

Simply Super

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

Pick any big U.S city and thats where you are. Busy traffic, lights, soaring buildings. A mix of nationalities and different lives. Down at street level...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Halfway along the dark alley, VOICES come from the other side of a Dumpster.

ALEX(O.S.)

Both of you shut up and listen.

ALEX and MITCH(both 20) stand over a frightened COUPLE(early 20's) who are on the ground, hands bound. Both wear pullovers that read 'I Love Simply Scripts' emblazoned on a huge red heart. Mitch spits in disgust.

MITCH

Simply Scripters...the bane of our lives. Don't you just love a captive audience?

SS DUDE

Please don't hurt us. Take our wallets, purse, but don't...

ALEX

You're amateur writers. How the hell would you have money?

He takes an Ipad from a tattered backpack he carries. SS Girl whimpers.

ALEX

Ok, lets get this show on the road.

He clears his throat, reads from the Ipad screen.

ALEX

The latest masterpiece screenplay from myself and my fellow writer here - The After War. The logline for this is:

ALEX

'Two heroic studs must battle across a zombie ravaged United States to retrieve an ancient artifact from a spaceship brought down by the Pentagon. A sweeping tale of violence and sci fi action'.

MITCH

Man, that log is art by itself.

SS GIRL

Oh yes. Its great. Now please...

SS DUDE

No, it isn't! Its way too long and completely silly.

SS GIRL

Quiet! You'll get us hurt.

ALEX

Oh, is our log too radical for your sensitive little boyfriend? What a shame.

MITCH

Read the opening scene, Alex. That'll fuck 'em.

ALEX

Yes! These condescending people. Always reviewing newbie scripts without pity.

Mitch spits again.

ALEX

Ok, opening scene coming up...

'Ext los angeles city centre after nuclear battle - day. Nick and Mitch, a couple of smooth looking guys, sit in the middle of burnt out cars on a city street. They discuss the recent events and ponder their immediate future. By chance, two gorgeous women have survived the apocalypse and they lie nearby on a old mattress waiting for our heroes to 'comfort' them. Nick - Well, how about this, hey? Mitch - Oh boy, that was some end of the world...'

Alex's voice drones on and on until:

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

SS Girl has fallen asleep. Her boyfriend is sweating, almost pained by the excruciating reading of this script. Even Mitch is struggling on his feet.

ALEX

'Conversation over, the two heroes walk to the mattress where the girls eagerly await them'. That is Blacklist material, sucker.

SS DUDE  
Jesus Christ...that was torture!  
You had no 'fade in', the action  
was one big lump of paragraph and  
then you followed it up with  
TWENTY MINUTES OF TALKING HEADS!  
Aaaargh!

SS GIRL wakes up, looks around.

SS GIRL  
I thought it was quite good.

SS DUDE  
Oh shut up! You were asleep.

MITCH  
Tarantino does scenes and scenes  
of dialogue and gets away with it.  
Its high time some of the little  
people did too.

ALEX  
Exactly, bro. I uploaded this  
script to SS the other day. It  
should be posted anytime soon.  
And all of our friends around  
town will review and completely  
drown out the voice of you regular  
SS scum. The site will have to be  
renamed Simply Shit.

He high fives Mitch then takes out a few sheets of paper  
from the backpack. He rolls them up into a tube and fastens  
it with a rubber band. Taps SS Dude on the head with it. SS  
Dude look suddenly nervous.

ALEX  
This is a copy of a short you  
posted last week.

SS DUDE  
I...how do you know I wrote it?

ALEX  
Because you have a picture of  
yourself as your avatar...Mr  
'Writeguy'. And this script is  
going back to its origins.

SS DUDE  
And...and where's that?

ALEX  
Fair up your clacker, old chap.

Mitch is already holding him down. Alex tucks the tube under  
his arm and works on SS Dude's pants.

SS Girl turns her head in disgust. SS Dude struggles but eventually...

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

His scream ECHOES across the skyline. On one building, a dark shape moves...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Six stories up, Nick and Mitch sit against a wall, looking at the Ipad.

ALEX

All right! The After War is there!  
Let the revolution begin. Nothing  
can stop us now, bro.

A chill wind BLOWS. There's a distant, metallic CLANG. Mitch hears it and tenses up.

MITCH

Hurry it up, man. I don't like  
it up here.

ALEX

Hey, this is my safe spot, my  
haven. Just wait, ok?

MITCH

I don't think we should've been  
so hard on those SS perps.  
(beat)  
We don't want the Bush after us...

ALEX

I...the Bush? Aw, come on, man,  
that's just a myth. Ok, there is  
a douche named Jeff Bush, goes by  
the netname of 'Dreamscale'. But  
he ain't no script vigilante who  
roams the city hunting down new  
writers with different methods.

Mitch stands, walks to the edge of the parapet. His eyes are wild.

MITCH

Some call him the Format  
Avenger...some the Slug Crusader.  
No one knows where he comes from.  
Or if he is human. He...

ALEX

Can slurp on my pork sword for  
all I care. Now shut the fuck up  
while I check SS. Ok, sweet!  
Gettin' lots of views.

A SOUND from behind them. They both turn to see a shadow loom over them. Mitch sinks to the rooftop, quivers in fear. Alex rises slowly, holds the Ipad out in front of him as a possible weapon. The dark shape leaps down from a ledge.

He wears a Batman mask and cape but the rest of the clothing is mis-matched: a T shirt that reads 'I eat newbie writers for breakfast' over a Rams jersey. Denim cutoffs and huge steel cap boots complete the 'uniform'.

ALEX

What the hell you doing, freak?  
Spying on innocent folk?

He's trying to stay cool but its all an act. Mitch looks up briefly, does a double take.

MITCH

Holy shit! Its Batman.

MASKED FIGURE

(rasping voice)  
You dumb fuck. Do I look like I'm  
Batman?

MITCH

Um, no...

MASKED FIGURE

I'm here for retribution for your  
misdemeanors...your crimes against  
sensible writing. I'm your worst  
nightmare.

Mitch SQUEALS, cowers down.

MASKED FIGURE

I read some of a short you posted  
on SS. Pure rubbish. As punishment  
you will read ALL entries in the  
latest OWC and give thoughtful  
reviews.

MITCH

But...but there's gonna be lots  
of scripts entered. All of our  
friends are writing for it. Could  
be hundreds.

MASKED FIGURE

Stiff shit! Lucky for you its a  
six page max. Now fuck off.

Mitch runs off sobbing like a bitch, hurries down the fire escape. The menacing vigilante turns to Alex. He moves like lightning to take the Ipad. Alex whimpers.

MASKED FIGURE

Let me look at this piece of crap  
you call a screenplay.

He gazes at the screen, shaking his head.

MASKED FIGURE

No fade in...one hundred and forty  
seven pages...what were you  
thinking? I've seen enough.

In one swift move, he hurls the Ipad against the wall, grabs  
Alex by the shirt and holds him out over the six storey drop.  
Alex SCREAMS.

ALEX

Don't hurt me, man, don't kill me.

MASKED FIGURE

I'm not going to kill you. I want  
you to tell all your newbie writer  
friends about me.

ALEX

I...jesus, what are you, man? Who  
are you?

The vigilante hauls him inches from his face. His eyes burn  
like embers.

MASKED FIGURE

I'm Out By Page One Man.

He flings Alex to the roof top before stepping over the  
parapet and vanishing. Alex drags himself to the edge but  
there's no sign of...anybody. He whimpers.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT.

SS Girl and SS Dude are still behind the Dumpster.

SS GIRL

Honey, I've nearly got my hands  
free. How you doing?

SS DUDE

(wounded voice)  
The pain is abating somewhat. If  
I stay still.

SS GIRL

Poor boy. But I guess it could've  
been worse.

(beat)

You're lucky they didn't print  
off your feature...

FADE OUT.