

LOCAL HERO

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT: SUBURBAN GARDEN - DAY

A barbecue is in full swing. DAD is on grill duty. He's sporting a MR. GOOD LOOKIN' IS COOKIN' apron and chef's hat.

The rest of the FAMILY and NEIGHBORS mingle, drinks in hand.

DANIEL (V.O.)
My origin story will never be
adapted as a Hollywood blockbuster.

DANIEL(17) is chatting to a GIRL(16). She leans in close as he whispers into her ear. She laughs.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's me, Daniel. The hot girl
next door type I'm chatting to is
the hot girl from next door.

He pauses mid-sentence, frowning. She asks him what is wrong.

SON (V.O.)
Wait for it.

His eyes widen. He screams.

The party screeches to a grinding halt, all attention is now on him as he fumbles with his belt.

The girl's mouth drops as he rips off his jeans, and boxer shorts. He whips his head round to try and look at his...

INSERT - BUTT CHEEKS

A swollen FAMILY CREST TATTOO forms on his gluteus maximus.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Boom!

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Daniel sits in bed engrossed in a comic book. His dad enters. Daniel raises the comic closer to his face.

DAD (O.C.)
Son, it's time we had a talk.

DANIEL
It's OK dad, I already know about
the birds bonking the bees.

DAD (O.C.)
No, not about that, about this.

Daniel hears an unzipping sound. He slowly lowers the comic to reveal his father's buttocks mere inches away. On one cheek, is a familiar faded family crest tattoo.

DANIEL (V.O.)
I can't imagine Chris Hemsworth is
in any rush for this role.

EXT. SUBURBAN GARDEN - LATER

Dad lines up empty glass bottles along the wall.

DANIEL (V.O.)
So apparently, I'm from a long line
of superheroes. Our powers are
inherited and quite, err, unique.

He joins his son at the other end of the garden, squints his eyes at the bottles, presses down on his head and a small round object shoots out of his nose.

It flies across the garden and shatters a bottle.

His father covers his nose with a cloth and pumps his head up and down. He shows Daniel what is in the cloth; several peas.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Yeah that's right. I can shoot peas
out of my nose. Frozen garden peas
to be precise.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Daniel stands transfixed as his dad raises a hand over the sink basin, closes his eyes and concentrates.

DANIEL (V.O.)
You know those little hairs on the
back of your hand?

INSERT DAD'S HAND

The hairs on his fingers twitch.

SON (V.O.)
Well, in our family those are not
human hairs.

Hundreds of tiny spiders sprout from under the skin. They crawl over his fingers and drop into the basin.

BACK TO SCENE

Daniel's eyes widen, his jaw drops.

DANIEL (V.O.)
That's when I developed
arachnophobia.

He runs screaming out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The sink is on fire. A can of PETROL lies empty on the floor next to a box of MATCHES.

Dad looks on in shock as his son wraps duct tape around his hands. MOTHER strolls in branding a fire extinguisher.

DANIEL (V.O.)
Mother is pleased of course.

She expertly doses the fire.

INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM - LATER

Mother fusses over her boy. She's putting the finishing touches to a ridiculously mismatched superhero costume.

DANIEL (V.O.)
She has a new superhero in the
family to fuss over.

She hands him a huge axe. He shakes his head, rips of the mask and cape, and opens his wardrobe. Inside is a HOODY.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Our new hero crouches on a nearby wall. He slips on a pair of leather gloves and flips the hood over his head.

SON (V.O.)
But I need to discover who I am on
my own and what I'm capable off. I
need to forge my own identity.

He stares intently at passers by.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

Sat on the wall, legs swinging, he stifles a yawn.

EXT. BUS STOP - EVENING

Daniel is lying on the wall, firing peas up into the air and attempting to catch them in his mouth.

A TEENAGER wearing scruffy jeans and offensive T-shirt saunters by chugging a beer.

Daniel clocks him. He slowly assumes an upright position.

The teenager drops the can and lets out an almighty BELCH.

A frozen pea bounces off his head. He spins around in alarm to find Daniel pointing sternly at the beer can on the floor.

The youth sneers and gives Daniel the finger.

Daniel's head bobs up and down like a piston, sending a steady stream of pea projectiles at the teenager. They hit him squarely in the face.

He flees in distress under a barrage of petits pois.

Daniel drops down from the wall, looking very pleased with himself. He picks the can up, ignoring the defrosting vegetables all over the floor and places it in a nearby bin.

He saunters away.

DANIEL (V.O.)

This superhero stuff is easy!

Someone whacks him over the head with a baton from behind. He goes down like a sack of potatoes.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - LATER

Daniel wakes up to discover he's tied to a chair. He looks up to see an OLD MAN chewing tobacco.

DANIEL

You're Stan Lee!

STAN LEES spits a wad of tobacco juice on the floor.

ACTION FREEZES

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Yeah OK, it's not Stan Lee. We
 can't afford Stan Lee but you can't
 have a superhero story without some
 cameo by Stan Lee. So for all
 intense and purposes...

ACTION RESUMES

STAN LEE
 You're damn right I'm Stan Lee!

DANIEL
 What the heck are you doing here?

STAN LEE
 I'm your father's nemesis. Him and
 his stupid spider hands have
 thwarted me for years, but my spies
 tell me you're just as scared of
 the little bastards as I am.

DANIEL
 But that makes no sense! You
 invented Spider...

A right-hook in the face from Stan Lee silences the boy.

STAN LEE
 Spider Man is a man, of course I'm
 not scared of men you stupid little
 shit. I'm scared of arachnids and
 your dad's been using that against
 me for decades. But no more, now I
 will have my revenge! First I'll
 kill his precious son, then I'll...

Stan Lee waffles on, revealing his plans like a stereotypical
 super villain. Daniel zones out. Stan's voice becomes a
 distant mumble.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 It's at times like this when you
 either nut up or shut up.

He take a deep breath, grits his teeth and closes his eyes.

DANIEL (V.O.)
 Sometimes you've got to face your
 fears and find the hero within.

His gloves tremble. Sweat pours down his face.

Tiny holes appear in the leather as hundreds of spiders chew their way through. A steady stream of them crawl down his legs and towards Stan Lee.

STAN LEE

No longer will I be a mild mannered comic book writer, I'll finally be free to rule the wor...

He notices the spiders.

EXT - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stan Lee bursts out of the warehouse screaming.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Nuff said!

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Our hero looks cool in a leather jacket, pants, boots and a pair of shades. He glances up and down the street.

SON (V.O.)

I may have stupid powers, no driving licence and a mother who won't let me patrol after 8PM. But I'm a superhero like my father before me. You mess with my town, my family, you mess with me.

He turns to reveal his butt cheeks are hanging out through holes in his pants.

DANIEL (V.O.)

For I am...

We zoom in until the tattoo and one cheek is all we can see.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Spider Pea Man!...OK that sucks. How about The Boy With the Butt Tattoo? Icky Fingers Guy?

The ass cheek wobbles and, thankfully, recedes into the distance as he struts down the street.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Nose Shooter? The Frozen Pea Assassin? Mr. Arachnid Hands?

FADE OUT.