

MY CRUMMY SUPERPOWER

by

Robert "Bob" Parr

INT. KRUNKLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

TOMMY KRUNKLE hovers, spoon in hand, over a bowl of some nondescript breakfast cereal. His slight frame, mussed up sandy brown hair and rumpled clothing perfectly fit his 23 years of not accomplishing anything of note.

He looks at the clock on the wall: 7:00 - sighs, picks up the unfinished bowl and puts it in the sink.

He takes a greasy brown lunch bag from the refrigerator and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

He glances at the fold-out couch-bed, on which is a pile of blankets akin to his clothing, under which is a longish lump indicating someone hasn't got up yet.

He moves to the door and grabs a windbreaker off a wall hook.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

Work, mom.

The lump under the blankets wriggles a bit and a muffled "Mmm," emanates.

Tommy sighs, pulls on the windbreaker and heads out.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF KRUNKLE HOUSE - DAY

Tommy shuffles along at a rate similar to a man heading to the electric chair.

Off screen, we HEAR a BABY CRYING.

Tommy looks across the street to see MARY WALKER, a very young mother in a state of distress, pushing a stroller with one hand, while reaching around with the other hand attempting to calm down her infant.

Suddenly, her ankle turns on an uneven bit of pavement. She lets out a SHRIEK as she falls to the ground. Her hand acting as a piston rod to shoot the stroller into the street...

...and into the path of an oncoming car.

With no hesitation, Tommy rushes into the street, pushes the baby carriage backward just in time, and gets hammered by the car as the driver brakes just a moment too late.

Mary Walker screams...

MARY WALKER

My baby!

...and rushes to the stroller.

The DRIVER of the car stumbles out and runs back to where Tommy lies, twitching on the street.

Blood is pooling under his head.

DRIVER

(mortified)

Oh my God.

He fumbles out his phone and quickly dials.

DRIVER

I need an ambulance. I hit someone with my car and he's hurt bad.

(beat)

Where? Uh...

He looks around frantically, spotting Mary cradling her baby and crying by the overturned stroller.

He then remembers everything that has happened and yells back into the phone.

DRIVER

Maple Street! It...it's Maple Street, and there's a baby and a mom that might need help too. Hurry!

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

You really stepped up, Tommy.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(woozy)

Huh? Wha...?

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

I said, you really stepped up. With no thought at all to your personal safety. Not like you at all, and we're proud.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(remembers!)

Oh my, shit! The woman! The baby-thing! The car! Shit...the car! I can't see! I can't see!

(beat - slowly,
cautiously - breathing
heavily...)

Shouldn't I...be in, you know...a lot of...pain? Why can't I see? Am I...oh God...am I...

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

Take your time, Tommy. No hurry. All the time in the world...

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(near-whisper)

...am I...dead?

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

You certainly are.

Tommy breaks down in hysterical, gasping sobs.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(between sobs)

Oh no. Oh God. What a waste. Twenty-three totally wasted years. Twenty-three years of absolute nothingness. Twenty-years without making one real decision that ever accomplished anything.

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

That's very true, Tommy. Very true.

(beat)

Until now.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(confused)

What now?

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

Tommy, you made an incredible decision. An amazing and beautiful decision, that accomplished the saving of a baby. Another human life.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

Maybe, but now I'm dead.

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

There is that.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(sarcastic)

Great then. You and I can get paper hats and blow-ticklers that say 'Good Job' when they roll out.

(beat)

Here in the dark.

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

We could do that. Or...I can provide you with a second chance to make something more of your life...

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(hopeful)

You can?

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

..AND, grant you the power, single use power, mind you, to make one decision.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

Only one?

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

One REAL decision that is not only guaranteed to work, but to accomplish something that is truly life-altering.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)

(disappointed sarcasm)

Oh geez. I get it. This is either some oxygen-starved hallucination, or the Twilight Zone is real. I'll 'go back', start walking down the street, decided to cross, and that will be my decision...all used up, and it will have altered my life because I went left rather than going straight.

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

I know, it sounds insane, but I mean it. Only, I promise you, it won't be any old inane decision. You'll know, deep in your

(MORE)

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 heart...you'll feel it, and the
 decision will just happen
 naturally, and it will be amazing.
 You've earned it, or I wouldn't be
 offering.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)
 Why should I take this seriously?

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)
 It depends on how seriously you
 take being alive.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)
 (hear the shoulder shrug
 in his voice)
 Yeah, sure, go ahead.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Tommy sits bolt-upright on the gurney. The sheet that was
 over his head falls down. Eyes wide open, Tommy stares
 wildly at the EMS guy.

TOMMY KRUNKLE
 What time is it?

EMS GUY
 (freaked)
 Holy shit! You were flatlined!

EMS DRIVER (O.S.)
 What's going on back there?

EMS GUY
 He's not dead.

EMS DRIVER (O.S.)
 He's not?

TOMMY KRUNKLE
 (looking to escape)
 What time is it? Probably late for
 work. Chuck'll kill me.

EMS GUY
 Late for work? Man, you were dead.

Tommy gets off the gurney and starts tugging at the back
 door handle.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

Whatever. You gotta let me out of here. Maybe if I explain to Chuck.

EMS DRIVER (O.S.)

I'm not stopping this thing.

EMS GUY

I called your death in, Mister Krunkle. You're going nowhere but the hospital so they can check you out.

Tommy wheels on him.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

How'd you know my name?

EMS Guy holds up Tommy's wallet.

EMS GUY

You were dead, remember? We went through your stuff. Now get back on the gurney and just calm down.

Tommy reluctantly sits down.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

Any chance of a lift back to town once they get done confirming that I'm alive? Chuck's probably hired someone else already.

INT. HOSPITAL FLEET CAR - DAY

A young ORDERLY drives the car down the main street of town and Tommy stares glumly out the passenger window.

ORDERLY

What's the best way to your house, Mister Krunkle?

TOMMY KRUNKLE

I don't want to go to my house. Drop me off at the Wagon Wheel Cafe. Next right.

ORDERLY

(concerned)

You really should lie down, get some rest Mister Krunkle. After all you've been through...

TOMMY KRUNKLE

(irritated)

I don't need to 'lie down', I need to talk to Chuck before it's too late. Wagon Wheel...next right.

ORDERLY

(sighs)

Whatever you say Mister Krunkle.

He deftly turns the car around the next corner to the right and pulls into a parking place in front of the Wagon Wheel Cafe.

ORDERLY

It's your decision.

Tommy snaps at him.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

What'd you say?

ORDERLY

(nervous)

I said it's your decision, Mister Krunkle.

Tommy stares at him as though the orderly weren't there.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

You're right...

(starts to climb out in a daze)

...it's my decision.

Tommy closes the door and walks, trance-like, away from the car.

The orderly, who looks terrified now, slides over and rolls down the passenger window, hollering...

ORDERLY

But you make sure and get some rest as soon as you can, Mister Krunkle!

Tommy just waves at him absentmindedly and continues walking onto the...

SIDEWALK

TOMMY KRUNKLE
 (to himself)
 My decision.

The orderly knows he's helpless to do anything, so he backs out and drives slowly away, looking back at the zombie-like figure of Tommy.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE WAGON WHEEL CAFE - DAY

Tommy stares up at the cafe.

TOMMY KRUNKLE
 (to himself)
 My decision. That's right...

His eyes wander away from the cafe, and he starts watching the people walking up and down the sidewalk, until he latches on to one very anxious-looking fellow in a big hurry, who crosses the street and disappears into a...

LOTTERY AGENT

...on whose window is a bright, neon sign proclaiming "MEGA LOTTERY NOW AT \$168,000,000!"

TOMMY KRUNKLE
 (to himself with a wicked grin)
 ...and it can't fail.

INT. LOTTERY AGENT - DAY

Tommy is a nervous wreck standing in line behind two other people at the counter.

He is laser-focused on the screen above the counter advertising the lottery games, including the MEGA jackpot.

TOMMY KRUNKLE (V.O.)
 This is it. This is the decision
 that changes my life!

As they wait, people outside start to become animated. Voices raise in a muted sound of alarm.

Just as Tommy reaches the counter, a MAN flings the door open, allowing the frantic yells and crowd noises in and YELLS...

MAN

Jimmy! You gotta turn off that junk
and look at the news. We're all
screwed!

JIMMY, who is working the counter, digs down for a remote
just as Tommy becomes next in line.

He flicks the buttons and a TELEVISION NEWS ANCHOR comes on
the screen. Behind him is a video feed of a flaming object
against a cloudy sky.

TELEVISION NEWS ANCHOR

...has just become visible to the
naked eye. Scientists say the
resulting impact and dust cloud
could threaten all life on Earth.
Governments and scientists are
meeting at this moment to determine
the best decision to deal with the
threat.

Jimmy and the customers behind Tommy all scream and run out
of the building.

Tommy stands there, dejected, looking at where Jimmy used to
be standing, and at the little sign on the counter with the
erasable marker letters spelling out \$168,000,000.

He sighs.

TOMMY KRUNKLE

The best decision.

He walks out slowly onto the...

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE LOTTERY AGENT - DAY

He looks around at the insanity, then follows the fingers he
sees pointing at the...

FLAMING BALL AGAINST THE CLOUDS IN THE SKY

He takes a deep breath and mutters angrily...

TOMMY KRUNKLE

You used me. You knew this was
going to happen. You knew the
choice just like I said.

MYSTICAL VOICE (V.O.)

It depends on how seriously you
take being alive.

Tommy closes his eyes and takes a few deep breaths.

Now the flaming hiss of the meteorite can be heard.

He opens his eyes to see...

A PEBBLE

...on the edge of the street.

In his frustration he picks up the pebble, screams at the top of his lungs, and heaves it as hard as he can in the general direction of the flaming object.

As the pebble flies into the sky, instead of getting smaller, it gets bigger, and bigger...and keeps on flying.

Even though it is growing, it does get smaller as it flies toward the meteorite, and after what seems a small eternity, there is a HUGE EXPLOSION in the sky.

The ground shakes and people begin to flee for the cover of doorways and such as a shower of dust, grit and small pebbles rain down upon the street.

Tommy just stands there and takes a few lumps.

After a time, people come out from under their protection and go crazy. The flaming object is gone and the world is saved!

Tommy sighs and walks away.

INT. KRUNKLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tommy comes in and hangs his windbreaker back on the hook.

The lump is still under the covers on the couch-bed.

Tommy goes over, lifts the cover off his MOTHER and says...

TOMMY KRUNKLE

Mom, I think we need to start
trying harder.

FADE OUT

THE END