

SuperGuy Series "DRIVEN"

Episode 1: The Date

EXT. PATIO RESTAURANT

SUPERGUY, 25, handsome, clad in red cape and black and gold body suit, sits across from his date. We see only SuperGuy over her shoulder.

SUPERGUY

Hey, you look great. Really.

DATE

I don't feel so good. I'm kinda of shaky.

SUPERGUY

You look a little green, but you look great.

EMILY HARRIS, 27, attractive, mascara streaks, tattered clothes, major big wind-blown hair... was she car-washed?

EMILY

Maybe some ginger ale will help.

SUPERGUY

Look. Let me just first say...

EMILY

Oh God. Excuse me for a second.

Emily stands and heads for the bathroom. SuperGuy doesn't move. She stops, takes a breath, and returns to the table.

SUPERGUY

Are you okay?

EMILY

Yes. I'm better.

SUPERGUY

I do feel badly about the flying. I just thought it would be--

EMILY

Romantic. Me too. The thought of being picked up and flown to dinner

CUT TO:

SERIES OF FLASH CUTS of stills of the first part of the date.
 STILLs: SuperGuy standing at door with flowers. Emily greeting him. SuperGuy motioning to his back "get on." Emily surprised "Oh really?" Emily straddling his back. Emily being carried, dragged, pulled....etc. It's not lookin' like the movies. It's "snapshots from hell."

WHIP BACK TO:

SUPERGUY

I am so sorry. I guess I'm not used to passengers over long distances.

Emily remains still.

SUPERGUY (CONT'D)

I enjoyed your paintings at the gallery. You're an amazing artist.

EMILY

I feel like I'm going to throw up.

SuperGuy searches for something, then pulls the flowers from the table vase and pushes it over.

EMILY (CONT'D)

This is so embarrassing. I just had this fantasy of sailing through the clouds... never even thinking about ...looking down.

SUPERGUY

I guess I'm just so used to it.

EMILY

And the wind! I rarely put the top down on my convertible.

A small boy and girl approach. The boy rips a stuffed toy from the girl's hands.

LITTLE BOY

Hey SuperGuy, hit this with your heat vision!

The little girl is terrified. The mother quickly swoops in.

MOTHER OF BOY

I'm sorry. We're just really big fans. Come along kids.

EMILY

You have heat vision?

SUPERGUY

No. I don't know where that started.

EMILY

Can bullets hurt you?

SUPERGUY

They certainly do hurt, but they don't really injure me...if that's what you mean.

SuperGuy gets comfortable. He looks at Emily and glances down at her chest. She goes from green to red and crosses her arms.

EMILY

Do you have X-Ray vision?

Busted. Now he's a little red.

SUPERGUY

No, no, nothing like that! I can fly and have super human strength.

EMILY

Is that supposed to turn me on?

SUPERGUY

I didn't mean... I was just trying to...

EMILY

Ah, the super hero is a little vulnerable. That's kind of attractive.

Emily goes back to looking green. She covers her mouth, but then pulls it together.

EMILY

I'm sorry. I need to leave. I just don't think I can keep anything down.

SUPERGUY

I can...

EMILY

Call me a cab! (pause) 'Sorry. Please. No offense, but this has ... I'm not going back the way I came!

EXT. PATIO RESTAURANT - LATER

A cab pulls up. SuperGuy helps Emily along as she wobbles over on one broken high-heel.

EMILY

That landing was something too!

WHIP CUT TO:

SERIES OF THREE FLASH CUT STILLs: Touchdown with Emily upside-down and skirt over head, Emily on her rear with legs in air and SuperGuy trying to pull her off ground, brushing off dirt.

WHIP CUT BACK:

SUPERGUY

Here. Let me...lean on me a second.

SuperGuy lifts her one leg with the good shoe and breaks off the remaining heel. Now she can walk...waddle.

EMILY

Wow. Thanks. A matching pair.

Emily takes her shoes off as she gets into the cab.

SUPERGUY

Well, I was wondering if...
...I was thinking it'd be a good
idea if... you take an antacid.

He bails.

EMILY

Yeah. Thanks. Bye.

The cab pulls away. He grabs the back of the cab. The tires squeal in place. The driver stops.

SUPERGUY

I'd love to see you again. On a
more normal date.

EMILY

What!? How could this ever
be...normal.

SUPERGUY

I will--

EMILY

Bring a car. And lose the costume.

SUPERGUY
Ok. Perfect. Normal.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE NIGHT

"SuperGuy, Inc." and the huge SG-Shield emblazon the side of the approaching glass tower: SuperGuy Corporate Headquarters.

INT. SUPERGUY CORPORATE OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM

The SG-Shield hovers to the side of a CONFERENCE ROOM SCREEN surrounded by high-tech AV. A VIDEO NEWS CLIP PLAYS. A mid-fifties no-nonsense bulldog of a man responds on camera. His font reads: CHARLES ROBERTS, CEO, SuperGuy, Inc.

CHARLES ON VIDEO
Look. SuperGuy didn't lie. I did.
If we told you we knew where the
mayor was being held hostage, it
would have been game-over!

JOAN HANSON, 28, perals, polished, public relations and CCO of SuperGuy Inc., watches the screen with Charles.

CHARLES
And THAT is the God's honest truth.

Joan holds up a hand stifling Charles as the report continues.

REPORTER ON VIDEO
So the end justifies the means?
Isn't honesty the only policy?

CHARLES ON VIDEO
No. It isn't. It was an executive,
real-world decision. That's why I'm
wearing my big-boy pants.

A newspaper image with a photo silhouette of the SuperGuy with headlines: "HE LIED!" freezes on the screen.

JOAN
People are expecting truth,
justice, and the American way.

CHARLES
That's bullshit.
(politely rephrasing)
I mean, that's a fictitious
character's slogan, not ours.

INT. PENTHOUSE DANCE CLUB

LOUD MUSIC and LIGHTS pulsate. Kids dance. TIM PETERS, 21, scrawny, cute sits alone with earphones in watching an iPad.

A VLOG PLAYS. "WHITE LIGHT" headlines the WEB-PAGE. A RED NULL SLASH crosses over the familiar SG Shield icon. "SuperLie!" headlines the post. MOVING LIPS show in the video.

MOVING LIPS

That lie was just the beginning.
Where has SuperGuy been for the
last week?

The video image cuts to the caped hero flying across the sky. The Kid follows the image with his finger. A hand nudges the kid. He covers the screen and does not look up.

TIM

Seriously. I can't dance.

The hand now pulls the earphones from Tim's head. The hand belongs to MAX WILSON, AKA MIRTHRAX MAX, 39, out-of-place in his old-school jacket. Max stoops down eye to eye and reveals a bag full of tiny red pills.

MAX

Forget dance. Don't you want to
know what it's like... to fly?

INT. SUPERGUY CORPORATE OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM

CHARLES

He's back on tonight.

JOAN

And we need to tell the press
something, and we better not get
caught in a lie.

CHARLES

You can't tell the press the truth.
And you can't use any cover. You
can't say he was exhausted,
resting, pained or reciting poetry.

JOAN

It would make him more relatable.

CHARLES

It would make him more vulnerable.
And that would get him killed.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

For the same reason we don't tell people how high or fast he can fly or what bullets would penetrate him, or if he has peanut allergies. Any chink in the armor would be exploited by terrorists and idiots and ...wanna-be love-interests.

INT. PENTHOUSE DANCE CLUB

The Bald Guy's eyes fix on a GOTH woman who holds his stare. He pulls out a flask and empties it into his mouth. He picks up a TABLE CANDLE, turns his head, and spits hard. A VOLCANO OF FIRE bursts onto the curtains. The curtains combust.

The Fire ALARM sounds. People panic and stampede through strobing lights and intense music.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS

JACKIE RAZOR, 21, PINK HAIR, running mascara, sits tied to a chair amidst LOGS for walls, ANTLERS and RIFLES for decor.

JACKIE

I have over a million Twitter followers.

OS MALE VOICE

Jesus has over 2 billion followers.

JACKIE

Jesus doesn't need to TWEET back.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE

Approaching SuperGuy, Inc. Below: Billboard 1: The super hero stands sans leotards in underwear, boots, and cape. "Super Briefs. That's what's under my suit. What's under yours?"

INT. SG CORPORATE OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM

JOAN

Have you seen the Twittersphere?
The blogosphere? Facebook?
Speculation can be dangerous too.
We need a media boost.

CHARLES

No need. That pop star...Jackie
Razor has been missing a few days.
The media found a new shiny object.

JOAN

Not good enough. We need something...

An ALARM sounds.