

TEASER

INT. KAYLAN'S FOSTER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rain falls outside as KAYLAN, 14, awkward, pimply, and just a tad overweight stares out the window. He narrates his life.

KAYLAN

Origin stories are seldom pretty.

The word **CRACK!** fills the screen (All bold and CAPS words appear across the screen) as lightning strikes outside the window.

KAYLAN

You know Batman? I'm like him. My parents died when I was young, and since then I've been raised by my foster dad, Chester.

Kaylan turns to reveal he's talking into a TAPE RECORDER.

KAYLAN

Chester is like DCs Mad Hatter or Dr. Light. He doesn't treat kids well. I think that's why he wanted to be a foster parent.

CHESTER (O.S.)

Kaylan, shut up!

KAYLAN

That's also why I'm running away.

Kaylan picks up some comics and drops them in his SUITCASE. The suitcase is filled to the brim with ratty comics. Kaylan speaks quieter now.

KAYLAN

I have a lot of comics. I earned the money to buy some of them by diving in the wishing fountain at the mall by my house. The rest I borrowed. I'll give them back later.

DALLAS, 17, all of the stereotypes behind the bad boy persona, enters the room behind Kaylan.

DALLAS

Hey, fag.

KAYLAN
Call me by my name, Dallas.

DALLAS
What's your faggy name again?

KAYLAN
It's Kaylan.

DALLAS
Why are you packing your comics,
fag?

KAYLAN
I don't know.

DALLAS
You're so stupid you don't even
know? Let me tell you what I think.
I think you're running away.

He snatches Kaylan's voice recorder and tosses it across the room. It shatters on the wall.

DALLAS
Fetch, fag.

Kaylan runs to the broken voice recorder as Dallas pulls out a LIGHTER and flicks it, **SNIKT**. Dallas lights the suitcase ablaze. **ASSHOLE**.

DALLAS
If I had to deal with Chester my
whole life you do too, fag.

Kaylan runs to the suitcase and pats down the flame. He turns and screams at Dallas.

KAYLAN
You're a stupid idiot! And you use
the word fag too much!

DALLAS
No I don't, fa- er... ugly...
shoes.

Kaylan tears up, as he looks down at his burnt suitcase.

KAYLAN (V.O.)
My family don't know the real me.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Kaylan walks down a dark street, carrying a sack, backlit by a single light pole, as rain falls around him.

He turns to the light, and we see Kaylan struggle to be brave as terror fills his eyes.

KAYLAN (V.O.)

They don't know who I'll become.

The title spins onto the screen in big bold comic font:
THE BLACKOUT MENACE

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. HOPE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A door at the end of a long hallway. We hear a knock on the door: **KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!**

HOPE, 34, wears her heart on her turtleneck's sleeve, calls out.

HOPE (O.S.)
Just a minute!

INT. HOPE'S APARTMENT BUILDING VESTIBULE - NIGHT

BRIAN, 36, red nosed, shaggy haired, and generally grungy stands in front of the door holding a bouquet of flowers.

He quickly creases his messy hair to the side, in an attempt to not look so grungy; it doesn't work.

Hope opens the door.

HOPE
Brian?

BRIAN
Hey, Hope.

HOPE
What do you want?

BRIAN
Well, I was in the neighborhood,
and I saw some dahlias, and I
remembered that you like dahlias,
so I came here to give you some...
dahlias.

Hope frowns.

HOPE
Go home, Brian.

She attempts to close the door.

BRIAN
Wait!

Brian puts his foot in the door.

HOPE

Get your foot out of my door.

BRIAN

Give me one more chance.

HOPE

No.

BRIAN

But I've changed! Look at me, see how much I've changed.

HOPE

You look the same as always.

BRIAN

What about my hair?

Hope clocks Brian's hair. Brian smiles.

HOPE

Oh, yeah. It's parted to the side. Go home, Brian.

BRIAN

Why won't you let me in?

HOPE

Because I have in the past. I've let you into my life, chosen you as a partner, and you haven't been honest with me. You sprung on me that you actually don't want kids two years into our marriage. And you've been lying about going to AA.

BRIAN

It's a big conversation that I think we need to tease out more, and AA is bogus.

Hope swings the door open, livid.

HOPE

That "bogus" group helped me become four years sober. Unlike my husband who drank until he vomited on my grandmother.

BRIAN

One time!

HOPE
One time's all it takes.

Hope kicks Brian's foot out of the door and slams the door on him, as the word **SLAM** jumps across the screen.

BRIAN
But... I love you.

Brian drops the flowers on her doorstep, and pulls out a flask. He takes a long swig. **GLUG GLUG GLUG.**

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Kaylan walks down a dimly lit street hauling his bag. He passes a slew of STRANGERS who walk by him. Some concerned, some curious.

He walks by Brian, who stumbles along the street, drunkenly before taking a long swig from his flask.

A HOMELESS MAN, 40s, ratty as hell, approaches Kaylan.

HOMELESS MAN
I want the king's shoe angel!

Kaylan, scared and confused, retreats from the Homeless man down a dark alley.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Kaylan works his way down the alley when he is approached by HUBERT, 25, a hoodlum wearing a hoodie, and his lackey SCOYLE, 24.

HUBERT
Look who's here, Scoyle.

SCOYLE
Who's that, Hubert?

Kaylan retreats from Hubert.

HUBERT
It's our good friend, lost kid.
Looks like he might have some
valuables on him.

Scoyle circles behind Kaylan. Hubert gets closer.

SCOYLE
It does. It really does.

KAYLAN
I don't have anything valuable.

HUBERT
We'll see about that.

Kaylan turns and kicks Scoyle in the nads, **THWUMP**. Kaylan is grabbed by Hubert.

HUBERT
I hope you apologize to Scoyle for that.

Scoyle stands up, and flips open a switchblade. **SNIKT**. He stalks toward the held Kaylan.

KAYLAN
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

HUBERT
Nobody can hear you, kid.

From above a half empty bottle of Rum hits Scoyle's shoulder, **CRACK**.

HUBERT
What the hell?

Brian drops from the fire escape falling on scoyle, **FWUMP**.

BRIAN
Duh, duh-duh-duh duh Daaaahh!

SCOYLE
Get off me!

BRIAN
Get off of crime!

Brian punches Scoyle once hard in the face knocking him out, as Hubert pulls out a gun, and pushes Kaylan to the ground.

HUBERT
Hey, asshole! Suck on this!

Brian gets up, and Hubert pulls the trigger. **BAM!** Brian swiftly stumbles out of the path of the bullet. **BAM!** Brian does it again. **BAM!** Again **BAM!** Again.

Hubert pulls the trigger again and the gun goes **CLICK**. Brian calmly takes the gun from Hubert.

HUBERT
What... What are you?

BRIAN
I'm... drunk.

Brian throws up on Hubert's shoe. Hubert looks down at the vomit, then back up at Brian as Brian head-butts Hubert into oblivion.

KAYLAN
Who are you?

BRIAN
I am *the blackout menace*.

Brian lifts up Kaylan.

KAYLAN
Can I stay with you tonight?

BRIAN
Yeah, why not. As long as you don't reveal my secret to anyone. Not even me.