

THE FLY-BOY

"PILOT"

"An introverted teenager's life is turned upside down when he inadvertently swallows a scientifically-modified bug and gains newfound abilities that send him reluctantly into battle with evil forces in the Devonshire countryside."

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INT. SUPERHERO TRAINING LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A scientifically-created HOUSEFLY staring at us with its bulging eyes. And is that a grin?! Did a fly just smile at us?! Yes, yes it did...

We PULL OUT to reveal a state-of-the-art, futuristic superhero training lab filled with high-speed computers, various experiments on the go with odd-looking liquid bubbling out of each test tube, and several modified insects and bugs all jumping about in their cages.

A MASKED INVADER, carrying a gun, is shuffling around the corridor outside. The Masked Invader scans a card to enter. He holds up the gun and shoots the lens out of the two cameras.

As the Masked Invader edges closer to The Fly, it winks at him. Before he can do anything, a GLOVED HAND covers his mouth. Chokes him out. Just like that. Asleep.

The limp body of the Masked Invader drops to the floor. The Fly jumps about with excitement. The GLOVED HAND approaches the cage door. Opens it. The Fly hops onto a finger.

THE FLY steadies on the finger. Eyes wide with excitement.

ROGER (O.S.)
It's showtime...

WE TURN to see ROGER WEBBER (early-40s) standing there. Affable but inept. He's a superhero in an all-in-one blue Lycra jumpsuit. He opens his mouth wide, The Fly enters, and he swallows.

Everything turns red. ALARMS sounding all over the place. GUNFIRE. The Lab is under siege. The CORRIDOR outside suddenly becomes filled with more Masked Invaders, all armed, swarming everywhere.

Roger floats up to the ceiling at speed and starts crawling around, searching for a better vantage point. He squeezes his way through a tiny gap and watches as the Lab gets attacked. The Invaders start pouring GASOLINE all over the floor.

Roger remains laser-focused on his targets, ready to attack, but disaster strikes... The ceiling gives way, and he falls to the ground below. The Masked Invaders circle him and aim their guns in his direction.

ROGER
(looking up at his
predicament)
Ah... bugger.

The Masked Invaders aim and take fire. BULLETS firing everywhere, but like a fly, Roger avoids every one of them, moving with incredible quickness before flipping on his head and landing swift kicks to several invaders.

He flies into the air and hits a rapid combination of strikes that drop the remaining intruders. He then spews up an ungodly amount of BLACK GOO that traps his foes.

As they attempt in vain to battle their way free from the sticky residue, Roger stands over them; proudly. A job well done.

In his little victory dance, he inadvertently knocks over a tube of liquid marked "HIGHLY FLAMMABLE." As it spills to the floor, it ignites with the gasoline, and soon the entire room is ABLAZE.

Roger solemnly removes his mask to reveal his weathered face and slicked-back brown hair.

EXT. TRAINING LAB - LATER

SIRENS swirl around. EMERGENCY SERVICES swarm in. SEVERAL SCIENTISTS huddle together, looking at the Lab on fire. Roger is nearby, head down, embarrassed.

RED WIDOW (O.S.)
Now you die.

As Roger turns around, a shadowy, intimidating figure, all in red appears - THE RED WIDOW. She holds a SPIDER in her hand and throws it at Roger. The Spider BITES Roger on the neck before he can swat it away. He FLIES OFF...

EXT. DEVONSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Roger is flying through the woods. The Red Widow is in hot pursuit, running at lightning speed. Roger's waning fast.

ROGER
No. Come on. Don't fail me now.

But he is failing. He heads towards a tree and hides behind it. He breathes heavily, trying to regroup.

He slides down the tree. He THROWS UP a huge amount of vomit, and The Fly comes out with it. Roger holds The Fly in his hand.

ROGER (cont'd)
Go. You know where. It's too late for
me. It's his time now.

The Fly looks at him, a sad expression, but ZOOMS away.

Roger valiantly gets to his feet and tries to find a safe spot, but he reaches a CLIFFTOP. As he turns, the Red Widow is there. No escape...

RED WIDOW
So, this is how it finally ends. You
know, a part of me is gonna miss you.

Roger drops to his knees, POURING WITH SWEAT. His entire body is SHUTTING DOWN.

The Red Widow MUTATES into a GIANT SPIDER. Roger GULPS. The Giant Spider leaps on Roger. BITE! BITE! Roger crumples to the ground.

The Red Widow returns to her original form and stands over Roger. He's dead. She scoops Roger up, lifts him over her head, then throws him off the cliff.

STAY ON: THE FLY. Perched on a tree branch. Looking sad.

THE FLY
Charlie...

And then The Fly disappears...

INT. THE FAMILY HOME. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

ONE MONTH LATER...

We see CHARLIE WEBBER (14) laying on his bed, solemnly staring up at the ceiling in his tiny bedroom surrounded by books. A WAKE is taking place downstairs. MUSIC and PEOPLE LAUGHING can be heard.

Charlie wears glasses, a white shirt, and trousers. He is gawky and clever with a heart of gold. You wouldn't pick him out in a line-up, and that's just the way he likes it.

CHARLIE
What's the point, eh, Max?

MAX BARKS as if in agreement. An Irish Wolfhound, a wiry bundle of fun, lays, stretched out on the floor's rug. This dog is everyone's best friend. He looks as if he's listening to Charlie. The best kind of therapy.

EILEEN (O.S.)
Charlie, honey! Why don't you come
down and see some of the family?

Max LEAPS UP, heads to the door, excited for a new arrival.

The door opens. EILEEN WEBBER (late-30s), overbearing and suffocating, but her heart is in the right place, enters. Max adores her, but she's more of a cat person.

EILEEN
Really? You're gonna mope up here by
yourself instead of being with
everyone?

CHARLIE
It sounds like you're having a great
time without me.

Max BARKS, trying to get some attention from Eileen, who pushes his head away.

EILEEN
Oh, come on. Don't be like this. I'm
doing the best I can. Half an hour,
that's all I ask. But the dog stays
put.

Max looks hurt, DROOPS his head.

CHARLIE
(sighs)
Fine. Give me five minutes.

Eileen smiles, kisses her son on the forehead and exits. Charlie sits up on the bed. He gives Max a fuss.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Hey, you got off lucky. You get to
stay here and chill. I gotta chat
with all our weird aunties and
uncles.

THE FLY enters through his window. Max BARKS and JUMPS at it, thinking it's a game.

THE FLY comes straight at Charlie, who leaps up, SCREAMING and flailing his arms about.

He regroups and folds up a NEWSPAPER. SWATS at The Fly but misses it each time. He watches it land on the wall.

He edges closer to it, not noticing that it looks different from a regular fly. He WHACKS it with the newspaper; this time a success. The Fly drops off the wall. Charlie scoops it up and throws it in the bin, relieved.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I should get a medal for bravery.

Max jumps up on the bed, stretches out.

CHARLIE
Please, make yourself comfortable...

He smiles before exiting, closing the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The room is filled with MOURNERS. A table-spread is laid out with lots of pastries. Charlie's aunt DEBBIE (mid-40s), an overweight woman in a motorised scooter wedges her way through towards him and Eileen. She's never met a bit of gossip or pork chop she could turn down.

EILEEN
(aside, to Charlie)
Please be nice.

CHARLIE
(forced smile)
Aunt Debbie.

Debbie is scoffing on a piece of cake while talking to Charlie in between mouthfuls.

DEBBIE
I always told him that no good can
come of exercise. And what happens?
He falls off a bloody cliff.

She grabs Charlie's hand. Charlie turns to Eileen with a pained expression. This is torture for him.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Charlie is at the sink downing a glass of water, looking flustered and taking deep breaths.

Social gatherings are not his thing. Debbie BEEPS her scooter to create a pathway to reach the kitchen.

DEBBIE

There you are. Thought you'd done a runner. There's some relatives who wanna say hello.

Charlie just stands there. Suddenly, there are several eyes on him. He starts to sweat. Too much attention.

CHARLIE

Um... hey... thanks for coming...

There's FOUR RELATIVES. Two couples. Aunts and uncles. All middle-aged, and odd.

UNCLE #1

Are you having a little cry?

CHARLIE

No, I was just grabbing a drink.

AUNT #1

Good lad. But as long as it's a soft drink, and not anything stronger. We don't need any more alcoholics in the family.

CHARLIE

I'm fourteen...

UNCLE #2

(re: Charlie's
glasses)

Have you considered contacts? Best thing I ever did. It'll help you get a girlfriend too if you shed those.

CHARLIE

No, I like my glasses. The thought of putting anything in my eyes makes me wanna throw up.

AUNT #2

So, is there anyone special in your life?

His blank stare is a clear no.

CHARLIE

I have Max. He's all I need. He's always there for me. We don't need anyone else. Everyone else leaves.

AUNT #2

You're talking about your father, aren't you? Dying isn't exactly leaving, love. I don't think he particularly wanted to fall off a cliff.

CHARLIE

He's all I had. There was no one I wanted to talk to after a long day except him. He always understood me...

Eileen enters carrying a tray of empty cups.

EILEEN

How's everyone doing?

DEBBIE

Not great... Charlie's off on one.

Charlie stops. Looks at Debbie, frowns.

CHARLIE

... So now I'm meant to just carry on like nothing happened? What's the point? My dad, the one person I thought would always be here, is gone.

He looks at Eileen, who is welling up. Unsure how to help. Charlie pushes his way past, and exits.

DEBBIE

I couldn't get a doggy bag to take back, could I?

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

An upset Charlie sits on the edge of the bath taking deep breaths. There's a KNOCK at the door.

EILEEN (O.S.)

Charlie. Are you okay in there?

CHARLIE

I'm fine.

EILEEN (O.S.)

Everyone's gone now. How about you find something for us to watch and I'll make a nice hot chocolate?

CHARLIE
Sounds good...

EILEEN (O.S.)
Everything will get better, I
promise. It's gonna take time, but
we'll get through it.

CHARLIE
Okay, I'll just forget about dad.

EILEEN (O.S.)
That's not what I meant. You need to
talk, I'm here. Or maybe a grief
counsellor--

Charlie opens the door. Eileen is a little startled.

CHARLIE
I said I'm fine.

He heads downstairs. Eileen sighs.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - SHORT TIME LATER

Charlie stands on the doorstep breathing in the fresh evening air. He hears ARGUING next door. He rolls his eyes, clearly an everyday occurrence.

The neighbour's front door opens, and KALEY (15) emerges, aggressively slamming it behind her. She's effortlessly beautiful and cool but definitely has some issues. She's smoking a cigarette.

There's something about her that Charlie likes, despite not wanting to. He stares at her as she paces back and forth.

CHARLIE
Hi, Kaley.

No response. Eileen appears in the doorway.

EILEEN
God, she's a bad egg.

CHARLIE
She's not so bad.

Kaley spots Charlie and Eileen looking at her.

KALEY
What're you staring at?! Weirdos.

CHARLIE
(to himself)
But then again...

Charlie heads back inside, but not before sneaking one more look at Kaley.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Max is sleeping on Charlie's bed as he enters.

CHARLIE
I guess I'll sit here then.

He sits at his desk and sighs heavily. He picks up a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of him and his father in happier times, standing atop a mountain looking exhausted but managing smiles.

As he takes in the picture, THE FLY buzzes into the room once again. Zooms around the head of Charlie, who repeatedly swats it away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Didn't I kill you already?

Suddenly, The Fly takes flight down his throat, and he starts choking.

He falls off the chair, struggling for breath. His face goes pale; his entire body violently shakes, then he passes out.

It seems like the world has just met its new Superhero...

THE FLY-BOY.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Charlie's eyes slowly open to find Max affectionately licking his face. He's still on the floor and everything is a confused haze to him right now.

EILEEN (O.S.)
Care to explain what you're doing
down there?

CHARLIE
Mum?

Eileen stands in the doorway, hands on hips, disappointed with her son.

EILEEN

Look, I get it. But alcohol is not the answer. Certainly not at your age.

CHARLIE

I didn't drink anything... unless the tap water is playing up again.

EILEEN

Charlie, I wasn't born yesterday. It's okay, I'll let you off this once considering everything but don't do it again.

She exits while tutting her disapproval. Charlie sits up. Bad idea. The room is spinning. He holds his head. A second attempt to get to his feet is more successful.

INT. BATHROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Charlie is looking at himself in the mirror. Paler than usual. There's a KNOCK at the door.

EILEEN (O.S.)

The best cure I've discovered is a cold glass of milk with a piece of dry toast. Do you want me to make you some?

Charlie staggers back, sits on the edge of the bath, and runs some cold water on his wrists.

CHARLIE

I don't feel very well. I think I'm gonna-

Before he can say anything else, he throws up a torrent of vomit all over the floor. Eileen bursts through the door and surveys the scene; SCREAMS. The vomit keeps coming and coming...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Am I dying?
(more vomit)
I feel like I'm dying.

He slides down the wall, head spinning. What is going on? Is he actually dying? He exhales deeply.