

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A one bedroom apartment living room / kitchen completely destroyed, tables are flipped over, the window and walls are completely demolished. Enter MIGUEL HORAS, (23), 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.

Miguel goes over to the bookshelf and picks up a fallen picture of him and his friend JORDAN BOWERS, (23), at a basketball game. Jordan has him in a headlock, they're both smiling.

A huge bright flash comes from the sky, a beam sticks to the living room floor right in front of Miguel. 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 cape 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) (CONT'D)
WHAT THE HELL?!

The figure changes form and losing the costume. Jordan is the man, larger build, his chin could cut glass and his hair somehow keeps it form no matter what.

A large chunk of the apartment wall falls over.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Imma need you to deactivate this bomb.

Jordan pulls out a large bomb kept together by tape.

MIGUEL
Jesus Christ JORDAN, WHAT IS THAT?!

Miguel in pure shock falls back.

JORDAN

So here I was getting my Reps in, right? There comes, Dr. Villanous 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, looks at Jordan, puzzled.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Anyways, so I start kicking his ass, right? And then he pulls this bomb 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

Remember that one time we were walking to 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 like a football, 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. Miguel 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 working 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) (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) (CONT'D)
Ooooooooooor Maybe not. See ya,
buddy.