

"A TWIST OF FATE"

By

Grace Wilkinson

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:INT - OSBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An open plan penthouse studio on the top floor. Lavish black and white furniture fills the apartment, barely visible through the thin white tarps that cover the living area. A rolled-up rug rests in the corner leaning beside a wall that is almost entirely window, from which the San Francisco skyline can be seen. A single bar stool, removed from the breakfast bar that divides the kitchen and living area, sits at the center, on which is the hero Fox Brenner, more commonly known as Bird Boy, unconscious with his hands and feet bound. He wears a blue lycra suit, typical of those in the superhero gig, with a red "BB" emblazoned on his chest and red "wings" under his arms.

Osbert, our lead, washes dishes in the background, in the sink next to the breakfast bar. He is wearing a black silk waistcoat, white shirt and black suit pants with fluffy pink slipper socks. A video plays quietly on his phone, occasionally causing him to chuckle to himself. He drops a pan in the process causing Fox to jolt awake in a panic.

FOX BRENNER

What the-? Where the fuck am I? What's going on?

Osbert picks up the pan and continues, not looking up from his dishes.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Good morning, dear. Did you rest well?

FOX BRENNER

Who the fuck are you?

Osbert glances up with a smirk as Fox struggles to rotate to face him.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Do be careful the floors Brazilian ebony
and that tarp won't protect it from being-

Fox falls on his side bringing the bar stool with him.

OSBERT ANDERSON

-marked.

FOX BRENNER

Wait, wait, wait. You. How do I know you?

Osbert dries his hands and turns his phone off, placing it in the right inner pocket of his waist coat. He walks into the living area and lifts Fox and the stool of the ground, then takes a seat on a nearby tarp covered lounge chair.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Well, I wouldn't say you know me, and I dare say you ever will now. However, you do know *of* me.

Osbert pauses waiting for Fox to click on. Fox screws up his face in confusion. After a moment Osbert lets out a loud sigh of dismay.

OSBERT ANDERSON

You were taking down a smuggling ring? You have been tracking them and a few of their, well my, associates for months dear.

FOX BRENNER

Wait. You were about to be arrested? I remember... Bandit! He was trying to pin you down. He had handcuffs.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Indeed, kinky thing, and entirely unnecessary, I was merely collecting what was mine.

FOX BRENNER

You can't be?

Fox's eyes turn wide with fear. The colour draining from his face.

FOX BRENNER

Limerick!?

OSBERT ANDERSON

Osbert Anderson at your service darling.
Code names seem so formal these days and
somewhat pointless in this scenario.

Fox's struggle becomes more desperate as Osbert waltzes
around him while he talks, waving his arms around for
expression.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Such a pity with you (pokes Fox on the
nose) hero types, it really doesn't take a
genius to be a villain anymore.

FOX BRENNER

What do you want with me?!

OSBERT ANDERSON

You? Oh. Well nothing really. You're
young, too young, and well I wanted to
teach you something your friend (pause)
What did you say his name was? Band-Aid?
Bandit? Whatever, something he did not.
Something a lot of you youngsters could do
with learning.

Fox begins to become agitated. Tears welling in his eyes.

FOX BRENNER

I swear if you hurt him...

Osbert places a finger on Fox's lip to silence him.
Grinning down at him. We see from a POV shot from Fox's
angle that he sits in the villain's shadow.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Oh, he's already been disposed of dear.

FOX BRENNER

You- You! I'll fucking kill you!

Fox lurches forward, tumbling to the ground once again with
a shriek, tears filling his eyes. Osbert crouches down
beside him.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Is that right? And how are you going to do that hm? I suppose you could try flying away, that is your "superpower" isn't it? You are a little tied up though so.

Osbert suddenly kicks Fox in the stomach, causing him to roll on to his back from the force, choking as the wind is knocked out of him. He continues talking between kicks.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Your friend flew too. Well. Parts of him, the explosion was rather messy, but self-destruct plans are cheap so what can you do? I do have to say it's a shame. The little Italian place we were using did excellent linguini.

FOX BRENNER

Why are you doing this?! Just tell me whatever it is and be done with it!

OSBERT ANDERSON

Oh, my dear boy, is it ever that simple?

Fox's voice trembles.

FOX BRENNER

A - a brilliant villain such as yourself must have a reason? You're right it doesn't take much to be a villain anymore but I'm sure someone as genius as you has a bigger plan? Right?

Osbert's eyes turn dark, and his previous grin falls from his face. He leans forward, his voice little more than a whisper in Fox's ear.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Flattery will get you nowhere boy. Do you think I'm stupid? You could've been more than this blithering idiot in spandex. This is an adult's game; you are not the grown man's soldier. It's time they learnt.

Fox's looks desperately up at him. Tears streaming down his face now, his young age truly showing.

OSBERT ANDERSON

There once was a boy who liked flying.

Fox tensed up, struggling against his binding as Osbert began to slip a revolver from his left inner pocket.

FOX BRENNER

Please.

OSBERT ANDERSON

Who had a tendency of lying.

FOX BRENNER

No- No!

Tears now tumbled from Fox's eyes as he silently plead the villain, words trapped in his throat.

OSBERT ANDERSON

He looked rather boney.

Fox lets out a strangled cry.

OSBERT ANDERSON

After his head turned quite holey.

Osbert pointed the gun at Fox's head.

OSBERT ANDERSON

As mad Osbert shot him in the eye.

The screen cuts to black as a gunshot ring out confirming Fox's fate. The screen remains black as he addresses both Fox's corpse and the audience.

OSBERT ANDERSON

We're not all like the ones from the comics.

The title fades in.

END SCENE.