

Blow
By
Very Clever One or Two

INT. PARK - LAKE - DAY

A beautiful summer day. Kids play ball and catch at the vast area around the lake.

Sunning closer to the lake, are the parents.

You'd think they keep an eye on their kids but they don't. They sit in portable chairs, sip beers and wine, and laugh at each others jokes.

KYLE (80s), gray hair, wrinkles and mean demeanor, sits aloof equipped with a large painting board, brush and paints. He sports shorts and T-shirt that says "Keep away" on it.

He stops to contemplate his work with each stroke.

A ball hits him on the leg. He cringes, hits a ball aiming at a kid, STEVEN (6), and misses. Steven does thumbs up, runs away with the ball to play with his brother, JANSON (7). Annoyed, Kyle looks towards one of the ladies in a chair.

KYLE

Are you the babysitter? You could start watching them for a change.

A GOLDEN LADY (50s), sporting gold bracelets and flashy gold hoops raises her eyebrows at Kyle.

GOLDEN LADY

Come on, they are just being kids. I'm their mother by the way.

KYLE

Ah. I thought grandma, but it's all of you these days.

The Golden Lady puts earplugs in, too proud to respond.

KYLE

To think that people wise up with age but no, they go ahead having babies when they strike fifty.

The Golden Lady takes off her earplugs, shouts to the children:

GOLDEN LADY

Jenson, Stephen! Go play over there kiddos.

The kids don't pay attention to their mother.

KYLE

Jenson? Wow. Let the world know my kid is Jewish. Yea, Jenson, go annoy some other people.

Kyle smirks at his own wit.

KYLE

Tell them your name, too.

Something moves in the grass. Kyle tries to see what it is and his eyes widen with horror.

Oblivious, Jenson runs towards the place with the ball.

KYLE

Hey, Jewish kid. There's might be a snake in that grass.

The kid doesn't stop.

Kyle looks at the Golden Lady. She has thick earphones on this time. Kyle rolls his eyes.

He hears a hiss.

Jenson keeps advancing with the ball towards the spot.

Everything happens so fast that Kyle has no time to think.

Kyle jerks towards the moving grass. He falls flat on his stomach. He screams, holds to his knee.

Janson stops. He sees the grass moving this time, too.

JANSON

Mom! I just saw a snake.

The Golden Lady sees what happened, jumps to her feet.

GOLDEN LADY

Oh my God, what happened?

KYLE

You with your offspring, that's what.

Janson grabs his mothers hand.

JANSON

Mom, this man saved me. Look. It woulda bit me instead.

Kyle looks at his knee. There's a snake bite. He turns white, his breathing becomes labored.

GOLDEN LADY

Steven, get me the phone. Be quick.
We must call 911.

Janson comes up to Kyle.

JANSON

I wish you had a superpower to
fight it.

KYLE

Oh my Goodness, are all kids this
stupid these days, or you're an
unfortunate exception?

Janson runs away from Kyle.

Golden Lady strikes the numbers on her phone.

GOLDEN LADY (INTO PHONE)

911. We have an emergency. It's
either a fall or snake bite.

KYLE

Poor boy got it from his mother.

GOLDEN LADY (INTO PHONE)

Yes, I do have the first aid kit.

The Golden Lady rushes for the millions of her bags,
retrieves a medical supply box, hurries back to Kyle.

Before he can push her away she sprinkles his knee with
iodine. Kyle screams from pain, blows vigorously at his knee.

KYLE

Are you crazy? Or wait, I forgot,
you're just dumb.

The Golden Lady tightens her lips, gets up and straightens
her back.

GOLDEN LADY

Kids. It's time for us to go.

She looks at Kyle.

GOLDEN LADY

We would offer you a ride if you...
Is there anything else we can do
for you?

KYLE

Yes! Leave!

He keeps blowing on his knee. The knee miraculously heals. Kyle's face changes. Golden Lady sees that, too.

GOLDEN LADY

Oh my God. Is that some kind of a joke?

The kids move closer to see the knee completely heal. Also, the skin straightens and instead of old man wrinkled skin it becomes smooth. The thigh regains muscle.

KYLE

Do you see what I'm seeing?

All nod in silence.

GOLDEN LADY

Hey, blow on my face.

He does. She becomes young and beautiful.

Jenson cheers.

JANSON

Mom, I wished him the superpowers and now he has them!

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Kyle, young body but still old face, rushes inside.

KYLE

Gloria, where are you?

GLORIA (80s) comes into view.

GLORIA

It was nice and quiet for two hours.

Kyle hurries towards her, grabs her hands.

KYLE

You wouldn't believe what happened in the park. IVF babies, snakes...

Gloria sizes Kyle up, sees his young legs and arms. She touches his bicep. It feels real.

KYLE

Be still, Gloria. I'm going to blow on you.

GLORIA

Excuse me?

Kyle blows on her hands, arms and face. Gloria's face change within a few moments.

KYLE

Well, you never were a beauty, but younger is always better than an old prune.

Gloria pulls away, unable to understand what's happening.

Kyle cups his hands, brings them to his face.

KYLE

Watch this.

He breaths into his hands. The breath touches his face and it instantly rejuvenates.

KYLE

How much do you think I can charge for it? We'll be millionaires!

Realization strikes Gloria.

A long moment passes before she--

--shakes her head.

GLORIA

We have no time, dear.

There's a remote control on a kitchen counter. She works the buttons, powers the TV.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

The World War Three took its beginning on this day, June sixteenth, year two thousand and twenty three. Meanwhile President Biden was rushed to a hospital with a stroke.

Gloria switches off the TV.

Kyle's eyes open wide.

KYLE

A nuclear war. How is he going to lead it if he's terminally sick?

They lock eyes, the thought develops.

Kyle reaches for the phone. Pounds 911.

911 OPERATOR

911, What's your emergency?

KYLE

Hello. I have to blow on president Biden.

911 OPERATOR

Did you say you have to blow the president?

Gloria dashes for the phone, and hangs up.

GLORIA

We have to think how to get to him.

Kyle paces to and fro.

GLORIA

You have a lot of blowing to do before we get to him.

Kyle finally stops. He squints his eyes - a thought forms in them. Him and Gloria lock eyes once again.

They reach for each other, hold hands, while continuing to look at each other. Finally they elevate and swirl in an open air.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

A withered flower. Kyle blows on it and it comes back to life. A bitten up car. Kyle blows on it and it becomes new. An old person. Kyle blows at him and he turns into a young self. A line of people. Kyle blows on each...

OVER CREDITS

Kyle and Gloria succeeded in their quest to blow at president Biden. The young president Biden was able to stop the war and was reelected for another term.

THE END

