

SUPERPOWERS

by

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**EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT**

A scenic farm in the countryside. A small farmhouse sits among a smattering of trees.

TOMMY MELVIN, a late twenties country boy, sits in a rocking chair on the porch. He looks out at his land, takes a deep breath then slowly lets his gaze drift skyward.

**POV TOMMY** - a sea of stars paint the night sky free of light pollution from the big city.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Tommy smiles for a beat, then looks puzzled.

**POV TOMMY** - one particular star seems to get brighter, or larger, or both.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Tommy squints at the stellar object.

TOMMY  
...the hell?

**POV TOMMY** - The star is now the size of a baseball and a ROAR can be heard as the object hurdles toward earth.

**POV THE OBJECT** - Tommy's farm looks small for a short beat but as the object races toward the earth it quickly fills the frame.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Tommy looks confused.

TOMMY  
Is that a comet?

A small chunk of something no bigger than grape hits Tommy in the forehead and he falls out of frame.

**BLACKOUT:**

**EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

We see a closed eye. It fills the frame. The camera pulls back to reveal Tommy lying on his porch, out cold.

He slowly wakes up, blinks, looks around.

TOMMY  
(sotto)  
Oh my head.

Tommy rubs his eyes, when he moves his hand away from them BEAMS shoot out of his eyes. He clamps his eyes shut.

TOMMY

What the Sam Hell is going on here?

Tommy opens his eyes again. Nothing. He looks around his farm and absently brings his hands up loosely rubbing them together.

Red energy, ala Scarlet Witch, pours out of them. He stares down at them with horror and shakes them like he's shaking water off his hands.

Energy streams out from his hands across his porch and the rocking chair is blasted into the yard.

Tommy stares at the chair.

TOMMY

No fucking way.

Tommy thinks for a brief moment then heads for a barn in a field next to the house.

#### **EXT. THE BARN - DAY**

Tommy stands in front of one wall of the barn with a determined look. He rolls his shoulders and wipes some sweat off his forehead.

TOMMY

Alright Tommy, focus.

He does, staring intently at the barn wall for a short beat. Without any warning laser beams fire out of his eyes again.

He spells the word YEEHAW in fiery redneck glory across the outer wall of the barn.

Tommy raises both fists in the air.

TOMMY

YES!

He stares at the wall, satisfied with the job he did, but then realizes that the flames from the YEEHAW are spreading.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh shit....

Tommy darts out of frame; returns with a bucket of water and splashes it on the fiery W.