

MR. EXPENDABLE

Welcome to the Magical Treehouse of Justice!

He gestures to the room like a spokesmodel.

MR. EXPENDABLE (CONT'D)

Top things to remember about interdimensional travel: Everything on this Earth is basically the same as it is on your Earth. The changes are very few in number. For the most part, a person from this Earth and your Earth will have the same fingerprints and memories an pass all the same tests and scans and whatever. You'd be the same down to the DNA level.

LESLIE

That's some freaky shit.

MR. EXPENDABLE

More importantly, if you knew someone on your old Earth, you'll still know them here. They may think of you as an evil bitch, but they'll know you.

MEGAN RAPINOE (O.S.)
Hey, Leslie!

Leslie slowly turns around to see Megan Rapinoe standing before her. Megan rushes at her and gives her a hug.

LESLIE
Oooh, a hug. A VERY friendly hug.

MEGAN
Welcome to the Revolution!

She holds the hug.

LESLIE
Firm... like a man. But without all the body hair and Drakkar Noir.

Megan finally breaks the hug.

MEGAN RAPINOE
Speaking of Drakkar Noir.

Colin Jost and Michael Che walk into the room.

JOST
I'm Colin Jost.

CHE
And I'm Michael Che.

LESLIE
SHUT UP! Everybody knows who you guys are.

CHE
We're calling ourselves 'The Wonder Twins' now.

JOST
No we aren't.

CHE
I REALLY think we should call ourselves the Wonder Twins.

JOST
But I REALLY want us to be Power Man and Iron Fist.

Che laughs contemptuously.

CHE
Which one would you even be?

Che glares at him silently for a moment.

CHE (CONT'D)

No.

JOST

What? I didn't even say anything?

CHE

No.

JOST

C'mon.

CHE

I don't even like Scrubs.

JOST

It's a big deal again. They have a podcast. It's got like... MILLIONS of listeners.

CHE

I don't care if it has ALL the listeners. I told you I'm not letting you call me 'Chocolate Bear.'

Jost throws his hands up in exasperation.

LESLIE

What powers DO you guys have?

Che sighs.

CHE

I hate explaining this.

JOST

Then don't.

CHE

I have to. She asked nicely.

JOST

Then tell her.

CHE

Our powers are linked. Don't even ask about our origin story, but each of us gets to pick a power for the other. But we can't tell anyone what it is or it goes away.

(MORE)

CHE (CONT'D)

We can never repeat any power twice
and if one of us dies, no more
powers for the other.

LESLIE

I mean... that seems kinda oddly
specific and all. And yet I have no
idea what the HELL you are talking
about.

JOST

Show her.

CHE

I don't wanna.

JOST

You can't leave everyone hanging.

LESLIE

I kinda wanna see this.

He rolls his eyes.

CHE

Done.

JOST

You already went?

CHE

Yeah.

JOST

You were supposed to wait for me. I
didn't go.

LESLIE

JUST GO!!!!!!

JOST

Done.

Nothing happens.

CHE

You go first.

JOST

No way, you.

He shrugs. He concentrates. Nothing happens at first, then a
flame shoots from his ass. People freak out a bit, then clap
when it goes away.

CHE
My power was flaming farts.

JOST
Nailed it.

CHE
Now I can never have flaming farts
again.

Jost frowns.

CHE (CONT'D)
Your turn.

Jost concentrates.

JOST
Oh no...

He tries to hold it back, but he can't.

JOST (CONT'D)
Black people are stronger than
white people and it scares me.

Che laughs. Everyone else is appalled.

JOST (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

CHE
Your power is to say something that
you really feel that is kinda
racist and not have any Black
people kick your ass for it.

Beat.

CHE (CONT'D)
But it was a ONE-TIME ONLY power,
if you catch what I mean.

Jost wilts away.

LESLIE
WHAT THE HELL DO I NEED TO DO?!!!

MR. EXPENDABLE
You have to gather THIS list of
components. And you'll use them to
create a device that will take you
home.

He hands her a list. She takes a look at it. Scans it while nodding her head. Flips the page. Then another. Then another. Then another. Then another.

LESLIE

Damn, Tyrion, you were the teacher who gave homework over Thanksgiving break weren't you?

He glares at her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Y'all got some money or is this like a Supermarket Sweep kinda thing? Like I'm down, I just don't want to spend time in an otherworldly prison or nothing. I ain't going down on no Brokedown Palace Midnight Express tip, if you catch me?

JOST

We got you, boo.

Leslie stares at him.

LESLIE

Don't you EVER do that again.

Jost tosses up his hands to say "what?"

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

Leslie climbs down from the Treehouse.

LESLIE

Whatever they used to make that place, they should use that for some of those downtown apartments, they could make a KILLING on rent--

As she reaches the bottom, she turns to see KYLE MOONEY standing there.

KYLE

Leslie?

LESLIE

Uh... hey... Kyle. Good to see you.

KYLE

Good to see you? What the hell is wrong with you?

He throws his arms up in exasperation.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I thought you were dead!

LESLIE
I WAS, you know?

He stares at her, his pain obvious.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Like I LIT-ER-A-LEE went down to Hell and they said I was too loud and I kept flashing my titties at the fornicators that were stuck swaying back and forth in the wind? Management said it was 'cruel and unusual punishment' and they kicked me the fuck out.

KYLE
I can't believe this. You died ON TV.

She scrambles for a response.

LESLIE
Like, it's amazing what they can do with like CGI and prosthetics and stuff these days. And squibs. They got these squibs--

Kyle puts a finger on her lip to shush her. He rubs it back and forth in a way that he thinks is sexy.

KYLE
Let me buy you a cup of coffee.

Behind him, Leslie sees the Global Warmer fly by, scanning the civilians for her. He doesn't see her, though.

Leslie nods. Kyle doesn't remove his finger from her lips.

EXT. CHAPMAN CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

The Chapman Café is your standard Seinfeldian diner, outside and in. Leslie and Kyle go inside.

INT. CHAPMAN CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Leslie sits in Jerry's spot, Kyle in the George position.

KYLE

I can't believe this. You're alive.
You're HERE.

LESLIE

Not for very long.

KYLE

Why? What do you have that is a
better use of time than rekindling
our love?

LESLIE

Really?

KYLE

I'm serious. This. You. Me. Magic.

He does a chef's kiss.

LESLIE

Does EVERYBODY know about... you
know... YOU and... me?

KYLE

No. Nobody knows. You know that.
That's how you said you wanted it
to be. Did you change your--

LESLIE

NO!

The WAITRESS stares at her. Leslie waves her away.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It's nothing. Just telling my...
uh... boyfriend here... what kind
of PIE I want.

The waitress turns away. Leslie gets an idea and a big smile.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Get me some pie?

He just stares at her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Please?

She bats her eyelashes. He caves.

KYLE

What kind?

LESLIE

Rhubarb.

He just stares at her.

KYLE

Have you ever even had a rhubarb before?

LESLIE

(fumbling)

Oh yeah, rhubarbs are big in Compton. HUGE. Like everybody has them at least 2-3 times a week. It's my favorite type of pie. Ever.

Kyle stands up and walks to the counter. Leslie watches as he leans in and talks to the waitress. He points towards Leslie. Leslie smiles and waves. The waitress doesn't return the wave. She says a few things to Kyle and he comes back.

KYLE

Yeah... they don't have any... rhubarb pie.

She gets choked up. Tears are about to flow. He reaches out and puts a hand on her arm.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I could... I don't know... go get some rhubarbs and could have them cook it up for you?

She is overwhelmed with gratitude.

LESLIE

Would you?

She claps her hands.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I would love that SO much.

He stares at her. He wasn't making a serious offer. She blows him a kiss. He gets up and starts walking away. He turns back towards her.

KYLE

The closest grocery store that sells rhubarbs is like 45 blocks away.

LESLIE

It's okay. I'll wait.

KYLE

Oh... okay.

He walks out the door.

He passes by the window and looks in. His face is pitiful. She half-assedly blows him another kiss.

He kisses the glass in a way he thinks is sexy. She flashes a face of revulsion.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Seconds later, Leslie exits the café and crosses the street and turns a corner to see Central Park. She looks down at her list as she starts to cross the Park.

LESLIE

This shit had BETTER work. I'm about through with Earth 2.

She sees one of the other villains, Star Warrior, fucking with some people.

BYSTANDER #1

At least she's not as bad as Leslie Jones.

BYSTANDER #2

I know. THAT bitch is mean.

BYSTANDER #3

Remember that video of her beating up those witnesses?

BYSTANDER #4

And the one where she straightened the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

BYSTANDER #5

Or that bus. With all the nuns.

BYSTANDER #5 shudders.

Jones is taken aback. She's freaked out, but she keeps walking.

LESLIE

Are they talking about me?

It takes her a second. She's not used to people talking about her like that. She pauses to contemplate.

Leslie realizes she can't just go home, she's gotta help these people.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I can't just go home. I've gotta help these people. I'm an asshole. Well I'M not an asshole, but other me is an asshole. How the hell does Kevin Feige keep track of all this nonsense.

INT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - LATER

Leslie rushes back into the break room at the Magical Treehouse. Already in the room are Mr. Expendable, Olivia Rodrigo and Megan Rapinoe.

LESLIE

I just had an epi... an epif... a fucking breakthrough.

OLIVIA

What is it?

Leslie covers her mouth.

LESLIE

Oh, I'm so sorry, Olivia Rodrigo. I know you're like only 17 and I really shouldn't be cursing in front of such a young lady.

OLIVIA

I'm 18 now.

She shrugs.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

LESLIE

That's my girl. Let's get everybody together.

MEGAN

EVERYBODY everybody?

Leslie nods.

LESLIE

EV-ER-EE-BO-DEE, you fine little feminine slab of superhero sexiness...

Megan blows her a kiss and Leslie fans her self.

INT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - NIGHT

They have assembled everyone they can: Leslie, Megan, Olivia, Jost, Che and Mr. Expendable.

LESLIE

What the hell are we gonna do? How do we stop them?

Nothing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Everybody! Megan Rapinoe?

MEGAN

I... uh... hi.

She shrugs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I mean... teamwork makes the dreamwork.

LESLIE

That's it?

MEGAN

Yeah? Sorry?

She turns and looks at Jost and Che. Then waves them off. They look at each other and shrug.

LESLIE

Olivia Rodrigo? What you got?

OLIVIA

I got nothing.

Leslie frowns.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

What, dude, I'm like seventeen.

MR. EXPENDABLE (O.S.)

I have a piece of information that might be important to your... 'plan'.

They all turn to look at him.

MR. EXPENDABLE (CONT'D)
Through various powers and magic
spells and technology and plot
loopholes...

He turns and looks directly into the CAMERA.

MR. EXPENDABLE (CONT'D)
The members of the Brotherhood are
immune to ANY attacks perpetrated
by men.

CHE
Meaning?

MR. EXPENDABLE
Boys can't hurt them, only girls
can.

LESLIE
What in the deus ex machina?

MR. EXPENDABLE
Some kind of weird interdimensional
magic, from a dimension where all
the wizards have really small
penises. Or something.

Everyone ponders this information.

LESLIE
Nah, nah, nah. This is good. This
is helpful. What was it you said
earlier?

She points toward Megan. The athlete shrugs as she speaks.

MEGAN
Teamwork makes the dreamwork?

LESLIE
Exactly. We have to get the right
team. Of women and girls.

Nods of agreement.

JOST
Who are you gonna get?

LESLIE

Oh, I have some ideas, Colin Jost,
you fresh little pack of mini-
muffins.

CUT TO:

SUPER: 30 minutes later

Leslie holds up a notepad filled with names.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

We have over 50 names. That's a
very good start. Especially if we
can get 'em all.

MR. EXPENDABLE

We have no way to get to them ALL.

LESLIE

Oh, WE'RE gonna get every last one
of 'em. We're gonna use cars,
trucks, buses, tractors, scooters,
motorcycles, camels. I got
licenses.

"Brutal," by Olivia Rodrigo, plays over a series of images:

-They hop over the fence at a huge mansion and make their way
to a private tennis court where VENUS and SERENA are playing.
Leslie and the gang chat with them while the tennis stars
nod.

-They walk onto the ice, hardly able to stand up and talk to
speed skater MAAME BINEY. She's in.

-They meet NAOMI OSAKA at the mall food court, hanging out
with her friends. She's in.

-MIA HAMM and BRANDI CHASTAIN, coaching LITTLE GIRLS playing
soccer. Mia shakes hands with Leslie.

-The members of the Magnificent 7 hang out with family and
friends, having a cookout. Everybody's there: SHANNON MILLER,
DOMINIQUE MOCEANU, DOMINIQUE DAWES, KERRI STRUG, AMY CHOW,
AMANDA BORDEN and JAYCIE PHELPS. They're definitely in.

Leslie stands looking at her list, checking off the
Magnificent Seven. Olivia Rodrigo walks up.

OLIVIA

How many more?

LESLIE

A LOT.

She flips through her list, which goes on for pages and pages.

OLIVIA

Brutal.

LESLIE

You said it.

INT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - NIGHT

Leslie stumbles into the break room, and she's dragging. Mr. Expendable waits for her.

MR. EXPENDABLE

How's it going?

LESLIE

It's dog-eat-dog out there and I'm wearing that Lady Gaga meat dress.

MR. EXPENDABLE

That well?

Jost walks in.

JOST

Hey Leslie, what's up?

She bends over in pain and exhaustion and waves Jost away.

JOST (CONT'D)

So... I heard that you used to work as a... telemarketer for Scientology?

LESLIE

You shut your mouth, Colin Jost!

JOST

Is that true? You worked for Scientology? That's gotta be helpful in some way.

LESLIE

Ixnay on the ientology-scay, say, whatever, you know the Pig Latin, get out of my face!

She waves him away.

EXT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - DAY

They walk out the back door of the treehouse and they are somewhere else. Behind the tree is a grassy field with a path that leads down to a dock where a submarine currently waits.

MR. EXPENDABLE

I'm gonna visit some friends that live underwater.

LESLIE

What the hell does that even mean? White folks... y'all must be out your damned mind.

Meanwhile, MADONNA zooms up on a jet-ski.

MADONNA

I hear you ladies are about to piss off some old rich white dudes.

Behind her is an army of jet-ski riding pop singers. From the old days, like SUPREMES and MARVELETTES to DEBORAH GIBSON and MARIAH and TIFFANY and GLORIA ESTEFAN to more modern singers like BILLIE EILISH and DUA LIPA and PHOEBE BRIDGERS. They're all here. On jet skis. But like they're not in bikinis or anything, they're dressed for the occasion, which is battle, not, you know, modeling.

LESLIE

That's exactly what we're about to do. All of y'all are welcome. Especially you!

She points at LIZZO.

LIZZO

Love you, Leslie Jones.

She waves. Leslie blows her a big, exaggerated kiss.

EXT. EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Leslie stands on the edge of a football field where a group of high school GIRLS are practicing kicking field goals. Megan Rapinoe chats with them and they all hug.

Megan runs over to Leslie.

MEGAN

Okay, these girls are in. And they've got a BUNCH of friends.

She turns towards the girls and waves. They wave back.

LESLIE
That is AWESOME.

MEGAN
Question: How do you define
"girls"?

LESLIE
I'm ALL-inclusive. Let's get ALL
the women and girls.

MEGAN
Sweet.

INT. RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE STUDIO

Leslie and Megan walk into the RuPaul's Drag Race studio during a cast and contestant reunion. The room is filled and the outfits are FIERCE. RUPAUL quiets everyone down.

RUPAUL
Calm down, calm down. So let me get
this straight. You want us to
combine our powers with your powers
and the powers of all the other
women across the world in order to
overthrow the evil bastards that
rule this decrepit world?

LESLIE
Yeah, pretty much.

RUPAUL
We were gonna do that anyway.

The party erupts in a cheer. All of the queens rush to the dressing room.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Hours later

RuPaul leads an army of queens. They have all changed to wear action wear. Gone is the party look, replaced with ass-kicking, but fashionable and extravagant, clothes.

RUPAUL (CONT'D)
Let's do this.

Cheers.

EXT. RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE STUDIO - DAY

Leslie, Megan, RuPaul and the Queens walk outside and stop short. Before them stand the assembled group of: HUNTER SCHAFFER, DANICA ROEM, VERONICA IVY, CHARLOTTE CLYMER, LAURA JANE GRACE, LAVERNE COX, LAUREL HUBBARD, ALANA SMITH, LIA THOMAS, FALLON FOX, RENÉE RICHARDS.

LESLIE
Hey, Laverne Cox.

LAVERNE COX
Hey yourself, Leslie Jones.

LAURA JANE GRACE
We heard you were looking for a few good women?

LESLIE
Oh, HELL yeah!

She claps a hand on Megan's shoulder.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
We're about to kick ALL that ass.

EXT. 30 ROCK - DAY

Leslie, Megan, RuPaul, Laverne and everybody else runs down the sidewalk and into the lobby of the 30 Rock building.

INT. 30 ROCK - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie and the gang rush off the elevator.

LESLIE
Let's split up. Find every woman you can.

Leslie runs into the cafeteria. Sitting around the table are KRISTEN WIIG, MELISSA MCCARTHY, KATE MCKINNON and CHRIS HEMSWORTH.

Leslie walks up to them, the long-lost best friend

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!

She turns and looks directly at Hemsworth and her voice gets huskier.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Thor.

CHRIS HEMSWORTH

(politely)

Actually, it's Chris...

LESLIE

Listen, ladies, do I have an
adventure for YOU.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Two minutes later

Leslie is out of breath. The others are all mortified.

KRISTEN WIIG

Oooh, no thank you. We tried this.
It didn't work out last time. They
threatened to kill my hamster.
Hammy. I love Hammy.

Melissa McCarthy shakes her head.

MELISSA MCCARTHY

I gotta say, I'm with Kristen on
this one. This is a BAD idea in a
history of bad ideas. You could get
KILLED. Like for real.

Leslie nods in sympathy.

MELISSA MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Is Paul in? I mean, if Paul...
never mind.

She waves the idea away.

CHRIS

I could help. Anything you need.

LESLIE

Anything?

He shrugs.

CHRIS

Sure. We're a team.

He grins. Her grin is bigger. She takes his hand and pulls
him towards a private office.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Five minutes later

They walk back into the room, buttoning buttons and tucking clothes back in.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm glad to do it, but I'm not sure
how it helps.

LESLIE
Oh sugar, you helped me more than
you'll ever know.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Bringing all that Mjolnir action.
Ugh.

She stands and leers at him for several seconds.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Anyway.... Kate, you in?

KATE MCKINNON
I think I'm gonna stay home with my
cat.

LESLIE
What?

KATE
Home with my cat.

Lorne Michaels walks by, he sees them and stops in the doorway.

LORNE MICHAELS
You five? Together again?

Leslie shrugs.

LORNE
I want no part of this.

He walks away.

Beat.

He steps back into the doorway.

LORNE (CONT'D)
 Maybe you should call Seth Meyers?
 He's really good, quite organized.
 This is kinda his thing.

He walks away again.

Leslie waves him off.

LESLIE
 Anyway....

INT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - DAY

Everybody is in the main room of the Treehouse. They all fit very easily. Standing near the entrance, Leslie shifts from foot to foot, staring at the entrance.

LESLIE
 So, the reason I called everyone together is that I'm not really YOUR Leslie Jones. Apparently, she was an evil bitch...

Nods and murmurs of assent.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Damn, y'all. Anyway, well as evil as she was, it was those other villains that killed her and have taken over the world. So we're going to combine our skills and tools and brains and come up with a way to beat these Game of Thrones rip-offs.

MEGAN
 What's 'Game of Thrones'.

No one else knows what it is, either.

LESLIE
 No wonder this Earth is so fucked up. No Game of Thrones. It's a damned shame.

She takes a moment of silence.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Sure, what I really want is to get home. But I can't leave y'all in the lurch like this. Especially not when it was me...

(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
well not ME me, I'd never leave
y'all hanging like that... but
since that fake bitch got y'all
into this, I gotta help get you
out.

OLIVIA
Oh.

LESLIE
So, yeah. You want in on this?

Everyone is enthusiastically on board.

OLIVIA
Why didn't you get more boys?

LESLIE
Oh, they offered. But, like, men
can't hurt these super villains or
some other dumb shit thought up by
some dude smoking shitty weed in
his basement to cover up all his
plot holes.

Everyone turns and looks directly into the camera. Leslie
clears her throat.

OLIVIA
Who offered to help out?

LESLIE
Like men?

Olivia nods.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Why?

Olivia shrugs.

OLIVIA
I'm single. Want to screen out the
scrubs.

Leslie nods.

LESLIE
Oh yeah, I did hear about that.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Well the first ones to offer were
Michael Che...

He's standing right there. He waves.

CHE
Hi.

LESLIE
And that cute little frosted cherry
pop tart Colin Jost...

JOST
Did it have to be cherry?

LESLIE
He seemed to be offering all kinds
of things...

She slinks up to him, getting in close.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I would take him in the back room,
flip him over and--

JOST
My MOM is here!

Leslie is mortified.

LESLIE
Is she, where?

JOST
I mean... she's not REALLY here.
But my wife is.

He nods his head and SCARLETT JOHANSSON is standing next to him. Scarlett is dressed however she wants to be because she's Scarlett Johansson, but the fanboys will be a bit disappointed if it's not Black Widow.

SCARLETT JOHANSSON
Hi!

LESLIE
Oh, sorry, Scarlett. I didn't see
you there.

SCARLETT
No, no, it's quite okay.

JOST

What?

LESLIE

You for real?

SCARLETT

You aren't from this dimension, so
I don't think it counts.

LESLIE

To paraphrase Harriet Tubman, let's
get the fuck out of here.

She grabs Jost's hand and starts leading him towards an empty office.

JOST

Do I have any say in this?

She stops and turns and gets really close, with kissy lips.

LESLIE

Of course you do, my little pumpkin-
spice whitey.

He shrugs and goes with her. They close and lock the office door behind them.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Five minutes later.

Leslie walks out, sweaty, her shirt misbuttoned.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Can not tell you how long I've been
dreaming about THAT.

The door opens up and Jost walks out. But Jost is now played by THE ROCK. For the rest of the movie, The Rock will play Colin Jost.

MEGAN

You okay, Colin? You look a little
different.

The Rock speaks, but Jost's voice comes out.

JOST

I feel great.

Leslie walks over to Scarlett.

LESLIE

We good? We don't have any problems, right? Because I didn't mean--

Scarlett looks at Jost.

SCARLETT

Does he look like I have a problem with it?

She gives a devious smile.

LESLIE

You KNEW that was gonna happen?

SCARLETT

I had an idea.

Leslie gives her a fist bump.

LESLIE

That's my girl. Hey, you got any of that... uh... Vibranium? Cause we sure could use it.

Scarlett laughs and shakes her head.

SCARLETT

I think I've already contributed enough, don't you think?

They all turn and gaze at Colin/The Rock. He shuffles his feet uncomfortably.

LESLIE

Damn. Okay, if he's here yet, there's ONE dude who could help us plan this caper.

She cranes her head looking for someone, but doesn't see him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

My snacky, Steve Kornacki!

She flourishes like a magician, but he's not there. Nothing happens.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Steve?

She looks around. Everybody looks around.

STEVE (O.S.)

Here I am.

No one can see him.

Seconds pass and he wriggles his way from behind some of the athletes.

LESLIE

Steve Kornacki!

She flourishes again and the crowd cheers.

STEVE

Thank you, ladies. I'm just here to do my part. I've run the numbers...

He holds up a document and starts flipping through the pages.

STEVE (CONT'D)

...and talked to every expert I can. I THINK I can envision a scenario where, if the cards fall into place, we can put together a pathway to victory.

Cheers!

The back wall of the room explodes inwardly and Ms. Magazine flies in on a rocket-propelled glider. Like the Green Goblin.

LESLIE

Oh shit, this bitch is gonna kill someone!

A whistle blows and everyone pauses in place, even the villain. From out of the chaos walks AMANDA GORMAN.

AMANDA

Our language is complex and beautiful, offering one a multitude of ways to express themselves. It is incumbent upon us, as public figures, to choose ways to express ourselves that are less harmful to young minds. In other words, we can do better.

Silence. Leslie is embarrassed.

LESLIE

You're right, you're right.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

She turns back to the group.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Let's send this hoe...

She looks at Gorman, who shakes her head.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
This trick...

Leslie looks to Gorman for approval. Gorman doesn't love it.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Let's send this trick to prison...

She looks. Gorman crosses her arms and frowns.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
After due process and the right to
a trial by jury of her peers or
whatever.

She looks. Gorman nods and smiles. Leslie leans the other way
and whispers to Colin Jost.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Dude... uh... let's go ahead and
ixnay on the Tonya Harding and Hope
Solo invites.

JOST
Why?

LESLIE
Quit asking dumb-ass questions,
Colin Jost, you big Alcatraz-
looking slab of McManmeat.

Jost uncomfortably shuffles away.

OLIVIA
She's escaping!

Olivia points towards the hole in the wall. Ms. Magazine
glides through it. More explosions can be heard from outside.

EXT. 30 ROCK - CONTINUOUS

Leslie leads her army of women and girls outside. Ms. Magazine has been joined by Kaos Theory and the Global Warmer. She flies away, he remains.

KAOS THEORY

You fools! You have revealed yourselves and confirmed the location of your secret base. We're off to tell the FULL Brotherhood and we will return to destroy the treehouse and destroy you all! But first...

He clears his throat.

KAOS THEORY (CONT'D)

...I will kill you all myself!

He throws an energy bomb at a nearby building and it blows a hole in the wall, peeking into an empty bedroom. The RESIDENT peeks their head into the bedroom and sees the battle. They run away.

Kaos Theory flies down and scatters Leslie and the others. Everyone scrambles for a hiding place.

MEGAN

Follow me!

She waves a hand and runs towards a brick doorway with a low-hanging water pipe that hangs just below the top of the doorway.

Megan leaps into the air, grabs ahold of the pipe and swings through, smashing her feet into a flying Global Warmer, knocking him from the sky and making him crash into a nearby telephone pole.

LESLIE

Damn.

She stretches a little bit. Then she runs.

She jumps towards the pole. Just then, Roller Baby skates towards her from the other side of the doorway. Leslie jumps into the air.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Nadia Comăneci!

Leslie grabs the pole and her hands instantly slip off. She falls, but Roller Baby is going so fast that she lands on top of him. He is winded and can't get up.

She tries to pull herself up with the pole and gets halfway up. She falls forward as the pole and more bricks crash down onto Roller Baby, knocking him unconscious.

Leslie gets up and runs. Everyone else has already escaped.

INT. THE COMPTON CASTLE - NIGHT

Leslie stands at the front of the room, holding a glass of champagne. She takes a deep breath. She takes a sip. She holds the glass up.

LESLIE

Hey.

We can hear the rumble of conversation from offscreen.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

The conversation gets louder.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, y'all shut the fuck up!

Reverse POV to show a big-ass party. Dozens upon dozens are here to party and have a good time.

Leslie wanders through the crowd, having trouble walking in her Louboutins and tight dress. She carries a glass of champagne and mingles with the crowd that includes all the women from throughout the story and celebrities like TEVIN CAMPBELL, who performs "Round and Round," and others that include SHAQ, JOSH GAD, JEMELE HILL, MOTHER LOVE, MASTER P, JAMIE FOXX, KEENAN THOMPSON, GABOUREY SIDIBE, SARA BENINCASA, AVA DUVERNAY, DONALD GLOVER, HILLARY CLINTON, COREY TAYLOR, KATY PERRY and OCTAVIA SPENCER.

CUT TO:

Leslie and Megan stand alone in the kitchen. Leslie pours herself another glass of champagne and then starts chugging it.

Once she's done, she refills. She looks Megan in the eyes.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe this is the champagne and
fear of death talking, but DAMN.

(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I wish I was a lesbian, because you
are FINE.

Megan laughs.

MEGAN
And YOU are exactly the type of
woman I'd like to save the world
with.

Megan leans in and gives her a relatively chaste kiss on the
lips.

LESLIE
Mmm.

CUT TO:

Kyle Mooney wanders through the party, wearing a Starter
jacket. His hand is in his pocket. He pulls it out a little
bit and looks at the gun.

He is agitated as he wanders through the party. He gets
frustrated and stops in the middle of the room.

KYLE
Where is Colin Jost!

Colin/The Rock steps up.

COLIN
Here I am.

KYLE
You're not Colin Jost, you're the
Rock, star of such Hollywood films
as 'Jungle Cruise' and 'Jumanji'.

COLIN
Don't forget 'Tooth Fairy'.

KYLE
What the fuck? Now you have the
Rock's body? Some guys have all the
luck.

Kyle cocks the gun. Jost steps away. Leslie snaps into
action. She rushes across the room and tackles Kyle. The gun
falls from his hand and skitters across the floor and comes
to rest against Mr. Expendable's feet.

Mr. Expendable looks around. Nobody is watching. He picks the
gun up and puts it in his pocket.

Leslie and Kyle roll on the floor and smash into Jost. He falls on top of them. They come to a rest with Kyle on the bottom, Leslie in the middle and Jost/The Rock on top.

Kyle can barely breath.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Ooh, it's like a reverse Oreo.

CUT TO:

In Leslie's bedroom, Kyle sits in a chair. Megan, Che and Jost tie him to it.

LESLIE
Kyle Mooney, you're being a little bitch on like TWO earths right now.

He looks confused.

KYLE
Wait, is this happening on both worlds at the same time?

LESLIE
No, you are ALWAYS a little bitch back on my Earth.

KYLE
But, Leslie, I love you!

LESLIE
It's not me, it's you.

She knocks him the fuck out. Che puts duct tape over Kyle's mouth.

Leslie backs up and bumps into a book case. One of the books leans halfway off the shelf. She pushes it back into place and the bookshelf swings open.

They look inside and see nothing but darkness.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Nope. I'm not going in there.

INT. THE BITCH CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie walks down the spiral staircase into the Bitch Cave, using her phone as a flashlight. The others follow.

Leslie almost slips.

LESLIE
 If I fall down these circle-ass
 stairs and break my square-ass
 neck...

The stairwell opens up into a large cave. The Bitch Cave.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 What in the holy hotpants is this
 shit, Batman?

MR. EXPENDABLE
 It's called the 'Bitch Cave'.

LESLIE
 You've been here before?

He shakes his head.

MR. EXPENDABLE
 I know of it only through rumor and
 speculation.

Olivia runs into the room holding a phone.

OLIVIA
 Leslie, Leslie!

LESLIE
 Yo?

OLIVIA
 The president wants to meet you?

LESLIE
 You know the president?

Olivia shrugs.

OLIVIA
 I had a good year.

Leslie nods in approval.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The Bitchmobile pulls up to the Northern gate to the White House. Several other cars pull in right behind them. Behind the fence, PAINTERS are painting the White House black.

Leslie pulls up to the gate and several SECRET SERVICE MEMBERS stops the car. She rolls down the window.

LESLIE
Hi, um... Leslie Jones...

She puts her hand on her chest and then gestures to each of the other women.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Olivia Rodrigo, Megan Rapinoe and RuPaul... to see the president. Of the United States. Of America.

SECRET SERVICE MEMBER
Of course, the president is expecting you.

LESLIE
That's right. The president wants to see ME! USA SLAY ALL DAY, SON!!!

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie and the other women stand or sit, waiting in the Oval Office with only two Secret Service members with them. Leslie looks at a picture on the wall. She squints her eyes.

LESLIE
Is that Mount Rushmore?

She looks even closer and it is. Except all the old presidents have been removed and they have been replaced with a lineup of: Eddie Murphy, Richard Pryor, Moms Mabley, Lucille Ball, Chris Rock, George Carlin and Red Foxx.

KEVIN HART (O.S.)
Yes. It. Is.

President Kevin Hart walks in, actually dressed presidentially, arms open, the conquering hero.

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)
The official name is now "The Black House featuring Kevin Hart."

LESLIE
Is that right?

KEVIN HART
(thoughtfully)
It is, Leslie Jones.

Beat.

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)
It's so good to see, you Leslie.
How are you?

LESLIE
I'm good, President Kevin Hart.

He kinda leers at her.

KEVIN HART
I was wondering...

LESLIE
Yeah...

She's skeptical.

KEVIN HART
You remember that time that we...
you know... in the White House
Jacuzzi... with Paula Deen...?

LESLIE
That wasn't me!

He chuckles.

KEVIN HART
That's not what the closed-circuit
footage says, amirite?

He tries to high five ANYONE, but he's left hanging.

LESLIE
I'm from another Earth. In another
dimension. Whatever you did with
some OTHER Leslie Jones ain't got
nothing to do with me.

KEVIN HART
And on your Earth, you and me
don't...?

She shakes her head.

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)
You want to learn what you're
missing? Find out what your Earth's
Kevin Hart hasn't learned yet?

LESLIE
I'd threaten to put my size 13 IN
YOUR ASS, but you're such a nasty
little man you'd probably like it.

KEVIN HART
 Never tried it, but I'm down. You
 ever had space crack?

He walks over to a cabinet behind his desk.

Everyone yells and waves NO!!!

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)
 All good. More for me and Moms
 Mabley.

He laughs like he's got a big secret nobody else has.

LESLIE
 Mr. President, please. We're here
 about the super villains.

He shakes his head. No recognition.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 The ones that REALLY run the world?

KEVIN HART
 Are you talking about Beyoncé, what
 are you telling me?

LESLIE
 The flying people who blow shit up?

KEVIN HART
 OH, them. Yeah, what about 'em?

LESLIE
 We're about to mess them dudes up.

KEVIN HART
 What's up? I'll send in the army.
 They can handle this.

LESLIE
 Nah, they're immune to bombs.

KEVIN HART
 All of them?

Everyone nods.

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)
 Even the one with flames and all
 that?

He makes a fwooshing sound.

Everyone nods.

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)

What about guns? I'm the president,
I got ALL the guns.

MEGAN

Are your soldiers men or women?

KEVIN HART

What do you mean?

LESLIE

She means the villains can't be
hurt by any weapon used by a... by
a man.

KEVIN HART

What?

LESLIE

What do you mean what?

KEVIN HART

What kinda white people magic
bullshit is that? How does that
even work? What do you have, like a
book of sexist spells or whatever?

Leslie shakes her head.

LESLIE

You know you're not wrong on that
one.

KEVIN HART

Okay, go ahead. Let me know what I
can do to help. These guys are
making it really hard for me to win
in Mississippi, and the election is
coming up.

Everybody stares at him.

KEVIN HART (CONT'D)

What? I got people in Mississippi.

INT. THE HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - DAY

The full group of villains, except Mr. Expendable, sit on
their thrones. Waiting quietly.

Ms. Magazine sighs. She gets up, moves over to the center chair and takes a seat.

MS. MAGAZINE

I am tired of being patient. I will take charge of this council.

ROLLER BABY

(under his breath)

It's not a council, it's a brotherhood.

MS. MAGAZINE

And we will wait no longer to implement our plans. New threats have emerged. Our window of opportunity is quickly closing. If we do not act now and take out these interlopers, it could be the downfall of all we hold dear.

Murmurs of assent and nods and here-heres.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

But before we can get to a vote, I think we have to review the minutes of the last meeting? That or is it the treasurer's report?

Silence. She looks around.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)

Doesn't anybody know?

STAR WARRIOR

I'm pretty sure you have to do roll call first.

GLOBAL WARMER

No, I made a motion that we dispense with that since we only have seven members.

JUDGE DREAD

You 'moved'.

GLOBAL WARMER

What?

JUDGE DREAD

You said you "made a motion," but that is incorrect according to Robert's Rules. You're supposed to say you "moved."

The whole thing breaks into a cacophony. Judge Dread talking about rules, Global Warmer about taking the rules too literally, Kaos Theory saying something about committee reports.

EXT. THE HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS

Leslie stands on a hill looking down on the Hall of Death and Destruction. Only a few other women stand around her.

LESLIE

Where is everybody? Is this it?

Megan steps up beside her.

MEGAN

They'll be here.

LESLIE

Before or after we're dead.

A moment of silence.

MEGAN

Believe in your fellow women.
They've got your back.

Leslie nods.

LESLIE

Okay, let's do this.

The villains emerge from the building and stand in formation.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Moments later

The battle is going poorly despite the girls and women outnumbering the villains by hundreds. Leslie paces back and forth.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

At least they aren't trying to kill anyone yet. We are screwed. And not in the way I LIKE IT!

ISAAC HEMPSTEAD WRIGHT (V.O.)

When you need it most, call for help.

LESLIE

Call for help?

She thinks for a moment. Then she gets it. She pulls out the weird phone. She opens it and the only button is one with a lower "i" on it.

ISAAC HEMPSTEAD WRIGHT (V.O.)
When you need it most, call for help.

LESLIE
I heard you the first time, Bran!
Damn.

She pushes the button. The phone starts talking to her in a robotic woman's voice.

ROBOT PHONE LADY
Listen carefully to the following menu of commands. Please wait until the end of the menu to make your selection. Option 1: Call police...

LESLIE
That's the one for me. Option 1:
Call police.

ROBOT PHONE LADY
I TOLD you to wait until the END of the menu to make your selection.

LESLIE
Dammit, Alexa!

ROLLER BABY
Don't. Ever. Call. Me. That. Or.
Else.

Beat.

LESLIE
Damn.

ROBOT PHONE LADY
Option 1: Call police. Option 2:
Call reporters. Option 3: Call
poison control. Option 4:
Supercharge all sporting equipment
in the vicinity into superweapons.
Option 5: Call ambulance. Option 6:
Instantly teleport one person
anywhere in the world. Option 7:
Repeat the options.

LESLIE
Umm... could you repeat that FOURTH option?

ROBOT PHONE LADY
Option 1--

LESLIE
Hey, Robot Lady, don't make me come in there and--

ROLLER BABY
Option 4: Supercharge all sporting equipment in the vicinity into superweapons.

Leslie raises an eyebrow.

LESLIE
Is that for real?

ROBOT PHONE LADY
Yes.

LESLIE
The catch?

ROBOT PHONE LADY
It requires a list of material components to be successful.

LESLIE
Material components?

ROBOT PHONE LADY
Showing list on screen.

Leslie watches the list flash by. As it goes, she's starts to frown. She pulls out the list of components for the device that will take her back to her home Earth.

LESLIE
Are you serious?

ROBOT PHONE LADY
This unit is not programmed for 'not serious'.

Leslie takes a deep breath.

LESLIE
Damn. Then let's do Option 4.

ROBOT PHONE LADY
Initiating.

A few seconds pass.

ROBOT PHONE LADY (CONT'D)
Process complete.

At that moment all the other girls and women and all the people that Leslie and friends recruited show up, ready to fight. All the sporting equipment held by the women and girls glows with blue energy.

LESLIE
Everybody ready? Are YOU ready?

Leslie pats soccer star SAM MEWIS on the shoulder. Sam nods.

She gets ready and kicks the ball. The instant her foot connects with the ball, both glow with blue light. The ball flies through the air, sailing higher and higher before it's blue comet tail streaks down directly towards Ms. Magazine.

MS. MAGAZINE
Oh fuck.

The ball hits her directly in the face, knocking her to the ground. She's not unconscious, but she's wobbly.

CHE
I knew it. She takes balls to the chin.

Everyone turns to look at him. Leslie takes him by the arm and pulls him aside.

CHE (CONT'D)
What? That's what I heard.

LESLIE
Time out. Time out.

CHE
It was funny...

LESLIE
Dude, that shit was crude. We're trying to get kids to watch this, you dig?

CHE
Really? Have you been watching at all? You've said like 30 curse words.

LESLIE

Look, man, I took scale for this POS superhero crap because they said I get like 15% on merchandising or some shit.

Che is impressed.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hell, George "Mother Fucking Star Wars" Lucas didn't even get 15% on merchandising and he invented CGI or whatever. So can you tone it down?

He nods.

CHE

For you, Leslie? Anything.

LESLIE

Thank you. I'm about to get this action figure money.

CHE

Uhh...

LESLIE

I'm sure they'll make you a little sidekick action figure, you know, like maybe one of those little big head wobbly dolls that everybody gets at Comic Con?

CHE

Sure?

LESLIE

It didn't even hit her in the chin, anyway, it hit her nose.

Che cedes the point and they return to the rest of the group.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Okay ladies, let's still go ahead and put balls on every chin you can. That WAS a good idea.

MS. MAGAZINE

Get them!

The villains rush forward. Kaos Theory blasts his magic across the entire battle and things start to go haywire. Powers flip and flop, short out or turn into harmless things.

Except the blast that hits Olivia Rodrigo. She looks up with a mix of fear and surprise.

OLIVIA

I... don't feel so good. I don't know... for sure... what poison feels like... but it's probably a lot like this.

She vomits and falls to the ground. Leslie catches her head before it hits anything.

LESLIE

Somebody help, she's been poisoned!

Leslie looks around frantically.

AGENT J-LO (O.S.)

I got this.

Everybody turns to look at her. Everybody but Leslie turns to hold off the super villains.

It's Jennifer Lopez. Dressed in spy gear. AGENT J-LO, if you're nasty.

AGENT J-LO (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's me. I'm an interdimensional superspy. Agent J-Lo, if you're nasty.

Everyone stares in awe.

AGENT J-LO (CONT'D)

Someone here poisoned?

Leslie snaps back to life, back to reality.

LESLIE

(under her breath)

I love you so much, JENNIFER LOPEZ!

Fangirl to the extreme.

AGENT J-LO

We've been digging into these supers for a LONG time. We're ready. Here's the antidote.

She jams the needle into Olivia's leg and the singer's body relaxes.

AGENT J-LO (CONT'D)
She'll be out for a while. Put her
somewhere safe.

Several GIRLS take Olivia to safety.

AGENT J-LO (CONT'D)
One thing you gotta know about the
REAL leader.

LESLIE
Bran? No, I KNOW for a FACT it's
not him. Sansa? Jon Snow?

J-Lo shakes her head.

AGENT J-LO
Cersei.

Leslie slaps her knee.

LESLIE
I KNEW it. That bitch...

AGENT J-LO
Well here's the thing to know about
Ms. Magazine...

LESLIE
This is gonna be good.

AGENT J-LO
She can't resist a game.

LESLIE
What? Like a troll under a bridge
or something?

Agent J-Lo nods.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
What the HELL? Did my agent even
read this shit before she forged my
name on the contract?

AGENT J-LO
No. She didn't.

LESLIE
How bad is this thing?

AGENT J-LO
We're in the third act.

LESLIE

Really?

Agent J-Lo nods. Leslie shrugs.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, what are we playing?

Agent J-Lo smiles.

AGENT J-LO

Pyramid.

Leslie cocks her head to the side.

LESLIE

Like the \$20,000 kind?

AGENT J-LO

Yes.

LESLIE

Oh HELL yeah! We got this shit!

CUT TO:

Leslie leads the group as they rush towards a still-woozy Ms. Magazine.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Nothing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

HEY!

Ms. Magazine finally notices.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Parlay. Bitch.

Ms. Magazine flinches.

INT. PYRAMID STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

As many as possible are crammed into the studio. Ms. Magazine stands at the front of the room.

MS. MAGAZINE

The rules. We are here to play Pyramid.

Cheers.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)
 If the heroes win, we, the bad
 guys, will surrender. If not, the
 heroes will surrender.

Boos and hisses.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)
 Does everyone agree?

LESLIE
 Do we have any choice?

MS. MAGAZINE
 No.

Oohs and aahs.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)
 Each team will have six players.
 Each player will take one turn as a
 clue giver. Clue givers give their
 clues to ALL of their other
 teammates.

Leslie nods.

MS. MAGAZINE (CONT'D)
 There will be six categories and 10
 seconds for each category. Teams
 will take turns.

CHE
 How do we know you aren't going to
 cheat?

MS. MAGAZINE
 There will be a neutral judge.

JOST
 That YOU picked?

Che whispers to Jost.

CHE
 That was a good one. You can put it
 in your journal.

Jost looks to him eagerly. Che nods. Jost celebrates.

MS. MAGAZINE
I fully believe that you will
approve of the judge. She is above
all reproach.

In walks none other than DOLLY PARTON.

DOLLY
Hey, y'all!

LESLIE
Yeah, that's pretty legit.

MS. MAGAZINE
Everybody cool with that?

Everybody is.

DOLLY
Here we go.

She has index cards ready to go.

CUT TO:

Close-up of each member of the villain team as Dolly
announces them.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Playing for the Bad Guys: Kaos
Theory, the Global Warmer, Ms.
Magazine, Star Warrior, Roller Baby
and Judge Dredd!

Boos.

CUT TO:

Close-up of each member of the hero team as Dolly announces
them.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
And playing for the Good Guys:
Leslie Jones, Megan Rapinoe, Agent
J-Lo, RuPaul, Laverne Cox and
Amanda Gorman.

CUT TO:

SUPER: Round 1

SUPER: Heroes 0, Villains 0

DOLLY (CONT'D)
First up are the Bad Guys...

Boos.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Please put 10 seconds on the clock.

A ten-second timer appears on the actual fourth-wall breaking screen with no explanation.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Thank you. And... go!

KAOS THEORY
Give me one MILLION dollars...
welcome to my lair...

MS. MAGAZINE
Things a supervillain says!

DOLLY
You are correct!

CUT TO:

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Next up are the Good Guys...

She cranes her neck through the crowd.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
You know what, most of y'all are
women and girls. I'm gonna call
y'all the Good Gals!

They applaud. Dolly hands a card to RuPaul.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Put 10 seconds on the clock. Go.

RUPAUL
Oh, okay... a mailman... a cat in a
tree... the Earth... literally
everyone...

MEGAN
People a superhero would save?

DOLLY
Yes! Close enough!

CUT TO:

Super: Round 3

SUPER: Heroes 2, Villains 2

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Villains, your chance to break the
tie.

Boos.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Go!

The 10-second timer starts.

MS. MAGAZINE
Stab them in the back... oh, I
guess you could try poison... I'm
kinda partial to explosions
myself... I hear Russia's doing
wonders with radiation these
days...

THE GLOBAL WARMER
Uhh... ways to kill a teammate?

DOLLY
That is right!

Ms. Magazine's teammates exchange glances of concern while
she's lost in fantasies of murder.

CUT TO:

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Good Gals?

Amanda Gorman is giving.

AMANDA
Is everybody ready?

They are.

DOLLY
Go!

AMANDA
Oh, this is easy. Prawns... the
Brood... the Badoon... the
Klendathusians...

Nobody has the slightest idea. The buzzer goes off.

DOLLY
We were looking for alien species
who have ACTUALLY invaded Earth 2.
Scary stuff.

LESLIE
How are we possibly supposed to
know that one? You know that
category ain't right DOLLY PARTON!

CUT TO:

Super: Round 6

SUPER: Heroes 4, Villains 4

DOLLY
Next round is for the villains.

Boos and jeers.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
10 seconds. Go!

Star Warrior is giving.

STAR WARRIOR
These are... this is... animal,
vegetable or mineral? Is it bigger
than a bread box? I have no idea
what this is? Hydroponic farm?

The buzzer goes off. The Good Gals cheer.

DOLLY
We were looking for 'Things That
Happened on Game of Thrones'.

None of the villains has any idea what she's talking about.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
It's a good show. A little sexy for
my tastes, but YOU might like it.

CUT TO:

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, this one goes to the Good
Gals. If y'all get this one, you
win. Leslie, you are giving!

Leslie runs to the front and Dolly hands her a card.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Your LAST 10 seconds!

LESLIE
We got this y'all! I promise.

DOLLY
Go!

LESLIE
Uh... Jagen H'ghar... uh... sexy-
ass Obery...n...

Nothing.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Okay, screw y'all. Ned, Jon Snow,
Arya, Sansa--

AGENT J-LO
Uhh.. Game of Thrones characters?

LESLIE
That was TOO easy.

DOLLY
That is correct, the heroes win!
Just like we all knew they would.

Heroes celebrate. Villains pout.

CUT TO:

Leslie and Agent J-Lo share a drink at the bar.

LESLIE
You REALLY know Game of Thrones?
That's my shit.

AGENT J-LO
Yeah, I'm from YOUR Earth.

LESLIE
Wow! Really?

Agent J-Lo nods.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You seen this shit? Nobody here has
any idea what the fuck a Westeros
is?

AGENT J-LO
Right? But they ALL look like them?

LESLIE
EXACTLY like them. That shit IS
creepy.

AGENT J-LO
I've seen worse. There's an Earth a
few dimensions over where Cheech is
the Pope and Chong is the head of
the U.N.

LESLIE
Man, you mean I could've
accidentally gone there instead of
here?

Agent J-Lo nods.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Damn.

INT. THE MAGICAL TREEHOUSE OF JUSTICE - DAY

Somewhere inside the Treehouse is a press room. Leslie stands
at a podium with standing room only. REPORTERS hang on her
every word. Standing behind her are many of the women who
helped in the battle against evil. And a few dudes, too.

LESLIE
I'd like to thank you all for
joining us today. After much
consideration and soul-searching
and consultation with my friends...

She nods towards the back of the room. MANY of the ladies are
there. They cheer for her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna take my talents back to
MY Earth.

Cameras click and flash.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
As soon as I figure out how the
hell to do it.

The reporters raise their hands and push forward to get their
questions answered.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I know you all feel like I'm
leaving you behind... and I am.

Laughter.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
But you all are in great hands with
all these amazing women.

She gestures towards the women around her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You don't need me anymore. You are
in charge of your own destiny. So,
to the graduating class of 2022...
Just kidding y'all. Thank you. May
all your weed be dank. All your
penises be the EXACT right size,
you know what I'm saying. And may
the blue-eyed devils leave you
alone for another day.

The crowd and the women on stage burst into thunderous
applause.

INT. THE COMPTON CASTLE - LATER

The lights are off, the reporters have submitted their puff
pieces and the friends have all gone home. Leslie lays on her
couch, sipping from some disgusting concoction.

LESLIE
Disgusting.

She scrolls through YouTube. She's depressed. Margaritas. Ice
cream. Ribs. More margaritas.

She stops on a YouTube video, an editorial by JOY REID. Reid
speaks directly to the camera:

JOY REID
Somehow... when the worst people of
this Earth took away OUR Leslie
Jones, the fates brought us an even
better Leslie Jones from what, I
imagine, must be a better Earth. If
our Earth produced a good Leslie
Jones and their Earth produced a
better one, then how good must the
President Hillary Clinton of their
Earth have been? One can only
imagine...

Leslie laughs. She takes a gulp from her margarita.

LESLIE

Man, I can't even burst her bubble.
I'm sure Earth 2 would take a team
of sexy super villains over
President Trump ANY day.

An ad for Seth Meyers' show comes on. He's standing in his in-laws' attic, between the Sea Captain and the little door.

SETH MEYERS

Join us tonight. Our guests are
singer Miley Cyrus, all-star relief
pitcher Kenny Powers and,
performing songs from his debut
album, Jim Davis. That guy who
draws Garfield!

The TV pauses. Leslie smacks the remote.

LESLIE

This thing's broken

A magical twang is heard throughout the house. Leslie stands up in fear. A ball of light appears before her and shimmers. It starts taking shape and becomes DOLLY PARTON!

DOLLY

Hey y'all!

Leslie is relieved.

LESLIE

Don't scare me like that, Dolly
Parton!

DOLLY

Sorry, no time for pleasantries.
You were about to miss it.

LESLIE

What are you talking about.

Dolly nods towards the TV.

DOLLY

Go ahead.

Leslie walks closer.

LESLIE

What the hell is that?

She covers her mouth.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to talk
like that in front of Dolly Parton.

DOLLY
It's alright, sugar, I've heard
worse.

Dolly points towards the little door. Leslie looks and she finally gets it.

LESLIE
I need to talk to Seth Meyers?

DOLLY
You got it!

Leslie turns to leave and stops.

LESLIE
If you're from this Earth, how did
you know about Game of Thrones when
none of the cast of Game of Thrones
knew about Game of Thrones.

Dolly winks at her.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You're a nexus being, aren't you?

DOLLY
You'd better get going, Seth won't
be at his in-laws' house for too
long.

LESLIE
You're right. Thank you, Dolly
Parton.

She runs out the door. Dolly smiles and waves directly into the CAMERA.

DOLLY
Can you believe they got me to do
this silly movie?

INT. SETH MEYERS' IN-LAWS' HOUSE - DAY

Leslie goes to Seth's in-laws' house. He brings her inside and up to the attic where his show was broadcast from. The SEA CAPTAIN looks on and a copy of "The Thornbirds" sits on the table.

Leslie can't stop staring at the half-door behind Seth.

LESLIE
What is it with white people and
little doors?

SETH
(laughing)
It came with the house.

LESLIE
No, Seth Meyers, you lie. That's a
portal. I know a portal when I see
one.

Seth nods.

SETH
It IS a portal.

LESLIE
I knew it. Is that a portal to
hell?

Leslie backs away.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Don't you let me stand next to a
portal to hell, Seth Meyers.

Seth calms her down.

SETH
It's okay, Leslie, it's not a
portal to hell. It's how you get
home.

Leslie looks at Seth like he's crazy.

LESLIE
You sure you aren't lying to me,
Seth Meyers?

He shakes his head.

SETH
I wouldn't lie to you.

She's skeptical.

LESLIE
Like who actually reads the
Thornbirds. You know you haven't
read that book, Seth Meyers.

SETH

I have little time for reading. I am... A NEXUS BEING!

He waves his hands in the spooky way a nexus being might wave their hands.

LESLIE

Wait? Is it just you? Or are ALL talk show hosts nexus beings?

SETH

We are. Collectively, we're known as 'The Jimmies'.

LESLIE

But your name isn't Jimmy.

SETH

No nexus being is actually named Jimmy. Jimmy is a rank. Like lieutenant. Or Darth.

LESLIE

Okay Darth... Jimmy... SETH!

She grabs him by the shoulders. He smiles condescendingly.

SETH

Silly, simple Leslie.

Her face shows her disgust at Seth's insult.

SETH (CONT'D)

You had the power all along. All you had to do was click the heels of your Louboutins together twice and say 'there's no place like Compton'.

LESLIE

What the marvelous land of Oz are you talking about, Seth Meyers? You been getting high off your own supply?

She looks down and discovers she is wearing the 120mm Louboutin Red Bottoms. She gets ecstatic.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Damn, those are some nice size 13s.

SETH

You may click your heels.

She clicks her heels.

Nothing.

 SETH (CONT'D)
Just wanted to see if I could get
you to do that.

 LESLIE
Don't fuck with me, Seth Meyers.

 SETH
What you really need to do is use
those shoes to... just walk through
the little door.

 LESLIE
The portal to hell?

 SETH
I promise it's not a portal to
hell.

She's skeptical. He nods.

She opens the door and goes through. She shuts the door and
red light glows inside.

 SEA CAPTAIN
I thought she'd NEVER leave.

 SETH
I know, right?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. SORRY (NOT SORRY) NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Leslie walks to the front of Sorry (Not Sorry) and the
Bouncer doesn't even think about stopping her. He pulls the
rope aside and she goes right in.

INT. SORRY (NOT SORRY) NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Leslie stands at the bar, examining the wall of liquor.

She sees Kyle there

 KYLE
Hey, Leslie.

She rolls her eyes.

LESLIE
Hey... um... Kyle.

KYLE
Why'd you say it like that?

LESLIE
Like what?

KYLE
Like you had some kind of deeper
meaning.

She turns and walks away from Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Bye, Leslie.

He looks directly into the CAMERA and gives a creepy smile. A smile with a future in it.

CUT TO:

Leslie walks out of the bar and standing before her is Isaac Hempstead Wright. He's wearing his super villain costume under a black overcoat. He looks panicked.

ISAAC
We have to talk.

LESLIE
Oh HELL no. You get away from me,
Bran Stark!

She turns and runs away from him.

ISAAC
I told you... it's Isaac.

The Visionary appears again, standing against the sunset as Isaac chases Leslie down the road.

THE VISIONARY
And so ends this portion of our
story. Multiple Earths were saved.
Villains were defeated. Meals were
eaten. And will be eaten on OTHER
days. Thanks to Leslie Jones and
her friends.

We faintly hear Leslie in the background:

LESLIE

You'd better stop following me,
Bran. We're back on MY EARTH and
I'm not leaving again...

She runs. He chases.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS.

EXT. THE HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - NIGHT

Lightning crashes, illuminating the now-closed and abandoned Hall of Death and Destruction. No one is home.

Or are they?

INT. THE HALL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS

They are. Inside the building, Roller Baby struggles to push a sarcophagus into the main room. He's alone. Once he gets it set up before the thrones, he slumps into his old chair. Even though he's the last one and he's alone, he still won't sit in the center throne.

He stares at the sarcophagus.

Bump. It moves.

ROLLER BABY

It's alive!

It pops open to reveal:

BAD-ASS BITCH

Cut it out, I was just resting.

Lightning strikes. Roller Baby flinches.

Bad-Ass Bitch climbs out of the sarcophagus, dressed in her uniform. She takes off the mask and she's very much this world's Leslie Jones. She picks up a RED harlequin mask and puts it on.

BAD-ASS BITCH (CONT'D)

And no longer will I be known by my
'hero' name. I will only answer to
my TRUE name: COLD-ASS BITCH!

She evil laughs as we:

FADE OUT.