

# AVERAGE JOE

Written by

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FADE IN:

A PENCIL

SCRATCHES against the page of a coil notebook. It sketches chiseled abs up to enormous pectorals leading to a perfect square jaw with butt-chin. HEROIC MUSIC RISES.

**INT. JUNIOR HIGH CLASSROOM - DAY**

We pull away from the page to see TEENAGE JOE in the middle of class. Not bad for a 13-year old. TINNITUS fades to MR. SMITH, his teacher looming over his desk.

MR. SMITH

Joe? Are you paying attention?

Joe is in his own world. Mr. Smith snatches the drawing, tearing it from his notebook. He examines it judgementally with glasses dangling from his nose.

MR. SMITH

Joe. Don't swing above your weight.

The teacher rolls it up and tosses it into a waste bin to scattered LAUGHS. Joe returns to a new drawing.

MR. SMITH

What were we learning everyone?  
What is Newton's Third Law?

He taps word by word on the board with a yard stick.

STUDENTS

With every action comes an equal  
and opposite reaction.

A violet light pierces through the classroom windows. Students cover their eyes. SCATTERED SCREAMS.

As the light fades but not completely, Teenage Joe and the rest of the students in his class run to the window to look.

MR. SMITH

Stay away from the windows!

Mr. Smith reaches into a drawer, produces a radio. He sets it on his desk and tunes in as the EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM emits a HISS.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Remain calm. Do not be alarmed.  
 Radio Nation News is in direct  
 communication with our government  
 and the National Aeronautical Space  
 Association.

**EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Cars stop in the street as drivers look up in the sky.  
 Teenagers run toward the football field. Joe follows not far  
 behind with his backpack, keeping his head down.

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)  
 Don't look at it, you'll go blind!

Joe enters the field, sees in the bleachers amongst the  
 stoners passing joints a tall, paunchy guy with an ill  
 advised mustache and a Nirvana T-shirt; TEENAGE CHUCK.

Teenage Chuck looks up at the sun. GIGGLES.

TEENAGE STONER (O.S.)  
 Is it some comet?

Joe does not look up. He watches everyone staring at the  
 intense light in the sky.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 According to NASA, 27 years ago the  
 nearest star to our solar system,  
 Betelgeuse, went supernova. In  
 accordance to Einstein's theories  
 of Relativity we are now witnessing  
 its effects. Do not be alarmed.

Joe watches a couple look directly at the light.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 NASA believes we will receive  
 minimal radiation from Betelgeuse,  
 with our ionosphere absorbing the  
 initial waves. However like our  
 Sun, do not look directly into  
 Betelgeuse or risk irreparable  
 damage.

The crowd around Joe PANICS. A CHEERLEADER SCREAMS as beams  
 of heat shoot from her eyes setting a tree on fire.

A WIRY KID runs away only to accelerate beyond his ability,  
 losing control of his legs at 60 MPH. He trips into a street  
 sign unconscious.

QUARTERBACK (O.S)

Stacey?!

A CHUBBY KID liquefies and dissolves into the lawn.

SIRENS and PANIC surround Joe. The world is in chaos.

JOE looks up at TEENAGE CHUCK alone in the bleachers staring far too long at the intense bright light sitting in the sky. CHUCK grins like a mad man.

Joe stares straight into Betelgeuse.

JOE'S POV

Flashes of intense orange and red fill his Kubrickian vision.

ROLL CREDITS.

CUT TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE:

“Geuser: (Pronounced Joo'Sir / Goo'Sir) Noun.  
A person having stared into the Second Son, Betelgeuse,  
during initial waves following supernova”.

SUPERIMPOSE:

“15 Years Later”.

FADE IN:

**INT. COSTUME SHOP - DAY**

A BELL RING above a door.

A low HEROIC RUMBLING as a bearded man with a paunch enters wearing a green hoody. The vested OWNER ,tattoos on his arms, leafs through a fashion magazine, disinterested.

The bearded man, CHUCK, clears his throat. Again, LOUDLY. He RINGS the DESK BELL.

OWNER

Can I help you?

CHUCK

Yes, you may my good man. Nice  
tataus.

I recently made a order from this establishment and was informed it would be ready today?

OWNER

Receipt?

Chuck searches through his pockets. DROPS CHANGE on the floor.

CHUCK

You can keep that.

Chuck procures a moist yet valid receipt from his pants. Slaps it down on the counter with a sense of accomplishment. The owner looks at the receipt, SIGHS.

OWNER

Just a minute.

He stands and exits through beaded curtains. Chuck DRUMS HIS FINGERS against the front counter.

CUT TO:

**INT. BANK - DAY**

FINGERS DRUM against the side of a briefcase. Its owner, WALSH is a sharply dressed gaunt man in sunglasses. He stands second in a long line with waiting customers.

He checks his watch. Taps on the shoulder of the QUEUED MAN standing in front. The man turns around. Walsh tips his glasses and looks him in the eyes. Smiles.

GAUNT MAN

I'm sorry. I'm afraid I am running a tight schedule, would you mind if I--

QUEUED MAN

We're all on a schedule pal.

The gaunt man steps back apologetically. He takes his phone out and dials a number seemingly at random. It RINGS. A woman's voice picks up.

GAUNT MAN

Hello Mrs. Drummond?

The queued man in shock turns around.

GAUNT MAN

A friend of your husband, he  
introduced me last week in  
Honolulu. Wait. What? You weren't  
in Honolulu?

He looks up the queued man smiling mischievously.

GAUNT MAN

Then who could it possibly be that  
Patrick introduced me to?

The line cuts. The gaunt man puts the cell away.

QUEUED MAN

How did? I've never met--

The Queued man's phone rings. He picks it up to his SCREAMING  
WIFE. He steps out of line terrified as the gaunt man pats  
him on the shoulder.

WALSH

I'll hold your spot.

A bank teller booth becomes vacant.

BANK TELLER (O.S.)

Next please.

Walsh checks his wristwatch, smiles and approaches the booth.  
The BANK TELLER does not look as she robotically greets him.

BANK TELLER

Hello Sir. How may I assist you  
this morning?

WALSH

Hello, I'd like to make a  
withdrawal. I wasn't expecting that  
line, and now I am late for work.

BANK TELLER

Of course. How much would you like  
to withdraw?

Walsh removes his sunglasses, places them on the counter. The  
bank teller locks eyes with Walsh, transfixed.

WALSH

Why, all of it. Take some for  
yourself. You wanted to see Venice.

The bank teller GASPS as lights flicker then lose power.

OUTSIDE

A lanky jittery man, BUZZ, sits in a getaway car smoking a cigarette, drinking coffee. His foot twitches as the neighbourhood is sapped of electricity. Cars become immobile in the street. Batteries drain.

Pedestrians fidget with bricked phones.

**INT. COSTUME SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

The owner returns holding a long box, places it on the counter, goes back to his magazine, licks a finger. Chuck's fingers tremble, music swelling. He pops the top.

An ear to ear grin crosses Chuck's face.

CHUCK

Can I wear this out?

**INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

The bank teller stares blankly, mouth agape. Walsh looks at his wrist watch.

WALSH

(looks at watch)

I think I may have pushed too hard.  
Perhaps we should move this along.  
Would you kindly get the manager?

The bank teller stands nervously and approaches an overwhelmed BANK MANAGER. He looks at the teller then to the WALSH at the booth.

WALSH

Fidelio.

The manager is mortified to hear his "safeword".

BANK MANAGER

Excuse me?

WALSH

Fidelio. Invite me behind the desk.

BANK MANAGER

I don't understand.

Walsh shakes the manager's hand. Crosses behind the counter. He cringes in disgust but does not lose his grip.

WALSH

Whoa. I didn't even need to dig.  
That was top layer frequently  
accessed material. Gross. Does your  
wife know you like that? When they  
say tell your wife everything. I'd  
make that the exception. Really,  
you shouldn't tell her.

The manager eyes the bank security guard.

A GUST of WIND.

The guard notices. Reaches for a firearm missing from his  
holster. A gun muzzle presses the back of his neck.

HANS (O.S.)

Not so fast there sleepy.

WALSH (O.S.)

We got that taken care of Hans?

Following the gun to it's holder we see HANS, a scruffy male  
in his mid-twenties..

HANS

Yeah boss.

WALSH

Stone?

STONE, built like an ox, steps from the nervous queue of  
customers. His face morphs into granite.

STONE

Yeah?

WALSH

Somebody fancies themself a hero.

Walsh eyes the third man in line. Points. Stone's hands turn  
marble. He grabs the third man by the jacket and raises him  
over his shoulder, removing a gun from the man's holster.  
Stone crushes it in his hand.

WALSH

Don't be a hero folks. Kindly keep  
your heads down and eyes closed.  
This will all be over shortly. Now  
where did Chad run off to? Chad?

He looks over to the bank manager.

BANK MANAGER  
My mother calls me Chad.

WALSH  
And she can keep calling you Chad.  
Do as I say, or do you need the  
paddle for everything?

Walsh puts his arms on the manager's trembling shoulders.

WALSH  
Chad. Chad. Chad. You're so tense.  
Everything is gonna be okay. This  
will all be a bad dream by  
tomorrow. Now, let's see the safe.

MONTAGE DRESSING ROOM

Chuck pulls on red tights one hairy leg at a time. SLAP!

Purple trunks are pulled over tights. He stuffs a sock in the front. SNAPS the lining.

Chuck ties a red headband over his eyes. Adjusts it until he can see through openings. His hair puffs out on top. VOOT!

Hands slide into leather weight lifting gloves painted red. He makes a fist and punches into the other palmed glove.

He throws a purple cowl over his shoulders. A giant purple "C" emblazoned on the chest.

Chuck picks out his trunks as pinch from behind. He then pulls on a pair of purple wrestling boots.

A BELL JINGLES above the door as Chuck exits.

**INT. SAFE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The bank manager fusses with a large combination dial on a safe. It won't unlock. Walsh, relaxed and smarmy, peers over his shoulder.

GAUNT MAN  
Step back Chad. It's okay. You  
weren't entering the correct  
combination. Hans! You're up.

Hans in a flash pushes the manager out of the way. Walsh WHISPERS into Han's ear. Han's hand spins around the combination lock in a flurry. It clicks OPEN.

BANK MANAGER

How did--

WALSH

Don't ask questions. We all have gifts. Some people have fast hands. Some can make toilets flush in the other direction.

Cue Beethoven's "Ode to Joy".

Hans opens the door, eyes beaming at the riches inside.

In a FLURRY Hans produces four large duffel bags and nigh instantaneously fills them with reams of money.

**INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Stone stands watch at the door. LUDDITE, a sheepish college girl in a hoody sits restless with a large case.

Walsh returns with Hans and the Bank Manager, confident and smug as ever.

WALSH

No need to be afraid folks. My friends and I are just leaving. And don't worry about trying to remember us for the police.

As Stone and Hans exit with bags of money, Walsh stops in the doorway and faces the crowd of tellers and customers. The sheepish college girl opens a large case for him.

WALSH

You will not remember our faces, or the events that have just passed.

Walsh removes a blimp shaped helmet. Puts it on. He looks utterly ridiculous as it WHIRS quietly.

WALSH

Two words. All you'll remember from the last few minutes is "The Mental". Like a bad dream.

The group under mind control repeats like zombies.

MIND CONTROLLED GROUP

Mental...

WALSH

No. No. The Mental.

MIND CONTROLLED GROUP  
No. Mental.

Mental SIGHS in frustration.

WALSH  
The Mental. The Mental!

MIND CONTROLLED GROUP  
Tha Mental.

He puts his sunglasses on, smiles and waltzes out.

THE MENTAL  
Don't be a hero folks.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Business shoes and high heels exit through revolving doors of a subway station. Then

A PAIR OF BRIGHT PURPLE BOOTS

exit to Adam Ant's "Goody Two Shoes".

Businessmen gawk in disgust. A mother awkwardly backs away with her young daughter. The girl looks up beaming at a pudgy bearded man wearing underwear on the outside of his pants.

Chuck marches down the street, triumphant, passing sneering eyes and GROANS. Aware of their glares. Above it.

Police cars barrel past in the direction of a robbery.

Chuck stands at a crosswalk with a large crowd waiting to cross. They awkwardly look at him then to the huge letter "C" emblazoned in bright purple on his chest.

The light changes to walk. Chuck hears the oncoming SIRENS knowing it is wise to wait. The crowd rushes onto the street. He stomps his feet, flabbergasted.

CHUCK  
Get off the street!

Police cars zip by as the road clears. Chuck looks at the walk light confident that he may now cross.

He steps onto the road. A taxi cab takes a left turn into the crosswalk running over the tips of Chuck's new boots. Chuck GASPS at tire marks across his feet. He slams a hand down on the cab's trunk. The CAB DRIVER sticks his head out.