

MY ROOMMATE'S A SUPERHERO.

written by

Angel Ruvalcaba

Angel Ruvalcaba
(480) 363 - 6232
ruv.angel@yahoo.com
11028 E. Abilene Ave.
85208 Mesa, AZ

Joe Fortunado
(480) 727 - 8472
Arizona State University
300 E University Dr,
85281 Tempe, AZ

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A one bedroom apartment living room/ kitchen completely totaled, tables are flipped over, the window and walls are completely destroyed. Enter MIGUEL HORAS, wearing a Sandwich Royalty team member uniform, a heavy backpack hanging on one shoulder. Opening the door, he lifts his head in an exhausted manner. Gets a glance at the destroyed room. Reacts to the mess.

MIGUEL

No.. No.No.No.

MIGUEL drops his backpack and runs to the shattered coffee table.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

My Aunt got me this. Why?

MIGUEL picks up a broom and begins sweeping all of the shattered glass in a angry gesture.

A huge bright flash comes from the sky, a beam sticks the living room of the apartment. A figure starts to form in the center of the beam. One knee down with both arms and head facing the floor in a heroic gesture.

A huge golden cap appears and flows majestically. The figure becomes completely visible sporting a bold and dashing costume. He floats up in front of MIGUEL.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

WHAT THE HELL?!

INT APARTMENT -NIGHT

The figure changes form, loosing the costume and hits the ground. JORDAN BOWERS is the man, larger build, his chin could cut glass and his hair somehow keeps it form no matter what. JORDAN raises his figure ready to respond.

JORDAN

I-

MIGUEL

No, No, I don't want to hear it.
Before you even begin, I just want
you to stop and think to yourself
"What can I possibly say to Miguel
that can justify THIS?"

(MORE)

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Oh sure he may be going to school from 9-4 and going to straight to work immediately after all night but you know what I'm sure he'll be happy to come home TO HIS ENTIRE LIVING ROOM COMPLETELY OBLITERATED!

JORDAN

Can I?

MIGUEL

I mean this just isn't fair! Here I was last month worrying about moving in with the coolest guy at school. BUT I trusted you enough because why not- you've always been a great friend. Only friend for that matter, and what do you do? YOU GO AND GET SUPERPOWERS!

A large chunk of the apartment wall falls over.

JORDAN

Is that all?

MIGUEL huffs, he raises his finger then lowers it.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Cool, Imma need you to deactivate this bomb.

JORDAN pulls out a large bomb keep together by tape.

MIGUEL

Jesus Christ JORDAN WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

MIGUEL in pure shock falls back.

JORDAN

So here I was getting my Reps in right? There here comes DR.VILLIANOUS crashing through the wall, claiming this is the end for me and this city. Whatever right. So here's where I get pissed, he broke my damn speakers. Do you remember how long I was saving for those?

JORDAN gestures towards MIGUEL. MIGUEL breathing deeply just looks at JORDAN with a puzzled look.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Anyways, so I start kicking his ass right, and then he pulls this guy out saying I've got twenty minutes to get him a billion dollars or this takes out half the city. So I knocked him out and uh here I am.

MIGUEL's jaw practically unhinged with both hands raised in confusion.

MIGUEL

Why- Why me?

JORDAN

Don't you remember that one time we were walking at school with Tracy and you started talking about how you were watching a ton of youtube videos about how to disarm bombs and she got really weirded out and left and she never talked to you again?

MIGUEL struggles to find the words to say.

MIGUEL

Couldn't you take it to the police? Or- or the bomb squad? Or you know anyone more qualified for this?!

MIGUEL and JORDAN stare at each other for a moment, pure silence. JORDAN looks down at the bomb.

JORDAN

Two minutes.

MIGUEL screams in horror and throws his arms up.

MIGUEL

JUST GIVE IT TO ME!

JORDAN carelessly tosses the bomb over to MIGUEL, MIGUEL panics but catches it. MIGUEL places the bomb on what remains of their desk and attempts to flick on the lamp but it seems completely dead.

JORDAN raises his hand over MIGUEL as JORDAN's power allows him to flow light through his body. He opens the case of the bomb and inside are multiple wires, one red, one yellow, and one black.

JORDAN

You should try the black one, that
always seems to work in the movies.

MIGUEL waves his hand in JORDAN's face as to hush him. The clock says one minute remaining. MIGUEL starts at a metal center where all the wires are connected and he follows each cable's path. Red is a dead path. MIGUEL begins sweating and one drop of sweat begins to fall from his face.

MIGUEL'S eyes widen but Jordan catches the drop before it touches the exposed wire. Ten seconds remaining. Yellow is a dead path. The last option is the black, he grips a pair of scissors sitting on the desk. He fits the blade around the wire, three seconds left.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Uh, Miguel. Any second now.

MIGUEL cuts the wire. A loud beep goes off followed by absolutely nothing. MIGUEL releases a huge sigh and lets his head drop on the desk. JORDAN floats backward and changes back into his suit.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What would I do without you man,
you're the best. Once I get back
we'll finally watch that anime
you've been dying to watch.

MIGUEL looks over at the television which has a huge hole straight through the middle. MIGUEL turns back towards JORDAN.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Ooooooooooor Maybe not. See ya
buddy.

JORDAN does a finger gun and clicks his tongue at MIGUEL and flies away. MIGUEL slams his hands on the desk followed by the bomb gives off a yellow glow. MIGUEL panics and falls back on the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

MIGUEL is holding his pillow to cover his ears, his eyes red and wide. JORDAN and MIGUEL have two beds parallel to each other, there are clothes all over the floor. JORDAN snores incredibly loud and is in a deep sleep.

MIGUEL's phone sitting on the dresser begins to ring, it reads "Jasmine Horas" with a unflattering picture of a teenager girl. MIGUEL picks up the phone.

MIGUEL

What?

JASMINE

Hey, Imma need your help moving things in the living room. Can you get over here?

MIGUEL

Hmmmmmm. Okay.

JASMINE

Thanks.

MIGUEL hangs up the phone and hangs his head low while putting his phone back on the counter. JORDAN's snores get louder and MIGUEL looks at him spitefully. MIGUEL forces himself out of bed struggling to get up.

MIGUEL walks across the destroyed living room to get to the bathroom. Once he enters the restroom he sits on the toilet still struggling to stay awake. He sits there and does what he has to do. A minute later he reaches for the toilet paper roll only to see that it's completely gone.

MIGUEL

You've got to be kidding me. Maybe he just forgot to change it.

MIGUEL opens the cabinet below the sink and to his surprise sees no toilet paper. He groans loudly and throws his head back.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

GODDAMMIT JORDAN!

MIGUEL shuffles in the toilet seat in confusion. He looks over at the bathroom door in the general direction of the kitchen.

The bathroom door slowly opens and MIGUEL's head pops out and looks in both directions. As he realizes there is no one in sight he scurries out of the restroom with his boxers at his knees.

He waddles over to the paper towels by the sink and rips off a handful of paper. As he rushes back to the restroom, JORDAN comes out of the bedroom.

JORDAN is standing in the living room facing in the direction of MIGUEL in the kitchen. JORDAN's eyes are practically closed, he's wearing nothing but white Hanes underwear. JORDAN puckers his lips while he scratches his stomach. MIGUEL and JORDAN stare at each other for a moment. JORDAN begins to walk towards the bathroom and closes the door behind him.

MIGUEL has a dazed and confused look on his face as he stands there in the kitchen. JORDAN opens the bathroom door to peak his head out.

JORDAN
Dude flush the toilet. Come on.

JORDAN closes the door and MIGUEL stands there in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

A suburban neighborhood with multiple one story homes. A public bus pulls up around the corner and MIGUEL gets out of the bus. He walks up to a small home with multiple weeds growing in front, A new Honda Civic is pulled up in the front of the home.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

MIGUEL gets to the front and unlocks the door to find his sister JASMINE inside the living room. There's three traveling bags up against the wall.

JASMINE
And here he is.

MIGUEL
Sorry, I missed the first bus and had to wait like half an hour for the next one. I see that she's already here?

JASMINE
Yeah. She got here earlier and she walked down the street to go get some groceries.

MIGUEL sees JASMINE struggling to push the couch and assists her push it up against the wall. After moving the couch reveals quite a mess under the couch, JASMINE nudges over to the broom and dustpan. MIGUEL grabs it and they begin sweeping.

MIGUEL

They haven't come to get Mom yet
have they?

JASMINE

No, she's still in there.

MIGUEL

Imma go see her, I'll be right
back.

JASMINE

When you get back we need to move
the TV Stand!

MIGUEL nods as he leaves the living room and walks down the hall. He enters a dark room with no lighting, a fragile woman lies in the bed unconscious. MIGUEL wraps his hand around his mothers.

MIGUEL

How've you been Mom?

He looks over at her in her deep sleep then looks down.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Jasmine and I thought it best if
you stay at the hospital for now
until you wake up again.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

If you wake up again.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Selena called and I guess she wants
to watch over Jasmine while you
sleep so you don't have to worry
about her, she'll be okay.

A door slams open in the distance.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

A distant conversation is heard in the living room and footsteps get closer and closer. A woman in her early thirties wearing a rather nice dress for such an occasion wraps the corner and has both hands open gesturing a hug.

SELENA

Hello Miguel how are you love?!

They hug and she kisses him on the cheek. MIGUEL leans back from the hug and has a disappointed look on his face.

MIGUEL

Everyone's come to check on her,
Tia. You never even called. You had
10 months, why now?

SELENA huffs and puts his arms on her waist.

SELENA

You're right, there was something I
thought I needed to do but um I'm
here now and I know that doesn't
make anything better but I want to
help.

They both look over at the sleeping woman. MIGUEL leans in
and gives the woman a kiss on the cheek and rests his hand on
her other cheek. MIGUEL leans up and looks over at SELENA.

MIGUEL

They should be coming to pick her
up soon. I still haven't taken
everything out of my room so if I
were you I'd just sleep in here.

SELENA nods with her arms crossed.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Alright well I have to go to school
so I should probably get going.

SELENA

Oh let me take to school really, I
gotta learn the streets around her
anyways.

MIGUEL

No, no, no. Don't worry about it.

SELENA

Please Miguel.

They look at each for a moment.

MIGUEL

Yeah, Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - DAY

SELENA and MIGUEL pull up in the Honda Civic. MIGUEL reaches
for the door handle.

SELENA
Have a great day at school.

MIGUEL
Yeah, thanks for the ride.

MIGUEL walks out of the car and begins heading to class. He pulls out his headphones from his pocket and puts them on. His phone vibrates and he looks down at it, a text message from JORDAN reading "I saved a spot were r u?" MIGUEL puts the phone back in his pocket and continues to class.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

MIGUEL takes off his headphones as he enters the classroom and looks around. JORDAN is waving his hands in the back of the lecture hall, MIGUEL makes his way up. JORDAN is sitting with four other large football players, two of them to his left and two in the row in front of him. MIGUEL takes the seat to the right of JORDAN.

JORDAN
You left early this morning,
Wassup?

MIGUEL
I had to check on my sister.

One of the other football players overhears JORDAN and MIGUEL's conversation.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
Dude isn't your sister Jasmine
Herrarez? She's hella fine.

The football players laugh and nod while fist bumping each other.

MIGUEL
She's 16 years old.

The student looks over at MIGUEL with his dazed look.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
So?

MIGUEL rolls his eyes and begins to pull out things out of his backpack. The football players go on with their own business.

JORDAN

Oh I totally meant to ask you-

JORDAN pulls out a wrinkled paper from his folder on the desk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Did you get number 25? I paid James to finish it for me but he totally skipped over 25, I'm not mad at him I just want to get full points you know?

MIGUEL turns to JORDAN.

MIGUEL

I gave up halfway through but at least I tried to do my own homework.

JORDAN looks at the homework assignment and shrugs while he begins to write on it.

An older gentleman with a large unkempt beard approaches the front of the class, wearing a tattered sports jacket with a t-shirt underneath. He begins to unload his laptop bag and the class begins to get silent.

PROFESSOR TIPTON

So how was everyone's weekend? Did anyone do anything exciting?

A student in the second row raises their hand. The professor narrows his eyes and leans on the podium.

PROFESSOR TIPTON (CONT'D)

It was a rhetorical question, Richard.

The student lowers their hand.

The professor is writing on the white board and his voice is distant and unrecognizable. The class is either falling asleep or already sleeping.

JORDAN is completely knocked out while MIGUEL is using his phone under the desk.

A notification pops up on MIGUEL's phone reading "NEWS UPDATE" and he clicks it. The article says "ROBBERY ON MAIN ST BANK MULTIPLE HOSTAGES." MIGUEL nudges JORDAN to wake up, JORDAN gets up and MIGUEL shows JORDAN the article under the desk while looking forward.

JORDAN
Hmmm what's up?

JORDAN squints to focus on reading the article and once he gets the idea he begins to nod his head. They begin whispering to each other.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Cover for me while I'm gone?

MIGUEL
I could get in a lot of trouble. I don't wanna do that.

JORDAN
Nah nah nah, you'll be fine, thanks. 5 minutes I swear.

JORDAN then gets up from his seat and leaves the classroom as quietly as he can. MIGUEL begins to start focusing on the professor.

MIGUEL gets a notification on his phone again and looks down. It reads "LIVE COVERAGE", he clicks it. The footage shows the outside of the bank building from the perspective of a helicopter.

There's one gunman outside the building taking guard. A large beam of light come across the sky and knocks the guard down and slams the doors open.

PROFESSOR
Okay, pull out your Attendance trackers and put down this number to be marked present. Remember, if you sign in as a friend and mark yourself as present even if they are not here, you will receive disciplinary actions.

The Class begins to pull out their smartphones, tablets and laptops. A number is put up on the projected screen.

MIGUEL marks himself as present then looks left and right and logs out of himself. He goes through his text messages with JORDAN and finds his log in.

MIGUEL logs in as JORDAN and marks himself as present. He then slams his laptop anxiously. He turns his head behind him to see one of the students looking over at MIGUEL's computer and looks at MIGUEL.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Okay and now we're done. If you didn't mark yourself then tough luck you're not here.

The back door to the classroom slams open, JORDAN walks in pulling his pants on, breathing very heavily and rushes to his seat. JORDAN squeezes behind multiple students in the row to get to his seat.

JORDAN

Excuse me. 'Cuse me. So sorry. My bad.

MIGUEL acts oblivious to his loud friend. JORDAN sits down in his seat and looks around as everyone stares at him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Chipotle, am I right?

JORDAN begins to laugh to himself and nudges MIGUEL. MIGUEL slams his head on the desk and the classroom joins JORDAN in laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

A large office with giant glass windows revealing the surrounding city. The room is completely dark aside from a sliver of light peeking through the hallway light and a small desk light lighting a table.

A gentleman in a nicely kept suit sits in a desk shuffling through papers. A shadow overtakes the light on the desk and the man turns to face the figure. A large figure hidden in darkness grips the BUSINESS MAN's neck and slams him against the desk.

SHADOW FIGURE

He won't be a problem, we will figure something out. Weren't those your exact words?

BUSINESS MAN

You- don't- understand-

The BUSINESS MAN struggles to speak.

SHADOW FIGURE

Oh I don't understand, do I? And how do you figure that?

The SHADOW FIGURE throws the BUSINESS MAN across the room. The BUSINESS MAN collects his breath and begins to stand holding his hand to his chest.

BUSINESS MAN

Wouldn't I have had this done by now if I could? I have before. This one's different, he's God like. We can't stop him. I've thrown everything at him.

The SHADOW FIGURE looks out the window with his arms crossed behind his back.

BUSINESS MAN (CONT'D)

You know, I'm just as scared as you are. I've got a lot on the line here too. If this kid ruins our operations, I lose everything.

The SHADOW FIGURE turns towards the business man in the corner of the room and begins to walk toward him.

SHADOW FIGURE

Scared? I'm not scared. In fact, I'm looking forward to this. It's been too long since I've had a challenge. I'll deal with this myself. All I need you to do is make sure things continue to run like planned. I truly hope you're at least capable of that.s

The SHADOW FIGURE again grips the man by his neck and lifts him off the floor. The man's feet dangle above the ground.

SHADOW FIGURE (CONT'D)

Because if not, then I have no need for you.

The SHADOW FIGURE tightens his grips and the BUSINESS MAN pats him as he struggles to breathe. The BUSINESS MAN begins to slowly start faintly and just as he's about to. The door slams open letting in a huge wave of light into the room. A guard rushes into the office to find the BUSINESS MAN lying on the floor barely breathing.

GUARD

Sir! What happened in here?

The guard pulls the man up and the BUSINESS MAN looks around the room gasping for air. The SHADOW FIGURE has disappeared.

CUT TO:

INT SANDWICH ROYALTY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A modern diner, it's a very quiet night. A table of five girls sitting at a booth chatting amongst themselves. In the kitchen across the lobby, MIGUEL is leaning against the countertop playing with his phone. A older CHEF is across from MIGUEL currently grilling burgers.

CHEF

So what do you want to do, Miguel?
You can't just work here forever
you know?

MIGUEL

Why not? You have.

CHEF

Very funny. You've got so many more
opportunities than I had. I'd hate
to see you waste your potential.

MIGUEL looks up from his phone and smirks.

MIGUEL

Potential? Yeah I don't know that.

The CHEF grabs a bottle of ketchup and raises it up to MIGUEL.

CHEF

Even the most delicious ketchup
starts out as a raw tomato.

MIGUEL

That's a terrible Analogy.

The CHEF puts the ketchup down and continues to work.

CHEF

You know what I mean.

The CHEF hands MIGUEL two plates of burgers and fries. MIGUEL heads out into the lobby of the diner up to the group of five. They seem about the same age as MIGUEL.

MIGUEL

All right, we've got a Double Bacon
with no Mayonnaise, an angus burger
with extra fries. Anything else I
can get you guys?

REDHEAD

Yeah how about your phone number
please?

The five girls begin to giggle amongst themselves. MIGUEL laughs uncomfortably.

BLONDE

Don't listen to her, she's had too much to drink but you know what I actually am interested in getting something else?

MIGUEL

Absolutely, what can I get you?

MIGUEL begins taking her order as the other girls watch the television playing in the background showing footage of JORDAN doing what superheroes do.

BRUNETTE

Now that's a hero, it's crazy it think we've gone so long without someone so selfless. So daring. Someone who we can all depend on.

REDHEAD

It doesn't hurt that he's pretty cute too.

BRUNETTE

You think everyone's cute.

The REDHEAD shrugs as they begin to chuckle. She turns to MIGUEL as he finishes the order.

REDHEAD

What do you think of him?

She jesters towards the television.

MIGUEL

Him?

MIGUEL looks up at the television as it shows JORDAN pulls a baby out of a burning building and then winks to the camera.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Eh, he's alright I guess.

REDHEAD

Alright? Alright? He!

She points to the television.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Is a hero and a real man and if you can't see that-

She grabs her drink and tosses it at MIGUEL.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)
What does that make you?

MIGUEL stands there drenched as the women laugh to themselves. Some of the women laugh, some don't. He sees a guest sitting at the bar by myself and makes his way over there. He grabs a menu and walks up to the man.

MIGUEL
Hello, Take a look at our menu and I'm going to go rinse off. Be right back.

MIGUEL begins to walk away.

MYSTERIOUS MAN
They're wrong, you know.

MIGUEL turns to the man.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)
He's not a hero. He's just some kid who got lucky. But you already knew that didn't you?

MIGUEL walks back to the man as he rinses out his hat.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)
Sure he may mean well but we both know he's going to do something he'll regret. I've -

MYSTERIOUS MAN (CONT'D)
Helped people like him before. They get to live a normal life again and be just like the rest of us. Because let's be honest, what makes them so much better than us.

GUEST AT BAR
Excuse me, can I get a refill!

MIGUEL turns to the guest who shouted out and looks back but the man had disappeared, nothing left but a matte business card with a phone number on it. MIGUEL grabs the card.

SCENE.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

MIGUEL walks into his apartment to find JORDAN and a young beautiful woman sitting across from him with two full glasses of wine and diner made. The living room is still destroyed mess.

JORDAN

MIGUEL! You're home early?

MIGUEL

Yeah, they let me go early, what's this?

JORDAN

MIGUEL, meet KRISTI!

MIGUEL

Hey nice to meet you.

KRISTI

Likewise. So sorry about the rats.

MIGUEL

The rats?

JORDAN raises his eyebrows at MIGUEL and looks over at the living room ripped to pieces.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Yeah those darn rats.

JORDAN

We were just about to have dinner but you know what can I talk to you for a minute.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JORDAN pushes MIGUEL into the other room then turns back and lifts his index finger at KRISTI.

MIGUEL

What's going on? Is everything okay?

JORDAN

Great actually, she's super cool but I need your help. I've gotta go.

MIGUEL

Go? Go where?

JORDAN
You know, go.

JORDAN points out the window.

MIGUEL
What why?

JORDAN
I can feel it MIGUEL, they need me
out there.

MIGUEL
You're joking. And what about her?

JORDAN
That's where you come in. I need
you to tell her some excuse or
something.

MIGUEL
What? No. Just tell her you have to
go and you'll meet her some other
time.

JORDAN
No MIGUEL I couldn't do that.
That'd break her heart, trust me
this is better.

MIGUEL
What am I supposed to tell her?!

JORDAN
Uhhhh tell her-

JORDAN snaps his fingers.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I got it.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MIGUEL is standing in the living room while KRISTI is sitting
at the dinner table.

KRISTI
So where did he go?

MIGUEL

He had to-
 (pause)
 He had to go get milk.

KRISTI

He left to go get milk-
 (pause)
 From your bedroom?

MIGUEL puts his hands on his hips and struggles to nod his head. They stay there in silence.

MIGUEL

Can I just-

MIGUEL reaches for the glass of wine on the table and begins to chug it down.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIGUEL sits in the darkness of his room with only light coming from the moon outside. The business card in his hand and he fiddles with it.

He looks over at JORDAN's bed to find an unmade empty bed.

He begins to start putting the number in his phone and sits upright in his bed. The number begins to ring.

MAN ON THE PHONE

What took you so long?

MIGUEL

If I do this, He'll be back to normal, he won't get hurt?

INT. OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT

Multiple pictures of former superheroes are hung on the wall. The room is huge with large white floor tiles. The man on the phone looks up at a certain photo.

MAN ON THE PHONE

Absolutely. You have my word that everyone that's done this is better than they were before.

The photo the man is looking up at is a female superhero sharing a strong resemblance to MIGUEL's mother.

FADE OUT.