

COLD OPEN

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Every appliance in the opulent kitchen is artfully dismantled-  
The dishwasher, the oven, the espresso machine-  
Everything gutted for parts. A mess, but an intriguing one.

INT. LIVING ROOM

It's worse in here. The TV, the sound system-  
*A missing weiner on an antique, marble statue of a naked man-*  
Filleted and functionless... And accompanied by SINGING.  
A girl, BRIDGET (7), in a tone both innocent and stunning-  
Bounces through Elvis Costello's up-tempo version of-

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
"I'm the living result/I'm a man  
who's been hurt a little too  
much..."

PUSHING DOWN A HALLWAY

The walls are lined with photos-  
Sterile images of Bridget's smiling PARENTS through the years-  
With politicians and socialites and celebrities-  
Mixed with photos of a blank-faced Bridget through the years-  
With a nurse at the hospital, and a teacher in kindergarten-  
And an overtly jubilant janitor at the science fair-  
Nowhere do the worlds of Bridget and her parents intersect.  
All of this accompanied by sound of WHIRRING and BUZZING and-  
Bridget, still SINGING.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
"And I've tasted the bitterness of  
my own tears..."

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

The garage rolls up on tiny feet-  
Opening further for a rotund little girl. Rain boots, tutu-  
Bridget. On her head, everything she took apart in the house-  
Rebuilt into a comically-gigantic whirly-copter helmet.

BRIDGET  
"Sadness is all my lonely heart can  
feel..."

The smile on her face says it all: this moment is everything.

ON BRIDGET'S HAND AS

She wipes a sweaty palm off on her tutu and-

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
"I can't stand up for falling down/  
I can't stand up for falling  
down..."

She reaches for a tiny switch-  
*A little marble penis-*  
And flicks it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

She's airborne!  
The helmet comes to life, spinning and HUMMING... *Pure magic.*  
The little, top-heavy speck climbs into the sky when-  
BOOM! A shockwave cracks the scene, spinning her sideways and-  
Drilling her headfirst into the street with a wincing CRUNCH.  
And then the source of the shockwave, a superhero, GOLIATH-  
WHOOSHES to a stop above Bridget's wreckage.

GOLIATH  
Oh, dear God...

BRIDGET  
...My head feels funny.

GOLIATH  
The sweet sounds of life.

BRIDGET  
We can fly.

GOLIATH  
Mmm... I can. Actually.

BRIDGET  
I just flew.

GOLIATH  
You hovered, Honey. It was a hover.

BRIDGET  
Are you an angel?

GOLIATH  
Superhero. Name's Goliath.

BRIDGET  
Super what?

GOLIATH  
Invincibility. Strength. *Flight*.  
I'm a superhero.  
(laughs)  
Jesus, I really thought I just  
killed a kid on my first day...  
(concerned)  
Can you move your legs?

Bridget twitches a leg and GROANS.

GOLIATH (CONT'D)  
Good. You're good. Well, duty calls-

BRIDGET  
I want to fly, though.

The superhero shakes his head. As he flies off-

GOLIATH  
Take the hint, Honey..!

BRIDGET  
...[EXPLETIVE] superheroes.

END COLD OPEN