

MINDBENDER

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Early morning light seeps under the drawn curtains of a dingy bedroom. A motionless figure sleeps beneath a Superman duvet cover.

The bed is surrounded by an elaborate model train set, complete with hills, fields, bridges etc.

A timer adapter is plugged into an electric socket; it CLICKS to 9AM.

Model lampposts flicker on, revealing a railway platform. Model commuters wait patiently for their train.

A radio comes on playing an exciting piece of CLASSICAL MUSIC.

In a dark shed a train comes to life - its lights like menacing yellow eyes. It starts moving, picking up speed.

The figure in the bed stirs. A foot flops out from beneath the covers and knocks over a model crane.

The crane falls into a field knocking some little model cows down a little model hill.

A cow bumps into a parked car which careens forward into a tree.

The train speeds through a tunnel.

The tree knocks over a baggage trolley which knocks over a commuter creating a domino-effect of other commuters - resulting in a model mother's pram rolling forward...onto the railway line!

The train bares down on the helpless model infant!

The model commuters are frozen with fear!

At the very last moment a giant hand plucks the infant to safety!

The train pulls into the station.

The hand holding the pram belongs to the recently awakened denizen of the bed - all spots and greasy hair, this is BARRY, our "hero".

Barry flips open the roof of one of the train's carriages, takes out a pair of glasses and puts them on. He frowns at the pram and puts it back on the station platform - reuniting mother and child.

Barry thumps the radio which starts playing a POP SONG instead.

He shuffles over to the bedroom window, yawning. He is dressed in underpants and a T-shirt.

He throws open the curtains revealing a view of an unfashionable part of an English city from his top floor position in a tower block.

Barry shuffles out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Barry walks to the bathroom sink. He picks up his toothbrush and reaches for an empty toothpaste tube. He fails to squeeze anything out of the tube.

He sighs, rubs the toothbrush on a bar of soap instead and starts brushing his teeth.

He finishes brushing his teeth, shrugs and starts brushing his face with the soapy toothbrush.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A few pieces of second-hand furniture furnish the room. There are a few pictures of trains on the walls.

Barry sits on a sofa eating a bowl of cereal whilst watching a morning news programme.

ON TV

FEMALE NEWSREADER

...When questioned the farmer said "If I'd known it was going to grow that big I would have put a bow on it".

MALE NEWSREADER

Thank you, Mary. Now astrologers are hoping for a big show themselves tonight. A meteorite shower predicted to be one of the biggest in years should be visible to anyone living in the North of England. Although some scientist are warning that this could lead to quite terrifying levels of-

Barry changes the channel to a children's TV programme.

He spills some cereal on his T-shirt but doesn't notice.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Barry wears scruffy jeans and a jacket. He combs his hair in a mirror on the wall.

He picks up a large satchel. A small number of leaflets spill out onto the floor. Barry gathers them up and stuffs them back into the satchel.

He undoes several bolts on the door, peeps through the spyhole and leaves.

A missed leaflet lies on the floor.

INSERT LEAFLET: A sexy cartoon nurse and the words "Shadyhole STD clinic. Warts? Crabs? Embarrassing rash? We know how to satisfy."

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS/CORRIDOR - DAY

Barry presses the button for the lift. After a moment the lift PINGS and the doors judder open. Barry enters.

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

The lift sinks slightly as Barry enters. He presses the ground floor button. The lift starts to move, making a horrible CREAKING sound.

Hanging from the ceiling of the lift are dozens of car air-fresheners. Barry wrinkles his nose at something on the floor. He moves away, holding his nose.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The lift PINGS, the doors grind open and Barry exits.

The foyer is dirty and unkempt. Barry steps over an abandoned traffic cone with a dead swan stuffed inside and goes to a bank of postboxes. He unlocks one and takes out a dozen leaflets, including one for a lawn furniture company and another that reads "Earn fff delivering leaflets!"

Barry stuffs the leaflets back into someone else's postbox and leaves the building.

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

Barry walks across a grey and depressing council estate. Graffiti adorns most flat surfaces and all stationary things have been vandalised.

Other LEAFLET STUFFERS wander the estate, going from letterbox to letterbox like zombies.

Barry walks past the husk of a burnt-out police car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry walks down a high street stuffing leaflets into letterboxes. He passes hairdressers, ugly beauty parlours and many boarded-up shops.

Barry's foot finds a large dog turd and he slips onto his back. He self-consciously gets to his feet and carries on walking.

He walks past a supermarket and stops. His eyes fall on a bored looking check-out girl and a dreamy smile comes over his face.

The girl is pretty (beneath layers of make-up) and chews gum as she boredly scans a customer's shopping. She is WHITNEY.

Barry takes a deep breath and enters the supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Barry shops, casting furtive glances at Whitney. Eventually he plucks up the courage to stand at her check-out behind a LITTLE OLD LADY.

Whitney roughly scans the Old Lady's shopping. Barry sees an opportunity.

BARRY  
(to Old Lady)  
Let me help you.

He begins shoving the Old Lady's shopping into a bag, smiling at Whitney. He drops tins of cat food onto eggs and crushables.

OLD LADY  
Oh, thank you, dear.

Whitney pays little attention to Barry.

Barry finishes cramming the Old Lady's shopping into the bag and resumes his place in the queue.

WHITNEY  
(to Old Lady)  
Five pounds seventy five.

OLD LADY  
(fiddles with hearing  
aid)  
How much?

Whitney sighs.

WHITNEY

(loudly)

Five pounds seventy five!

The Old Lady roots around in her purse and hands Whitney some money. Whitney crams the money into the till.

WHITNEY

Got a reward card?

OLD LADY

Sorry, dear?

WHITNEY

(annoyed)

Have. You. Got. A. Reward. Card?

OLD LADY

Er...no.

Whitney hands the Old Lady her change.

OLD LADY

Thank you, dear.

The Old Lady leaves.

Barry smiles enthusiastically at Whitney. Whitney ignores him and starts scanning his shopping.

BARRY

I see they've moved the beans to a different isle.

Whitney ignores him.

BARRY

I like that...it makes it seem like I'm in a different shop...or in a parallel dimension...um...

Whitney scans the last of Barry's shopping. She glares at him.

WHITNEY

Six pounds thirty.

Barry takes out a change purse, tries and fails to find the money.

BARRY

Um...I'm a little short.

WHITNEY

(smirks)

You can say that again.

Barry hands back everything but a tube of toothpaste.

BARRY  
I'll just take this.

WHITNEY  
Ninety-nine pee.

Barry hands her the money.

WHITNEY  
Reward card?

BARRY  
(embarrassed)  
They...turned me down.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Barry leaves the supermarket. He waves at Whitney through the glass, she ignores him. Barry trudges off sadly.

INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

Barry enters a newsagents and heads for the magazines. He takes down a pornographic magazine, glances around nervously and grabs a train enthusiast's magazine, which he slips under the porno mag.

Barry goes to the counter to pay. The Asian NEWSAGENT takes the magazines, raises an eyebrow at Barry when he sees the train magazine. Barry blushes. The Newsagent grins at him, placing the magazines in a bag.

NEWSAGENT  
Boys will be boys.

Barry smiles shyly.

BARRY  
And five lucky dips please, Mister Asiz.

The Newsagent sighs.

NEWSAGENT  
Oh, why do you waste so much money on these things, Barry? Do you know that the chances of winning the jackpot are the same as being hit on the head by a meteorite?

BARRY  
That can't be true.

NEWSAGENT  
It is true! I read it in a newspaper.

BARRY

But...you never hear about people being hit by meteorites. You hear about people winning the lottery all the time.

NEWSAGENT

I have a friend who was hit by a meteorite.

BARRY

Really?

NEWSAGENT

Yes. He was walking his dog behind the gasworks and a meteorite came out of the sky and hit him on the head. He woke up completely unconscious.

BARRY

Isn't there a golf course behind the gasworks?

NEWSAGENT

Yes. Which is why I refuse to join the golf club.

BARRY

Well...I'll have the tickets anyway.

(smiles)

I'm feeling lucky.

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS/FOYER - DAY

Barry enters. He steps over the dead swan and presses the button for the lift. The lift PINGS and the doors slowly grind open...some of the way. Barry tries to squeeze through, but can't. He tries pulling the doors open, to no avail.

He sighs and trudges towards the stairs.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/HALLWAY - DAY

Barry enters his flat, drenched with sweat and utterly exhausted. He sits down on the floor, panting.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry sits on the sofa eating pizza from a box. A bottle of Coke sits on the table in front of him.

A lottery results programme is on television.



ON TV

A large lottery set. A very camp MALE PRESENTER bounds onto the screen.

PRESENTER

Well, helloooo! Good evening,  
ladies and genitals...ooh! Pardon!

TV audience laughs.

PESENTER

I hope you're feeling lucky  
tonight...I always feel lucky!  
Ooh!...because tonight it's a  
rollover!

TV audience cheers.

PRESENTER

And here's a man who can roll me  
over any time...Brian! What's the  
prize fund for tonight, Brian?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The total prize fund for tonight  
is...seventeen million three  
hundred thousand nine hundred and  
eighty five pounds!

TV audience goes wild.

LIVING ROOM

Barry looks excited.

ON TV

PRESENTER

Now I'm going to ask you to be  
patient while we get our balls  
out...ooh pardon!

A lottery machine is rolled out and lottery balls are loaded into it.

PRESENTER

But first let's go over to our  
resident fortune teller Psychic  
Lee! Is there anybody there?!

The camera cuts to a man with a devil beard and a lot of make-up on. He wears a black cloak and hat. He sits at a small table and peers into a crystal ball.

MYSTIC LEE

Tonight as I peer through the  
mystic veil I see the planets  
aligning to bring fortune to...

(MORE)

MYSTIC LEE (CONT'D)  
 (concentrates)  
 ...a man.

LIVING ROOM

Barry looks excited.

ON TV

MYSTIC LEE  
 A man with the letter "A" in his  
 name...

Barry thinks - then grins!

LIVING ROOM

MYSTIC LEE  
 A man...with a glass eye and a  
 caravan...

LIVING ROOM

Barry shrugs this one off.

ON TV

MYSTIC LEE  
 Whose lucky colour is red.

LIVING ROOM

Barry looks around, he sees a red lamp and grins, excited  
 again.

ON TV

MYSTIC LEE  
 The mystic veil is drawing closed.  
 The ether is growing dim...  
 dimmmm...

Mystic Lee feigns exhaustion.

Back to Presenter.

LOTTERY PRESENTER  
 Ooh, I think I can feel my ether  
 growing! Ooh pardon!

Audience ROARS with laughter.

LOTTERY PRESENTER  
 Now without any further ado...  
 RELEASE...MY...BALLS!

The lottery machine begins to spin.

LIVING ROOM

Barry excitedly wipes his hands on his jeans and picks up his lottery ticket.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And the first number tonight is...  
number thirteen!

Barry checks his numbers - he frowns.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And the second number...number  
twenty eight!

Barry checks his ticket - frowns again.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Don't worry if you don't have any  
of these numbers you could still  
win a huge amount if you can match  
four balls.

Barry gets excited again.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Number three!

Barry looks at his ticket - frowns.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Number forty seven! You could  
still win a tenner...number  
twelve!

Barry sighs.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And finally...number eight!

Barry crumples up his ticket and sighs.

BARRY  
Oh, well...

He picks up the empty pizza box and shuffles miserably towards the door. He stops.

BARRY  
Do you want another glass of  
water?

A PIZZA DELIVERY MAN sits in a chair looking exhausted.

PIZZA DELIVERY MAN  
No, mate, I'd better be going.  
(gets to his feet)  
Don't order any more pizzas 'till  
they fix the lift, yeah?

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS/ROOF - DAY

Barry opens a door and walks miserably over to the edge of the roof.

The city lights are spread out before him. He raises his arms.

BARRY  
(pathetically)  
King of the world.

He sits down on the roof.

BARRY  
All I wanted was a little bit of  
luck. To feel special for a  
while...

He looks up.

BARRY  
Is that too much to ask?

It starts to rain. Barry sighs. He gets up and walks back to the roof access door.

BARRY  
Nothing ever happens to me.

There is a WHISTLING SOUND, getting LOUDER.

Barry looks up.

KA-POW!

A small rock hits him in the forehead, knocking him backwards through the doorway.

The small rock lands on the roof - a few blue sparks shoot briefly from it.

INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Barry tumbles down the stairs and bangs his head on a wall. He drifts into unconsciousness. He has a vivid red mark on his forehead - a blue spark briefly jumps from it.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

An ambulance (siren WAILING) pulls up outside the block of flats.

A MALE PARAMEDIC and a FEMALE PARAMEDIC get out and take a stretcher trolley from the ambulance. They run into the block of flats.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Paramedics step over the dead swan and run to the lift.

MALE PARAMEDIC

What floor?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Top.

There is a piece of cardboard cellotaped to the closed lift doors that simply reads "Fucked".

The Paramedics look to the stairs.

MALE PARAMEDIC

Shit.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Bloody hell.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Barry lies unconscious. A crowd of nosy NEIGHBOURS stand around gawping at him. One family of four consume plates of spaghetti.

An ELDERLY FEMALE NEIGHBOUR appears.

ELDERLY FEMALE NEIGHBOUR

I've called the police, the ambulance and the fire brigade, just to be safe.

(looks at Barry)

Poor Barry.

NOSY MALE NEIGHBOUR

Did he fall on his head?

ELDERLY FEMALE NEIGHBOUR

No, I think he's just a bit slow.

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The Paramedics crawl up the stairs taking it in turns to use a portable oxygen tank.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Paramedics stagger into the corridor.

ELDERLY FEMALE NEIGHBOUR

Are you the ambulance?

The Paramedics nod. They stagger over to Barry and collapse on the floor next to him. Male Paramedic feels Barry's pulse. He shakes his head sadly.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Dead?

MALE PARAMEDIC

No.

They drag Barry onto the stretcher and carry him back to the stairs.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The Paramedics stagger down the stairs, almost dragging the stretcher. They step over the dead swan and head out the door.

EXT. ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The Paramedics exit the tower block and stop...their ambulance is on fire. A group of TEENAGERS run away from it laughing.

MALE PARAMEDIC

Bloody hell.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

Shit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Paramedics push Barry down the street. Male Paramedic tries unsuccessfully to hail a taxi.

MALE PARAMEDIC

Taxi!...Taxi!...Bugger.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Paramedics wheel Barry through the entrance to an Accident and Emergency Department.

INT. ACCIDENT AND EMERGENCY DEPT. - CONTINUOUS

The Paramedics wheel Barry into a busy A & E dept. They both collapse onto the stretcher beside Barry, exhausted.

Female Paramedic manages to get up and staggers over to the reception desk where a FEMALE RECEPTIONIST sits.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

(out of breath)

Dana, love...we've got a head case here...

(laughs)

(MORE)

FEMALE PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)  
 Ooh, a head case! No a poor lad  
 with a concussion.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Name?

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
 Janice.

RECEPTIONIST  
 His name.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC  
 Oh. Barry Barker.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Just leave him over there.

Female Paramedic goes back to Barry.

A MAN WITH A KNIFE EMBEDDED IN HIS HEAD walks over to the  
 reception desk. The receptionist looks alarmed at the  
 state of his injury.

MAN WITH A KNIFE  
 EMBEDDED IN HIS HEAD  
 (dazed)  
 Three cod and chips, a chicken pie  
 and a can of Coke.

Female Paramedic and Male Paramedic push Barry's  
 stretcher up against a wall and leave the A & E  
 department. Barry slumbers on obliviously.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Barry lies in the only bed in a small hospital ward. He  
 has various pieces of hospital equipment connected to  
 him, including a heart monitor BEEP-BEEPING.

A DOCTOR stands at the foot of Barry's bed looking at his  
 chart. Barry wakes.

DOCTOR  
 Ah, good morning.

BARRY  
 (woozy)  
 Whass? Wha-wha...where am I?

DOCTOR  
 Please relax, Mister Barker you're  
 absolutely fine.

BARRY  
 Fine? I'm in a hospital! Why am I  
 in a hospital?

DOCTOR  
You took a rather nasty tumble,  
didn't you? Bumped your head, yes?

BARRY  
Oh...oh yes...

The Doctor shines a pen-light in Barry's eyes.

DOCTOR  
Hmm. Good. Now can you tell me  
what happened to you?

BARRY  
Um...I don't remember. I think I  
got hit by a golf ball.

DOCTOR  
Oh, a golfer. I'm a bit of a  
swinger myself.

BARRY  
A swinger?

DOCTOR  
A swinger of golf clubs I mean.  
What's your handicap?

BARRY  
I'm just a bit slow.

DOCTOR  
Right. Well there are no obvious  
side-effects from your  
concussion...

BARRY  
I've got a bit of a headache...

DOCTOR  
That is the concussion. Therefore  
not technically a side-effect.

BARRY  
Oh.

The Doctor taps Barry's head with the pen-light.

DOCTOR  
We will have to do a few tests  
just to make sure there's no long-  
term brain damage lurking in any  
nooks or crannies. We don't want  
any brain tumours popping up and  
killing you, now do we?

BARRY  
(nervous)  
What sort of tests?



DOCTOR

Don't worry, nothing painful. More like exams.

BARRY

Oh, God!

DOCTOR

Just try to stay calm and we'll have you back on the green before you know it. In the meantime just relax. Watch a bit of television.

The Doctor picks up a remote and turns on the TV.

BARRY

(indicates machines)  
What do those machines do?

DOCTOR

I've no idea. Cheerio then.

The Doctor puts the remote on Barry's bedside table and leaves.

There is a black and white film on TV - The Midwich Cuckoos. Barry tuts.

BARRY

Could have at least given me a colour telly.

He reaches for the remote which is just out of reach. His fingers brush it - knocking it onto the floor.

BARRY

Oh!

(shouts)

Can someone turn the telly off?

Hello?

(annoyed)

I want the telly OFF!

A blue spark leaps out of the TV and it goes off.

BARRY

Oh...um...thanks.

Barry takes some headphones off a peg on the wall and puts them on. He switches on the radio (LOUD MUSIC) and lies back smiling contently with his eyes closed.

He sneezes.

A blue spark leaps out of the cardiac monitor and the Barry's heart rate flatlines.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

An ALARM SOUNDS somewhere.

Barry lies back oblivious to the trouble.

A MALE NURSE and FEMALE NURSE rush into the room with a defibrillator.

MALE NURSE

He's arrested! Quick!

Female Nurse presses a button on the defibrillator, takes out the paddles and passes them to her colleague.

MALE NURSE

Clear!

Barry opens his eyes.

BARRY

Eh?

INT. HOSPITAL WARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

KA-BZZZT! Barry's room is suddenly illuminated by a flash of light.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

Several DOCTORS and NURSES stand around Barry's bed smiling placatingly. Male Nurse and Female Nurse stand by the door looking guilty.

An important looking man in a suit sits on the edge of Barry's bed. He is the ADMINISTRATOR.

ADMINISTRATOR

...And on top of which Nurse Adams had just finished a seventy-two hour shift. Also we seem to have been experiencing some rather unusual electrical problems... er...which is presumably why the defibrillator emitted such a higher than normal discharge.

Barry's hair stands straight up. His glasses have melted and small wisps of smoke rise from him.

ADMINISTRATOR

Um...we have been facing rather a lot of pressure to meet league table requirements.

The doctors and nurses in the room make affirmative noises. The Administrator leans closer to Barry.

ADMINISTRATOR

(intimately)

Is there...is there anything we  
can do to make it up to you?

Barry seems not to get the subtext.

BARRY

Um...oh could I have a colour  
telly?

He motions to the TV on the wall.

ADMINISTRATOR

Yes. Yes of course.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Barry staggers out of the casualty department carrying a brand new widescreen television. He looks totally confused.

The Administrator accompanies him, an arm round his shoulders.

ADMINISTRATOR

Once again we are very grateful  
for your understanding, Mister  
Barker.

BARRY

I don't understand...

The Administrator clicks his fingers - an ambulance pulls up. The AMBULANCE DRIVER jumps out and opens the back doors.

ADMINISTRATOR

(to Driver)

Take Mister Barker home, would  
you, Ted?

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Yes, sir.

The Administrator helps Barry into the ambulance as the driver gets back behind the wheel.

BARRY

Um...I was supposed to take some  
tests...

ADMINISTRATOR

I'll see to it you pass with  
flying colours.

BARRY

Okay...

ADMINISTRATOR

Bye now!

The Administrator closes the doors and the ambulance drives off. The Administrator breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

The ambulance pulls up outside Barry's block of flats. The Driver opens the doors and Barry climbs out, still looking confused.

The driver closes the door, salutes like a posh chauffeur and gets back into the ambulance.

BARRY

Er...er...

The ambulance drives off. Barry looks puzzled. He enters the building.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Barry staggers into the lobby. The dead swan and the traffic cone have been replaced by an old stained mattress.

Barry walks over the mattress and to the lift.

BARRY

Oh, please, please, please...

He presses the button for the lift. Nothing.

BARRY

Why doesn't this ever WORK!

A blue spark from the button - PING!

The doors open.

BARRY

(surprised)

Oh!

Barry starts to enter the lift. A MAN and a WOMAN are having sex up against the back of the lift.

Barry sighs. He looks at the stairs then at the TV.

INT. LIFT - MOMENTS LATER

The lift rises creakily. Barry stands looking uncomfortable as the couple continue to have sex behind him. The woman notices him.

SHAGGING WOMAN

Hello, Barry, love!

The man continues shagging.

BARRY

Hello, Misses Baxter. How's Mister Baxter?

SHAGGING WOMAN

Good, yeah. Hey I heard you were in hospital.

BARRY

Um...yeah. I was hit by a golf ball.

SHAGGING WOMAN

Oh, them bloody golfers! They're a menace! It's all those golf sales I blame.

BARRY

I'm alright though. Got a free telly.

SHAGGING WOMAN

Ooh! Did you hear that, Bob? He got a telly.

The man stops shagging and looks at Barry's TV.

SHAGGING MAN

Hey that's a good telly. I'll give you a hundred for it.

BARRY

No, I think they might want it back.

SHAGGING MAN

Oh well...

He continues shagging.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The lift doors open and Barry steps out.

BARRY

Bye, Misses Baxter. Bye, Mister Jenkinson.

SHAGGING WOMAN (O.S.)

Bye, Barry.

SHAGGING MAN (O.S.)

Bye...  
 (climaxing)  
 BARRY!

The lift doors shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The packaging for Barry's TV lies strewn about the room. Barry sits on the sofa flicking through the channels.

ON TV

A news programme.

MALE NEWSREADER

Stargazers were left disappointed last night as heavy cloud blocked the view of an expected meteorite shower. Whereas scientists were left puzzled by a series of reports of unusual electrical activity throughout parts of Northern England. Prompting some experts to speculate a terrible-

Barry changes the channel to...

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

When Fat People Fall Down!

Various home footage of fat people falling off swings, bikes etc.

EXT. CITY - MORNING

The sun rises over the city.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Barry is asleep on the sofa having clearly been there all night. There is an early morning educational program on TV.

The phone RINGS. Barry wakes.

BARRY  
 (disorientated)  
 Prawn babies!

He sits up, bleary-eyed.

BARRY  
 (to ringing phone)  
 Oh, shut up!

The phone goes silent.

Half-asleep, Barry reaches for the TV remote - picks up a half-eaten chocolate bar instead - aims it at the TV and presses a non-existent button. The TV comes on anyway.

Barry stands and shuffles out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Barry walks into the kitchen. As he approaches a bread bin the lid pops open. He takes out two slices of bread and drops them into a toaster which automatically starts toasting them.

A kettle CLICKS on and starts to boil.

Barry approaches the fridge - the door automatically swings open. Barry takes out a bottle of milk and pours some into a mug.

He shuffles out of the kitchen, yawning.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Barry squeezes toothpaste onto his toothbrush and starts brushes his teeth.

He stops. He becomes fully awake.

EXT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Barry hurtles out of his flat and collapses against the corridor wall - his toothbrush still in his mouth.

An OLD MAN comes out of another flat pulling a shopping basket on wheels.

BARRY

Mister Bukowski! Is your flat doing anything funny?

The old man looks at him suspiciously.

OLD MAN

(East European accent)

There are rats in ceiling, there are woodlice in carpet. This is thanks I get for fighting in war! Three Nazis I killed - with my bare hands!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Barry runs back into his flat slamming the door behind him. The Old Man can be heard raging in the corridor.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Barry locks the bathroom door and sits on the toilet, thinking.

His eyes fall on a toilet roll on a toilet roll dispenser. He slowly raises his hand and gestures at it - the toilet roll immediately unravels onto the floor.

Barry jumps up. He catches sight of himself in the mirror. He looks closely at his reflection, touches the red mark on his forehead.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Barry opens the door and steps out onto the roof. He begins retracing his steps from the night before.

He walks over to the roof's edge, turns around, walks back to the door, turns, slaps his forehead and just stops himself from tumbling through the doorway.

He looks down, scanning the roof. He sees the meteorite and picks it up. He scrutinises it carefully. He looks up at the sky, puzzled.

EXT. CANAL - DAY

Barry walks along beside a dingy canal. There are discarded bike frames, plastic bags and the usual detritus in the water.

He stops alongside a semi-submerged shopping trolley.

He checks that he is alone then raises his hand towards the shopping trolley. He concentrates...nothing happens.

He breaths deeply, tries again.

A LITTLE GIRL skips along the path towards Barry. She stops and watches him.

Barry strains. Sweat begins to bead his face...

The trolley trembles...

Barry strains hard - FARTS.

BARRY

Ooh, pardon.



The trolley rises slowly out of the water!

It floats through the air - weeds and condoms hanging from it - and touches down on the bank.

Barry pants hard, grinning. He sees the Little Girl.

BARRY

(proudly)

Did you see that?

The girl suddenly screams and runs off.

Barry hurries off, ecstatic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry walks down the high street.

He concentrates on a loose road sign and it spins round. A milk bottle leaps off a wall.

Barry comes to a building with "Citizens' Advice Bureau" written above the door. He goes in.

INT. CITIZENS' ADVICE BUREAU - DAY

Barry stands in a queue waiting to see an adviser.

CITIZEN ADVISER (O.S.)

Next.

Barry walks over and sits down opposite a harried MALE ADVISER.

CITIZEN ADVISER

How can I help?

Barry places the meteorite on the table.

BARRY

Last night I was hit by a meteorite and now I think I've got magic powers.

The adviser looks from Barry to the meteorite.

CITIZEN ADVISER

(annoyed)

Why don't you f-

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Barry leaves the Citizens Advice Bureau.

BARRY  
 (offended)  
 Not quite the advice I was after  
 actually.

LATER

Barry walks dejectedly along past a row of shops. One shop has a poster with a picture of Mystic Lee on and the words "Mystic Lee - Book signing". Barry looks inspired.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Psychic Lee sits at a desk signing copies of his book "The Mystic Voyage". His male AGENT stands nearby.

A long queue of PEOPLE, mostly elderly women, stand in line clutching copies of Lee's book.

Barry lurks in a corner of the shop, watching.

MYSTIC LEE  
 (taking book from  
 FAN)  
 And what's your name, love?

FAN  
 Ooh, you should know already!

MYSTIC LEE  
 (forces laugh)  
 I've never heard that one before,  
 darling.

He scribbles in the woman's book and hands it back, she goes away happy. Another elderly woman replaces her.

SECOND FAN  
 What number am I thinking of?

MYSTIC LEE  
 (signing book)  
 It's either your phone number or  
 your measurements, you naughty  
 girl.

The woman goes away giggling.

MYSTIC LEE  
 It's not your IQ anyway.  
 (to next fan)  
 Name?

THIRD FAN  
 You should know it already!

Lee sighs and gives his agent a meaningful look.

AGENT

Er...I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen I'm afraid Psychic Lee is having a mystical episode...

Lee pinches the bridge of his nose and staggers to his feet.

AGENT

So I'm afraid he's going to have to go into a trance and receive instructions from his Red Indian spirit guide.

The fans make disappointed groans. The Agent leads an overacting Lee through a back door as Lee waves weakly.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Agent and Lee enter a store room. As soon as the door closes Lee stands up straight and fishes out a packet of cigarettes.

LEE

That's it! No more! I've had it with these gigs!

AGENT

You've only got another two hours to go...

LEE

No way! Look at that!

Lee holds up his hand which is frozen in a writing position.

LEE

I'll not be able to wank for a week!

AGENT

Look, Kevin you've got to keep your profile up...

MYSTIC LEE

(laughs)

Keep my profile up? I'm Mystic Lee! I'm on the lottery! Nine million viewers mate. Nine million.

AGENT

(nervous)

Umm...yes...

LEE

What? What's the matter?

AGENT

Er...well, the producers gave me a call this morning...

LEE

About what?

AGENT

It's just...well...they've decided to go for something different.

LEE

They're giving me the push?! Oh god!

AGENT

Relax, this isn't the end this is the beginning.

LEE

Who are you, Perry Como? What are they replacing me with?

AGENT

Er...a horse.

LEE

A horse?!

AGENT

A psychic horse. He stamps out the numbers with his hoof.

LEE

A horse?!

AGENT

Look, I can find you lots of work. Private parties, personal appearances...

LEE

Personal appearances? I'm not doing this for the rest of my life! Have you ever been mentally undressed by a pensioner?

AGENT

Look, this is a spring-board to bigger and better things.

LEE

Never mind bigger and better things, go and get my money. We'll talk about this later. I'm going for a smoke.

Lee heads for a fire exit door.

LEE  
 And grab us a couple of John  
 Grishams. Pro bono mind, I'm not  
 paying.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lee steps out into the alley and lights a cigarette. He  
 looks miserable.

Barry appears.

BARRY  
 Hello.

LEE  
 Alright, pal?

BARRY  
 I'm a big fan of yours.

LEE  
 (sighs)  
 There's a queue, go and join it.

BARRY  
 No, I don't want an autograph I  
 want some advice.  
 (intimately)  
 You see I've got powers too.

LEE  
 (warily)  
 Powers?

BARRY  
 Yes. Mental health powers.

LEE  
 Oh, Jesus Christ.

Lee drops his cigarette and turns to go back inside but  
 there is no handle on the door. He knocks.

LEE  
 Nigel?

BARRY  
 It's alright, I'm not mad. I was  
 hit by a meteorite.

LEE  
 Nigel!

BARRY  
 Look, I'll prove it.

Barry gestures at the discarded cigarette - it begins to rise into the air. Lee's eyes go wide.

Barry gestures and the cigarette puffs out a smoke ring. Lee stares at it for a moment.

LEE

Have you got a manager?

INT. LEE'S FLAT - DAY

A Victorian flat decorated with occult themed paintings and sculptures...none of them tasteful.

Lee's Mystic Lee outfit hangs on a coat peg.

There is a bookcase filled with books on the supernatural. A framed picture of David Blaine sits on the coffee table.

The door opens and Lee leads Barry in.

BARRY

Wow! This is great! It must be nice living on the ground.

LEE

Well, I need to keep my aura grounded. I get a bit of damp in the floor though.

Lee stamps on something.

LEE

Bloody silverfish. Make yourself at home.

Barry gazes around him.

Lee picks up some letters from the doormat and sorts through them - final demand...final demand...final demand...credit card application offer. Lee shoves them behind a radiator.

Barry wanders over to the bookcase and starts examining the books. Lee goes into an adjoining kitchen.

LEE

Fancy a brew?

BARRY

Yes, please.

Lee turns on the kettle and starts making tea.

BARRY

You've got a lot of books.

Barry takes down a book entitled "Is your cat psychic?"

LEE

Aye, well, it's a fascinating subject the occult. Spontaneous human combustion, poltergeists, goatsuckers...

(holds up packet of cookies)

Hobnobs?

BARRY

No, thanks. So how did you get your power?

Barry examines a book entitled "Unleash Your Inner Brain!"

LEE

Er...well...it was always there in the background. I would think of someone...and they would phone me the same day.

BARRY

Blimey.

LEE

'Course it was usually my mum. Anyway, one day I went to see a clairvoyant about my legs. Cassandra her name was. Her stage name anyway, her real name was Betty. Anyway, she took one look at me and said "you are touched."

BARRY

That's not very nice.

LEE

No, touched by the mystical powers of the universe. She said "you have got the gift. And you should be sharing it with the world."

BARRY

Blimey.

Lee carries a tray with two mugs of tea and a plate of cookies over to a coffee table and sits.

LEE

She said she could see big things in my future.

Barry puts away a book entitled "Get girls with voodoo!" and sits down opposite Lee.

BARRY

What were they?

Lee gestures around the apartment.

BARRY

Oh.

LEE

Funnily enough she didn't see the big thing that was in her future. Got run over by a mobile library.

BARRY

Oh, dear. So did you decide to carry on her work?

LEE

Well, I took it as a sign. What about you?

BARRY

Oh, I just got lucky really. A meteorite hit me on the head.

LEE

A meteorite? Blimey.

(thinks)

That'll be aliens.

BARRY

Aliens?

LEE

'Course. How else do you explain it?

BARRY

I don't know. Brain damage?

LEE

No, it's aliens. They've sent you powers. It's how Jesus got started.

BARRY

Jesus?

LEE

Aye. And David Blaine. Where's the meteorite now?

BARRY

I've got it here.

Barry fishes the meteorite out of his pocket - picks off some fluff and a mint - and places it on the table. Lee looks at it suspiciously, he pokes it with his hobnob.



LEE

Hmm. That's a podule.

BARRY

A podule?

LEE

Yeah, a space podule. It's like a container that the aliens put their energy in. Like a Kinder Egg. You're lucky they didn't probe you first. They're mad for probing people aliens, mucky buggers.

BARRY

But why did they chose me?

Lee looks Barry up and down.

LEE

Er...well...I'm sure they have their reasons.

BARRY

Should I go to the government?

LEE

No! What would you want to do that for?

BARRY

Well...I thought they might know what to do...

LEE

You stay away from the government, son. They'll do experiments on you. Cut you open and stick your brain in a jar. Didn't you see ET?

BARRY

So what do you think I should do?

LEE

You need to find yourself a guide.

BARRY

What, a Girl Guide?

LEE

No, a teacher. Someone to teach you about your power. Like Yoda. Someone who can help you develop your gift.

BARRY

Oh.

Barry thinks about this.

LEE  
 (hinting)  
 You know...someone with  
 experience. Of the occult.

Barry thinks.

LEE  
 Someone wise.

BARRY  
 Someone wise?

LEE  
 (losing patience)  
 Oh, for f-

BARRY  
 Hey! What about you?

LEE  
 (mock surprise)  
 Me?

BARRY  
 Yeah! You know all about this kind  
 of stuff, the...ockolt. Will you  
 teach me?

Lee pretends to think it over.

LEE  
 Alright. You twisted my arm.

BARRY  
 Great! When do we start?

LEE  
 (enigmatically)  
 We've already begun.

Barry looks puzzled.

LATER

Lee takes a pack of cards from a sideboard drawer and sits back down opposite Barry. An old style camcorder sits on a tripod aimed at Barry, a red record light flashes.

BARRY  
 What's the camera for?

LEE  
 To document our work.

BARRY

Oh.

LEE

Plus if something goes wrong we  
can get two hundred and fifty quid  
off You've Been Framed.

Lee empties the cards onto the table.

LEE

Right, let's see what you can do,  
shall we?

BARRY

What do you want me to do?

LEE

I want you to try and guess which  
card I'm thinking of, okay?

BARRY

Okay I'll try.

LEE

Right...empty your mind of all  
thoughts...

BARRY

Done.

LEE

Er...okay...

Lee picks a card and looks at it - it's the three of  
diamonds - he places it back in the pack.

LEE

Now...concentrate. Reach out...

Barry reaches out.

LEE

With your mind...reach out with  
your mind. See the card...Sееее  
the card.

Barry closes his eyes, concentrating.

SHUFFLING and FLICKING sounds.

Barry opens his eyes.

There is an immense and complex house of cards sitting on  
the table. A card laying flat on the top of the structure  
stands up - the four of diamonds.

Barry looks at Lee expectantly. Lee looks stunned.

BARRY  
Is that your card?

LEE  
Close enough.

LATER

Barry stands by the front door as Lee hands him a stack of books.

LEE  
Now get stuck into these.

BARRY  
Okay.

LEE  
Here's my number in case you need it.

He hands Barry a bit of paper.

LEE  
Come back tomorrow and we'll continue your training.

BARRY  
Alright.

Lee opens the door. It is raining heavily.

LEE  
Here.

Lee grabs his Mystic Lee hat and pops it on Barry's head.

BARRY  
Thanks.

LEE  
And don't worry your secret is safe with me.

Lee taps his nose. Barry smiles and leaves.

LEE  
And stay away from the Government!

Lee closes the door and hurries over to his phone, rubbing his hands in excitement. He dials a number.

LEE  
Nigel...It's Mystic Lee...Mystic Lee...  
(sighs)  
Kevin...Look tell the BBC to hold their horses on the psychic horse.  
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)  
I've got something that will blow  
their minds.

He grins.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A bus drives down the road.

INT. BUS - DAY

Barry is lost in thought.

The bus stops. Barry suddenly realises it's his stop. He leaps up and runs for the door - forgetting the books.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry gets off the bus. The bus moves off.

BARRY  
My books!

He turns, gestures - the bus SCREECHES to a stop.  
PASSENGERS on the bus are jerked forward.

A car goes into the back of the bus...a BABY in a pram starts crying. Barry panics - runs off.

EXT. 'NUFF SAID COMIC SHOP - DAY

A black painted facade with a wire grill over the shop window. A sign over the shop reads "'Nuff Said Comics!" A wide variety of superheroes and comics are on display in the window.

Barry walks past the shop - something catches his eye... a comic with a cover showing an alien emerging from a crashed meteorite.

Barry's eyes light up. He rushes into the shop.

INT. 'NUFF SAID COMIC SHOP - CONTINUOUS

An angry looking man in a T-shirt with a Death of Superman logo on flips the "open" sign to "closed" as Barry bursts through the door. This is WAYNE.

Barry starts frantically searching the comic racks.

WAYNE  
(Irish accent)  
Oi, you! Go away! We're closed for lunch.

Barry checks his watch.

BARRY  
It's half past ten.

WAYNE  
Who are you, the time police? Get out.

BARRY  
Hey! Aren't you Wayne Doolin?

WAYNE  
(suspicious)  
No. Maybe. Why?

BARRY  
We went to school together. It's me...Barry Barker.

Wayne looks blank.

BARRY  
You used to call me Mental Micky.

WAYNE  
(laughs)  
Oh, yeah.  
(stops laughing)  
Get out.

BARRY  
No wait! I need some advice...

WAYNE  
Get a haircut.

BARRY  
No. Advice about p-sychic powers.

WAYNE  
What?

BARRY  
I need every comic you have on people with powers.

WAYNE  
They all have powers, they're superheroes.

BARRY  
No. Mind powers.

WAYNE  
Why?

Barry moves closer to Wayne. He looks around conspiratorially.

BARRY

I can do things.

WAYNE

What things?

BARRY

Watch.

Barry concentrates on a plastic Superman figure on the shop counter. Superman rises up and bobs in mid-air.

Wayne looks at it blankly for several seconds. Then...

WAYNE

AAARRRGGGHHH!

He backs away from Barry.

WAYNE

I knew it! I knew there was something weird about you! You're evil! You have evil, devilish powers!

BARRY

No, I got hit by a meteorite!

WAYNE

Pull the other one!

Wayne ducks behind the counter.

BARRY

(indicates mark on forehead)

No, look...

WAYNE

Stay back!

Wayne leaps out from behind the counter holding a red FX lightsabre. He switches it on: BZZZZZZZTK!

WAYNE

What do you want from me, Barker?

BARRY

I need help.

WAYNE

Yes, you do! You need a priest!  
You're a witch!

Wayne drives Barry back with the lightsabre.

BARRY

I'm not! I've been chosen! By aliens!

WAYNE

Rubbish! You're in league with Satan!

Barry is backed into a corner. He looks around desperately. He focuses on a shelf of merchandise.

A Star Wars figure flies off the shelf and hits Wayne.

WAYNE

Argh! What...?

More figures fly at Wayne.

WAYNE

Stop it! Those are limited edition!

An inflatable Spiderman and Hulk fly at Wayne - Wayne wrestles with them.

WAYNE

All right, stop! Stop!

Wayne turns off his lightsabre. Barry stops the psychic attack.

BARRY

Please I just need some advice on my gift!

WAYNE

What gift? I didn't give you anything.

BARRY

I mean my powers.

WAYNE

Oh.

BARRY

There must be something I can learn from a comic.

WAYNE

Of course there is! Comics are the extension of an ancient mythic storytelling device. They're about the journey of the spirit. The triumph of man over his destiny. Occasionally women.

BARRY

Great.

WAYNE

They won't work for you though.



Barry looks disappointed.

WAYNE

(sighs)  
 Alright...what are your  
 circumstances?

BARRY

I was hit by a meteorite.

WAYNE

A meteorite? Are you sure it  
 wasn't a golf ball?

BARRY

No...I've got it here.

Barry removes the meteorite from his pocket and holds it  
 out. Wayne backs away.

WAYNE

Does it have "Slazenger" written  
 on it?

BARRY

No.

WAYNE

Where did it hit you?

BARRY

On the head. And when I woke up I  
 had p-sychic powers.

WAYNE

It's not "p-sychic" it's  
 "psychic".

(thinks)

Hmm. Meteorite. Head. Psychic  
 powers.

Wayne goes into a frenzy of activity. Marching over to  
 comic boxes, deftly pulling out comics and flinging them  
 at Barry, who catches most of them.

WAYNE

You're paying for these.

BARRY

Okay.

Barry soon has a big pile of comics.

WAYNE

There.

Wayne marches over to the counter, rapidly tallies up the  
 cost.

WAYNE

Thirty pounds.

BARRY

Um...I don't have that much.

WAYNE

Give me the meteorite then.

BARRY

Um...

WAYNE

Come on, come on!

Barry reluctantly hands over the meteorite.

WAYNE

Go away now.

BARRY

Er...okay...thanks for your help.

Wayne waves him away. Barry leaves the shop.

WAYNE

What a bastard.

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS/FOYER - DAY

A DRUNK now sleeps on the mattress. Barry enters, his nose buried in a comic. He steps over the drunk and heads for the lift.

The lift PINGS and the doors open. Barry steps inside without looking up from the comic.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry sits on the sofa, the comics spread out on the table in front of him. He spots a copy of The Shadow and starts reading it.

Barry looks inspired. He crosses to the window and looks out. Below him can be seen TEENAGERS vandalising cars, bus stops etc. Car alarms WAIL, burned-out cars smoulder.

Barry takes the piece of paper with Lee's number on out of his pocket and runs to the phone. He quickly dials the number.

LEE ON ANSWERPHONE (V.O.)

This is Mystic Lee...if you have a message from beyond...leave it after the beep...

BEEP.

BARRY

Lee it's me, Barry! I've figured out why the aliens chose me! They want me to be a superhero!...

INT. LEE'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Lee's flat is empty. Barry's voice emits from an old fashioned answering machine which has no tape in the tape compartment.

BARRY (O.S.)

I'm going to use my powers to fight crime! I'll call you later.  
Bye!

The answering machine clicks off. The message indicator stays at 0.

The front door opens and Lee enters carrying several carrier bags stuffed with food and drink.

LEE

(singing)

If I was a rich man, diddle diddle  
diddle diddle diddle diddle diddle  
dum...

Lee takes the bags into the kitchen. He takes out a bottle of champagne and lights a cigar.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry writes on a notepad.

INSERT NOTE BOOK:

"1. Costume. 2. Name. 3. Toilet paper."

BACK TO SCENE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

- Barry cuts the outline of a mask out of a black T-shirt with scissors.
- He colours some blue jeans with a black pen.
- He pulls down his bedroom curtains.
- He takes a black scarf from a drawer.
- He ties a black mask over his glasses.

- He wraps the scarf round the lower part of his mouth.
- He wraps the curtains around his shoulders.
- He Puts on Lee's hat.

END MONTAGE

Barry's costume is complete, it has overtones of Psychic Lee and The Shadow. He adopts an heroic pose.

EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT

Two TEENAGERS hurry across the estate. One has a stolen TV, the other a DVD player.

One of the teens starts emitting a BEEPING noise. He stops.

FIRST TEENAGER

Hang on.

He lifts up a trouser leg revealing an electronic tag which is beeping and flashing. He gives it a couple of whacks - it stops.

FIRST TEENAGER

God these things are a pain in the arse sometimes.

SECOND TEENAGER

Let's go!

BARRY (O.S.)

(muffled)  
Not so fast!

The teens turn - Barry stands before them, dramatically lit by a street lamp.

SECOND TEENAGER

Who are you?

Barry looks down at something written on his hand.

BARRY

(muffled)  
I am your worst nightmare!

FIRST TEENAGER

What?

Barry pulls his scarf down a bit.

BARRY

Er...I said "I am your worst nightmare."

Both teens burst into laughter.

BARRY

What?

FIRST TEENAGER

You had us worried for a minute, mate.

BARRY

You should be worried. I am the scourge of criminals everywhere. I am the champion of liberty and justice...

SECOND TEENAGER

He's probably escaped from the special school.

The teens walk off.

BARRY

Oi! Come back!

Barry looks around, sees a dog turd. He concentrates - the turd flies through the air and hits one of the teens.

FIRST TEENAGER

Eurgh!

(turns to Barry)

Did you throw that at me?!

BARRY

Yes, I did. And there's more where that came from.

First Teenager scowls. He drops the TV and stalks towards Barry.

Barry concentrates on a traffic cone. The cone leaps through the air and lands on First Teenager's head.

FIRST TEENAGER

Aargh!

SECOND TEENAGER

Bloody shit!

Second teen runs away.

FIRST TEENAGER

Help!

First thief runs off blindly. He bounces off a lamp post and keeps running.

Barry smiles.

ELSEWHERE

Three TEENS jump up and down on a car, laughing and drinking from cans of lager.

A shadow advances towards them, created by the light from a street lamp.

BARRY (O.S.)

Stop!

The teens stop and look in the direction of the voice.

Barry stands heroically, hands on hips.

The teens burst into derisive laughter.

BARRY

Leave that car alone!

THIRD TEENAGER

Piss off!

FOURTH TEENAGER

Who the fuck are you?

BARRY

I...I'm special.

THIRD TEENAGER

You can say that again.

The teens laugh.

Barry concentrates - a lager can leaps into the air and hits one of the teens, splashing him with lager.

FIFTH TEENAGER

Shit! Who threw that?

A discarded nappy hits another teen.

A used condom hits another.

Forth and Fifth Teen scream and run away. Third Teenager draws a knife and stalks towards Barry.

THIRD TEENAGER

I'm gonna kill you.

BARRY

The only thing you're going to kill is social harmony...and I'm not going to let you do that.

Barry gestures to a rubbish bin. The bin moves, straining against the bolts that hold it to the ground.

The teen gets closer...

Barry strains...

The bin breaks free - landing on Third Teen, trapping him inside.

The teen and the bin rise into the air and hook onto a lamppost.

THIRD TEENAGER

Aargh! Let me down! Let me down! I need to poo!

Barry smiles triumphantly.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Barry enters the block of flats passing an OLD LADY WALKING A SMALL DOG.

BARRY

Evening, Misses Coen.

The old lady looks bemused.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Two police cars and a fire engine surround the still stranded teenager. FIREMEN on a ladder try to free the teen.

Two FEMALE POLICE OFFICERS lean against their car watching the firemen. They are WPC SMITH and WPC JONES.

WPC JONES

I love firemen.

WPC SMITH

Me too. It's the uniforms.

WPC JONES

(indicates fireman)

I wonder if he'd let me hold his hose.

Jones giggles.

WPC SMITH

(serious)

Go and ask him.

WPC JONES

I don't mean his hose. I mean his penis.

WPC SMITH

Ask him.

A car pulls up. The man who gets out is dressed in a plain suit and raincoat. He is DETECTIVE INSPECTOR HARRY PARRY.

D I Parry walks over to Smith and Jones who stand to attention. D I Parry looks up at the stranded teenager.

D I PARRY

(Welsh accent)

What the flippin' heck is going on here? How did he get up there?

WPC SMITH

We don't know, sir.

D I PARRY

Well, who is he?

WPC JONES

Don't know, sir.

D I PARRY

Who found him?

WPC JONES

Member of the public, sir.

D I PARRY

And where are they?

WPC SMITH

Don't know, sir, sorry, sir.

D I Parry sighs.

A couple of fireman lower the teenager to the ground.

D I PARRY

Alright, take off the bin.

The bin is removed. Third Teen is unconscious.

WPC JONES

He's dead, sir.

WPC SMITH

He's dead, sir.

The teen suddenly wakes up, startling everyone.

THIRD TEENAGER

I weren't doing nothing!

D I PARRY

It's alright, sir, you're safe now. Just relax. Now can you tell me how you got up there?



THIRD TEENAGER

I weren't doing nothing! I was...  
I was...I was...I was...I was...  
it was him!

D I PARRY

Him who? Who put you up there?

THIRD TEENAGER

He...he...made things move with  
his brain!

D I PARRY

Riiiiight.

D I Parry sees a bag of marijuana sticking out of the  
teen's pocket. He removes it. Smith and Jones gasp.

WPC JONES

That's drugs!

D I PARRY

Well, that solves that little  
mystery. Take him away.

The firemen start dragging the teenager away.

THIRD TEENAGER

I didn't do nothing! That's not  
mine!

D I Parry turns to Smith and Jones.

D I PARRY

That's why you should stay away  
from drugs, yes?

WPC JONES

Yes, sir.

WPC SMITH

We will, sir.

D I Parry watches the firemen start to bundle the teen  
into the fire engine.

D I PARRY

(to Smith and Jones)  
Hang on, you should be doing that!

WPC SMITH

Sorry, sir.

Smith and Jones run over to get the teenager.

D I Parry looks up at the lamp post thoughtfully.

Two POLICEMEN appear leading First Teenager, the cone  
still on his head.

D I PARRY

What's this now?

POLICEMAN

We found him wandering around over there sir.

D I PARRY

Where am I? Crazy town? Alright take it off.

The policemen pull the cone off the teen's head.

D I PARRY

Well, well, well, Steven Cook.

FIRST TEENAGER

I weren't doing nothing!

D I PARRY

Yes, doing nothing when you're supposed to be looking for a job and doing lots of jobs when you're supposed to be behaving yourself. Although what you were doing with a cone on your head I can only guess.

FIRST TEENAGER

It was a ghost!

D I PARRY

A ghost?

FIRST TEENAGER

Or something! He made stuff fly around and shit! Like shit! He put this cone on my head! I weren't doing nothing!

D I PARRY

(to police)

Alright, take him away.

The police lead away the teen.

D I PARRY

And it's "I wasn't doing anything"!

D I Parry shakes his head.

D I PARRY

Crazy town.

INT. 'NUFF SAID COMIC SHOP - DAY

Wayne sits behind the counter, the meteorite in front of him.

WAYNE

Come on you bastard! Give me  
psychic powers! I want psychic  
powers!

He picks up the meteorite and screws up his face in concentration. He gestures at the Superman figure on his desk. Nothing happens.

KNOCK KNOCK

WAYNE

(annoyed)  
Oh...give me strength!

A blue spark shoots from the meteorite into Wayne's hand.

WAYNE

Argh! Bastard!

Wayne drops the meteorite and goes to the front door. The meteorite glows slightly.

Wayne grabs the door knob and...yanks the door off its hinges!

A shocked POSTMAN stands in the doorway. Wayne looks at the door in his hand, excited. He punches the Postman sending him flying backwards ten yards.

WAYNE

Brilliant!

He shoves the door back into the frame.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/BATHROOM - DAY

Barry sits on the toilet in his dressing gown. He yawns. He reaches for the toilet roll - gone. He groans.

MOMENTS LATER

Barry sits on the edge of the bath hosing down his bottom with the shower attachment.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The lift PINGS and Barry steps out. There is a statue of a distinguished man lying in the foyer. Barry steps over it and leaves.

EXT. PARK - DAY

MONTAGE:

- A discarded lager can leaps into the air and lands in a rubbish bin. So does another and another. Barry walks along, psychically flipping litter into rubbish bins.

- A group of MEN stand by a duck pond throwing stones at the ducks. Barry frowns. He makes a gesture and the men somersault into the pond. Barry grins.

- A group of young BOYS stand around a tree looking helplessly up at a stranded football. Barry makes a shooting gesture with his hand and the ball jumps out of the tree. The Boys cheer. Barry walks on.

- An OLD LADY in an electric wheelchair struggles up an incline, the motor of her chair WHINING. Barry wiggles his nose and the chair suddenly ZOOMS along.

- A couple of TEENAGE GIRLS walk towards Barry. One of the girls' mobile phones blares out a POP SONG. The girls scowl at Barry...

Barry wiggles a little finger - the lid of a dog waste bin flips open and the Girl's phone leaps out of her hand and into the bin. The Girls look horrified. Barry walks on, smiling.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BANK - DAY

A Security van is parked in an alleyway. A GUARD opens the back doors and takes out two large money bags. He closes the doors and enters the bank.

Wayne watches from the end of the alley. He puts on a plastic Spiderman mask and walks over to the van. He takes hold of one of the van's doors and tears it off!

Another GUARD jumps out of the cab.

GUARD

(shocked)

Oi!...w-what are you doing!

WAYNE

I'm making a withdrawal.

Wayne throws the door at the Guard who is flattened by it.

WAYNE  
 (laughing at his own  
 joke)  
 Making a withdrawal.

The other security guard appears and hits Wayne over the head with his baton. Wayne turns.

WAYNE  
 That really hurt!

He grabs the Guard and throws him into a nearby skip.

WAYNE  
 Nazi!

Wayne grabs a couple of bags from the van and hurries off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry approaches 'Nuff Said Comics. A sign on the door reads "Piss Off!"

Barry knocks on the door...the door falls off its hinges.

INT. 'NUFF SAID COMICS - CONTINUOUS

Wayne sits at the counter counting money. He quickly hides it as Barry enters.

WAYNE  
 Who is it? Go away!  
 (sees Barry)  
 Oh, it's just you...Piss off!

BARRY  
 What happened to your door?

WAYNE  
 Nothing! Asylum seekers.

BARRY  
 Asylum seekers broke your door?

WAYNE  
 Yes. They were after drugs...and food. They wanted to sell my organs on the internet!

BARRY  
 Blimey.

Barry concentrates on the door and it pops back into place. Four screws levitate into position and screw the hinges back into the doorframe. Wayne scowls at this.

WAYNE

What do you want anyway?

BARRY

(excited)

I've been using my powers!

WAYNE

So? So what if you have powers. I don't even want powers.

BARRY

But I've been using them to fight crime!

Wayne stares at him for a moment then bursts out laughing.

WAYNE

You? You are a crime fighter? What's your superhero name, The Masked Twat?

BARRY

I haven't come up with a name yet. But I stopped criminals from carrying out criminal deeds.

WAYNE

Why? What right have you got to stop people carrying out criminal deeds?

BARRY

Well...crime is wrong.

WAYNE

Who says crime is wrong? Politicians that's who! The same people who make up the laws in the first place!

BARRY

But without laws...there'd be chaos.

WAYNE

Good. I like chaos. Anarchy, eat the rich, everyman for himself... all that stuff.

Wayne walks over to Barry and pokes him in the chest.

WAYNE

It's a cruel bastard world full of cruel bastard people. You need to wake up sunshine.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Use your power to get what you want or one day you'll lose it and you'll be back to square one...a tit. Now get out of my shop and don't come back!

Wayne opens the door and shoves Barry out into the street.

WAYNE

Mentalist!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry stumbles and falls to the ground. Wayne slams the door.

Barry gets to his feet and brushes himself down. He looks thoughtful.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Barry stands outside the supermarket holding a pathetic bunch of daffodils watching Whitney flirt with a stylishly dressed CUSTOMER.

He looks down at his own drab clothing and shuffles off. He bins the flowers.

EXT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY

Barry walks past an amusement arcade. He suddenly looks inspired.

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY

Barry walks up to a ten pence drop-down game. He casts a furtive look around then focuses on a ten pence piece that hangs over the edge of one of the moving shelves... the coin falls into the collection chute.

He grabs the coin, grinning. He slots it into the machine and watches it drop onto the moving tiers below. Coins drop and others are pushed closer to the edge but nothing falls. He sighs and walks away.

Barry reappears looking inspired again. He focuses on all the coins hanging over the collection chute...an avalanche of coins crashes into the chute!

He looks ecstatic. He fills his pockets with coins and heads towards the exit.

Barry passes a slot machine and stops. He glances around nervously and then slots a coin into one of the machines. He presses the button and concentrates.

The symbols spin...

CHUNK! - Bag with dollar sign!

CHUNK! - Bag with dollar sign!

CHUNK! - Bag with dollar sign!

A SIREN WAILS and pound coins machine-gun into the collection slot. Barry gleefully shovels the coins into his pockets.

MONTAGE:

- Barry walks into a clothes store. He looks up at a manakin with a cool outfit on.

- He empties dozens of pound coins onto a check-out counter.

- He leaves the shop dressed in the same outfit as the manakin, carrying bags stuffed with clothes.

- Barry walks past an opticians. He sees his reflection in the window and frowns. He enters the opticians.

- He tries on different glasses with the help of a friendly FEMALE OPTICIAN.

- He leaves the opticians wearing a pair of stylish glasses.

- Barry walks past a barber shop. He sees his reflection in the shop's window. He enters the barbers.

- Barry leaves the barbers, his hair professionally cut with a slight Superman spit-curl. He now looks almost... well...handsome.

END MONTAGE

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/HALLWAY - DAY

A group of WORKMEN and CARPENTERS file out of the flat. Some carrying tools, some carrying Barry's old furniture.

BARRY

Thank you.

Barry closes the front door and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

As well as the new TV there is also a DVD player, stereo, a bar, leather sofas and a large fish tank full of exotic fish.



There is also a bookcase with a small bust of Shakespeare amidst the books.

Barry goes behind the bar and takes out a can of beer from a small fridge and pours it into a large brandy glass.

He walks over to the bust of Shakespeare and flips back its head - revealing a red button. He presses the button and the bookcase swings open to reveal a secret compartment. His costume hangs on the wall inside.

Barry swirls his beer and smiles.

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Whitney boredly hands a customer her change and receipt and starts scanning the next customer's shopping.

BARRY (O.S.)

Hello, Whitney.

Whitney looks up and sees the new and improved Barry. Her jaw drops, her gum falls out.

WHITNEY

(stunned)

Alright?

Whitney scans Barry's shopping, finding it hard to take her eyes off him.

BARRY

I hear there was some excitement on the estate last night.

WHITNEY

Yeah?

BARRY

Yes, apparently somebody stopped some criminals from carrying out criminal deeds.

WHITNEY

Yeah?

Whitney scans the last items: a box of chocolates, a bunch of flowers and some chewing gum

BARRY

Those are for you.

WHITNEY

(stunned)

For me?

She smiles at Barry.

BARRY

Look...I know this may seem a bit sudden...well, maybe not sudden, you have been working here for three years...but do you think that you might want to go out-

WHITNEY

Oh, my god.

BARRY

What?

Barry has a heavy nosebleed. The spell is broken.

BARRY

Oh...er...

WHITNEY

I am totally going to be sick.

Whitney turns to a male SUPERVISOR.

WHITNEY

Mister Johnson, I'm gonna be sick, can I go home?

EXT. STREET - LATER

Whitney walks down the street, busily texting on her mobile. Barry walks beside her. His outfit is now covered with blood, his hair a mess.

BARRY

Sorry about that. I don't know why that happened. I've not had nosebleeds since I was in secondary school.

Whitney ignores him.

BARRY

Might have something to do with my accident...

Whitney doesn't react.

BARRY

Yeah, had a pretty bad accident the other night. I...er...I got hit by a meteorite...

Whitney snaps her gum.

BARRY

Pretty lucky really. They say you have less chance of winning the lottery than being hit by a meteorite...

No response from Whitney. Barry stops walking

BARRY

And...and it gave me special powers!

Whitney stops and turns.

WHITNEY

(suspicious)  
Special powers? Like what?

BARRY

Like this!

Barry gestures towards a knocked over traffic bollard. Nothing happens. He strains...still nothing.

He gestures at a discarded lager can...nothing.

He gestures at a dog turd...strains...FARTS.

BARRY

(mortified)  
Ooh...pardon.

WHITNEY

Loser.

A car stuffed full of male and female TEENS pulls up. The driver shouts out.

DRIVING TEEN

Whitney, wanna lift?

WHITNEY

Yeah.

Whitney gets in the car.

DRIVING TEEN

(indicating Barry)  
Who's that loser?

WHITNEY

Nobody.

DRIVING TEEN

He looks like a trainspotter.

The teens laugh as the car speeds off.

BARRY  
 I'm not a loser! I'm not a nobody!  
 (pathetically)  
 I'm a hero.

Barry shuffles off miserably.

INT. BANK - DAY

A busy bank.

Wayne enters dressed in a cape and black Zorro mask.

WAYNE  
 Everybody be cool, this is a  
 robbery!

BANK CUSTOMERS turn in his direction. A few people smirk.

WAYNE  
 If any of you mother feckers move  
 I'm going to execute every mother  
 fecking one of you!

An OLD LADY turns to him.

OLD LADY IN BANK  
 (holding up handbag)  
 Can you help me find my reading  
 glasses, dear?

WAYNE  
 No! Go away! I'm a super villain  
 not a boy scout.

A BANK MANAGER approaches Wayne.

BANK MANAGER  
 Can I help you, sir?

WAYNE  
 Ah, yes, good. Um...give me all  
 your money.

BANK MANAGER  
 (smiles)  
 Is this for comic relief?

WAYNE  
 No, it's not. It's the exact  
 opposite. Give me lots of money  
 and I'll keep it.

BANK MANAGER  
 I see. Um...could you go away now  
 please?

Wayne sighs. He storms over to a door leading to the bank offices. He smashes through the door like it's made of tissue paper. Which it isn't.

BANK OFFICES

The BANK STAFF are shocked at Wayne's sudden appearance.

WAYNE

Right, give me lots of money now!

The staff begin putting money into canvas bags. The Bank Manager steps through the doorway behind Wayne.

WAYNE

And don't try any funny stuff or  
I'll kill you all!

He steps back, treading on the Bank Manager's foot.

BANK MANAGER

Ow.

WAYNE

Sorry.  
(remembering his  
role)  
No, I'm not!

Wayne notices an attractive FEMALE BANK WORKER sitting at a desk looking slightly nervous. He slinks over to her and sits on the edge of her desk next to a fluffy smurf.

WAYNE

Hello there...  
(reads her name tag)  
Michelle. Tell me, do you like bad  
men?

FEMALE BANK WORKER

Not really.

WAYNE

Of course you do. Treat them mean,  
keep them keen...all that stuff.  
(intimately)  
I can buy you anything you want.  
Shoes, frocks, cakes...tampons...

BANK MANAGER

Actually Miss West is my fiance.

WAYNE

Was I talking to you? Was I?

BANK MANAGER

No.

WAYNE

No.

BANK MANAGER

Sorry.

FEMALE BANK WORKER

You're not my type.

WAYNE

Oh, come now...

FEMALE BANK WORKER

I like sensitive men.

WAYNE

No, you don't...

FEMALE BANK WORKER

I do.

WAYNE

Rubbish! What's the matter with you?

FEMALE BANK WORKER

I don't like you...

WAYNE

You do!

FEMALE BANK WORKER

You're weird.

WAYNE

(angry)  
Weird?

Wayne angrily tears the head off her smurf.

FEMALE BANK WORKER

You bastard!

WAYNE

That's right! I am a bastard!  
That's my name in fact...The  
Thieving Bastard!

He laughs triumphantly, steps back and accidentally presses an alarm button set into a counter. An ALARM RINGS.

WAYNE

Aargh! What's going on? Who did that?

BANK MANAGER

You did.

WAYNE

Give me the money quick!

The bank staff hand him several bags of money which he struggles to hold onto.

WAYNE

Count to eighty million!

He runs off back through the...

BANK

He pushes his way through the bank customers.

The old lady approaches him again.

OLD LADY IN BANK

Can you help me find my reading glasses?

WAYNE

NO!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne runs down the street pushing through crowds of pedestrians.

WAYNE

Move! Move!

A police car appears, SIREN wailing.

WAYNE

Shit!

Wayne ducks into a phone box and pretends to make a call. The police car drives past. Wayne leaves, grabbing a couple of call-girl cards as he does.

The police car drives back towards him.

WAYNE

Crap!

Wayne runs, dropping a bag as he does.

WAYNE

Bugger!

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Wayne scarpers down a narrow street. The police car SCREECHES to a stop at the end of the street unable to go any further. Smith and Jones leap out of the car.

WPC JONES

Freeze!

WAYNE

Go away!

Jones draws and sprays her pepper-spray gun and fires a pitiful squirt after Wayne who is half way down the street and still running.

WPC SMITH

Come on!

Smith and Jones run after Wayne.

One of Wayne's bags catches on a bicycle rickshaw stopping both Wayne and the rickshaw. Wayne tugs at the bag and it tears - ten and twenty pound notes spill out and are scattered by the wind.

WAYNE

NO!

PASSERS-BY descend on the money. A BUSINESS MAN knocks aside a HOMELESS MAN with his suitcase. A CHILD in a pushchair happily tears up bank notes.

WAYNE

Stop! Help! Police!

WPC SMITH

Freeze!

Smith draws her baton and throws it - missing Wayne and smashing a shop window. Wayne runs off.

WPC SMITH

Shit!

An angry SHOPKEEPER comes out of the shop and sees Smith and Jones.

SHOPKEEPER

Oi!

Smith and Jones turn and run back towards their car. The shopkeeper gives chase.

WPC JONES

(into radio)

Back-up! Back-up!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Wayne runs through a playground carrying his remaining bag. A group of small CHILDREN see him and start pelting him with stones.



WAYNE

Ow! Get off! Stop it!

EXT. 'NUFF SAID COMIC SHOP/BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Wayne arrives at a door at the back of his shop. "'Nuff said parking only!" is scrawled on the door. He unlocks the door and goes inside.

INT. 'NUFF SAID COMIC SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Wayne goes through a curtained-off area and up a flight of stairs.

INT. WAYNE'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Wayne enters a dingy flat. He slumps into a chair and laughs triumphantly. He takes out handfuls of...

WAYNE

Yen?!...YEN?!

He kicks the bag of money across the floor.

WAYNE

Jesus! The bastards won't even let you rob them properly!

Wayne walks over to a chest of drawers and struggles to open one of the drawers. He pulls hard, managing to open it. He looks confused.

He takes a pack of cigarettes and lights one. His nose starts to bleed. He wipes his nose...sees the blood...faints.

EXT. BANK - LATER

D I Parry's car pulls up and he gets out. Smith and Jones stand by their car. Smith is comforting Jones who is sobbing.

D I PARRY

(to Smith)

Hey, what's all this then?

WPC SMITH

Miriam's a bit upset, sir.

WPC JONES

(crying)

He got away.

D I PARRY

Oh...

WPC JONES

I hate it when they get away. They always get away!

D I PARRY

They don't always get away...

WPC JONES

Most of the time.

D I PARRY

Yeah...

Jones starts crying again.

D I PARRY

Hey it's not our job to catch them all, is it? Just some of them.

WPC JONES

Yeah...

D I PARRY

Remember what Sylvester Stallone said in Cobra?

WPC JONES

We're the disease...they're the cure.

D I PARRY

Yeah, it's actually the other way round but...

D I Parry takes some change from his pocket.

D I PARRY

Here, go and get yourself some chips.

WPC JONES

(smiles)  
Thanks, sir.

Jones goes off.

D I PARRY

(to Smith)  
Come on.

D I Parry walks back towards the bank. Smith follows, sulking.

WPC SMITH

I like chips...

INT. BANK - LATER

D I Parry examines the broken door. He shakes his head in disbelief. Smith examines the decapitated smurf. The Bank Manager and staff look on.

WPC SMITH

What kind of man does this to a smurf?

D I PARRY

Never mind that. What kind of man can do this to a door?

(to Bank Manager)

You say he just smashed the door down?

BANK MANAGER

Yes. Like it was tissue paper.

WPC SMITH

Maybe he was on stearoids... stereoids...

D I PARRY

No, it would take something more than steroids to do something like this.

WPC SMITH

He could have been a robot with like...plastic skin on or something...like Terminator.

D I PARRY

Yeah...

WPC SMITH

Or maybe his arms were robot arms-

D I PARRY

Yeah, okay...go and look for some clues, will you?

Smith drifts off.

BANK MANAGER

He looked very much like a real person.

FEMALE BANK WORKER

Smelled like one too.

WPC SMITH

Guv!

D I Parry goes over to Smith.

D I PARRY

How many times have I told you?  
Don't call me "Guv"!...It's Harry.

WPC SMITH

Sorry, Harry. Er...I've found  
something.

Smith hands D I Parry a price label.

INSERT LABEL: "£5.99. Nuff Said Comics."

BACK TO SCENE

D I PARRY

Nuff Said Comics. Nuff?

WPC SMITH

Could be a clue.

D I PARRY

It could be a clue. Well done,  
Smith.

WPC SMITH

(embarrassed)

Thanks...So what do you think,  
Harry?

D I PARRY

I think something very strange is  
going on. First we have some man  
in a mask moving things about with  
his mind. Now we have this  
Thieving Bastard character  
stealing money and breaking a big  
door.

WPC SMITH

And a smurf.

D I PARRY

And a smurf.

WPC SMITH

It's like something out of a film.

D I PARRY

Yes. Either way I think we better  
keep a lid on this until we know  
what we're dealing with.

WPC SMITH

Can I tell my mum?

D I PARRY

Best not.

INT. LEE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lee is on the phone, smoking a large cigar.

LEE

Don't worry about the details...  
I'm still under contract for one  
more show, aren't I?...exactly.  
And when you see what this lad can  
do you'll be wanting to extend  
that contract, believe you me...

(listens)

Never you mind what he can do. I  
have taught him well, that's all  
you need to know...

A loud insistent KNOCKING.

BARRY (O.S.)

Mister Lee! It's me, Barry!

LEE

(into phone)

Gotta go. You just have that  
contract ready.

Lee hangs up and goes and opens the front door. Barry enters.

BARRY

Did you get my message?

LEE

No. What about?

BARRY

I've been using my powers to fight  
crime.

LEE

(shocked)

Eh? What sort of crime? Not tax  
evasion?

BARRY

No, anti-social behaviour.

LEE

(relieved)

Oh. Well you can cut that out  
right away.

BARRY

Why?

LEE

Don't you know what happens to have-a-go-heroes? You could get hurt.

Barry seems flattered by his concern

LEE

Then what am I going to do, eh? Plus the coppers won't like it.

BARRY

Why not? I'm helping them fight crime.

LEE

You're a vigilante! They won't take kindly to that. Showing them up. Making them look daft. They'll lock you up. Or shoot you! Why do you think Superman lives in a cave?

BARRY

But it's my power! It's gone!

LEE

Gone?

Lee grabs Barry by the shirt.

LEE

What do you mean it's gone?!

BARRY

I think the aliens took it back.

LEE

Aliens?...oh, them. Well, what happened?

BARRY

I think I used it all up...plus I think I might have abused it.

LEE

Abused it? How?

BARRY

I used it to make money.

LEE

Oh! How?

BARRY

Slot machines.

LEE

Slot machines! Well there you are then! You can't use your power for personal gain!

BARRY

But what about you?

LEE

(guilty)  
That was different.

BARRY

How?

LEE

Well, it was a different kind of power for a start. And anyway we're talking about you, sunshine!  
(sighs)  
I don't believe this is happening. We're supposed to do the Lottery tomorrow!

BARRY

The Lottery? I never agreed to that.

LEE

Never agreed? Oh that's charming that is. That's gratitude. Here I am teaching you how to use your gift...trying to make you famous. What do I get out of it? I gave up my spot on the lottery to get you on TV.

Barry looks guilty.

LEE

Talk about stabbed in the back. Eighty-two, Brute, eighty-two?

BARRY

I'm sorry, Lee. I will do the Lottery show...if that's what you want.

LEE

No, you do what you want...

BARRY

No, I want to. I am grateful. I'd like to pay you back.

LEE

Well...

BARRY

What will I have to do?

LEE

Oh, nothing much. Move a few things around.

BARRY

But what about my power? Do you think it will come back? I'm afraid to try it.

LEE

Hang on.

Lee goes and gets a pack of cards and returns to Barry.

LEE

Okay...now concentrate.

Lee picks a card (the eight of diamonds) and stares at it.

LEE

Not too hard! Just take it easy. Stay in first.

Barry concentrates...

The cards leap out of Lee's hands and shoot upwards. Lee and Barry look up - the cards are stuck to the ceiling, arranged in the shape of a seven and a diamond.

BARRY

Did I get it right?

LEE

Close enough.

Barry smiles.

LEE

Do that tomorrow and you and I will be on the gravy boat for life.

BARRY

(nervous)  
I've never been on telly before.

LEE

You'll be fine.

Barry rubs his forehead and grimaces.

LEE

What's up?



BARRY

Oh, I've just got this migraine. I had a nosebleed too. You don't think I'm damaging my brains using this power, do you?

Lee looks guilty.

LEE

No, no. You just need to get some rest. Let your power build up again. Save yourself for tomorrow...

Lee guides Barry to the door.

LEE

And no more slot machines! And no more crime-fighting!

BARRY

Okay.

Barry stops at the door.

BARRY

I am grateful, Lee, honest. You're the best friend I've ever had.

Barry leaves. Lee closes the door. He looks guilty.

He sits down on the sofa. He notices the portrait of David Blaine looking at him.

LEE

What are you looking at?

The cards fall from the ceiling like snow.

INT. POLICE STATION/BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

D I Parry wipes clean a white board. A dozen or so POLICEMEN and POLICEWOMEN sit facing him, laughing and messing about.

There are newspaper clippings about Barry and Wayne's activities and photographs of witnesses on the wall. Parry turns to face the police officers.

D I PARRY

All right, settle down!

The room goes quiet.

D I PARRY

Now...Batman, Spiderman, Superman. What do these characters all have in common?

WPC SMITH

They're all men.

D I PARRY

Yes. What else?

POLICEMAN

They're films.

D I PARRY

Yees. But more than that...they have special powers, don't they?

WPC JONES

Jesus, sir. He had special powers.

D I PARRY

Well, let's stick to real people, shall we?

(beat)

Now all of these people have a certain kind of power, don't they? What kind of powers do they have?...anybody?

SECOND POLICEMAN

They're strong?

D I PARRY

Yes! Well done. They have...

(writes on board)

Superhuman strength don't they, some of them? I can't see Jesus lifting a car, can you?

The police officers laugh at Jones.

D I PARRY

What other kinds of powers are there? Hmm?

POLICEMAN

Invisible?

D I PARRY

Invisible, good. Some people can make themselves invisible, can't they?

WPC JONES

Jesus is invisible, sir.

D I PARRY

(points to door)

Get out.

Jones gets up and leaves the room, sulking.

D I PARRY  
Now, what other powers?

WPC SMITH  
A cape?

D I PARRY  
That's not really a power, is it?

SECOND POLICEMAN  
Mind powers?

D I PARRY  
Yes! Mind powers!  
(writes)  
Mind powers. Some people can move things with their minds, can't they? And we have several witnesses that swear they saw a man do just that.

D I Parry circles "Mind powers".

THIRD POLICEMAN  
Should arrest Uri Gellar, sir.

Everybody laughs.

D I PARRY  
Mister Geller has an alibi.  
(beat)  
So we have this man, who we'll call...  
(writes)  
The Mind Bender. Yes? I thought of that one. And just one day later we have the appearance of our friend The Thieving Bastard.

D I Parry circles "Superhuman strength".

D I PARRY  
Coincidence?

Several officers say "yes".

D I PARRY  
No. There is a connection. There is a relationship between these two men. And it is our job to catch them.

SECOND POLICEMAN  
But the bender caught a drug dealer.

D I PARRY

A citizen's arrest is one thing.  
Sticking people on lampposts is  
something else. We have enough  
trouble doing this job ourselves  
without other people doing it for  
us. If he's such a good citizen  
he'll leave crime fighting to the  
professionals.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry walks miserably down the street.

A MAN drops a half-eaten burger on the pavement. Barry starts to gesture at the man...he stops, sighs, picks up the burger and puts it in a bin.

A WOMAN walking a dog lets it crap on the street. Barry shakes his head and walks on.

A car drives past with its stereo BLARING.

INT. BLOCK OF FLATS/FOYER - DAY

Barry enters, steps over the statue and walks to the lift. He goes to push the button but stops. He sighs and heads for the stairs instead.

INT. WAYNE'S FLAT - DAY

Wayne sits on the sofa with a glass of champagne looking expectantly towards his open bedroom door.

WAYNE

C'mon, C'mon!

A CALL GIRL appears in the doorway dressed in a Wonder Woman outfit. Wayne's eyes light up. A second CALL GIRL appears dressed in a Robin outfit.

CALL GIRL

(Eastern European  
accent)

You want saucy time now?

WAYNE

Don't speak! Fight!

The call girls reluctantly pick up plastic Star Trek style fighting sticks and begin reluctantly fighting.

WAYNE

Yes! Yes! Go on! Get in there!

SECOND CALL GIRL

Can we have sex now?

WAYNE

No! Fight!

The call girls continue fighting.

A far off KNOCKING.

Wayne sighs.

WAYNE

Bastards!

He gets up and leaves the room.

INT. 'NUFF SAID COMIC SHOP - DAY

Wayne walks to the front door. The KNOCKING continues.

WAYNE

Alright! Alright! This better be important!

Wayne opens the door to find D I Parry standing there, holding up his badge.

D I PARRY

Jehovah's Witness. Like to talk to you about Jesus.

Wayne looks baffled.

D I PARRY

(chuckling)

I'm just joking, sir. I've always wanted to do that. I'm Detective Inspector Harry Parry...of the police.

WAYNE

(panicking)

I didn't do anything! Why am I being harassed? There are immigrants all over the place, you should be arresting them!...

D I PARRY

Calm down, sir. I'm not here to arrest you. Why do people always assume I'm going to arrest them? I hardly ever arrest people. Not for want of trying mind you.

D I Parry chuckles. Wayne tries to laugh nonchalantly.

D I PARRY

Do you mind if I come in?

WAYNE

Er...I've just made some toast.  
It'll get cold.

D I PARRY

I'll only be a moment.

Wayne stands aside as D I Parry enters. D I Parry looks around the shop.

D I PARRY

Look at all these comics! I suppose there's no point opening the shop when the children are all in school.

WAYNE

I don't let children in the shop. They have sticky fingers...and they steal. I hate stealing. Anyway there's nothing here for children.

D I PARRY

What? You mean all this is for grown men?

D I Parry picks up a comic.

WAYNE

What's wrong with that? What's wrong with using pictures to tell stories? Nobody complained when Andy Warhol was painting soup.

D I Parry examines a comic with a large breasted woman on the cover.

WAYNE

Look, Lieutenant...

D I PARRY

Call me Harry.

WAYNE

Er...no. Look I'm a very busy man...

Parry puts down the comic.

D I PARRY

Of course, I'm sorry. The reason I'm here is because of this...

D I Parry removes an evidence bag with the price label in and holds it up.

WAYNE

It's a forgery.

D I PARRY

I don't think so. We found this at a crime scene and we have reason to believe that the criminal that we are looking for was wearing a costume that he bought from this very shop.

WAYNE

I don't sell costumes.

There is a large selection of costumes hanging up behind Wayne.

WAYNE

Apart from these. And...all those...

D I PARRY

Do you sell capes?

WAYNE

No. No capes. Just those over there.

D I PARRY

And do you remember anyone buying a cape recently?

WAYNE

No.

(thinks)

It was stolen. Yes, somebody stole a cape. I didn't see their face. It was a hoody.

D I PARRY

(tuts)

People will steal anything these days, won't they? Do you have a security camera?

WAYNE

No. It was stolen too.

D I PARRY

They stole the camera as well?

(shakes his head)

Shocking. Absolutely shocking. Did you report it?

WAYNE

No. I didn't want to waste police time. I know you're very busy with all the crime and all.

D I PARRY

It is never a waste of police time to report a crime. It's quite often a waste of the victim's time, but never ours.

WAYNE

So should I report that then?

D I PARRY

I wouldn't bother.

Parry puts away the evidence bag.

D I PARRY

Well, thank you for your time, sir. Sorry to drag you away from your toast.

WAYNE

That's perfectly fine.

D I Parry heads for the door. He does a Colombo stop- and- turn.

D I PARRY

One last thing. Where were you at twelve o'clock today?

WAYNE

I was...on the toilet. I have diarrhoea.

D I PARRY

Oh. Well...thank you for your honesty.

D I Parry leaves the shop. Wayne slams the door after him.

WAYNE

Fascist.

He notices a leaflet sticking out of the letter box. He reads it.

INSERT LEAFLET: "COMICON 2008! KAPOW! World's most expensive comics to go on display!"

BACK TO SCENE

Wayne smiles slyly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

D I Parry crosses the road and gets into his car.



INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jones is in the passenger seat, Smith in the back.

D I PARRY

The cheese is in the trap.

Smith and Jones look thoughtful.

JONES

Who's the cheese? Him?

D I PARRY

No, he's the mouse. The cheese is the leaflet.

SMITH

Where's the mouse?

D I PARRY

Well...the mouse is looking at the cheese. And as soon as he takes a bite the trap is going to be sprung.

A moments silence.

JONES

Are we the trap?

D I PARRY

Yes.

SMITH

Mice don't eat cheese. Saw it on telly.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry sits watching TV. He changes the channel from one news programme to another, all reporting various crimes.

A KNOCK at the front door. Barry switches off the TV and walks into the...

HALLWAY

Barry opens the front door. D I Parry stands outside.

D I PARRY

(flashing badge)

Hello, sir, sorry to bother you.  
I'm Detective Inspector Parry. May I come in?

BARRY  
 (nervous)  
 Er...um...er...yes.

Barry stands aside and D I Parry enters.

BARRY  
 Er...would you like some soup?

D I PARRY  
 Not while I'm on duty thank you,  
 sir.

LIVING ROOM

D I Parry enters the living room, Barry follows looking nervous. D I Parry casts an eye over Barry's stuff.

D I PARRY  
 I'm making enquiries about some of  
 the strange incidents that there  
 have been recently.

BARRY  
 Incidents?

D I PARRY  
 Yes, the strange goings on.

Barry gulps.

PARRY  
 And I think you know why I've come  
 to see you, don't you, sir?

BARRY  
 I...

PARRY  
 Because of your view!

D I Parry walks to the window and looks out.

D I PARRY  
 "Parry" I said to myself "It's no  
 good asking the people on the  
 ground if they saw anything. Ask  
 them at the top!"

Parry admires the view.

D I PARRY  
 I feel like I'm in a watchtower.

Parry shoots people with an imaginary rifle.

D I PARRY  
 Bang! Take that Mister Mugger!  
 Bang! Take that Mister Joy Rider!

Barry looks appalled. Parry stops shooting people.

D I PARRY  
Of course that wouldn't be legal.  
Er...have you seen anything  
unusual recently?

BARRY  
No...not really.

D I PARRY  
How about him?

D I Parry takes out an artist's impression of Barry in costume and gives it to him.

D I PARRY  
Scary character, isn't he?

BARRY  
Yes.

D I PARRY  
They say he has magical powers...

BARRY  
Psychic powers...er...apparently.  
I don't believe in that sort of  
thing myself.

D I Parry walks over to the bust of Shakespeare and rests his hand on it. Barry looks nervous.

D I PARRY  
Well, you know what Shakespeare  
said "There are more things in  
Heaven and on Earth..." I forget  
the rest...

D I Parry continues to wander around the room.

D I PARRY  
Very nice place you have here,  
sir. Can I ask what you do for a  
living?

BARRY  
I deliver leaflets.

D I PARRY  
Oh. Pays well does it?

BARRY  
Um...no. I won some money on the  
lottery.

D I PARRY  
Really? Well, congratulations!  
Lovely, lovely.

(MORE)

D I PARRY (CONT'D)  
 I don't play the lottery myself.  
 Well they say the chance of  
 winning is the same as being  
 struck by lightning.

BARRY  
 I...suppose I'm just lucky.

D I Parry smiles at him for a moment.

D I PARRY  
 Right, well I won't take up any  
 more of your time.

D I Parry leaves the room followed by Barry.

HALLWAY

Barry opens the front door for D I Parry. D I Parry hands  
 Barry his card.

D I PARRY  
 If you do see anything suspicious,  
 give me a ring.

BARRY  
 Alright.

D I Parry picks up a newspaper lying outside Barry's  
 door.

D I PARRY  
 Is this yours?

BARRY  
 Oh, thanks.

D I PARRY  
 Stay lucky.

D I Parry leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Jones exit a neighbouring flat.

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
 Nine Nazis I killed! With my bare  
 hands!

The door slams closed. Smith and Jones wanders over to D  
 I Parry.

WPC JONES  
 Any luck Harry? Was it him?

D I PARRY  
 (smiles)  
 Not a chance.

They walk off.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Barry breathes a sigh of relief.

He looks at the front page of the paper. There is a headline: "Thieving Bastard!" Below which is a CCTV still that shows Wayne fleeing the bank.

Barry frowns.

EXT. COMIC CON - MORNING

A large conference centre displays a large sign pronouncing: "Comic Con 2008".

Most of the PEOPLE who stream into the conference centre are dressed as superheroes or TV characters.

Amidst the crowds Wayne (dressed in his Thieving Bastard outfit) enters the conference. The meteorite is on a chain around his neck.

Wayne spots a man dressed in an identical outfit to his entering the conference centre.

WAYNE

Bastard.

Wayne enters the building.

INT. COMIC CON - DAY

Countless comic and merchandise stalls fill the interior of the conference centre. Various TV and film PERSONALITIES sign autographs for people.

In the centre of the room is a large display case housing several comics.

Four SECURITY GUARDS guard the display as people gawp at the comics.

A STAR WARS STORMTROOPER stands against one wall. A SECOND STORMTROOPER and a rather short DARTH VADER walk over and stand next to it. Darth Vader removes his helmet - it is D I Parry.

D I PARRY

Phew! I'm flipping boiling in here!

The second stormtrooper removes their helmet - it's Jones.

JONES

My tits are killing me.

D I Parry speaks into a walky-talky.

D I PARRY

Star Wars One to Star Trek Three.  
Come in, over.

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM

A MAN dressed as Spock speaks into a radio.

UNDERCOVER POLICEMAN

Star Trek Three here, over.

D I PARRY (O.S.)

Any sign of our suspect? Over.

STAR TREK 3

No, sign yet, sir. Over.

D I PARRY

D I PARRY

Alright, keep your eyes peeled  
good buddy, over.

D I Parry turns to the other stormtrooper.

D I PARRY

You alright there, Smith?

The stormtrooper doesn't respond.

D I PARRY

Sarah?

D I Parry removes the stormtrooper's helmet revealing a  
manakin's head.

D I PARRY

Aargh! Oh God!

Smith appears in a stormtrooper outfit, her helmet under  
one arm, drinking a Slush Puppy.

D I PARRY

(relieved)

Oh, God...I thought your face had  
melted off...

SMITH

There's no sign of The Thieving  
Bastard.

D I PARRY

Don't worry he'll show.

SMITH

How do you know?

D I PARRY

In order to catch a criminal you  
have to learn to think like him.  
You have to put yourself in his  
shoes. Get under his skin.

(to Smith, indicating  
drink)

May I?

Smith hands over the slush puppy. D I Parry pours it into  
his suit.

D I PARRY

Ooh! Ooh! That's lovely!

D I Parry puts on his helmet.

D I PARRY

(Vader voice)

RIGHT, I'M GOING FOR A WEE.

The three wander off.

ELSEWHERE

The Thieving Bastard wanders through the crowd. A MAN  
dressed as a Ghostbuster spots him and speaks into a  
walky-talky.

INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

D I Parry stands at a urinal, his Vader helmet on,  
humming to himself. His walky-talky CRACKLES...

SECOND UNDERCOVER

POLICEMAN

(V.O.)

(filtered)

Ghostbusters Two to Star Wars One,  
come in, over!

D I Parry fumbles for his walky-talky.

D I PARRY

(Vader voice)

STAR WARS ONE HERE.

SECOND UNDERCOVER

POLICEMAN

(V.O.)

I've spotted The Thieving Bastard!

D I PARRY

(Vader voice)

I'M ON MY WAY!

D I Parry runs over to the sinks and quickly washes his hands. He turns on a hand dryer and starts drying his hands.

D I PARRY  
(Vader voice)  
COME ON, COME ON!

He gives up.

D I PARRY  
(Vader voice)  
OH...BUGGER IT!

He runs out of the toilet.

INT. COMIC CON - MOMENTS LATER

D I Parry comes running out of the toilets. He sees several UNDERCOVER POLICEMEN in various outfits wrestle Thieving Bastard to the ground.

D I Parry rushes over. He takes off his helmet. Smith and Jones appear too.

D I PARRY  
Alright Mister Doolan, the game is  
up.

D I Parry pulls off Thieving Bastard's mask...it is not Wayne.

D I PARRY  
You're not him! Why are you  
dressed like that?

The Thieving Bastard impersonator is dragged to his feet.

THIEVING BASTARD      IMPERSONATOR  
I saw his picture in the paper.

D I PARRY  
(to police)  
Arrest him.

SECOND UNDERCOVER      POLICEMAN  
On what charge?

D I PARRY  
Impersonating a criminal.

The impersonator is taken away. D I Parry sighs and puts his helmet back on.

ELSEWHERE

Wayne wanders towards the display case housing the prize comics. He licks his lips as he looks at the comics.



He takes a deep breath and steps over the rope around the display case. The security guards surge forward.

SECURITY GUARD

Step back please, sir.

WAYNE

Make me.

The security guard puts his hand on Wayne. Wayne grabs him by the lapels and throws him into the crowd.

D I Parry, Smith and Jones see the commotion.

JONES

There he is!

D I PARRY

(Vader voice)

SEIZE HIM!

They run forward.

Wayne throws aside the three other guards. One of the guards bumps into a man dressed as SUPERMAN who bumps into someone dressed as BATMAN - the two begin fighting.

Soon fighting breaks out between dozens of people, hampering the police's attempts to get at Wayne.

Wayne smashes the glass in the display case and grabs the comics. He laughs triumphantly then carefully takes out some comic bags and starts bagging the comics.

A lightsabre flies out of the surrounding melee and hits Wayne on the head causing him to drop one of the comics.

WAYNE

Watch it!

Wayne picks up the comic. He looks puzzled. He sniffs the comic. He opens the comic - the interior pages are blank.

WAYNE

It's a fake!

He checks the other comics - same.

Wayne lets out a furious roar and smashes up the display case.

He sees the police surging towards him. He grabs one of the security guards and pulls him to his feet.

WAYNE

Stay back or I'll pull his arm off!

The police stop.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD

Aaargh!

WAYNE

Shut up! Or I will pull your arm off!

SMALL SECURITY GUARD

Aaargh!

Wayne drags the guard through the crowd towards a fire exit, throwing people out of his path.

Wayne smashes open the fire exit doors and leaves, taking the security guard with him.

D I Parry watches Wayne go.

D I PARRY

(Vader voice)

BUGGER!

EXT. COMIC CON - DAY

Wayne drags the security guard away from the conference centre towards a closed shopping centre.

D I Parry, Smith, Jones and various police officers run out of the conference centre after him.

Wayne throws up the metal shutters of the shopping centre, kicks open the doors and pushes the guard inside. He slams shut the shutters after him.

D I Parry and the other police try to open the shutters but fail. D I Parry takes off his Darth Vader mask and throws it down angrily.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The lottery show set is being set up. A huge sign on the wall reads in very big letters "MYSTIC LEE PRESENTS..." and in much smaller letters "Mental Barry!"

Lee stands talking to a FLOOR MANGER.

LEE

And I don't want to end up getting bumped because the balls fall out of the machine again. Ten minutes I want or I'm suing for breach of contract.

The floor manager sighs and walks off. Lee takes out a phone and dials a number.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Barry ties a tie in front of the bathroom mirror. He looks miserable. The phone RINGS. Barry leaves the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Barry enters and picks up the phone. The TV is on.

BARRY

Hello?

INTERCUT FLAT/TV STUDIO

LEE

Barry? Y'alright? It's Lee. How are you?

BARRY

Fine.

LEE

Have you left yet?

BARRY

No, I'm just getting ready.

LEE

Eh?! We're on in an hour!

BARRY

I'm leaving now.

LEE

Aye, well get a move on!

BARRY

Alright. See you.

Barry hangs up the phone. He sighs. He picks up the remote control to turn off the TV when the Newsreader appears with "Breaking News" across the screen.

ON TV:

NEWSREADER

And this report just in: Police have confirmed that there is a hostage situation taking place in a shopping centre in the centre of the city. The hostage taker is said to be the man known as The Thieving Bastard, who has been responsible for several robberies over the past few days...

Barry drops the remote.

NEWSREADER

He is said to be holding a  
security guard hostage. We have  
this live footage.

The TV shows a picture of the shopping centre surrounded  
by police.

Barry looks determined. He rips off his tie.

MONTAGE:

- Barry flips back Shakespeare's head and presses the  
button.
- The secret doorway opens.
- Barry throws on his coat.
- puts on his mask.
- puts on his hat.

END MONTAGE

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Barry comes out of the lift passing a PIZZA DELIVERY MAN  
who gives him a puzzled look.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Barry exits. The Pizza Delivery Man's scooter is chained  
to a bollard. Barry waves a hand and the chain breaks. He  
gets onto the scooter as the Pizza Delivery Man comes  
running out of the building.

PIZZA DELIVERY MAN

Hey!

Barry drives off at speed.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Barry speeds through the streets on the scooter.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Lee paces impatiently.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

A police cordon surrounds the entrance to the shopping centre - armed police officers, dog units etc. BYSTANDERS watch on (most dressed as fictional characters.)

D I Parry is still dressed in his Darth Vader outfit.

D I PARRY  
(to police)  
Alright keep these people back.  
This is a very dangerous  
situation.

A POLICEMAN hands him a loud hailer.

D I PARRY  
Thanks.

D I Parry speaks through the loud hailer towards the shopping centre.

D I PARRY  
(amplified)  
Mister Doolan?

A metal bench smashes through a window on an upper floor.  
D I Parry tuts.

D I PARRY  
That's breaking the law right  
there.

Wayne appears at the window.

D I PARRY  
(amplified)  
Mister Doolan? Can you hear me? I  
want you to give yourself up.

WAYNE  
No!

D I PARRY  
(amplified)  
No, you can't hear me or no you  
don't want to give yourself up?

WAYNE  
No, I don't want to give myself  
up! I want a chopper!

D I PARRY  
(amplified)  
A bike?

WAYNE  
A helicopter!

D I PARRY

(amplified)

Well, we'd all like a helicopter.  
But we can't give you a helicopter  
because you've taken someone  
hostage, can we? It sends out the  
wrong signals.

WAYNE

I want it to take me to the  
airport!

D I PARRY

(amplified)

What time is your flight?

Barry pulls up on his scooter and makes his way through  
the crowd. Two POLICEMEN try to stop him - he gestures  
and they are thrown backwards. D I Parry notices him.

D I PARRY

I suppose you want a helicopter  
too.

BARRY

I've come to help.

D I PARRY

You? You are under arrest,  
sunshine.

BARRY

You can arrest me later. But right  
now I have to stop Wayne. I'm the  
only one who can.

WAYNE

Speak up!

BARRY

Wayne's my responsibility. I  
created him. I know how to stop  
him.

D I Parry thinks this over.

D I PARRY

Alright. You've got ten minutes.

BARRY

Thanks.

Barry walks towards the entrance to the shopping centre.

D I PARRY

Hey...

Barry turns.

D I PARRY

Be careful.

Barry smiles...a police car backs into him, knocking him down.

D I PARRY

I said be careful.

Barry gets to his feet and brushes himself down. He walks towards the shopping centre.

Barry gestures and the shutter lifts up. He enters the building.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Lee stands with his phone to his ear.

LEE

Come on...come on...

Lee notices some TV technicians gathered round a TV. He walks over, curious.

On the TV Barry walks towards the shopping centre.

LEE

NO! Where are you going?!  
(to technicians)  
What's going on?

TECHNITION

Hostage situation.

LEE

Hostage situation?

SECOND TECHNITION

There's some maniac on the loose.

On TV: Barry enters the shopping centre.

TECHNITION

He's gonna get himself killed.

Lee looks worried.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

Barry enters the shopping centre. All is darkness.

Barry gestures and all the lights flicker on, illuminating the entire shopping centre.

Wayne stands at the top of the escalators leading to the second level of shops.

WAYNE

Go home, Barker, you can't beat me.

BARRY

I want my meteorite back.

WAYNE

No. It's mine. Finders keepers.

BARRY

It's not yours. It was a gift from the universe.

WAYNE

Who are you, Cat Stevens?

BARRY

There's no way out, Wayne.

WAYNE

There's a fire exit.

BARRY

I mean you can't get away.

Barry steps onto the escalator, it immediately activates carrying Barry upwards.

SECOND LEVEL

Barry gets off the escalator. Wayne has disappeared. The security guard is tied up with a metal handrail.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD

Hiya.

BARRY

Don't worry I'll set you free.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD

No rush.

WAYNE (O.S.)

Barker!

Barry turns. Wayne has a metal bench raised over his head.

WAYNE

Now we'll see who has the power.  
Me!

Wayne throws the bench. Barry gestures - deflects the bench with some effort.

WAYNE

My power's still better than yours!



BARRY

You could have done so much good with your power, instead you used it for your own selfish ends.

WAYNE

So what? Why shouldn't I use it for selfish ends? Life is selfish. It's Darwinism. Survival of the fittest. All that stuff. Power, that's what it comes down to. You either have it or you don't.

BARRY

But you could have been a hero.

WAYNE

Who wants to be a hero? Heroes suffer, heroes die. Heroes work for a living. Heroes are idiots.

Wayne wrenches a bin from its fixtures and throws it at Barry. Barry deflects it.

BARRY

Let the guard go, Wayne.

WAYNE

Not until I get my helicopter!

BARRY

Don't make me hurt you.

WAYNE

Ha! You hurt me? Don't make me laugh! You little pillock. Come and have a go!

Barry gestures - a metal shutter shoots up revealing a sporting goods shop. The doors swing open.

Barry causes a pyramid of tennis balls to shoot through the air and hit Wayne, knocking him to the ground. Wayne snarls, gets to his feet.

WAYNE

Right, you little bastard!

Wayne goes to a display of bowling balls, piled up like cannonballs and rapidly bowls each one at great speed at Barry.

Barry concentrates on the first ball, slowing it down, but the next one causes him to leap aside. It smashes through the glass barrier to the level below.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

D I Parry and the police look on anxiously, hearing CRASHES from within the shopping centre.

Smith and Jones appear next to D I Parry. Smith has two handguns, Jones has a sub-machine gun.

SMITH

We want to go in, sir.

D I PARRY

No, it's too-

(notices guns)

What are you doing with those?!

JONES

(points)

We got them over there.

D I PARRY

You shouldn't have those!

SMITH

(points)

They've got them.

D I PARRY

They're armed police! Go and put them back!

Smith and Jones slink off sulking. D I Parry shakes his head.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

More bowling balls roll at Barry. Barry is hit in the shin and falls to his knees in pain.

He tries to stop the rest of the bowling balls but there are too many.

He dodges them and they all go through the barrier smashing to the ground below, bouncing down the escalator, crashing through windows.

The last ball smashes into Barry's arm. Barry cries out in pain.

WAYNE

Ah ha! Strike one!

Barry gets to his feet, angry.

With both hands he gestures at several manakins - one with a baseball bat, one with a tennis racket, one with a cricket bat, one with a snooker queue, all dressed appropriately.

The manakins start to move. They walk stiffly towards Wayne.

WAYNE

Oh, what's this now?

One manakin whacks Wayne with the baseball bat.

WAYNE

Argh!

The other manakins join in. Wayne shrieks in anger and pain.

Barry looks satisfied.

Wayne punches a manakin - shattering it. He destroys the other manakins.

Barry looks desperate. He sees a manakin holding a bow and arrow - the manakin turns, draws back its arm and fires its arrow... into Wayne's backside.

WAYNE

AAAARGGGHHH!

Wayne pulls the arrow out.

WAYNE

You total bastard!

Wayne grabs a punching bag hanging from the ceiling - rips it off its chain and throws it at Barry.

Barry stops it in mid-air...strains hard...then casts it aside. The fight is clearly taking a lot out of him.

WAYNE

What's the matter, Barker? Getting tired?

Barry's nose starts to bleed. He clutches his head.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up and Lee gets out. He looks around, then creeps around the side of the shopping centre avoiding the police cordon.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

Wayne grabs a handful of javelins and begins throwing them at Barry.

Barry manages to deflect most of the javelins but one hits him in the foot. Barry screams.

WAYNE

Ha ha! How do you like that, you little fecker?

Barry pulls the javelin out of his foot and collapses with pain.

Wayne picks up a photo booth.

WAYNE

I have the power!

Wayne staggers towards Barry with the photo booth raised above his head.

Barry crawls over to a bowling ball.

WAYNE

Say cheese!

Barry reaches out - the meteorite levitates on the chain around Wayne's neck...

Barry strains...

The chain breaks - the meteorite lands in his hand...

Barry picks up the bowling ball...

WAYNE

NOOO!

The bowling ball smashes the meteorite into fragments!

WAYNE

Oh shit!

Wayne screams as his strength gives way and he is crushed by the booth.

Barry gets to his feet, walks over to the photo booth. Wayne is trapped under it, largely unhurt.

WAYNE

I give up! I give up! Get this off me!

Barry limps away.

WAYNE

Come back! I give up!

Lee appears and rushes over to Barry.

BARRY

Lee?

LEE

What the bloody hell do you think you're playing at?

BARRY

I'm sorry, Lee, I-

LEE

You could have been killed!

BARRY

But the lottery-

LEE

Sod the lottery! You could have been hurt!

(notices Barry's  
foot)

Ooh, blood!

Lee starts to faint. Barry holds him up.

LEE

I'm no good with blood.

Lee pulls himself together.

LEE

Right, let's get out of here before they arrest you.

BARRY

But I said I'd hand myself in.

LEE

Eh? Why?

BARRY

Because I broke the law. It wouldn't be right to defend the law and then break it. Someone has to pay.

Lee thinks this over.

LEE

You're right.

BARRY

Am I?

LEE

Quick, give us your mask.

BARRY

What?

LEE

Do you trust me or what?

Barry takes off his mask and gives it to Lee who puts it on.

LEE

And the hat.

Barry gives Lee the hat, Lee puts it on.

LEE

Now hop it.

BARRY

But...

LEE

Go!

Barry limps off looking puzzled. Lee walks towards the escalators.

Wayne still struggles beneath the photo booth.

WAYNE

Hey! You! Get this of me! I'll give you some money!

LEE

There's more to life than money, pal.

BELOW

The police rush into the building, closely followed by the media.

A NEWS REPORTER sees Lee and shouts.

NEWSREPORTER

Look! It's him!

Everyone turns to look at Lee, police officers surge up the escalator.

Lee takes off his hat and mask with a flourish.

LEE

It is I!

Cameras flash. Police officers grab Lee and handcuff him and lead him down the escalator.

The security guard is still tied to the barrier.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD

Um...hello?

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - MOMENTS LATER

Lee is lead out. News reporters and members of the public surge round him.

NEWSREPORTER

Lee, where did you get your powers?

LEE

Aliens. Aliens did it. They sent me a podule.

Wayne is led away on a stretcher by PARAMEDICS. Smith and Jones accompany the stretcher. Wayne notices them.

WAYNE

Well, hello there.

SMITH

(flirtily)  
Hi.

JONES

(flirtily)  
Hi.

Barry appears and fights his way through the crowd. He sees Lee being put into a police car by D I Parry.

BARRY

No! I'm the one you want! I'm the one!

Barry cannot fight his way through the crowd of superheroes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT: "SIX MONTHS LATER."

FADE IN:

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry sits watching a breakfast news programme. His old furniture is back but the place looks tidier.

Barry is dressed in smart black trousers and a white shirt.

ON TV:

## FEMALE NEWSREADER

Lee Macintosh was released today after serving six months of a two year sentence for the crimes committed whilst masquerading as a masked vigilante. Just half an hour after his release he attended a book signing for his latest best selling book "The Man Behind The Mask."

Lee sits behind a desk grinning, surrounded by photographers, news reporters and ecstatic members of the public.

## FEMALE NEWSREADER

Macintosh was accompanied by his fiancée, pop singer Kylie Minogue, who he married whilst in prison.

A shot of Lee kissing Kylie.

LIVING ROOM

Barry grins.

ON TV:

A reporter puts a microphone in Lee's face.

## TV REPORTER

Lee, how was it inside prison?

## LEE

Oh, it was hell. Economy biscuits, Cuppa-Soup, soap-on-a-rope. It was like the dark ages.

## TV REPORTER

Are you planning any more vigilante action?

## LEE

No. I've learned my lesson.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Wayne sits on a bed in a prison cell watching Lee on television.

## WAYNE

Bastard! You wait 'til I get out of this hell hole!

Wayne grabs the bars on the window and tries to pull them off...to no avail.



A PRISON WARDEN enters the cell with a mug of tea and a newspaper.

PRISON WARDEN  
Here you go, sir.

He hands Wayne the tea and newspaper.

WAYNE  
(reluctantly)  
Thanks.

The Prison Warden leaves.

WAYNE  
Fascist.

Wayne sips his tea.

WAYNE  
Oh. This has only got two sugars  
in!

He opens the newspaper.

WAYNE  
And someone's coloured in the  
crossword again!  
(sighs)  
Why do bad things happen to good  
people?

He throws the newspaper at the TV.

INT. BARRY'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Barry still watches the TV. He suddenly notices the time on a wall clock: 8.50 AM. He puts down his cereal, turns off the TV and hurries out of the room.

EXT. ESTATE - DAY

A group of three KIDS kick a can around.

BARRY (O.S.)  
Stop right there!

The kids turn...Barry is dressed as a Community Support Officer.

BARRY  
It's nearly nine. You should be at  
school. Go on.

The kids groan and hurry off.

KID

See you, Barry.

SECOND KID

Bye, Barry.

BARRY

See you, lads.

Barry smiles and shakes his head.

He looks at the discarded can. He looks around to check no-one is watching then gestures at the can...nothing happens.

Barry smiles and shrugs. He picks up the can and drops it into a bin. He walks off on his rounds...

Suddenly there is a terrifying SCREAMING NOISE!

Barry looks up. A giant meteorite plummets from the sky and EXPLODES into the earth throwing up chunks of concrete and earth!

Barry looks in horror at the smoking crater...

A gigantic metal robot crawls out of the ground! Its eyes glow a baleful red!

It notices Barry.

BARRY

Oh fuck.

FADE OUT.