YEAH, I AM SUPERMAN

Ву

Chris Ryves

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

## **BEDROOM**

Light floods into this small setting. The place is furnished with only a BED, DRESSER, and NIGHTSTAND. An ALARM CLOCK rest on the stand.

A man, Paul Paulsons (24) lays sprawled on his bed.

The walls are posted with POSTERS of SUPERHEROES. BATMAN, SUPERMAN, even the lesser known heroes like THE BLUE BEETLE adorn his wall.

The time reads 7:30. The ALARM sounds, the TRIUMPHANT sound of "Superman's Theme" by John Williams blares out.

Paul stirs.

## BATHROOM

The place is cramped. His SINK is crowded with styling gels and other hair products

He lathers his face with gel then peers into the mirror.

PAUL PAULSONS

You can do this.

He slaps his face.

PAUL PAULSONS (CONT.)

You're a hero! You are beloved by everyone.

He fills the sink up water, he picks up his RAZOR and dips it in.

## A FEW MOMENTS LATER

He wipes his face, then looks in the mirror. He picks up a COMB and styles his hair like CHRISTOPHER REEVE'S SUPERMAN. He twirls his hair to give him that trademark curl.

He opens the MEDICINE CABINET and pulls out a BOTTLE of LITHIUM. He pours two into his hand.

PAUL PAULSONS (CONT.)

You fight a never ending battle for truth, justice and the American way.

He throws his hand to his mouth downs them.

**BEDROOM** 

He puts on a SUPERMAN costume. It's skin tight and not entirely complimentary to his figure.

He adjust the cape.

LIVING ROOM

The place is small, with a few SHELF filled with COMIC BOOK MEMORABILIA, a small TV, COUCH, and COFFEE TABLE.

He picks up his keys and wallet then stuffs them into a FANNY PACK, which he then snaps around his waist.

He stops by a FULL SIZE MIRROR. He admires himself.

PAUL PAULSONS

Yeah, I am Superman.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

The stop is nearly empty. He sits on the BENCH everyone else keeps a fair distance.

A BIKE RIDER cruises by, he heaves a DRINK at Paul. It splatters on the bench next to him.

BIKE RIDER

It's not Halloween, faggot!

INT. BUS - MORNING

He sits near the back. A YOUNG WOMAN (20'S) catches his eye. She's a classical type beauty.

He gives her a slight smile. She frowns.

He looks down at his feet, his gaze on his lap. He pulls out two PASSES from his pouch.

The bus lurches to a stop. PASSENGERS get off. He looks up as a guy, CLARK (23) slumps down next to him.

Clark looks over.

They sit their in a moment of uneasy silence.

Paul flashes the two passes.

PAUL PAULSONS

I'm going to a comic book convention.

Clark looks over.

CLARK

Huh?

PAUL PAULSONS

I don't just walk around in a Superman outfit, in case you were wondering.

Clark shrugs.

CLARK

Who's the other ticket for?

Paul grins.

PAUL PAULSONS

My girlfriend. Ok, well she's not my girlfriend, but she will be.

Clark laughs.

CLARK

Wow, man.

PAUL PAULSONS

What?

CLARK

Nothing, nothing. Well hey, this is my stop. Take care man.

He stands up and takes his leave. He mutters down his breath.

CLARK (CONT.)

(under his breath)

What a fucking weirdo.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Paul walks down the street. People stare as he walks by.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a CELL PHONE. He dials a number, it rings.

PAUL PAULSONS

Hey Rachael.

He beams.

RACHAEL (ON THE PHONE)

Who the fuck is this?

He stops.

PAUL PAULSONS

Rach, it's me, Paul.

INT. RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

**BEDROOM** 

RACHAEL (19) a young woman sits up in her BED. She's gorgeous. Far out of Paul's league.

RACHAEL

Jesus Christ Paul, I told you to stop calling me.

PAUL PAULSONS (ON THE PHONE)

Come on. I paid thirty bucks for this.

RACHAEL

Well pawn it off then cause I'm not coming.

PAUL PAULSONS (ON THE PHONE)

If you change you...

RACHAEL

I'm not. Now don't call me again.

She slams the phone shut.

EXT. STREET - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Paul snaps his phone shut. He sighs.

PAUL PAULSONS

She'll come around, Paul. She'll come around.

He turns into a CONVENIENCE STORE.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

A bell DINGS as he walks into the store.

The place is small. A typical get in - get out drug store. People mill about: An OLD WOMAN (60s), ASHLEY (25), JACKSON (20s), and HAYDEN (19), the cashier.

REGISTER

Hayden looks up.

HAYDEN

Look up in the sky, it's a bird it's a plane, it's a humongous faggot.

He laughs. Paul sighs.

PAUL PAULSONS

Can I just get a pack of smokes?

Hayden shakes his head.

HAYDEN

I didn't know the man of steel smoked.

PAUL PAULSONS

Yeah, yeah, I'm trying to quit. Now could I get a pack of Reds?

Hayden laughs and then reaches behind him and pulls out a pack.

HAYDEN

That'll be four bucks.

Paul reaches into his pack and pulls a five. He hands it over and Hayden hands him his change.

Paul turns around, he stops when the COFFEE/HOT CHOCOLATE MACHINE catches his eye.

He pulls out a cup and starts pouring some cocoa.

REGISTER

Jackson walks up the register, a candy bar in his hand.

Hayden looks up.

HAYDEN

That'll be all?

Jackson shoots a glance around. He mutters:

JACKSON

And all the money in the register...

HAYDEN

Sorry?

Jackson pulls out a HANDGUN, he holds it to Hayden's face.

**JACKSON** 

All the money in the fucking register! NOW!

The other people stop.

Jackson fires a shot into the air.

JACKSON (CONT.)

Hurry up asshole!

Hayden scoops the bills into a plastic bag.

Paul watches this happen. Suddenly in his head, he hears the music and Charlie Lyon's narration from the 1950's "Adventures of Superman.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

Faster than a speeding bullet.

He grabs his scalding hot drink and heaves it at Jackson. It splatters on his face, neck, and shoulder.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

More powerful than a locomotive.

In a flash, Paul leaps forward and throws Jackson into the counter. The gun flies from his hand and his head SLAMS hard into the COUNTER.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.

Blood gushes out of Jackson's head as Paul whips his head back into the counter then throws him back into a DISPLAY.

It collapses on him.

Hayden looks in pure shock. Still frozen from being held up.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

Look, up in the sky!

The Old Woman gasp.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

It's a bird.

Paul throws a punch into Jackson's face.

Ashley gasp in horror.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

It's a plane.

He continues to mercilessly pummel Jackson's face. He coughs up blood as Paul relentlessly beats him.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

It's Superman!

Hayden jumps over the counter. Ashley reaches into her purse and pulls out a cell phone. She dials 911.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

Yes, it's Superman: strange visitor from another planet who came to Earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men.

Hayden tries to pull Paul from Jackson, but he's pushed away.

Paul lifts up Jackson's head and slams it into the floor. He continues to beat the would-be robber.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)

Superman: who can change the course of mighty rivers, bend steel in his bare hands; and who, disguised as Clark Kent: mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper, fights a never ending battle for ...

He heaves out a breathe. He's covered in sweat and blood.

CHARLES LYON (V.O)/PAUL PAULSONS

Truth, justice and the American way.

His catches his breath. His hands are covered in blood. He reaches into his pouch and pulls out two dollar bills.

The others stand in shock. Unable to say anything.

He slaps the bloody bills onto the counter then walks out. The bell rings.

EXT. STREET - DAY

He stumbles out into the street. TWO OFFICERS and a pair of EMT's rush past him.

He walks down the street. His costume now ruined by Jackson's blood.

A YOUNG KID (8) walks past with his MOTHER.

YOUNG KID

Superman?

Paul laughs. He wipes his brow.

PAUL PAULSONS

Yeah, I am Superman.

The kids mother hurries him away, shooting a nervous glance to this blood splattered madman dressed as the Man of Steel.

He's all smiles as he walks away down the street.

"Superman's Theme" by John Williams triumphantly blaring.

FADE OUT:

THE END