

EXTRA/ORDINARY

"SUPERHEROES ARE THE WORST"

A PILOT

Written by
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"If you're different, or if you think something about you is just weird and out of the ordinary, I just think that's so dope."

--KYLIE JENNER

TEASER

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

DOUG ORDINARY, 35, as average as his name and haircut suggest, stands on the ledge looking out at the city. A single tear rolls down his cheek.

The high rise building behind him is engulfed in a RAGING INFERNO. Glass and brick crumble away from a massive hole in the side through which something very large entered.

SIRENS blare in the distance. Whether they are coming or going is difficult to say. Anything is possible in this apocalyptic wasteland.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Do you ever get the sense that there's someone looking over your shoulder, nudging you toward an unknowable future?

Doug's narrator voice is textured like the cheap whiskey and half-smoked cigars that made it that way. It oozes sarcastic pessimism. Nothing like the whiny loser on that rooftop.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Destiny. Fate. Serendipity. Not the movie. Have you rewatched that lately? What a piece of shit.

Doug shouts over the roaring inferno behind him. His voice cracks.

DOUG

This is crazy!

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Do I always end up here? Or is it just because some asshole keeps whispering in my ear?

An unseen man behind Doug leans in and whispers in his ear.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

You came to me for a reason. Now that you're so close, don't you just have to know?

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Different asshole.

Doug glances down at the pavement 50 feet below.

DOUG
What if it doesn't work?!

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
How far are you willing to go to be
truly extraordinary?

Doug considers. He nods with resolve.

DOUG
Okay. I'm ready.

He takes a deep breath and clos--

DOUG IS PUSHED FROM THE ROOF.

Surprise and shock quickly transform into terror as he
plummets to the concrete. This is how it ends.

FREEZE FRAME ON DOUG JUST BEFORE IMPACT.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Jesus Christ. It's like a music
video for Collective Soul.

DOUG'S FLIGHT PATH REVERSES UPWARD TOWARD THE ROOF.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Did it have to be so hard? Is there
a different timeline where I don't
spend every waking moment battling
egomaniacal sociopaths? Because
it's fucking exhausting. And
thankless. But then I don't meet
her...

(cigarette drag)
Whatever. I'm not a fucking quantum
physicist. And you can't just jump
to the interesting part. Call me
old-fashioned, but I believe in
hard work and perseverance. At
least I started to after I got
pushed off that building. What a
dick.

FREEZE FRAME ON DOUG'S STUPID FACE AFTER BEING PUSHED.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Besides, that's a little out of
context. It wasn't quite as
dramatic as all that.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

In the light of day, the city looks like a war zone. SPARKS from loose wires crackle out through SHATTERED WINDOWS. A SPIRE BREAKS off the top of a skyscraper and topples to the ground. A heaping mound of rubble SMOLDERS as the only evidence of a once-great building.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

New York. The city that never sleeps. Concrete jungle where dreams are made. The Big Apple. I don't know what that last one means but I'll tell you this: The Supers took a big goddamn bite outta that apple.

A COSTUMED MAN ON A HOVERBOARD zips through the air at a breakneck pace, slaloming skyscrapers. He clips a STONE GARGOYLE, which breaks away from the building. A COSTUMED SUPERHERO in hot pursuit zooms after him with his natural flying superpower.

Below them, indifferent to the chase, the city teems with life. The stone gargoyle SMASHES A TAXI, causing a bus to swerve around it.

A robber CRASHES through a storefront window onto the sidewalk in front of several pedestrians. Another COSTUMED HERO jumps out after him and pummels him into submission. The passersby sidestep and carry about their day.

EXT. AMERIPower INSURANCE - DAY

Amidst the destroyed city scape, one office building stands. Heavily reconstructed, the new patches of brick and concrete mismatched against what remains of the original architecture. Workers hang from scaffolding mending the most recent damage.

INT. AMERIPower CALL CENTER - DAY

The large, drab space is packed with cubicles. The office buzzes with ringing phones, keyboard clicks and chatter.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

This is where I used to work. AmeriPower Insurance. The number one provider of property policies in America.

(MORE)

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They'd insure Hell itself if
 Lucifer would agree to a Fire
 Exclusion Waiver. But he won't.
 That guy's a ruthless negotiator.
 Total wildcard, but I guess that's
 to be expected.

DOUG'S CUBICLE

Doug sits at his computer talking into a hands-free headset. In his navy collared shirt and khakis, he looks every bit the uninspired worker drone. His voice is gentle, higher in pitch than that douchebag doing the voice over.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
 And that's me, the idiot from the
 roof. Mister Ordinary. Doug
 Ordinary.

Doug clicks and enters a few words in various fields on a computer form. His tone with the customer on the phone is profusely apologetic.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
 Yeah it's on the nose. Better get
 over it now 'cause that's the kind
 of story I'm telling, pal.

Doug clicks off the phone. An old printer SCREECHES out a carbon copy form. He rips it, stamps it DENIED, and places it on top of a stack of other denied claims.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
 97%. That was Ameripower's denial
 rate for property claims.

Doug pulls up the internet and scrolls through the headlines, each one accompanied by a corresponding photo.

-GOD DESTROYS MACHINE, TOWN WITH HAMMER
 -FLYING MAN ACCIDENTALLY RAZES BUILDING IN FIGHT
 -SCIENTISTS SAY PORTAL TO SPACE CLOSED--FOR NOW
 -STRUCTURAL DAMAGE TO EXCEED \$1 TRILLION
 -MAN IN RUBBER SUIT SLAYS 13 PEOPLE, DEEMED HERO

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
 Because here's the thing that no
 one tells you when you sign on that
 dotted line: There's no coverage
 for those super powered fucksticks.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Doug walks down the hallway carrying a STACK OF MAIL. Water trickles out of a large crack in the ceiling. He approaches an apartment door and KNOCKS.

DOUG
Mrs. Frost?

MRS. FROST (O.S.)
(through door)
Who is it?

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Every day with this one.

DOUG
It's Doug, Mrs. Frost.

MRS. FROST (O.S.)
(through door)
How can I be sure you aren't one of those super people come to knock down the building?

DOUG
Do they ever bring your mail?

Silence. The door unlocks and opens as far as the chain lock allows. MRS. FROST, 60s, peeks through the crack, only her paranoid eye visible.

MRS. FROST
I saw Janet leaving with some boxes today.

DOUG
Yeah. She's...

MRS. FROST
I heard you fighting last night.
(then)
It's not true, is it? About the credit cards?

DOUG
Of course not, Mrs. Frost.

MRS. FROST
Do you think she met a Super? I hear they don't have to pay for bills. Or rent.

He thrusts the stack of mail through the crack in her door.

DOUG
Have a nice night, Mrs. Frost.

She watches him through the crack as he walks the few steps down the hall to his apartment and enters.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doug closes the door behind him and surveys his miserable excuse for a studio apartment. Just enough room for the bare necessities: bed, television, couch.

On the walls, CRACKS have been mended and covered with mismatched paint jobs. A CUPBOARD DOOR hangs crookedly above the sink.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
And this is where I used to live.
It sucked. Partly because junior
one bedroom really means studio.

He pushes a framed photo of Janet and him face down.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
But mainly because Janet up and
left with her half of the rent.

He drops his keys next to the couch. They hit the floor.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
And the end tables.

He presses the flashing message button on the phone dock on the floor next to the keys. It BEEPS.

JANET (O.S.)
(on voicemail)
Hey, Doug. I just realized I left
my phone charger plugged in next to
the sink.

Doug glances over. Sure enough.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Classic Janet.

JANET (O.S.)
(on voicemail)
Anyhoo, Grayson is going to stop by
tomorrow night to--

Doug hits delete. He takes a deep breath and rubs his eyes.

He turns on the television and opens the laptop on his coffee table. Next to the computer sits a stack of OVERDUE BILLS.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

And that stack right there? Those are credit cards bills. Yeah I lied to the shut-in. Worry about your own shit. How else was I supposed to fix all the damage to my apartment? And car? And life?

The cupboard door falls into the sink, breaking dishes.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Besides, I was due for a huge promotion.

INT. AMERIPOWER CALL CENTER - DAY

Doug scans the headlines on his computer.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Doug! Productive research I hope.

Doug spins to see his boss, BRETT CARLSON, late 40s. Barely handsome enough to have made it to middle management but lacking in discernible value, he wears a cheap suit and wide tie to reinforce his undeserved authority.

DOUG

Of course, Mr. Carlson. I was--

MR. CARLSON

Missed you for 8 O'Clock Rock.

DOUG

I'm really sorry, sir, my bu--

MR. CARLSON

Jake made us a terrific playlist to kick off the morning. "Colors of the Wind". Inspired.

DOUG

A favorite of mine as w--

MR. CARLSON

Do you know Jake?

DOUG

I do.

MR. CARLSON
Extremely punctual.

The statement hangs in the air.

DOUG
Mr. Carlson--

MR. CARLSON
Please. Call me Brett.

DOUG
Of course. Brett.

MR. CARLSON
PSYCH! Let's keep things
professional.

DOUG
Okay, uh... I was hoping we could
talk about that promotion you
promised me last month.

MR. CARLSON
Oh. Right. Yes. Well...
(clears his throat)
After reviewing your attendance
record, the boys upstairs have
decided it's best we hold off on
any vertical integration for a bit.

DOUG
I know I've been late a few times
but I always stay after hours and I
have a 100% denial rate, which is
number one in the--.

MR. CARLSON
Look, Doug. If this was Brett
Carlson's Ameripower Insurance,
we'd be having a different
conversation. But when you're late
and the phone is ringing... Those
claims don't deny themselves, you
know.

The phone RINGS. Carlson pretends to have caught a fish,
wrestling with an imaginary fishing rod.

MR. CARLSON (CONT'D)
Woah! Got a live one!

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
What a dick.

Carlson laughs at his own joke. He sticks around to listen. Doug sighs, demoralized, and clicks his headset on.

DOUG
 (into phone)
 AmeriPower Insurance, my name is
 Doug. With whom do I have the
 pleasure of speaking?
 (listening)
 Thank you, Mr. Evans. And how can I
 help you today?
 (listening)
 I'm so sorry to hear that. First,
 is everyone okay?
 (listening)
 Well that's a relief. Now, why
 don't you tell me what happened.

Doug listens and jots notes. Carlson leans over.

INSERT NOTEPAD - "FLAMING MAN", "ORB", "BARBERSHOP WINDOW"

Carlson pantomimes a jerking off motion to Doug, then slaps him on the shoulder and walks away. Doug turns to his computer and pulls a file up on screen.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Okay, Mr. Evans. Well, I'm looking
 at your policy here, and
 unfortunately that specific
 incident is not covered under your
 plan.
 (listening)
 Yes, you do have earthquake
 coverage, but technically the
 concrete rippled as a result of the
 sonic pulse from--

Doug yanks his head back trying to escape the yelling coming from the other end of the line. He sits and takes it.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 At AmeriPower we believe--
 (listening, genuine)
 I'm so very sorry about your
 window, Mr. Evans. Is there anyth--
 Hello?

Doug removes his headset. He prints the report out, stamps the top page DENIED, and places it in the pile. He slumps back in his chair and exhales.

Jake stares at the paperclip intensely. The paperclip MOVES, slightly at first, then wobbles up into the air, HOVERING over Jake's palm. It remains there for a second and then FALLS. Jake lets out a huge breath, exhausted.

DOUG
What was that?

JAKE
I got powers, dude!

DOUG
What?

JAKE
Powers!

DOUG
Yeah, right. What's the trick?
String or something?

JAKE
It's an energy field. It, like,
shields it and then moves.

DOUG
It makes stuff float.

JAKE
(a little deflated)
It does other stuff, too.

Doug is annoyed. Also extremely jealous.

DOUG
Sweet. So... will it help with your
claims and stuff?

JAKE
(scoffs)
My claims?! I'm quitting, dude!

DOUG
You can't quit.

JAKE
Why not? I got powers now.

DOUG
So? How are you gonna pay off your
student loans?

JAKE
I don't think I have to anymore.

DOUG

What?

JAKE

Yeah. I think they just take care of it.

DOUG

What does that even mean?!

JAKE

I dunno. You really think that green guy has to worry about debt? He doesn't even wear a shirt.

DOUG

He's probably homeless!

JAKE

(hurt)

I thought you'd be a little more excited for me, dude.

DOUG

Super excited. Just do me a favor. Make sure you get a thick costume. I don't wanna have to look at your *balls* every day when your floating around the city.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Burn.

Doug turns back to his computer. Jake walks away.

JAKE

(to himself)

What a jerk.

DOUG

Have fun paper clipping stuff with your mind.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Sick burn.

Alone now in his cubicle, Doug grabs a paperclip from a tray and holds it in his palm. He pokes his head over the cubicle divider to make sure Jake is gone, then settles back into his chair.

He takes a deep breath and concentrates on the paperclip. He pushes harder and harder until his body begins to shake.

He exerts as much mental force as he can to levitate the paperclip until he FARTS.

He glances around to see if anyone heard. Nope. He sits back down in a disappointed heap and stares at his computer.

A pop up ad floats across the screen and lingers:

"EPIGENETICS SEMINAR: DISCOVER YOUR POWER TODAY WITH JOHNNY FANTASTIC'S ONE STEP METHOD!"

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
(excited)
Oh my god!!

Doug jumps out of his chair to look over the cubicle wall. KAREN, 40s, is HOVERING in the air above her cubicle. Jake stands underneath her, moving her around with his hands using his new ability. CHEERS ripple through the office.

KAREN
You're *extraordinary*, Jake!

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
On the nose. Like I said. Worry about your own shit.

Doug realizes Carlson is standing next him, nodding his approval of Jake's newfound ability.

MR. CARLSON
Inspired.

Carlson walks away. Doug is pissed.

DOUG
(a little too loud)
It's not gonna bring his parents back.

Nearby coworkers GASP. He ducks back into his chair and stares at the POP-UP AD on his screen.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doug sits slumped on the couch watching the news. The anchor prattles on while a woman in an orange jumpsuit smiles and waves to her fans as she stands atop a derailed train.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Agent Orange. Stupid fucking name. She sucks in real life, too.

Doug looks at the coffee table to the stack of opened bills. The colors of the notices are increasingly severe. He collects them all, throws them in the trash, then plops back in front of his laptop.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

The way I figured, I'd be crushed by falling debris or the economy would collapse under the expense of collateral damage. Either way I'm off the hook.

The same POP-UP AD for Johnny Fantastic's One-Step Superpower Epigenetics Seminar floats across his laptop.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Or...

He sees a PEN beside his laptop. He holds his hand out and concentrates in an attempt to move it with his mind. He squints his eyes. His muscles tremble.

The table begins to VIBRATE and the PEN RATTLES. Doug's eyes light up with wonder.

Then the whole building begins to SHAKE.

LOUD EXPLOSION. A COSTUMED MAN CRASHES THROUGH HIS WINDOW.

The Costumed Man shakes off debris and grabs the phone charger from next to the sink. He holds it up awkwardly to Doug then sprints back toward the window and DIVES OUT.

Doug stares at the pile of broken glass and splintered wood left behind.

MRS. FROST (O.S.)

Douglas? Are you alright?

DOUG

(enraged)

I'm fine, Mrs. Frost!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

A small, windowless multipurpose room set up like a classroom. In large comic book font a big poster on an easel reads:

EPIGENETICS: JOHNNY FANTASTIC'S ONE-STEP SUPERHERO SEMINAR

A dozen average looking people sit amongst the 20 or so chairs waiting for the seminar to begin. A YOUNG WOMAN, 17, and an OLD MAN, 70, sit down on opposite sides of the room.

Doug enters and surveys the sad room.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

People in rooms like this are usually whining about rock bottom, and I always thought I was better than those people.

He turns around to exit and runs right into ALEX MAHAL, 30s, dark hair, dark eyes, commanding presence.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

But then she walked in.

DOUG

I'm so sorry.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

And I'm not better.

ALEX

It's okay.

He blocks the entrance. She waits for him to move. He just stands there like an idiot.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Uh... Are you here for the seminar?

DOUG

I was just...

Doug tails off, lost in her eyes for a moment. Maybe two moments.

ALEX

Was there more to that or did you want me to jump in? Because you're blocking the door.

He snaps out of it.

DOUG

Sorry. I--

(thinking)

--just wanted to make sure everyone was in.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

What the fuck.

ALEX

Oh my god, no way, you're Johnny Fantastic?

Stunned, Doug halfway nods his head.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What an honor! I love your outfit. Very inconspicuous.

He smiles sheepishly and looks down at his khakis and navy button-up shirt.

DOUG

Oh, this is... my daytime getup... Makes people think I'm just a regular guy.

ALEX

Smart. So what's your costume like then?

DOUG

My costume? It's like, you know, the cape is sort of...
(looks at the wall color)
...an off-white, almost beige--

ALEX

Beige? Doesn't that get dirty?

DOUG

Sure. Well, no, actually because of the alien... fabric... It's like a space fabric.

ALEX

Space fabric. Sounds expensive.

DOUG

Yeah, er, no. I know a guy.

ALEX

Can people see your balls?

DOUG

What?! No! Balls. No balls.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Goddamn she's incredible.

Doug is desperate to change the subject.

DOUG

Well! I guess we should get star--

JOHNNY FANTASTIC, 40s, with bleach blond hair and big shiny veneers brushes past them into the room with the pace and energy of a carnival salesman. His suit, shirt and tie are dripping primary colors. He speaks into an unconnected WIRELESS HEADSET MICROPHONE purely for the effect.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Ladies and gentleman! Welcome to the first day of the rest of your lives!

DOUG

(under his breath)

Oh thank god.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

This fuckin' guy.

The attendees perk up slightly. Johnny Fantastic's enthusiasm is obnoxious.

Alex smirks at Doug. She takes a seat in the middle of the back row. He slinks into a chair two seats down from her.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Do you wake up everyday and ask yourself, why me? Why am I so *ordinary*?

The Old Man nods.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

What if I told you that you could be something more? That you have a special gift, nay, a *superpower*, lurking just under the surface?

He has everyone's attention.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

Recent breakthroughs in the field of epigenetics have shown that humans placed under incredible stress undergo changes at the genetic level, developing mutations to cope with their situation.

(pointing to the Old Man)

You, sir. What would you do if you had super strength?

OLD MAN

I would have carried my wife to safety during the last alien invasion.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

But you couldn't! Is she dead?

The Old Man sadly nods.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

You're goddamn right she is.

Doug leans toward Alex.

DOUG

(whispers)

That was pretty harsh.

She glances at him with a curt smile then returns her attention to the front.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

(to the Young Woman)

And you, young lady. What would you do if you could fly?

YOUNG WOMAN

(without hesitation)

I would wreak havoc on my enemies.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Hide your fingers, folks, 'cause I found a firecracker! Hot damn! Remember, there is no wrong way to use your powers.

Doug leans over again.

DOUG

(whispering)

Wouldn't she technically be a villain then?

Alex shushes him. Johnny Fantastic turns his attention on Doug.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

And you there in the back. What about you? What would you do if you had super speed?

Doug is caught off guard.

DOUG

Speed? Oh... Can I have the flying one?

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

No you may not.

DOUG

Why not?

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Powers pick the man. This isn't wish fulfillment. I am not here to *give* you a power.

DOUG

But you just said I had to have the super speed.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

It's a hypothetical.

DOUG

So maybe it will be the flying thing then.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Highly unlikely.

Alex stifles a laugh.

DOUG

What's your power? I didn't see you crashing through any walls.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

None of your business, that's what. In the Super Community, it is common etiquette not to ask others about their powers.

The attendees glance back at Doug. The Young Woman glares at him, disgusted by his naïveté. Alex finds the dressing down hilarious.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (CONT'D)
 (to the others)
 Sorry, folks. Not everybody is cape material.

DOUG
 I can hear you with ordinary ears.

Alex smiles earnestly at Doug. The grilling was undeserved. Johnny Fantastic ignores him and slips back into his schtick.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC
 Now! Each one of you believes that you have a dormant power or you wouldn't be here today. So let's get right to it.

Johnny Fantastic flips a briefcase open on the desk.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (CONT'D)
 For the bargain basement, one-time, non-refundable fee of \$10,000, I can show you exactly what it is that makes you special.

DOUG
 (to himself)
 \$10,000? Nope. No way.

Some people stand and exit. Doug gets up to leave.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC
 Hold it right there, young man.

Doug stops in the doorway.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
 Shoulda kept walkin', pal.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC
 What if I guaranteed you a power?
 What would that be worth to you?
 \$5,000?

DOUG
 (conceding)
 Yes.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC
 What about \$50,000? If I was guaranteeing that by the end of the night you could be truly extraordinary, would you pay fifty. Thousand. Dollars?

Doug lowers his head, ashamed.

DOUG

Yes.

He turns back. The Young Woman stands and pulls a STACK OF CASH out of her shoulder bag. She sets it in the brief case. Johnny Fantastic smiles and nods.

The Old Man stands, approaches the brief case, and removes a WAD OF CASH from his pocket. He drops it in the briefcase.

Alex stands and looks at Doug. They make eye contact, the look of desperation on his face pleading with her to side with him. Apologetically, she breaks eye contact and heads for the front of the room.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

\$10,000 almost seems like a bargain
then, doesn't it?

He sees Doug is wavering.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

It's just science.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

What a dick.

Doug relents and checks his pockets as though he might have actually had that much cash in his pocket ever in his life.

DOUG

(clears his throat)
Do you take credit?

Johnny Fantastic's slimy smile creeps up just a touch more.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Let's go get you all some
superpowers, shall we?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - ROOF - NIGHT

The four participants STAND ON THE LEDGE gazing down at the ground four stories below. Johnny Fantastic paces behind them.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

Students! There is but one step to discovering your gift. But that one step may be the hardest, scariest step you will ever take.

Doug turns to Alex, who stands beside him.

DOUG

(under his breath)
If he tells us to--

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

You must step off of the ledge.

DOUG

Nope. I'm out.

Doug steps back off the ledge. As he does, a CAR whips through the air and EXPLODES through the BUILDING behind them, tearing a HUGE HOLE through the side and setting the building ABLAZE.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Jesus!

A SUPER zips past them in the night sky and disappears into the flaming hole in the building, presumably engaged in an epic fight.

Johnny Fantastic barely flinches, his eyes locked on Doug.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

You must face your one true fear if you truly want to be great.

DOUG

And what's that?

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

That you are *ordinary*.

DOUG

Okay, so you noticed the name on the credit card.

The Young Woman STEPS OFF the ledge.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Oh my god!

Doug rushes to the edge. The Young Woman FLOATS up in a FORCE FIELD BUBBLE. The inferno REFLECTS in her eyes, the menacing look of wonder and power glows on her face.

Doug watches her float away, dumbfounded.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(disappointed)
She got the flying thing.

Then the Old Man JUMPS. His jump takes him unnaturally high and he lands on the NEXT ROOFTOP. He gazes back at them, then proceeds to leap from rooftop to rooftop away into the distance, whooping with glee.

DOUG (CONT'D)
That seems like a statistical impossibility...

ALEX
(to Doug)
You don't have to do this.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC
I should remind you the fee is non-refundable.

Alex shoots Johnny Fantastic an angry look.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Layin' it on pretty thick there, Johnny.

Doug looks at the ledge that just produced two special powers before his eyes. Still, he hesitates.

He approaches the edge of the roof and peeks over.

DOUG
I wouldn't have to wear spandex, though, right? 'Cause I'm not really a show-er, if you know what I mean...

A little surprised by the unprovoked admission, Alex looks at Johnny Fantastic.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

You can do anything you want when
you're Super.

DOUG

What about bills? And rent?

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

They just take care of it for you.

Bingo. Johnny has him. Doug climbs onto the ledge beside
Alex.

DOUG

(to Alex)

I'm Doug. Doug Ordinary.

She smiles and extends her hand.

ALEX

Alex Mahal.

Doug sees the SUPER emerging from the flaming hole in the
side of the building. It's Grayson. He stops and floats for a
moment, looking back at Doug. He gives the same awkward wave
and flies off into the night.

DOUG

(guttural)

ARGHHHHHH!

Doug coughs, choking on the billowing smoke coming out of the
burning building. His eyes begin to water.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Man, that smoke is really thick.

He rubs his eyes. That same inferno rages behind him. That
same tear trickles down his cheek.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

See what I mean? Out of context.

DOUG

This is crazy!

JOHNNY FANTASTIC

You came to me for a reason. Now
that you're so close, don't you
just have to know?

Doug glances down at the pavement 50 feet below.

DOUG
What if it doesn't work?

Johnny Fantastic leans in and becomes as dramatic as possible.

JOHNNY FANTASTIC (O.C.)
How far are you willing to go to be truly extraordinary?

Doug considers. He nods with resolve.

DOUG
Okay. I'm ready.

He takes a deep breath...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Doug's eyelids struggle to open. He blinks rapidly trying to adjust to the harsh sunlight streaming in through the window. Everything is in a haze.

Backlit by the sun, a SILHOUETTED WOMAN stands over him. Unable to see her face, he feels the soft skin of her hand brush against his cheek.

SILHOUETTED WOMAN
You made it.

Her voice is everywhere, enveloping him in its soothing sound.

She turns and glances toward the hall, hearing someone coming, and disappears. He reaches out for her but she is gone.

Exhausted and dazed, he slips back out of consciousness.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Doug sits up in his hospital bed. His face is BRUISED and BANDAGED. A cast on his left wrist and a sling on his right shoulder leave him mostly immobile.

Next to his bed, a HOSPITAL WORKER, 40s, sits with a clipboard. He goes over the discharge paperwork with Doug.

HOSPITAL WORKER

So this man, Johnny Fantastic,
pushed you off the roof with his
special powers?

DOUG

Yes. I mean, I don't know if he
used a power to do it, but yeah.

The hospital worker takes notes on the clipboard.

HOSPITAL WORKER

And what was his power?

DOUG

I asked him, but he wouldn't say.

HOSPITAL WORKER

Of course. That's bad etiquette.

The hospital worker jots down a few more things.

HOSPITAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Well, you're very lucky to be
alive, Mr. Ordinary. Scams like
this usually end in the morg--

Something registers in Doug's face.

DOUG

Wait, what were you writing down?

HOSPITAL WORKER

What?

DOUG

Just before, after I said he pushed
me.

HOSPITAL WORKER

(evasive)

Oh... nothing. Just that you're
discharged. That's all.

(changing the subject)

So, will anybody be picking you up
today?

INT. CITY BUS - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Doug, still heavily bandaged and bruised, bounces with the
movements of the bus. He stares at the HOSPITAL INSURANCE
PAPERWORK. The stunned look on his face says it all.

He drops the paperwork into his lap, revealing the LARGE RED STAMP on the top page that he knows all too well: DENIED.

SOUND OF AN EXPLOSION

The bus comes to a SCREECHING HALT. A giant chunk of CONCRETE FALLS on the car directly to Doug's right. Some people scream, others hardly notice.

Doug glances out at the commotion. Jake, now dressed in a light blue leotard, uses his power to lift the concrete from the car.

He notices Doug and waves.

JAKE

Hey Doug!! Can I sign your cast?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Doug hobbles down the hallway toward his apartment, STACK OF MAIL in hand. He stops in front of Mrs. Frost's apartment and KNOCKS.

MRS. FROST (O.S.)

(through door)

Who is it?

DOUG

(not in the mood)

It's Doug, Mrs. Frost!

She unlocks and pulls the door open sharply, the chain lock halting it suddenly.

MRS. FROST

Don't you take up that tone with--

(seeing his wounds)

Oh my goodness, dear, what happened to you?! You didn't try to fight a super, did you?

DOUG

I'm fine. I just fell.

MRS. FROST

Was it Janet's new boyfriend?

DOUG

(angrily)

I said I'm fine, Mrs. Frost!

He takes a breath and hands her the stack of mail.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just need some rest.

MRS. FROST

Oh, dear. You were gone a few days...

Doug looks confused. She watches through the crack as he slowly turns and walks to his apartment.

MRS. FROST (CONT'D)

They said it was because of your credit card bills, but I told them there's no way. My Douglas would never lie to me.

He swings the door open and stares inside.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is completely barren save for the STACK OF BILLS on the floor and the DEBRIS from the window. Doug stands in the doorway. This is probably the nail in the emotional coffin.

MRS. FROST (O.S.)

You had an awfully large tv for a studio apartment.

Doug steps inside the door.

DOUG

It's a junior one bedroom.

He closes the door.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Sick burn.

INT. AMERIPower CALL CENTER - CUBICLE - A FEW DAYS LATER

Doug sits with his headset on, detached from the world around him. He is a physical disaster, with a CAST on his left forearm and wrist bearing SIGNATURES of co-workers. He looks at it with disdain.

INSERT CAST SIGNATURES: "Hope your wing gets better! -Jake"; "DENIED! Lol. -Brett Carlson, Esq.";

He swigs from a flask while his phone RINGS endlessly with new claims that he chooses to ignore.

He looks at the stack of bills, which he now carries with him as his only possession.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

They say the hardest part about being the victim of a scam is the embarrassment. In my case, it was the pavement.

His computer screen displays more headlines involving superhero acts, supervillain antics and everything in between.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Life's tough enough without being a sucker.

Mr. Carlson walks up behind Doug pointing to and saying something about the flask, but Doug barely notices.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

I guess when you want something bad enough, you'll do just about anything. Like Carlson here trying to bogart my flask.

Carlson shakes his head and walks away. Doug takes another swig then searches "Johnny Fantastic" on his computer. No results. He tries "Epigenetics". It returns hundreds of hits about sham science and faulty research.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

After that I decided to keep my life simple. Just a stack of bills, a gallon of whiskey, and a whole lotta anger. How do you think my voice got this awesome?

He sifts through the bills, bringing up one in particular. He takes a closer look at it.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Look at all that nonsense. Video games. Flowers. Gym membership. Soap. No more. Except maybe the video games.

The phone continues to ring.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)

Jesus, man. Just answer the damn phone.

Hearing the instruction, Doug turns to click on the phone and answer the call. He looks around for the person that gave the instruction, accidentally knocking over the flask and SPILLING it on one of the credit card bills.

DOUG
 (re: the spill)
 Shit.
 (into phone)
 No. Not you. Sorry, miss. Yeah,
 this is AmeriPower.
 (listening)
 Are you alright?
 (listening)
 What happened?

Doug opens a form on his computer and begins entering notes.

INSERT SCREEN AS DOUG TYPES: "MELTED WALL" "LASER BEAMS FROM EY"--

Doug STOPS typing. He listens to the woman on the phone, staring at the computer and considering.

Doug begins to slowly DELETE what he entered. He starts typing something new.

DOUG (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Sounds like an electrical wiring
 issue to me.
 (listening)
 Right. Probably a mistake by the
 contractor. We'll get that taken
 care of right away, Miss Lovren.
 (listening)
 It's my genuine pleasure.

He finishes the computer form and presses PRINT. He tears the form, stamps it, and tosses it in an EMPTY BIN next to the stack of denials.

The form bears a GREEN STAMP: "APPROVED".

Doug notices the whiskey-soaked bill. He sees the liquid has stained the paper and bled the ink, obscuring all but one line. A DRY CIRCLE forms around:

INSERT: "JF ACCOUNTING AND LIFE SERVICES - \$10,000"

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
 Where was I? Oh, right. Summing
 things up with cliches.

Doug searches online for "JF Accounting". No results.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
They say whatever doesn't kill you
makes you stronger. Or an addict?
Whatever, I'm too drunk to care.

Doug pulls up the AmeriPower policy database. He types "JF Accounting" and hits the search button.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
Either way, the whole thing made me
a little bit tougher. And really
fucking pissed.

The search yields a number of results for property policies over the years for JF Accounting.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
About being ordinary. And broke.
About having a crappy job and an
empty studio apartment. But mostly
about Johnny Fantastic and all
those other fucking Supers.

He scrolls down to find the most recent address for the company.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
And I decided if it was my last act
in this world before being crushed
by miscellaneous debris from a
nearby building, I was going to
track down Johnny Fantastic--

INSERT: 5362 Linda Lane, Hasbruck Heights, New Jersey.

NARRATOR DOUG (V.O.)
And throw that ass clown off a
goddamn building.

Doug hits PRINT. The printer SCREECHES while he waits. And waits.

END OF EPISODE