

HEROES' ASYLUM

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

DAVID (35), lies prone on a bed in an undershirt and boxer shorts. He snores. Empty bottles of Whisky are aligned in front of the bed.

He tears his eyes open. Takes a moment to find his orientation.

Frowns as his supernatural sense of hearing perceives POLICE SIRENS, far enough away to not be audible with normal ears.

DAVID

Oh, come on... Really?

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Cops covered behind the doors of their cars.

DETECTIVE JAMES MCMORROW (35) yells through a bullhorn.

MCMORROW

The building is cornered. Come out
with your hands up!

Someone inside the building replies with a salvo of bullets from a window. The cops duck their heads in surprise.

That someone is BULL (50), his face hidden under a mask.

BULL

(loud)

Fuck yourself! I've got hostages
here and I'll finish them off one
by one until you send me a
helicopter. First guy is due in 15
from now on!

Cops are stunned. McMorro eyes a colleague. Clueless. Nervously rakes his fingers through his hair.

In this moment, David arrives. Wears a green, skintight leather suit and a facial mask around his eyes.

He seems pissed as he floats through the air and softly lands in front of the bank.

MCMORROW

Thank god, Condor! We...

David aka Condor puts him off in the middle of the sentence.

CONDOR

Yeah, yeah - I know. Same ol' shit
as always.

McMorro gazes at him with a bewildered expression.

Condor yawns. Turns to the bank and trots to the entrance.

CONDOR

Just wait here, five minutes or so.
Will go in and trash him a bit.

INT. BANK - SAME

Condor steps through the main entrance. The sound of RELOADING A PUMPGUN clicks next to his head as soon as he enters.

BULL

What the fuck! You just walk in here as if nothing happened? You on a suicide run or sumthin?

CONDOR

Nah, just bored. And tired. Let's get this over with, I got a hangover to cure...

Bull gets so see Condor as he turns around and is illuminated by the neon tube at the roof.

BULL

(surprised)

You?! You kidding me?

CONDOR

Yeah... Me... Don't like it either...

Bull lowers his gun.

BULL

People say you're not doing the superhero crap anymore. They say you're more into parties lately. And booze...

CONDOR

True what they say. Always just some little good-for-nothings like you. Gets pretty boring without a challenge, y'know?

Bull turns uptight about that comment. Raises his gun again.

BULL

You want a challenge? Eat that!

He FIRES the SHOTGUN at him.

As the smoke is clearing away, Condor stares at a black circle of soot on his suit.

CONDOR

Great, now I need a stop at the laundry shop as well. Was that really necessary?

Bull eyes him with a raised eyebrow.

BULL

I'd have sworn that bulletproof thing was just a rumor.

CONDOR

You wanna tell me you knew I'm bulletproof and still decided to get my suit dirty? Now you're really pissing me off!

Bull shrugs with an apologizing smile.

BULL

You never know - People tell you a lot of crap, just wanted to check it out myself.

He nods at the blotch on Condor's suit.

BULL

Sorry 'bout that, man.

CONDOR

Oh c'mon, stop it right there. As if you gave a shit. I'm so sick of this whole superhero thing. I just wanna be in peace at home, y'know? And as if not every damn little crook in town would've heard of me, they still keep trying. It's hilarious!

Bull nods understandingly.

BULL

I hear you, buddy. Why don't you just quit then?

Condor gestures at him, set for a decisive good boy answer. Hesitates a moment and drops his voice instead.

CONDOR

I don't know man. I really don't know why I'm still doing this. I'm done with it, I swear.

Bull again nods in approval.

BULL

Maybe I've got a solution for you.

Condor frowns. Willing to listen.

CONDOR

What solution?

Bull points his head towards a couple of money bags in the empty room behind him.

BULL

I got like two million dollars over there and I know a sweet little island in the Pacific. Just a cocktail bar, a hammock and nothing else to worry about.

CONDOR

You know, I'm not corrupt. Don't know if it's a superhero gene or something, but I'd never take money to let someone go.

Bull nods again.

BULL

I know, I know. And I'm not trying to bribe you. Just trying to help. You can just turn me in to those cops out there and go on with your superhero existence, I don't care. Jail's like that island I told you. You just lay down on your plank bed and don't worry about anything until they let you out again.

Condor thinks about it for a moment.

BULL

Well, almost that is. No cocktails and the plank bed isn't as comfortable as a hammock, but I'm sure you get the point.

Condor nods.

BULL

Or you take half of that money there and come to that island with me. I promise it's remote enough, even your super sense of hearing won't be bothered by any police sirens there.

(beat)

Heck, I'd even talk to Henrietta and drive a lifetime cocktail flat rate home for you.

Condor smiles at the thought of lying on a hammock with a cocktail in his hand.

BULL

It's your choice, man.

Condor walks up and down the room. Realizes there are no hostages here.

CONDOR
Hostages, huh?

Bull chuckles.

BULL
I never make hostages. Don't want
poor fellas pulled into this shit,
y'know? I'm not a monster - just
need some cash from time to time,
is all.

Condor shrugs.

CONDOR
Ever considered working for money?

Bull laughs out loud.

BULL
What about you?

CONDOR
Touché...

Condor takes another round through the room. Bull eagerly follows him with his eyes.

CONDOR
You sure I won't hear any police
sirens there? I won't wake up in
the middle of the night any more?
Feeling urged to put my sweater
back on?

BULL
I assure you!

CONDOR
And we're talking real cocktails
here? I mean, not some cheap shit
from the third world or something?

BULL
Finest booze that's ever ran down
your throat!

Condor thinks it over again. Finally nods.

CONDOR
Alright, let's call it a deal!

BULL
Great! There's one last thing
though.

Condor frowns.

CONDOR

What?

BULL

You need to fly us there.

(beat)

I mean c'mon - they won't ever send me a helicopter, and I can't fly like you.

CONDOR

Alright, alright.

BULL

Wonderful!

With a happy smile on his face, Bull walks outside, right through the bank's wall as if it was transparent.

EXT. BANK - SAME

The cops see him. McMorrow picks up his megaphone again.

MCMORROW

Alright, lay down on the floor.
Hands over your head.

BULL

I wouldn't dream of it!

He waves Condor outside, but he just stares at him in disbelief from inside the building.

McMorrow turns to his colleague.

MCMORROW

Alright guys, drop him.

The cops begin to fire full blast at Bull, but the bullets just bounce off him.

BULL

(to Condor)

You coming now, or what?

Condor is surprised, but quickly complies. Steps out, grabs Bull and lifts him up in the air.

EXT. OCEAN - MINUTES LATER

Condor clutches bull and flies with him over the ocean.

CONDOR

(puzzled)

You got superpowers yourself?

BULL

Well, yeah. How d'you think I ended up on that island?