

"UNEXPTED HERO"

by  
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FADE IN

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The red neon OPEN sign casts its light onto the lonely street corner. There's no one about at this early hour.

Parking places at the curbs are empty in front of the many mom and pop shops that line the quiet street.

Then, a car pulls into a space acrossed the street and parks. The driver exits the vehicle and crosses into the store.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The driver is JASON, 23, dressed casual in jeans, comfortable hiking boots, and flannel shirt. He has the classic chisled jaw of the all American kid, complete with brown hair worn in a crew cut.

Behind the counter is ERIC, 20, tall and lanky, with dark circles beneath his blue eyes, made larger by the magnification of his thick-lensed glasses.

As Jason goes to the cooler for a drink, a CUSTOMER turns from the counter with a single can of beer in a paper bag and leaves the store.

ERIC

Aren't you in a little early?

Jason opens a cooler door and takes out a Coke.

JASON

Machine broke down. Wasn't anything else for me to do, so they sent me home.

He unscrews the bottle cap and approaches the counter.

ERIC

Wish I'd get sent home.

JASON

Be thankful you have a job.

(MORE)

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JASON (cont'd)  
They're hard to come by these  
days.

ERIC  
Hear anything about the  
foreman's position?

JASON  
(he shrugs)  
Not really. Last I was told they  
were going to wait until the end  
of the month. Doesn't look good.

He takes a drink.

ERIC  
You've been there how long?  
Three, four years now? That  
place is a revolving door.  
You've been one of the only ones  
to stick it out. You have to be  
at the top on the list.

JASON  
Unfortunately, loyalty just  
doesn't rate as high with the  
new powers-that-be as it did  
when old man Jennings had the  
place.

As Jason replaces the cap on his Coke, MANNY, one of the  
regulars walks in. He's in his 40s, dark hair graying at  
the temples. He's wearing the dinged coveralls of a city  
sanitation employee.

He extends his hand to Jason.

MANNY  
Good to see you, Jason. Its been  
a while.

JASON  
Good to see you, Manny.

Manny then shakes hands with Eric.

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MANNY

Whats been going on with you  
guys? Anything exciting?

ERIC

Not really. Still working all  
the time.

MANNY

You're young, it's good for you.  
Besides, you'd be complaining if  
you didn't have a job to go to.  
I thank my lucky stars every day  
for mine.

JASON

Amen.

ERIC

(to Manny)

You want the usual?

MANNY

Yeah. And give me five of the  
one dollar scratch off tickets.  
Any one of them will do.

Eric reaches up and pulls down three packs of  
cigarettes, and then goes to the tickets.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Down the street from the store, a sedan pulls to the  
curb, lights are extinguished, but the engine is kept  
IDLING.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The DRIVER, a nervous African American teen, grips the  
steering wheel like a vice. He keeps looking about, as  
if something's going to pull him from the car.

Beside him is a hard-eyed Latino, 21. His neck is

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covered with tatoos. In his lap is a rubber Vampire mask, so he'll be called DRACULA. He chambers a round in his pistol.

In the back seat sits Draculas 19 year-old accomplice. His head is bald and he sports a goatee. In his lap is a sawed off shotgun and a crinkled Boris Karloff mask, so he'll be called The MUMMY.

DRACULA

We're gonna go in hot and heavy,  
get the cash, then get the hell  
back here. You drive like Jeff  
the fuck Gordan. You feel me?

The driver nods, though he seems uncertain. The Mummy slides on his mask as does Dracula. One quick headcheck of the street before they exit, then the car doors go flying open.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Manny scratches the last ticket. He's disappointed.

MANNY

Damn, not one of them was a  
winner. I tell you boys, One of  
these days I'm going to hit a  
nice bundle, then it's relaxing  
time on a beach somewhere with a  
couple of Hooters girls by my  
side.

ERIC

If I had a dollar for everytime  
you said that, I'd be a rich...

Just then, Dracula and The Mummy burst into the store. Dracula points his pistol and The Mummy covers the door with the shotgun.

Manny, Jason, and Eric instictively raise their hands.

DRACULA

(MORE)

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DRACULA (cont'd)

Do exactly what I say  
muthafuckas! Do exactly what I  
muthafuckin' say!

He pushes past Manny and hurries behind the counter.

DRACULA (CONT'D.)

Open it. Hurry.

ERIC

Okay...just give me a sccond.

Dracula grabs a handfull of Erics collar and pulls him  
facefirst into the pistol.

DRACULA

We ain't got a second. Open the  
register. Now!

ERIC

Alright, I just need a little  
time to hit the right...

Dracula suddenly thumps Eric on the head with the  
pistol. Eric sways unsteadily as a trickle of blood  
flows down his forehead.

Jason steps towards his friend but the CHICK-CHUCK sound  
of a shell being chambered in the shotgun stops him  
cold.

THE MUMMY

Don't be a dumb ass.

MANNY

Come on guys. We have families,  
jobs. Don't do this.

THE MUMMY

I don't give a shit if you got  
puppies. Keep your mouth shut  
and don't move.

(to Dracula)

Hurry up. It's taking too long.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The driver continues to swivel his head to and fro, looking to see if they've been spotted.

DARIUS

They should've been back by now.

He sits up straighter behind the wheel and adjusts the rearview mrror. He's all nerves.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Jason tries to move closer to Eric, but The Mummy's watching his every move.

THE MUMMY

You take one more step, and you'll be a dead wannabe hero.

JASON

He's afraid and hurt. Cut him some slack.

DRACULA

This nerd's gonna get hurt a lot worse if he don't open that damn cash drawer.

Dracula gives Eric a violent shake for good measure, and to bring him back to his senses.

The Mummy gazes outside.

THE MUMMY

We're wasting time! We gotta move!

Eric works with Dracula breathing over his shoulder, and with his gun in his back. Finally, the register opens.

DRACULA

Put it all in a bag! Be quick about it.

Eric gets a plastic bag and takes the money from the drawer. In just a few seconds, the bag is full.

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Dracula takes Eric by the collar again and jerks him around the counter, flinging him at Jason and Manny.

Eric stumbles forward but Jason catches his friend before he can lose his footing and fall.

DRACULA (CONT'D.)

Now, turn around and get on your knees.

Manny and Eric's eyes go wide as saucers.

JASON

No.

DRACULA

What? Are you stupid or somethin'? Get on your damn knees!

JASON

We're not getting on our knees.

DRACULA

Muthafucka, you got a death wish?

Dracula aims his pistol sideways like a modern day gangster, the barrel pointed directly at Jason's head.

THE MUMMY

Just cap his ass and let's book.

Manny takes a step back, putting some extra inches between himself and Jason.

MANNY

Jason, maybe you should cool it, huh?

The lights suddenly flicker. Everyone looks around except for Jason.

THE MUMMY

What the hell?

DRACULA

What's goin' on?

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JASON

You got what you came for. You should've left.

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Darius watches the flickering of the lights from behind the wheel. If he was apprehensive before, he's even more so now, as he begins to turn almost completely around, gazing this way and that, hoping some passing police car or pedestrian out for a late night jog hasn't seen the flashing lights.

DRIVER

Shit. I'm guessing that's bad.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

As the lights continue to flicker, The Mummy turns to the door but Jason closes a hand into a fist. The action signals the electronic locking mechanism, and it CLICKS into place.

The Mummy pushes on the doors. They won't budge.

THE MUMMY

We're locked in!

DRACULA

How the hell did you do that?

JASON

Doesn't matter.

DRACULA

Open it. I ain't playin'. I'll kill you. I'll kill all of you.

JASON

I don't this so.

Now, the lights go completely out.

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ERIC

Jason?

CUT TO:

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

The driver sees the lights go out.

DRIVER

Fuck this. I'm outta here.

He stomps on the accelerator.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sedan speeds away from the curb, tires SQUEELING in protests.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Through the doors, the tail lights cast their crimson light onto The Mummy as Darius flees in the sedan.

The tires SCREECH as he rounds the corner and disappears.

THE MUMMY

The son of a bitch left us!

A LOW BUZZING fills the room.

DRACULA

Who cares? I think we got a bigger problem.

JASON

You have no idea.

Suddenly, the lights come back on. Manny and Eric step away from Jason, realizing the buzzing is coming from him.

STREAKS OF BLUE-WHITE ENERGY arc up and down Jason's

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arms from his hands. While this is happening. his eyes begin to glow with an intense WHITE LIGHT.

DRACULA

Holy shit!

Draculas gun arm tenses, but before he can fire, Jason punches out with his right arm, sending lightning from his fist.

It engulfs Dracula and throws him to the ground.

He does the same to The Mummy, the force of the electrical blow sending him hard against the doors.

He slides down them, unconscious.

Smoke rises from the black clothing of the two would be thieves.

Eric and Manny share expressions of astonishment.

Jason turns to his friends, eyes still glowing.

JASON

Get their weapons and call the police.

(to Eric)

It's a good idea to get an ambulance for your head, too.

The two men just stand there, dumbfounded.

JASON (CONT'D)

They won't be out long.

Finally, Manny moves past Jason to the guns on the floor, but he can hardly keep his eyes off his friend.

ERIC

What the hell was that?

JASON

I can't stick around to answer that question. I have to get out of here.

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ERIC

You can't just leave! We have to tell the cops what happened.

JASON

The cops wouldn't understand. They'd want to take me to the hospital, and I've suffered enough poking and prodding to last a life time. Then it wouldn't be long before the government started sticking its nose in my business. It's best we keep this just between us.

MANNY

What do we tell them, then? I haven't seen anything like that before in my life. They're not going to believe us.

JASON

Tell them whatever you want, just keep me out of it.

Jason begins to leave, then looks up and sees the security camera.

SECURITY CAMERA P.O.V.

A BEAT as Jason stares into the camera, eyes radiant.

JASON

Damn.

He holds up a hand, then there's a flash of light, and everything turns to pixelated snow.

FADE OUT:

THE END

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