

HOURMAN

"PILOT"

written  
by

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7.18.16

COLD OPEN

EXT. PLACER COUNTY - RANCH HOME - NIGHT

Although a proper mall and chain restaurants are just a short drive away, this is the desolate end of town. Open property, ailing farms... And absolute darkness.

THERESA (O.S.)  
Superman's got himself a hog.

CLOSE-ON

A grainy image of SUPERMAN, frozen mid-flight on an old TV.

The BLIP of a Tivo as the image rewinds and Superman leaps backwards to the ground, crouching in reverse. BLIP-

Superman unfreezes, leaps into the sky, rewinds and does it all over again. And again and again as the image focuses on-

His junk, undulating and rolling inside his super-shorts...

Superman does indeed have himself quite a dong.

INT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

Theresa (27), has a phone against her ear. Half her head's shaved, the other's pink. She's as edgy as the town gets.

She swipes a baby monitor off the end table, cradling it.

THERESA  
Fuck you care if my nephew hears me  
talking about super dick? It'll  
give him something to aspire to-

There's a quiet KNOCK at the door and Theresa double-takes-

THERESA (CONT'D)  
...Yes, I'm here, I just thought-  
(relaxing again)  
Just hurry up and close the damn  
diner, alright? I'm tired.

The door knob JIGGLES and someone MUMBLES against the door.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
Shut up a minute-

She drops the phone on the couch, abandoning the argument on the other end as someone JIGGLES the knob again. Harder.

Theresa freezes, waiting for the fear to pass, but the MUTED VOICE of her sister makes it impossible.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
 (to the phone)  
 Shut the fuck up, Tammy!

Silence. She tiptoes to the door. Listening...

MALE VOICE  
 (meek)  
 Hey. Open up, okay?

Theresa clamps a hand over her mouth.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
 It's okay if you let me in.

THERESA  
 Please. Go away.

MALE VOICE  
 I'm going to break the door down,  
 okay? I'm going to come in-

THERESA  
 I'll call the cops.

The door hardware POPS and drops to the floor-

THERESA (CONT'D)  
 STOP IT!

A baby CRIES in the background-

MALE VOICE  
 (big and heroic)  
 Stand back, Miss!

BOOM! The door blows out of the frame and-

A COSTUMED MAN - we will come to know him as REX (25) - strides boldly through the opening, like a superhero. He's striking and muscular, but he seems uncomfortable-

Like a boy in his father's clothing. Or someone on drugs. As a matter of fact, he's holding two big bags of crystal meth.

THERESA  
 There's a baby here...

REX  
 These aren't my drugs. Promise.  
 (realizing he scared her)  
 No no no, I know you. It's okay.

He points at the frozen image of Superman on the TV-

REX (CONT'D)  
 I'm like him. Superstrength.  
 Superspeed. I'm a superhero.  
 (whispers and winks)  
 But only for one hour.  
 (checks a watch - *shit*)  
 Only for ten more minutes...  
 (anxious)  
 It's going to be a mess when I come  
 down. I'm going to need - do you  
 have any energy drinks? Something  
 with inositol? I also need  
 carbohydrates and caffeine and  
 codeine and... Theresa?

THERESA  
 How do you know my name?

He moves towards her with a hug but she retreats.

REX  
 (pulling back his cowl)  
 It's me. It's Rex.

THERESA  
 (impossible to process)  
 What? Why? What are you doing?

REX  
 I'm fixing everything. Cool, right?

Before she can respond, an ENGINE REVS and-

A HULKING, 1970s FORD TRUCK CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR FRAME  
 and folds Rex up on the hood. THREE, BURLY COUNTRY BOYS, The  
 Wright Brothers, drag Rex and the drugs into the truckbed.

Theresa convulses with shock as the truck backs out and  
 frames her in its headlights, SQUEALING as it leaves.

The baby WAILS as Theresa drops to her knees, SOBBING.

END COLD OPEN