

SuperGuy Series: "DRIVEN"

Episode 3: F and F

EXT. SG CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

SuperGuy flies into a top portal of the glass tower.

INT. SG CORPORATE OFFICES CONFERENCE ROOM

Close-up on NEWSPAPER headline: "Another SUPER ZERO Falls to his Death!"

DEREK RITTER, AKA FRIDAY, black, dumpy, slovenly childhood friend of SuperGuy, feasts on doughnuts as he joins Joan and Charles in the conference room and picks the newspaper up.

CHARLES

The Feds are threatening to shut us down! 3 people died last night in Traffic accidents--people rushing to see him.

DEREK

We're back on top again. Jackie Razor is old news.

JOAN

What if SuperGuy could find Jackie? Holy smokes.

DEREK

Totally Smokin'!

CHARLES

One: He is not a crime fighter nor a detective. Two: hundreds of people go missing everyday.

JOAN

But they're not celebrities.

CHARLES

Three: He does not play favors. You know that would backfire!

JOAN

People have no idea anyone else is even missing.

CHARLES

Four: No way he's going to be caught along with the media spotlighting a spoiled pop star.

JOAN

It would be a sensation. My God.

DEREK

There's an APP stream of like 70 help requests every minute, but only ones with multiple hits at the same location qualify as viable.

(trying to impress Joan)

That was my idea! Cuts down on the bullshit--and no one's figured that out yet.

JOAN

So...

DEREK

I'll cross-check single hits with Jackie Razor's registration I.D.

CHARLES

I thought you didn't work here anymore?

DEREK

Think of it as a special favor.

CHARLES

That's exactly my point. Favors are huge problems.

SG enters the conference room. Derek finishes a cookie.

SG

What? Derek's going to do something?

DEREK

(complicated hand-shake)

Yo! Marky Boy! The name's Friday! You know, like "I've got your back." I'm your main man Friday!

JOAN

'more like Sundae. You know. Like you've just eaten an Ice Cream Sundae!

CHARLES

Friday my butt. If you really wanted to help you would have mapped his rescue targets.

DEREK

No thanks. I'm not gonna be responsible for deciding who lives and dies. That's back up to fate.

CONFESSIOAL INTERVIEW SNIPPET - Derek

FONT: Derek Ritter - Boyhood Pal.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I used to run strategy. 'did it since SuperGuy and I started that express courier service. We grew up together. I was there when his ma put him into those clinical trials with the pharmaceutical company. I mean, who would do that? ADHD? BFD!
(pointing to FONT below)
And the name is FRIDAY!

END INTERVIEW SNIPPET

JOAN

Where the hell were you after the fire? We need sound bites. People want to see the good stuff too.

SG

It's none of their business!

JOAN

It's big business. Our business. That White Light blogger is making more money off you than we are. And we need revenue to run this operation whether you good Samaritans think so or not.

CHARLES

White Light has an APP that tells people where you are, whenever there's a sighting. It even gives them GPS guidance.

SG

So?

DEREK

Induced confluence. Problem.

SG

In English.

CHARLES

Hundreds of fanatics jump in cars
and start rushing to the location.
Half are texting other nut jobs.

DEREK

We've tracked the traffic
accidents. There's wrecks and
fatalities leading up to wherever
you show. There's also been some
tramplings.

CHARLES

Trampolines?

JOAN

Tramplings. It happens. So? They're
calling it the Bieber effect.

DEREK

(still nibbling)
The lawyers are lining up for a
feeding frenzy on our ass--sets.

JOAN

We just need more "Good Guy"
headlines. You need to save more
people than get killed because...

SG

...of me? You can't hang that on...

Joan punches up some clips on the PLASMA TV SCREEN: News-
copter shots of people jumping off of buildings.

NEWS REEL V.O.

These people were hoping to meet
SuperGuy. Hoping to be rescued. He
let them down.

JOAN

Forget the flash mobs and car
accidents. We have a huge PR
problem with the jumpers. They
doubled while you were "out."

DEREK

Let 'em jump. 'thins the herd.
Survival of the fittest.

Derek pats his rotund pot belly as he says "fittest." Joan
stares at Derek's outrageously unFIT body.

JOAN

Your "leave of absence" also
inspired a few more surprises:
Copycat "heroes" out there "flying"
into the ground. Look at this:

JOAN shows SuperGuy another headline: "Super Fall!"

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES BUILDING

A LARGE HOODED FIGURE stands atop a high-rise. A crowd draws
at the bottom. He yells out to the crowd.

JUMPER

Get SuperGuy. I swear I'll jump.

LADY IN CROWD

Someone text help to S-G-1-1!

KID IN CROWD

I have an APP!

The kid presses a SG-shield icon on his phone. "GPS engaged!"
Several people hit their SG APP.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS

Snow surrounds the cabin.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS

Jackie, tied to a chair, listens to Oldies.

JACKIE

This is NOT my play list! How long
are we gonna do this? Talk to me
like an adult!

INT. SG CORPORATE OFFICES

CHARLES

One percent of the population takes
up ninety percent of our time.

DEREK

Let 'em take themselves out before
they do me or someone else.

An alarm sounds. Joan runs in with the news.

JOAN

It's another jumper! Hurry!

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS

Jackie presses the SuperGuy App. It intermittently reads "Out of range," "Call Failed," and "Looking for service." A single bar blips on then off. Flat lining.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES HIGH RISE

The jumper flails his arms over the building taunting the crowd. The crowd GASPS and reacts. SuperGuy lands rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP

The jumper remains hooded with his back to SuperGuy.

SG

Okay. I'm here. You got me. You don't have to jump.

JUMPER

Maybe I want to.

SG

Again? Can't you just pick up a phone?

The jumper turns and purposely falls backwards off the ledge.

SG (CONT'D)

Seriously?

SuperGuy runs for the edge.

SuperGuy faces down as he catches up with the jumper who faces upwards plummeting. SuperGuy grabs the jumper's arms. An upside-down SuperGuy faces the upright jumper.

SG (CONT'D)

Frank! What the hell are you doing?

The Jumper's hoodie/jacket blows above his head, revealing his name badge: OFFICER FRANK TRENT: the DEA AGENT from the fire! He plants a kiss on SG's forehead.

SG (CONT'D)

You! Of all people! I could be out helping those that really need it!

FRANK

I don't need your help!

SG
You're falling to your death.

FRANK
And you've gone and taken that away
too. It's the little things.

SG
Frank. Get serious.

FRANK
This isn't serious?

SG
What would the press say if they
found out my own brother fell to
his death?

FRANK
How incredibly selfish of me.

SG ascends back to the rooftop with his brother.

SG
You could lose a few pounds.

FRANK
What did you do with that kid?

SG
I turned him in.

FRANK
Bullshit.

SG
Frank. Get over it. You're not my
boss. You never were.

FRANK
That's exactly your problem. You
don't have a boss...you never did.

SG places Frank down atop the building and flips upright.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I still know better!

SG
I'm not helping out with any
victimless crime thing. I rescue
people in danger.

FRANK

Your motto is: "Don't do drugs."
"The law is the law." "Keep this
country safe."

SG

Right. I checked him. He didn't
have any WMDs.

FRANK

Mr. American Hero.

SG

I'm all for truth, but justice and
the American way have parted
company. Kinda like us.

FRANK

You never call, you never write.

SG

What do you want, Frank?

FRANK

When are you gonna get my back for
a change? Do you think it might be
possible that for once I might be
right? You don't know what we might
have found out if we questioned
that kid.

SG crouches to take off.

SG

There are people who need my
attention.

FRANK

Our mother for one.

SG stops moving forward and falls to the roof-top. BAM!

SG

Why would you say that word during
lift-off? She depresses me.

SG gets up. Dusts off. Begins jumping.

FRANK

Mother! Mom. Mama. Mommy. Ma!
MaryJo! MaryJo Trent!

SG repeatedly jumps trying to lift off. He cannot.

FRANK (CONT'D)

One of these days it's going to be her on a rooftop.

SG

Only if she's trying to get better reception to "the man upstairs."

FRANK

You should respect your parents.

SG

I took him to his father.

FRANK

What?

SG

That boy. I brought him home. His father came outside.

FRANK

You did that to him! The DEA would have been more understanding.

SG

No, Bro. That's just it. I expected his father to scold him or hit him or give him some lecture about doing what's right.

FRANK

Well what the hell did he do?

SG

He asked him how did he create the space for this to happen?

FRANK

Create the space? What!? This is all Dr. Phil's fault. I wanna hurt that man.

SG

My God. Can you imagine if our parents were that... understanding?

FRANK

We'd be wussies.

SG

Our father never had our backs.

FRANK

Here's your chance to get Mom's.
Just visit her. Once a week would
be nice. Starting today!

SG

Every time I talk to her I'm five
years old again.

FLASHBACK INT. KITCHEN

MARY JO

Good boys sit up straight. Do you
want a juice box? Apple or Cherry?

SG

Mom. I'm twenty-two.

MARY JO

Don't talk back to your mother.

SG

Yes, Mom. Cherry. ... Please.

EXT. ROOFTOP PRESENT TIME

FRANK

Geezus. You still turned out to be
a wuss. Some super hero!

Franks's radio beeps and calls. He turns his hoodie right-
side out, exposing the DEA on the back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

That's me. You better see her or
I'll hold a tell-all press
conference on how the great
American hero doesn't see his
mother and he releases junkies.

SG

Right. You go and do that.

FRANK

(running to stairs)
Think happy thoughts!

SuperGuy can barely lift off. He opens a bottle of tiny red
pills and pops one in. He jets into the sky.