

IRON EGG: ORIGINS

By

Paul Knauer

A Marvel-inspired Easter short

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

A row of painted Easter EGGS line a wall near a busy swing set. HUMPTY, male, hard-boiled but still fresh, watches the HUMAN CHILDREN play. He claps his tiny hands with joy.

TIMMY, 6, hops on top of the wall, sits next to the eggs.

The sound of an EXPLOSION breaks the peace. Out of sight, but close, metal GRINDS, SCREAMS erupt, lasers BLAST. Several superheroes arc across the sky, locked in a nearby battle.

Humpty looks up. A semi-truck falls from the sky -- tossed from the battle -- headed straight for the playground.

HUMPTY
Everybody run!

Nobody can hear him. He's an egg.

As the other eggs bail for cover, Humpty grabs Timmy's shirt, pulls hard, but, he can't move the child.

Suddenly, Iron Man, the Marvel superhero, swoops through, snatches the semi, disappears over a nearby building.

The children are safe, but Humpty wobbles from the force of the rocket man's wake. He plummets from his perch.

INT. SECRET LAB - NIGHT

Humpty blinks awake. To his left: robot arms whir with efficiency as they build something small, round. To his right: TONY STARK, male, 40s, intense, pours over schematics.

Tony looks at Humpty, turns a nearby knob. Humpty quickly falls back asleep.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Timmy swings. Other children laugh and play. A nearby tree stands tall. A large branch hangs over the grounds.

An egg rises into view. Red. Round. Robotic. Tiny thrusters shoot from his palms, lifting him higher.

He settles onto the branch, watches the children play.

FADE OUT.

INHERITANCE

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FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - DAY

JACK HATFIELD, 9, eats soup from a small piece of sheet metal, bent to approximate a spoon. The cabin door flings open and a LARGE BOY drags a WOUNDED COMPANION inside.

LARGE BOY
Goddamn McCoy. Least ya' got 'im,
too, though.
(to Jack)
Pa's bin shot. Git 'im some water.

Jack heads out.

LARGE BOY
Don't forgit yer gun!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jack climbs an embankment, peeks over the top to see: LILLY McCOY, 8. The small girl pulls on a rope, lifts a bucket of water from the well.

Jack pops up from his hiding spot, pistol in hand. He doesn't see the shotgun on the ground nearby. He pushes Lilly down, takes the bucket.

LILLY
Ain't yers.

He points the pistol at her head.

JACK
We'll see 'bout that.

LILLY
Yer pa shot my pa in the belly.

JACK
Ain't my problem.

Jack turns for home. Lilly grabs the shotgun, aims it at him. BANG! The kick throws her backwards, over the side of the well, into the darkness below.

Jack staggers, his back peppered with shot. He drops the water, drops to his knees, falls forward. Jack slides down the slope, pistol in hand.

FADE OUT.

TO THE FLAME

FADE IN:

INT. STARSHIP - NIGHT

FIRST MATE LYNN RUSSELL, female, 37, paces the bridge. Chaos surrounds her as sparks fly from damaged panels, broken monitors and frayed wires.

CAPTAIN JACK NIMBLE, male, 8, stares blankly into the void of space projected on the large monitor before them. The CREW work feverishly to contain the damage.

CREW MEMBER

Sir -- they've attached themselves
to the hull. Breach is imminent.

Metallic GROANS echo through the bridge. Something darts across the monitor. A CREATURE. Big. Nasty. Menacing. A THUMP. SCREAMS radiate from a nearby room.

CREW MEMBER

We have a breach in sector one!

RUSSELL

Jack, hurry.

NIMBLE

Turn us thirty degrees port.

The ship turns, a star slides into view. It's bright, fiery.

NIMBLE

Take us in. As close as you dare.
We're gonna burn these buggers
right off my ship.

The ship screams forward.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Jack swoops his model of the Star Trek Enterprise past the campfire. A lightning bug flits from the tiny plastic hull.

NIMBLE

It's working, press on!

His mother stops him, hands him a plate.

RUSSELL

Before it's cold.

FADE OUT.