

ASSEMBLE AVENGER

INT. DESERTED COSPLAY STORE - DAY

An AVERAGE GUY in a loose-fitting suit stands before a full-length mirror. He stares at his reflection intently.

Inspiring soundtrack music blasts from overhead speakers.

He grabs a blue mask from a rack of superhero costumes, rips off the packaging and slips the rubber facade over his head.

The man removes his jacket and unbuttons his shirt.

SERIES OF SHOTS - AVERAGE GUY DONS HIS COSTUME

-- He slips on a pair of black leather pants.

-- A ripped purple tee-shirt slides over his flabby stomach.

-- He grabs a plastic axe, slips it into his belt.

-- Next, a toy bow goes over his shoulder.

-- An oversized gauntlet goes over his wrist.

-- Packs of batteries, small toy weapons and other accessories are tossed into a shoulder bag.

He stands before the mirror admiring his creation. Average Guy is no more. MISMATCH MAN is born!

The superhero hybrid heads towards the exit.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mismatch Man exits the store and mounts a sleek, powerful motorcycle.

He fires up the engine and carefully manoeuvres the bike around several abandoned vehicles.

The road ahead is clear, he opens up the throttle, the front wheel rises up off the ground then lands smoothly.

Mismatch man glances over his shoulder. A huge meteor streaks across the sky, it quickly overtakes him.

The bike's speedometer hits 120 MPH, continues to rise.

EXT. COASTLINE BEACH - LATER

He screeches to a halt near a patch of hard-packed sand.

Nearby a group of about a dozen bodacious BABES and HUNKS are throwing themselves an end of the world party.

One of them notices the mixed-up superhero, she gestures to the others. They laugh and jeer.

He ignores them, dismounts from the bike.

He pops a couple of batteries into the gauntlet, drops the shoulder bag and heads determinedly towards the ocean.

A BLONDE GUY grabs the bag as the partiers follow.

Mismatch man stops near the incoming tide. In the distant horizon he can see the storm, the storm to end all storms.

It approaches rapidly.

A couple of the group panic and run but there's nowhere to go, no escape from the inevitable.

The rest change their tune. They chant encouragingly, clap and punch their fists in the air.

Time seems to slow down.

Mismatch Man fires up the gauntlet, it makes a high-pitch charging noise and the palm section lights up.

With his free hand, he slips the axe out of his belt and grips it tightly.

His small crowd of supporters cheer. Blonde guy hands out toy weapons, and trinkets from the bag.

They line up along side Mismatach man - together they face their extinction.

Mismatch Man raises the gauntlet in defiance towards the oncoming destruction.

The shock wave sweeps across mankind's final, symbolic act of glorious bravado.