

Soupman

By

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A threatening-looking MUGGER (late 20s) in a hoodie and jeans hauls ass with a pink purse. He ducks into an alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The mugger rifles through the purse with urgency.

An arm in blue spandex wraps around the mugger.

MUGGER

What the hell?!

He's lifted into the sky. The arm belongs to SOUPMAN (30s), the square-jawed model of good citizenship in blue tights and a red cape. But, for whatever reason, he looks sad and bored.

The mugger ineffectively stabs at Soupman's invincible arms and chest.

SOUPMAN

It's not going to work.

The mugger begins stabbing at Soupman's eye but the blade bounces off like it struck a diamond.

SOUPMAN

No. Not there either.

Soupman grabs the purse out of the mugger's hands as he wriggles in Soupman's unbreakable grasp.

Soupman drops the purse.

SOUPMAN

Here you go.

A male voice, PURSE GUY, responds.

PURSE GUY

Thanks, Soupman.

Soupman flies over the buildings with the mugger in his arms. The mugger struggles and grunts.

SOUPMAN

You know, life can get pretty boring when nothing can hurt you. You can't even imagine how dull every activity becomes when there's no risk involved.

Soupman looks at the mugger, who is much more concerned with his own struggle over Soupman's.

SOUPMAN (CON'T)  
Okay, you don't care.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The mugger is taken into the police station by two officers as the POLICE CHIEF (40s) shakes hands with Soupman.

POLICE CHIEF  
Another job well done, Soupman.

Soupman feigns a smile.

SOUPMAN  
All in a day's work.

The chief puts on a pair of brass knuckles and goes into the station as Soupman turns around and flies away, hiding his sulk.

Suddenly, police sirens! Soupman flies to the rescue!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A couple police cars are stationed outside a run down, horribly maintained apartment building. Two OFFICERS (both 30s) stand outside the cars, disinterested. Officer #1 holds a megaphone.

OFFICER #2  
How was Tijuana?

OFFICER #1  
Better than I thought it'd be.

OFFICER #2  
Nice.

Officer #1 puts the megaphone up to his mouth and directs it toward the building.

OFFICER #1  
Let the woman go! You have nowhere to run!

Soupman flies in.

SOUPMAN  
Another hostage?

OFFICER #2  
It's like clockwork with her.

The voice of a female HOSTAGE TAKER (40s) shouts from the building.

HOSTAGE TAKER  
Let me go or I'll kill her!

Soupman uses his heat-sensing vision. He sees a human shape sneaking into the building. It approaches the hostage taker and wrestles her off the person she's holding.

The hostage taker is thrown out of the building, hitting the pavement by the police cars. The police are unaffected but Soupman is shocked by this act of violence.

RATMAN (late 30s), dressed in a black rubber suit with a rat tail on his backside, approaches the open window.

RATMAN  
She's not technically dead! My body count's still zero!

HOSTAGE TAKER  
(to officers)  
Kill...me.

Officer #2 pulls out his gun.

OFFICER #2  
I hate this part of the job.

He executes the hostage taker.

OFFICER #2  
You wanna get a sundae?

OFFICER #1  
Okay.

The two officers get in their respective cars. Soupman flies over to the window that Ratman yelled from.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Soupman flies through the window and stands on the floor. Ratman smokes a cigarette.

RATMAN  
I've been waiting for you, Salad Fingers.

SOUPMAN

It's Soupman. I don't suppose your name is any better.

RATMAN

Ratman. This city doesn't need two heroes

Ratman throws his cigarette to the ground and smothers it with his foot. He inserts his arm into a glowing mechanical glove.

SOUPMAN (CON'T)

Only the police are allowed to brutalize civilians. I'm taking you in for manslaughter.

Ratman punches Soupman in the stomach. The pain is great and unexpected. Soupman collapses to the floor, clutching his stomach.

Ratman kneels beside Soupman.

RATMAN

The police are on my side. Just stay out of my way.

Ratman leaves. Soupman struggles to get up. He still holds his stomach.

SOUPMAN

That felt good.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUPMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles as rain splashes against the window. Soupman lies in a messy bed, reading Atlas Shrugged. He chucks it at a wall. He lies on his back and stares at the ceiling.

He gently touches the bruise on his stomach. He raises his arm and slams down on the bruise.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Soupman is hung by his arms with a rope, blood painted on the walls and tools of pain littering the floor. Ratman punches him in the stomach.

Ratman chokes Soupman.

INT. SOUPMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soupman chokes himself. He futilely gasps for air.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Ratman lets go but delivers a brutal hook with his other hand.

INT. SOUPMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soupman wipes blood from the corner of his mouth. Soupman pants in pain and pleasure.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Ratman starts twisting Soupman's nipples.

INT. SOUPMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soupman is twisting his own nipples, groaning with building primal experience as he tosses about in bed.

Lightning strikes! A nearby explosion! Soupman jumps out of bed.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A several story, expensive-looking office building burns, the fire feasting on its roof and side.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Smoke fills the hallway as Soupman flies in through the window. Soupman looks around in haste.

He is punched in the back of the head by Ratman's glove.

Soupman's vision blurs as he drops to the ground. Soupman, in pain, smiles.

SOUPMAN

I'm surprised you're not on a  
killing spree at a homeless  
shelter.

RATMAN

Embezzling company funds is a  
crime, too.

Ratman picks Soupman up off the ground by his throat.

RATMAN (CON'T)  
What's the matter? No more funny  
quips?

Soupman's eyes close and he lets out a weak, ecstatic groan.  
Ratman throws him against the wall.

SOUPMAN  
(whispering)  
Oh god yeah.

RATMAN  
FIGHT ME!

Ratman hoarsely coughs from the smoke.

SOUPMAN  
You need to get out of here.

RATMAN  
NOT UNTIL WE'RE DONE!

Ratman approaches Soupman, now wheezing. Soupman sweeps  
Ratman off his feet and flicks him in the forehead. Ratman  
falls to the ground, unconscious.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Ratman is being carted away on a gurney. Firefighters,  
medical staff, and civilians are scattered about. Soupman  
sadly watches Ratman as he is rolled away.

SOUPMAN  
Will he be alright?

PARAMEDIC  
We don't know. We're not detecting  
a lot of brain activity.

SOUPMAN  
Thank you.

Ratman is loaded into the ambulance. Soupman looks away.

INT. SOUPMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soupman watches the ceiling. He punches himself on his  
breast.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Soupman stands on the ground, alone. He punches himself in the chest the exact same way again before letting his arm drop.

INT. SOUPMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Soupman rolls over onto his side, rain still spitting on the window.

INT. BANK - DAY

A VILLAIN (40s) in a sci-fi jumpsuit stands in the middle of the teller room with a strange ray gun. Three men in black ski masks are spread out, two rifle through the money and one holds an assault rifle.

Soupman crashes through the roof. He grabs the assault rifle and crushes it with his bare hands.

SOUPMAN

Get on the ground. You have no  
chance of escape.

The villain fires a green laser at Soupman. It hits him in the shoulder and sends Soupman to his knees, clutching the fresh, slightly bloody wound.

The three goons and the villain make their way to the exit, bags of money over a couple of their shoulders.

VILLAIN

We'll meet again, Soupman!

The villain laughs maniacally as they stroll out of the bank. Soupman smiles.

SOUPMAN

I hope so.

END