

FELY

"That can be arranged, The Red Demoñio answered back. But then the smoke from his sizzling hand caused him to let go of her wrist. Even though Pyree promised to never use her powers, they always came out in her time of need."

PARKER

Well?

FELY

What did I say, Parker?

PARKER

But he doesn't die.

FELY

No violence.

PARKER

That's not violence. That's... sizzling. Pyree can't be a superhero without kicking some major ass... ssassin Pirate butt.

(Exit FELY. Enter ERROL.)

ERROL

Weak! Parker, your characters are weak! They've lost their edge, and I need your edge back if we're going to keep up with DC and Marvel.

PARKER

Pyree has that.

ERROL

Pyree had that. Your swashbuckling flame-throwing superhero had a good run until you made her fall in love.

PARKER

What's wrong with that? Pirates can't fall in love?

ERROL

No. Unless they fall in love with a traitorous parrot... hmmm... No. They can't! Cut the love! I knew you came back too soon.

PARKER

I'm fine, Errol. I know how to do my job.

ERROL

Then do it. By the end of the day, Parker. A new superhero... or we get a new writer.

(Exit ERROL.)

PARKER

Hey! You told me I had until the morning! Errol! Errol! Incredible. After all I did for him and this company. Fine. A new superhero is what he wants, a new superhero is what he'll get.

(PARKER starts to pace around her office.)

Okay. I've done this before. I can do this. Think Parker. The Green Hatcher. She works in a garden and while she's planting whatever they plant, she unearths an alien rock shaped like a ring and when she puts that ring on... crap. Okay... something more original. Charmin is a fire fighter by day, and a crime fighter at night... who fights crime with toilet paper? Charmin?

(PARKER catches toilet paper rolls from off-stage and throws them at the audience.)

Take that. Wipe your crime away. And it's super absorbent too!

(Feeling defeated. She sits in a chair and lets out a breath. PARKER glances at a picture frame on her desk, grabs it, and looks at the picture inside.)

Crime fighter. Superhero. Original. Non-absorbent.

(PARKER puts picture away as FELY enters dressed in a superhero outfit. She strikes a superhero pose.)

MamaSiHero.

(ROBBER skips out.)

PARKER

Sometimes a hero just has to be super at showing others how to be a better person - with a certain look, sometimes with guilt, with food or just say that they're proud of you.

(To MAMASIHERO)

Can you teach me your powers?

FELY

I already have.

PARKER

But I don't know how to be strong like you?

FELY

It's in you. Powers, like strength, come out at the time when you need it most. Remember that character you created when you were ten?

PARKER

Pyree.

FELY

Right. Pyree. Like her. When she needed them, the powers came.

PARKER

But what I need right now is you, mom.

(Exit FELY.)

We had some really good talks while we sat in that room with the Chemo I.V. drip thingy running from that bag into her arm. Talking was a good thing for her. Probably got her mind off of feeling nauseous at the beginning of her treatment. But then she'd get used... not like I could ever get used to it. Lung Cancer was the worst villain for us... her to face. Knowing her, she probably did give it that "Look of Bitter Dissappointment" and even tried to guilt it out of her body. I know I didn't, but she eventually made peace with the C word and, for all I know, probably tried to make it her friend by making it a traditional Filipino feast. We had her favorite foods at her reception last week, including Bibingka, which I knew I burned. I'm a writer, not a baker.