

SUPER: You Can Measure A Circle
 By Beginning Anywhere - Charles Fort

FADE IN:

Silver. We are up against a chambered nine-millimeter bullet. We are upside down... Rotating 180 degrees, we pull back through the gleaming crimson-silver bore...

A VOICE (O.S.)
 Well above all else.

The muzzle seems to float between the light and dark...

A formidable-looking woman, in her mid-fifties steps from the shadows and competently points a Walther PPK O.S...

MARGARET (cont'd)
 You're a stubborn one.

DEAN (V.O.)
 That's Margaret. No she's not in a bad mood. That's how she normally looks.

With his boyish face, weathered, streaked with anger and grief, DEAN HILL wipes away sweat and blood rolling into his eyes, with the back of his hand. He is in his late twenties.

DEAN (V.O.)
 That's me. I've looked better.

Dean is leaning over an ultra-high-tech control console...
 ... An ominous feel to the windowless room... Shadowy...
 Muted light... A strange high-energy hum in the background.

DEAN (V.O.)
 Normally someone pointing a gun would have me staining my shorts. But it's been that kind of an evening. As I speak, there's a pretty good size hole in my jacket and bloods dripping down the sleeve of my favorite shirt. So in all honesty, I'm kind of feeling, been there, done that. And to cap things off, technically Margaret's the good guy and well,... I'm not.

LIKE A SLOW MOVING BLACK WAVE WE FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

POP, a gas flame ignites and surrounds a metal pot.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: Twenty-three years earlier...

SIX-YEAR-OLD SARA more than carefully adjusts the burner. Pride of accomplishment shines from her sweet face. The kitchen is clean, but like the rest of the apartment a little on the dreary side. O.S. A screen door creaks open...

LIVING ROOM

A skinny SEVEN-YEAR-OLD DEAN proudly spins a basketball on his index finger. The ball abruptly spins off and crashes into an ugly lamp, that's been crashed into before. Sara enters. Suddenly nervous, Dean aims for the kitchen.

DEAN
Something smells good.

Sara snaps her hand out and flashes Dean a plastic smile.

SARA
Like that's gonna work.

... Dean relents and pulls his report card from his back pocket and turns it over to his little sister.

SARA
English, A. That's a given...
"B" in Math. Nothing wrong-

Sara reads to herself... She looks at Dean. Their innocent eyes now scared... O.S. The screen door opens with a slam.

Their FATHER, a strong burly unshaven man carrying a six-pack and a T.V. Guide, barrels toward the kitchen. We now see hazy smoke filtering out from the kitchen.

FATHER
Does the whole God damn kitchen
have to burn down before you
do anything?

KITCHEN

With the sizzle of flesh, the Father grips and jerks the now billowing metal pot away.

(MORE)

FATHER (cont'd)
 Son of a bitch!

The Father shoves his hand under the kitchen faucet. Dean and Sara stand frozen in the doorway... Smacking open the window above the sink, the Father knocks over the dish soap. It pops open and spurts gooey soap onto his waist.

FATHER
 Can't I leave you alone for one
 minute?
 (his wiping making
 it much worse)
 Who did this?

DEAN
 ... I did it.

Sara attempts to take hold of her brother's hand.

FATHER
 What a surprise.

Dean doesn't back away. The Father seizes Dean by the collar; Dean begins to choke.

FATHER
 You're worthless. You know that?
 Look at this mess. Huh? Huh?...
 I'm talking to you.

Sara cringes to the shakes:

FATHER (O.S.)
 Are you deaf and worthless? Well,
 (hoarsely)
 well Dean, answer me. Answer-

A sharp pain erupts from his chest; he releases Dean... The Father takes a few deliberate breaths... This has all happened many times before...

DREAM

ALL IS A BLUR... Then evolving into the surrealistic shape of what looks like two diamonds, one on top of the other, emanating an almost blinding undulating magenta glow...

The faint image of two hands become apparent. Their fingers gently touch and then... With a sense of dread one set of fingers slips away. An echoing scream shatters the moment...

SARA (V.O.)
 (soft)
 ... Dean, Dean.

BEDROOM

Dean's eyes burst open with a claustrophobic gasp. He finds himself in the safety of his own bed. Sara standing on a bunk bed ladder, leans over him.

SARA
 Another bad dream?

DEAN
 ... The, the pizza here?

Sara nods. Dean hops off the upper bunk and continues out of the bedroom, leaving his worried little sister behind...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

An unusually large round moon appears to blanket the complex in a vaguely phosphorescent hue...

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A tattered snapshot of A Younger Father and his Lovely Bride. In the off-color glow of his 19 inch, empty beer cans nearby, the Father sits in his frayed Barca-lounger, staring into his wallet.

BEDROOM

Dean can be seen across the hall, in the bathroom brushing his teeth. Sara is kneeling next to her bed.

SARA
 Dear God, tell our Mother we will
 love her always and please help our
 Father so he's not sick anymore.
 (soft)
 And Dean, he deserves so much better...

Suddenly, columns of silky moonlight seem to engulf Sara. She turns and gazes over her shoulder, through the window up at the luminous round moon as parting clouds separate...

A small crystal hanging in the window begins to glisten intently sending a rainbow of colors dancing from it as:

MORPH INTO:

The small crystal dangles from a rearview mirror as...

INT./EXT. SARA'S VOLVO COUNTRY WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Driven by an attractive, feeling good about the world, TWENTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD, SARA, a late model, red Volvo wagon weaves it's way through a typical suburban neighborhood. She's humming/partially singing the Whinnie The Pooh Song.

Playing in the back seat - FIVE-YEAR-OLD AIMEE (Dressed as Snow White), flashy sunglasses, hyper-confident, and her big sister, SAMANTHA, (Sam) who is eight, the serious one. The big brown eyes presiding in the middle belong to JORDAN, a neighbor's child. She's four, and small for her age.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The garage door rolls up as the Volvo eases into the driveway past a faded light blue pick-up truck...

A hand painted sign surrounded by bright yellow daffodils reads: "FORGET THE DOG BEWARE OF KIDS."

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - DINNING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

A cluttered but clean two-story toy central. Seen through the windows, the backyard is beautifully landscaped. The focal point is a unique hand crafted wooden swing set.

On a mission, the three girls race through the house and into the kitchen (two household fire extinguishers can be seen), to find Dean (looking a lot better) preparing dinner. Sam takes the lead and skids into her Uncle's arms.

DEAN

There's my angels.

Jordan is in awe of Dean. Dean hugs and plants a big smooch on Samantha. She beams "Nice try loser," at her sister.

AIMEE

Uncle Dean.

DEAN

Niece, Aimee.

AIMEE
 (needling Samantha)
 You said the same actor played Belle
 in "Beauty and the Beast" and Ariel
 in "The Little Mermaid"; she just
 changed her hair color?

Dean affectionately scoops up and cradles Aimee.

DEAN
 Sure did.

Aimee points the tip of her tiny tongue at her big sister.
 Dean snips Aimee's tongue with his fingers and sets her
 down. Aimee elbows her Uncle.

SAMANTHA
 They're not actors, they're cartoon
 characters; they're not real.

Bogged down with groceries, Sara bangs her way to the
 kitchen. Dean and Aimee glare at Sam as though she's wacky.
 Aimee scoops a fist full of peanut M&Ms from a candy dish.

SARA
 Hey, hey, candy's not an appetizer.

Aimee drops all but one, which she pops in her mouth.

AIMEE
 (too innocently)
 Mom, how come it doesn't smell
 like this when you cook?

Sara makes a face.

DEAN
 (to Sara, Re: to Jordan)
 You've been busy?

Eyes bashful, Jordan's thrilled that Dean noticed her.

AIMEE
 This is Jordan, Uncle Dean. She gets
 to spend the night. Right Mom?

SARA
 Of course, my youngest darling.
 (to Dean, partially mouthing)
 Her parents want some "alone" time.

O.S. The doorbell rings. Panic flickers in Dean's eyes. Sara
 bounces teasing eyebrows at Dean, as she bounds with a
 childlike sense of fun for the door.

Trying not to look nervous, Dean nervously busies himself...

JORDAN
(to Dean, importantly)
I asked my mom for a baby sister.

SAMANTHA
Why?

Aimee holds her tummy and mocks laughter. Deflated, Sara reappears with a friend of theirs, DALE. Mid-twenties and a little plump. He's very comfortable with himself. (Except around Sara)

Dale's holding a wrapped gift and a bottle of wine. Dean's not nervous anymore... Aimee tries to snag the gift.

AIMEE
Shouldn't have.

But Dale's faster, and taller.

DALE
What a pickle, I didn't.

Blindsiding Dale, Samantha swoops in and grabs the gift.

SAMANTHA
Yes you did.

The sisters make mince meat out of the wrapping paper.

AIMEE
Out of all the men chasing Mom, we like you best.

DALE
And you throw like a girl.

AIMEE
That's your idea of witty banter.
(sympathetic)
You're so injudicious.

Jordan nods in complete agreement. Dale's in no hurry to respond. Sara shoots Aimee a "Cool your jets" look as the sisters pull a wooden bucket from the gift box.

AIMEE
What? Were bonding. He's my world.

SARA
OhmyGod, an ice cream machine.

Sara falls to her knees with the gift. Samantha and Aimee look like sad-face buttons. Dale flashes Dean, "Thanks for the tip." Dean slides his finger against his nose.

Obviously disappointed, Samantha gets up and lets the wrapping paper drop from her hands, as she heads upstairs with (future ballerina) a spin.

SAMANTHA

Someone tell Mom there's plenty of ice cream in the freezer.

Dale tears off some French bread, dips it in the spaghetti sauce, and it's in his mouth with a, "Not bad," look. Sara's poring over the ice cream instructions. Dean resumes preparing dinner. Dale's already eyeing seconds.

DALE

Worked out my diet problem.

DEAN

By avoiding sugar, fatty foods. Eating lots of veggies, especially the green ones.

DALE

Nope, bigger pants.
(a sinking feeling)
Listen Dean... Seems all she has time for these days is the magazine.
... Sorry... Her loss... Dean, what's injudicious mean?

Setting the ice cream machine on the counter, Sara looks at it as if it were a large stuffed animal, she'd just won at a carnival. Searching kitchen drawers for a corkscrew, Dale comes across a stun gun.

SARA

(avoiding the children's ears)
That's my ball-zapper.

DEAN

(to Aimee and Jordan)
So ladies, what about a cooking lesson?

Jordan's eyes dilate with a BIG "Yes."

AIMEE

Nah, I want to be like Mom.

Sara tilts a heart-felt proud-mom smile toward Aimee.
Aimee smiles back a perfect smile.

JORDAN

(to Dean, importantly)
My mom has eyes in the back of her
head.

AIMEE

(rocking on tippy-toes)
Come on Uncle Dean. Please, please,
please. We want to go play on the
swings. You know you're my favorite
Uncle.

(gazing at the swings,
with a gusty sigh)
Anything sadder than empty swings.

Eyes sympathetic, plotting her escape, Aimee turns to see if
Dean's falling for it. Dean squishes his face and (like a
little kid) rocks his head, mocking he's mad as heck.

Pulling Jordan, grabbing a couple of cookies, opening the
glass door, Aimee sticks her tongue out, bows, and is gone.

Dale takes (a tug-of-war ensues) a vegetable platter that
Dean is working on, and shyly formal, offers it to Sara.

DALE

... Olive?

Sara beams...

EXT. BACKYARD - PATIO - SAME

Basketball hoop. Barbecue. Industrial fire extinguisher.

JORDAN

(goo-goo eyes at Dean)
I see why he's your favorite Uncle.

AIMEE

(giving Jordan a cookie)
He's my only Uncle.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Seen through the windows, Dale and the children play
piggyback. The sculptured landscape and festive lighting
make for a one-of-a-kind backyard...

HAND CRAFTED WOODEN SWING SET

Sara and Dean gently sway back and forth. Sara smiles up at the great big round moon.

DEAN

Anyone you want to talk to?

They share a relaxed chuckle. Dean turns melancholy... Sara notices. They continue swinging in silence. Then:

SARA

... Try not to fall in love with someone who ends up running off with the neighborhood 7-11 clerk... He was an awfully cute 7-11 clerk.

Dean nods his agreement.

DEAN

What about that Prince being tortured by your girls?

SARA

Dale? He's nice.
(watching Dean's reaction)
He's just so much younger than me.

DEAN

Not really.

SARA

You think?

DEAN

(super pleasant)
Besides, you're very young looking.

SARA

(so believing him)
Really.

DEAN

Course it is kinda dark out here.

O.S. From inside the house, fun music kicks in. Sara pops from her swing and pushes Dean's chest "Helping" him swing:

SARA

Course it's kinda dark. How long you been saving that?

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