

FLYING HIGH AGAIN

by
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EXT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

JASMINE, 25, a beautiful blonde, SCREAMS as she runs away from the decrepit warehouse. Her high heels click-clack on the wet cement.

Behind her, FOUR GOONS emerge from the warehouse, laugh at Jasmine's futile attempt to flee. LARRY, the head goon, calls out to her.

LARRY

Where ya gonna run to, sweetie?
Ain't nobody out here but us!!

They laugh and jog after her. A DARK FIGURE lurks in the nearby shadows, watches the pursuit.

Jasmine makes a left, only to see a brick wall blocking her escape. She stands in the middle of an abandoned lot filled with junked cars and old crates.

Larry and his cronies slowly close in.

LARRY

Now... let's have some fun.

A MASSIVE SHADOW casts on the brick wall behind Jasmine. Body of a man, head of a... wolf? A LOW GROWL fills the air.

Larry and his boys warily turn around, prepared to face some ungodly werewolf. Instead they come face to face with...

A stocky young man, about five feet seven. His head appears to be vaguely canine, but his neck is unusually long and he's covered in spotted, mangy brown fur. He wears a blue spandex one-piece with "HB" emblazoned on the chest.

Yes, it's HYENA BOY.

They bust out laughing.

LARRY

What the fuck is this? Who let the dogs out?

HYENA BOY

Line up against the wall, put your hands behind your back.

LARRY

Haha, maybe next time, Fido. Hey, play dead and I'll give you a treat.

The goons laugh.

HYENA BOY

The name is Hyena Boy, and I'm giving you one last chance.

They double over in laughter. Even Jasmine has to stifle a chuckle.

LARRY

Hyena Boy!! What, did you lose a bet with God?

Larry reaches into his jacket, pulls out a pistol.

LARRY

Looks like it's the pet cemetery for you.

Hyena Boy growls, gets ready to pounce. Larry aims his gun, then slowly lowers it. He and the others fix their gazes to the sky.

HYENA BOY

What is it? Are we gonna fight or not?

ANOTHER SHADOW descends onto the brick wall. A man in a flowing cape, arms held out in a Messianic pose. Hyena Boy doesn't even turn around. He knows.

HYENA BOY

God damn it.

SPECTACULO, the caped wonder, gently lands on the ground behind Hyena Boy. Like Superman's better looking brother, he stands majestically. Larry and his boys look terrified. Jasmine gasps in sexual excitement.

SPECTACULO

Lower your weapons, and yield to Spectaculo.

Larry grits his teeth, shakes his head.

LARRY

I don't think so, Spectaculo. Not this time.

SPECTACULO

As you wish. Who's up for a puppet show?

Spectaculo waves his hand. Larry and the others lose control of their bodies and stagger around awkwardly like marionettes. They slap each other, then kiss each other, then finally fling themselves into the brick wall face first.

They drop to the ground unconscious.

Jasmine runs over to Spectaculo, embraces him.

SPECTACULO
Hyena Boy, take care of this for
me. Wait for the police.

He turns to Jasmine.

SPECTACULO
Need a lift home?

She smiles and kisses him. He grabs her around the waist,
then takes off into the night sky.

HYENA BOY
Son of a bitch.

EXT. SPECTACULO'S MANSION - DAY

Hyena Boy, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, drives his rusty
1998 Toyota Tercel in front of the palatial manor. He gets
out, slams the door and the side mirror falls off.

HYENA BOY
Piece of shit!!

He kicks the door and drives his foot through the rust.

HYENA BOY
Damn it!

INT. STUDY - MANSION - DAY

Spectaculo, dressed in smoking jacket and slacks, reads the
latest issue of The New Yorker.

SPECTACULO
Ah yes. Droll.

NIGEL, the old tuxedo-wearing butler, appears at the doorway.

NIGEL
A Mr. Hyena Boy to see you, sir.

Hyena Boy shoves by Nigel.

HYENA BOY
He knows who I am.

Nigel is about to close the door when Jasmine pokes her giddy
face in.

JASMINE
Call me, Spectaculo?

SPECTACULO
Eventually, I'm sure.

Nigel shuts the door on her as Hyena Boy shakes his head.

HYENA BOY
Are there any women in this town
who you haven't fucked?

SPECTACULO
Of course. Six hundred forty-seven
thousand nine hundred twenty-three
to be exact.

HYENA BOY
Listen, I'll get right to it. This
whole sidekick thing isn't working
out. Thought I could learn a lot
from you, but turns out it's more
about waiting around for cops,
handling your social media, the
occasional crotch sniff for drugs.
I quit.

Spectaculo stands, walks to his magnificent desk.

SPECTACULO
I think you may be forgetting
something, HB.

He lifts a paper from a drawer.

SPECTACULO
Your signature. On a contract.
Three years of sidekickery. And
we're only six months into our
agreement.

HYENA BOY
This is bullshit! I'm not making
any money! I'm your damn slave!

SPECTACULO
You're developing your superpowers.

HYENA BOY
Superpowers. I got this freak
neck. I can bite through a two by
four. Those are my superpowers.

SPECTACULO
Don't forget this.

Spectaculo tickles his ribs, causing Hyena Boy to emit an ear-shattering CACKLE. He pulls away.

HYENA BOY
Stop it! I hate when you do that!

SPECTACULO
Point is, I have you. And there's nothing you can do about it.

HYENA BOY
We'll see about that.

Hyena Boy walks for the door, then stops and grabs a plaque off the wall. It reads, "In eternal gratitude to Spectaculo for saving our city yet again. -The People of Terropolis."

Hyena Boy takes a huge bite out of it, sticks it back on the wall, swings open the door and storms out.

INT. SUPERHERO HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

Hyena Boy stands before a table, dressed in his spandex one-piece. Behind him, a group of various and sundry SUPERHEROES and SIDEKICKS sit amid the benches.

A hush falls over the assembled as Spectaculo strides forward in full costumed glory.

HYENA BOY
(under his breath)
Asshole.

KREMULON, a black-robed humanoid, takes his seat behind the bench. His hand forms into a gavel and he bangs it on the sound block.

KREMULON
Super court is now in session.
Case of Hyena Boy versus
Spectaculo. Opening statements.

HYENA BOY
I hate this sidekick crap. I want out.

SPECTACULO
He's bound by superlaw.

HYENA BOY
I was promised a path to superherohood. Instead, he treats me like a stray mutt.

SPECTACULO

Your honor, some of us are born to lead, others to follow. It's been this way since the dawn of the superheroes.

The superheroes in the audience nod their heads while their shorter, uglier sidekicks murmur bitterly.

KREMULON

Order. Your words do not fall on deaf ears, Hyena Boy. Sidekicks are all too often treated like afterthoughts, lackeys, grunts, peons, lapdogs--

HYENA BOY

Yeah, we get it.

KREMULON

But superlaw on this matter is clear. You signed the sacred sidekick contract. You are indentured to Spectaculo for a period of three years.

Kremulon forms his fist into a gavel again, hits the block. A furious Hyena Boy wheels around to face the audience.

HYENA BOY

Sidekicks, are we gonna take this shit?!

The sidekicks respond in unison with an enraged "No!" Hyena Boy leaps to the front of the sidekicks as Spectaculo glides next to the superheroes.

The two sides glower at each other, then SURGE FORWARD to attack!

EXT. SPECTACULO'S MANSION - DAY

A humiliated Hyena Boy sports jean shorts and a swollen eye as he waxes Spectaculo's Lamborghini. A burning joint dangles from the corner of his mouth. Spectaculo saunters by, a new STUNNING BRUNETTE on his arm.

SPECTACULO

You missed a spot.

Hyena Boy watches them disappear into the mansion, then drops his shorts and lifts his leg next to the open driver's window.

THE END