

SUPER NORMAL

Written by

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Towering skyscrapers punch at the clouds under a pure blue sky. The streets below bustle with traffic and pedestrians.

It is a city of peace, of prosperity, and of opportunity.

So obviously it's about to blow up.

WHAM!

A shape blurs past through the air. Another follows.

WE WHIP around just in time to see-

CRASH!

The first blur SLAMS into a building. The man - for we can see it is a man - glares up into the sky.

Dressed in a colorful costume ripped right from comics and a heroic demeanor to match, this is ULTRA-MAN: defender of all.

But he faces a deadly foe...

Slithering down to meet him on long, mechanical tentacles, is WHISPERING WILLOW. Super-villainess extraordinaire.

WILLOW

You are too weak Ultra-Man, you cannot stop the reign of... THE WHISPERING WILLOW.

ULTRA-MAN

Justice will always triumph, villain! And I! Am! Justice!

Bystanders flee in every direction from the falling rubble as they fight. Motorists swerve to escape the block.

Whispering Willow grabs a car and hurls it at Ultra-Man.

It WHOOSHES towards him. He leeeaaans back.

It passes inches from his face. He checks his hair in the reflection - still perfect.

The car careens toward a couple pushing a stroller. The wife turns, sees the car hurtling toward them, she SCREAMS-

It STOPS, feet from her. Ultra-Man has CAUGHT IT.

He grins with Colgate-sponsored teeth. She swoons. Her husband swoons.

He chucks the car back at Willow.

She rips it apart with her tentacles.

They rise to meet again in a finishing clash-

Closer. Closer. Closer they come, screaming battle-cries and hurling through they air.

ONE! EPIC! STRIKE!

BEATRICE (O.S.)  
Hey, assholes!

They FREEZE.

Below them is a 26 year-old woman in an oversized sweater. She may look halfway between a college and a morgue, but she's 5'2" of caffeine-fueled sarcasm who's seen this battle for mankind so many times that she could run sports commentary for it. She is BEATRICE "BEE" GARDNER, and it is too damn early for this.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Can ya cut it out? I'm gonna be late for work!

WILLOW  
I beg your pardon!?

Willow lunges at Bee. Ultra-Man swoops in, blocking the attack and throwing Willow back.

ULTRA-MAN  
Fear not, citizen! For I will prot-

BEATRICE  
Dude, drop the Shakespeare voice. This is Brooklyn, not Broadway, sparkle shorts.

Before he can respond a tentacle latches around his ankle and whips him across the street.

Bee shrugs. She's late already; she might as well have fun.

They collide in the air. CRASH into the street. Strain against each other, inches apart, fighting to break free.

BEATRICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oooh! I like this! I'm getting this... oh, what is it.... Like a romantic tension between you two!

They freeze. Turn to her.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh there's history here! Will they  
fight or will they kiss?? The  
suspense is killing me!

The combatants immediately separate, muttering flustered  
excuses and denials.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh come on! Don't stop now! This is  
way more entertaining than I  
thought it'd be!

WILLOW  
After I finish off this so-called  
hero, you're next!

Willow throws Ultra-Man across the street.

Ultra-Man lands a punch, Willow shrugs it off and counters.

BEATRICE  
(to Ultra-Man)  
Hey glitter-butt! You gotta pivot  
when you punch! Ya can't just blind  
her with your perfect teeth!

ULTRA-MAN  
Shut... Up...

BEATRICE  
And tentacle-queen! Use some  
creativity! You got eight of those  
robo-arms, use more than two!

The fighters break apart and whirl to face Beatrice. Moral  
codes are about to fly out the window.

ULTRA-MAN  
This is not the place for snide  
comments, civilian. Please clear  
the area!

BEATRICE  
Can't. You blocked the road.

She points to FLAMING CARS and TRASHED STREETS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
What's this about anyway?  
(to Willow)  
You. What are the stakes here?  
(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

What are you gonna destroy? The world? The country? The patriarchy?

WILLOW

New York?

BEATRICE

New York! That's good! Very reasonable! How you gonna do it? Space laser?

Willow is silent.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Natural disaster?

Nothing.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Giant monster? Mind control? Black hole? Chemical gas?

Willow shuffles her feet.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

(almost gently)

Is it a bomb? It's a bomb isn't it?

WILLOW

Yes...

BEATRICE

(consoling)

Is it at least a nuclear bomb?

WILLOW

No... Just... Big.

BEATRICE

(sympathetic)

Better luck next time.

There is an awkward beat.

ULTRA-MAN

So do you... want to keep fighting?

WILLOW

(halfheartedly)

Yes... I suppose we should.

BEATRICE

YES! MORE ACTION! MAKE! THIS! MORNING! INTERESTING!

WILLOW

Do you want-

ULTRA-MAN

To go somewhere else? Yes please.

They rise up into the air and fly off.

ULTRA-MAN (CONT'D)

(as they leave)

I thought the bomb was a cool idea.

And they're gone. Beatrice is alone on the demolished street.

BEATRICE

(calling after them)

Can I at least get a lift to work?

Guys? Hey guys??

They keep flying. A CAR EXPLODES beside Beatrice.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Oh hush.

CUT TO BLACK.

2

EXT. MISS SUNSHINE'S DAYCARE - DAY

2

A squat, pastel yellow building sits nestled between two monolithic apartment complexes. Cheerful child-like murals adorn the peeling walls below the chipped pink sign.

It looks like the place joy goes to meet its coke dealer.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

(from inside)

Hey, kids! Sorry I'm late! I-

BOOM! AN EXPLOSION flashes inside the building.

ZAP, ZAP! Through the window WE SEE lighting strikes flicker.

INT. MISS SUNSHINE'S DAYCARE - CLASSROOM

It is chaos incarnate.

Three kids chase each other, one has wings and breaths fire.

A child shoots lighting from his hands and waves them in the air, blasting everything he points at.

Paint is splattered on the walls.

A barbie is on fire.

There is a child wrapped around Beatrice's leg.

EVERYONE is SCREAMING.

Beatrice observes it all with a vacant stare.

She looks to another daycare employee, TOM (17), who looks like he was sent through a paper shredder.

BEATRICE

Hey Tom?

TOM

Hi... Beatrice...

BEATRICE

Why don't you go home now, buddy.

TOM

Yeah...

She faces the chaos head on.

BEATRICE

Avi! Front and center!

AVI LIBRESCO bounds to middle of the room. He is 5 ("this many!") but acts very grown-up because his mommy taught him manners. He doesn't like playing with the other kids, and he has no powers. But he likes being friends with Beatrice because he's her second-in-command!

AVI

Yes ma'am Miss Beatrice!

BEATRICE

What have we got?

AVI

Peter and Sahar lit the playpen on fire again, one of the three-year-old's can teleport now, and Shane has a cold!

BEATRICE

Oh, fantastic! The kid with wind powers has a cold. Avi, it's time for damage control!

AVI

Aye-Aye, captain!

## MONTAGE - DAMAGE CONTROL

Beatrice extinguishes a fire and douses dragon kid in water as he tries to light another one.

Avi directs a group of kids to clean up some blocks that were spilled on the floor.

Beatrice turns just in time to see a three-year-old vanish in a puff of smoke.

Avi gives a stuffed animal to a kid with elastic powers, who ensnares it in a body-morphing hug.

A child sneezes, causing a cyclone that throws paper everywhere. He winds up to sneeze again, but Beatrice dashes in and pinches his nose.

Avi puts a blanket over a little kid who has fallen asleep.

Beatrice struggles to pull a child off the wall the kid is stuck to. Bee tickles the child's nose with a feather, the resulting sneeze causes the kid to let go.

Avi plays "if you're happy and you know it: clap your hands" with lightning kid, when he brings his hands together they stop shooting lightning bolts.

Beatrice hangs a motivational poster - rather conspicuously - over the paint-splattered wall.

A broom sweeps.

Crayons clatter into a cup.

The room is finally clean.

Beatrice stops, ready to react... but all is still.

The children are calm; just sitting and playing games amongst each other. All except Avi. He is by himself, drawing away.

She plops down beside him, sighs in relief.

AVI (CONT'D)

The building didn't blow up today!

BEATRICE

It's the little victories, Avi. The little victories. Y'know, I think we're pretty good at this.

She slumps deeper into her chair.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
What'cha drawing there, bud?

AVI  
Look!

He shows her his Crayola "masterpiece".

BEATRICE  
Did you find the teleporting kid?

AVI  
You said you were going to get her  
after she teleported outside.

She tries to bolt upright, but her chair tips and she falls  
backward onto the ground.

BEATRICE  
Oh SH-

3 INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

3

Crammed into a tiny, one-room apartment is what could best be  
described as the ninja turtles' secret lair. Light dribbles  
in from a dirty window onto an unmade bed across from an itty-  
bitty TV and a kitchenette.

There's probably a floor under all the clothes everywhere.  
But we'll never know.

The door CREEEAKS open. Beatrice flops in, groceries in hand.

BEATRICE  
(to no one)  
I'm not dead! I just feel like it!

The groceries crash onto the countertop. Bee fumbles around  
until she finds a frying pan.

She ruffles through the grocery bag and brings out a few  
eggs, cracks them into the pan, lights the stove, and waits.

She gets bored after three seconds. Flips on the TV. The  
voice of pro reporter APRIL OLSEN (32).

APRIL (V.O.)  
-Recent surge in meta-human  
population is still unexplained,  
but many are saying that this will  
lead to a further rise in both  
superhero and villain individuals.

BEATRICE  
No fair... why does everyone else  
get superpowers...

APRIL (V.O.)  
Recent months have even seen a  
number of non-powered heroes taking  
to the streets sporting-

BEATRICE  
WhaaAAAAT?

From behind her - a MEOW. She whirls to face it.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
YOU!

"You" being a MANGY CAT lurking outside the window. It pushes  
the window open and plops onto Bee's bed.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
NO! Cat bad! Go away!

She takes off a shoe.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
(superhero voice)  
You are no match for me, evildoer!

The shoe misses. The cat does not care.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh come on...

The frying pan behind her BURSTS INTO FLAMES. She groans and  
sinks to the ground.

APRIL (V.O.)  
In other news, the superhero Jade  
Defender saved the day again-

BEATRICE  
I bet he's never had to deal with  
crap like this.

The screen shows images of a man in a green and black costume  
blocking a giant beam with an emerald force field.

APRIL (V.O.)  
The threat was reportedly a giant  
space-laser aimed at Manhattan.

BEATRICE  
Called it.

A KNOCK at the door. Bee springs to her feet.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 (from outside)  
 Hey Bee, it's John. Just checking  
 in. I-I heard an explosion?

BEATRICE  
 Ohthankgod.

She opens the door. Behind it is JOHN MALCOLM (28). Nervous but genuine, he's one of Bee's closest friends. Probably because it's remarkably easy for her to pressure him into doing something. He's what a cinnamon roll would be like if it were a person. One of his eyes is bruised.

JOHN  
 (a million miles an hour)  
 Hey, are you okay? I heard you - I  
 mean, I wasn't trying to listen but  
 I live next to you - and you  
 yelled, and I - is that a FIRE!?

The eggs are indeed still on fire.

BEATRICE  
 Oh. Yeah. It's one of those days.  
 Is your eye okay?

JOHN  
 What? Yeah I... there's a fire...

They stare at the egg fire.

BEATRICE  
 Wanna get dinner?

4

INT. DOWNTOWN BAR - NIGHT

4

Lively chatter circles around pool tables and inside booths; more *Cheers* than it is Mos Eisley Cantina.

Bee and John talk at the bar. Well, Beatrice talks. John seems content to mostly listen.

BEATRICE  
 -the kid was teleporting through  
 downtown Brooklyn, John! I ended up  
 catching her in a park scaring  
 pigeons.

JOHN  
 This was- this was before the eggs?

BEATRICE

The eggs were just the last in a long line of shitty things today.

JOHN

Do you even like working there?

BEATRICE

I mean! I guess... It's just-

The television above them flashes to the news. Star reporter April Olsen smiles out from the screen.

APRIL (V.O.)

Another victory today for justice as star hero Ultraman defeated the villainous Whispering Willow in a battle for-

BEATRICE

I just wish that what I did mattered! I mean, be honest, do you remember your daycare teacher?

JOHN

Nope.

BEATRICE

But that clown-

She gestures to the image of Ultraman on TV.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

He trashed a city block and gets praised for it! If I were a hero, I could get the job done without all the collateral.

JOHN

It- I'm sure it can't be that easy.

BEATRICE

John, I see fights like this almost every day! What's there to it? Boom! Pow! Lasers! Monologues! Good guys win! Yay! See, easy?

John laughs a little. Bee gives him a sideways look.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Speaking of epic fights, What happened to your eye?

JOHN

Oh. I, uh... I hit my head on a door- a door frame.

BEATRICE

Oh come on! You're not that tall!

JOHN

No! No. The- the side part!

BEATRICE

Ok, hold up - walking into a door.  
Did you-  
(mock surprise)  
Did you go outside today? John I'm so proud!

JOHN

Bee, I'm outside right now.

BEATRICE

And while we're all very proud, I was the one that dragged you here.

He elbows her.

JOHN

Cut it out! Alright, so I-

MARIA, the bartender, a cute 20-something woman with an obvious ease and confidence about her, approaches the two.

MARIA

Can I get you two anything to else to drink besides water?

JOHN

Ah! Uh, no. No, thank you. Uh. I think we're good.

MARIA

Alright! Well let me know if you two lovebirds change your mind!

JOHN

Waitwhat, no! We're not - no we're not a couple! We're friends! I. Uh.

MARIA

Well in that case, first drink's on me if you change your mind.

John keeps blabbering as she walks away. As soon as she's gone, his head hits the table.

BEATRICE  
The hell was that?

JOHN  
Okay, so maybe socializing isn't my  
strong suit...

BEATRICE  
Admitting you have a problem is the  
first step to recovery, John.  
Its time to take the leap. You are  
gonna have a normal conversation  
with the pretty lady, or we are not  
leaving this bar!

JOHN  
No. Wait!

Beatrice waves to Maria.

BEATRICE  
Hey, hi! Sorry to bother. I think  
I'll have a beer after all!

Maria looks over, she's mixing a drink.

MARIA  
Okay! I'll be right there.

JOHN  
What are you doing??

BEATRICE  
You need to put yourself out there,  
John. Take a risk!

JOHN  
What if I don't want to!?

BEATRICE  
Did Neil Armstrong want to go to  
the moon?

JOHN  
Yes?

BEATRICE  
No! He was probably terrified! But  
he did it anyway!

JOHN  
(panicked)  
Beatrice that makes no sense!

Maria makes it back over to them.

MARIA  
What can I get you?

BEATRICE  
Whatever's cheap! Could be a while.

MARIA  
Sure thing!  
(to John)  
Change your mind about that drink?

JOHN  
I uuuuhhhh... No, uh. No thanks...

MARIA  
Offer stands!

She walks away. John whirls towards Bee.

JOHN  
Bee, it's a Tuesday! You work at a  
daycare! You can't do this!!

Maria returns, she slides the beer between John and Beatrice.  
Beatrice grins wickedly at him.

BEATRICE  
Think of the children, John.

And down goes the beer.

5 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

5

It's the bad part of town. Not the creepy kind of bad, where everything's probably haunted. More of a shady kind of bad, where even the pigeons will probably mug you.

The streets is mostly empty, except for John and a utterly drunk Beatrice, who is half-walking, half being dragged.

JOHN  
Almost there, come on. Don't- no  
don't throw up on the tree please.

Beatrice ignores his request and vomits on a tree.

BEATRICE  
Thiiiiis is all you... y'know right?

JOHN

I told you I'm bad at the social things! And you had, like, three drinks... How are you so out of it?

BEATRICE

What's that, mumbleboy??

He puts his arm around her and helps her steady herself.

A figure falls into step behind them. Tall, dark, and maybe handsome if you felt generous; this is BOLT (35) a petty criminal with lightning powers and visions of supervillainy.

BOLT

Hands up. Wallet and jewelry, now

John turns, Bee just hits the ground.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Damn, is she okay?

JOHN

Uhhh. Drunk. Yeah.

BOLT

Well let's make this quick so we can all go home, then.

He shoves out an open hand.

BOLT (CONT'D)

The now kind of quick.

JOHN

I- Oh, uh. I uh, don't have anything, uh, on me... right now...

BEATRICE

(from the ground)

That's a lie!

She slogs upright.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You're a liar! You paid for food, which is... thank you. But you got a wallet. He's got a wallet.

Bolt shoots a look at John.

JOHN

Look, I uh... Don't want any trouble.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

We just want- want to get home. I won't call the- call the police if you just leave us be.

BOLT

You don't want trouble?? Too bad for you, trouble is what you get! I am the Bolt! I was born in a storm, the lightning runs in my veins!

Beatrice slumps towards him.

BEATRICE

Whooooaah, really? That's cool but... how do you know that? Did you like... ask your mom?

BOLT

What? I-

BEATRICE

And how do you know that's why you got powers? I mean I was born in Wisconsin, but I don't have, like, cheese powers...

(mock hero voice)

Vegans beware, Gouda Gal is here!

BOLT

I am the force of nature! I will strike down this city's defenders and they will know to fear me! You-

BEATRICE

Wait are you robbing us? I'm confused. If you wanna kill superheroes and be the big bad guy then what's with the petty crime?

JOHN

Bee...

BEATRICE

Hold on, I'm talking to someone who can hold a conversation.

BOLT

This is just the beginning of my story, one day you will remember this night in fear!

BEATRICE

Sparky, I'm sorry but I'm not gonna remember anything about tonight.

With a CRACKLE and a flash, blue electricity courses through Bolt's arms.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Ohhhh! That's cool! I know a kid that can do that too! We have to get him to play "if you're happy and you know it" so he'll stop!

BOLT

Shut UP!

He lunges at her. She raises her hand to defend herself and-

FFFZZOOM! A translucent emerald barrier appears in front of her. Bolt STRIKES it full-force. Electricity crackles around the edges of the shield, but it does not break.

BEATRICE

Holdup - what?

BOLT

What is this?

He strikes the barrier again! Nothing.

Again! Still nothing.

Beatrice laughs; a slow bubbly laugh that builds to full-blown giddy laughter. She has POWERS!

The shield whips forward and strikes Bolt. He flies back, this a tree, and slumps to ground unconscious.

Bee gives a whoop of excitement.

BEATRICE

JOHN! JOHN! did you see that!?  
JOHN!! I have - John - I have powers! I have SUPERPOWERS!!

JOHN

Uh-huh. Come on, let's go home before he wakes up.

He puts his arm over her shoulder and guides her away from Bolt. He looks back at the bad guy, and that's when WE SEE...

John's eyes are GLOWING GREEN.

BEATRICE

(as they walk away)  
John! John I'm gonna be a superhero!

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

John this is gonna be amazing! I'm gonna call myself... Cheese Wizard!!

6 EXT. CITY STREETS - SAME TIME

6

Back where he fell, Bolt drags himself to his feet. His head is throbbing, and his jacket is covered in... Is that vomit?

BOLT

Oh you absolute-

He kicks the tree in frustration. He does not notice a tall shadow approaching behind him.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Dammit...

STREX

Having trouble?

He spins around, arms electric, to see:

STREX. The big bad wolf in human skin. Thin and silver-haired, burns tattoo his neck and arms. He is cold-blooded, cunning, and deadly. He may be going on 60, but his presence is enough to instill a tension in the air.

STREX (CONT'D)

Oh how fun. It glows.

BOLT

You have some nerve sneaking up on me old man! Who the hell are you?

STREX

Strex. I didn't come to fight. How about I buy you a drink?

Bolt hesitates, but lowers his hands.

7 INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

The door swings open and Beatrice stumbles in, triumphant.

BEATRICE

I am a superhero! I am a superhero! WOOO! I am gonna save the freaking world! I'm gonna... I'm gonna... Oh I'm gonna hurl.

She ducks into the bathroom as John walks in. He looks around her cluttered living space with concern as the SOUNDS OF SICK emanate from the toilet.

John scrapes the charred egg from the pan into the trash.

Bee strolls back out, feeling somewhat better.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
John! As my best friend you  
officially the first person to know  
my secret identity.

She flops onto her bed.

JOHN  
Hey Bee-

She sits up too quick.

BEATRICE  
I need a costume!!

She falls back down.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
And a nap.

JOHN  
Bee, how... how serious are you  
about this hero thing. It seems  
dangerous, don't you think?

BEATRICE  
Nah... Like I said if those wackos  
can do it, I can totally...

She YAWNS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna be a superhero...

JOHN  
But, Bee I just...

He sits down, sighs.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You don't... have powers... Well,  
superpowers. I- I do. Tonight that  
was... That was me. I'm so sorry, I-  
I should have told you but I didn't  
know if-

Bee SNORES softly. She passed out a minute ago.

John puts his head in his hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Please remember nothing. It would  
make my life so much easier.

But that wouldn't be a very interesting story, now would it?