

**SuperGuy Series "DRIVEN"**

Episode 4: Mommy Weirdest

EXT. SG SECRET LAIR CLUBHOUSE

Font types across screen: SuperGuy Secret Clubhouse.

A classic kid's tree house with a ladder in a backyard.

INT. SG SECRET LAIR CLUBHOUSE

DEREK

Next time he's just going to use a bigger gun. How big is too big?

SG

I'm not about to find out.

DEREK

Then listen to me. It's got to be the blogger. He's listing out your weaknesses. And last night, he knew where you were going to be, almost before we did.

SG

There's no proof of anything. He has his freedom of speech, and the law hates me anyway.

DEREK

I can hack my way to him.

SG

It's best to stay on this side of the law. Can you imagine crossing that line?

DEREK

I could do it by this afternoon.

SG

We gotta be somewhere! And you look like a slob!

INT. SG'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATER

SG stands in his IKEA furnished penthouse apartment with Derek. MARTIN STUART, SG's assistant, queer eye for the hero guy, flutters about pulling together an outfit. He pulls a "home-made" glittered-cape version of the SuperGuy costume.

DEREK  
Why do I have to go?

SG  
You got my back. Right? Friday.

DEREK  
Your mother hates me.

MARTIN  
(holding up outfit)  
How's this?

DEREK  
That is so gay!

MARTIN  
Honey. This IS NOT gay. 'Promise!

SG  
Mom made it. It's hideous.

MARTIN  
You should tell her. She'll stop.

SG  
A white lie to spare people  
physical or emotional harm trumps  
honesty any day.

DEREK  
What's with the cross on the back?

SG  
It's a "caped crusader" thing.  
Martin. Stop. I'm going just like  
this!

MARTIN  
Then why am I fussing with you?

SG  
(referring to Derek)  
I need you to deal with him!

DEREK  
Oh no. You're not doin' some metro  
thing on me. That is so--

EXT./INT. HOSPITAL

Frank Trent rushes to keep up with the EMTs wheeling a  
patient into the emergency room.

EMT

It's the same stuff we found at the penthouse fire the other night. The kids call it Mirth!

FRANK

As in Mirthrax?

EMT

Yep. But this is like taking thirty pills. It's been chemically manipulated and cut.

FRANK

Someone's baking up junk that makes meth look reasonable.

INT. MARY JO TRENT'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION BEDROOM

A bottle of Mirthrax sits on the VANITY next to a huge, ornate, pink canopy bed. MaryJo sits in front of a gilded gold mirror as she punctuates her wardrobe with a Tiara. PIERRE, a miniature poodle with a tiny CAPE, watches.

MARY JO

(asking the dog)

Is it too much, Pierre?

(trying on the tiara)

I am the mother of a super hero. I should look the part. Superman's mother was a Queen.

(Yelling back as if the dog said something)

Shut up! That's not funny!

CONFESSIONAL INTERVIEW SNIPPET - MaryJo

FONT: MaryJo Trent - SuperGuy's Mother

MARY JO (CONT'D)

I brought Mark up right despite his drunkard of a father who ran out on us when he was four. I taught him honesty! And I raised him to be humble with his God-given talents. "Pride goeth before the fall!"

END INTERVIEW SNIPPET

INT. MARY JO TRENT'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS MANSION FOYER

The doorbell rings. ALBERT FLANDERS, ancient, in TUX, butler, opens the massive door. SG and Derek stand shined up like five-year-olds for school pictures.

ALBERT  
Oh Thank God you're here!

MARY JO  
(o.s. a cappella tremolo)  
Albert, who is it?

ALBERT  
(leaning and whispering)  
Please...help...me.

MaryJo appears at the top of the sweeping staircase.

MARY JO  
You've come to see your mummy!

SG  
Hi Mom.

DEREK  
Hello Mrs. T.

MARY JO  
Oh. Steven. Haven't you gotten some  
new friends by now?

Pierre darts downstairs barking. Mom hits the first step.

MARY JO (CONT'D)  
Oh dear! My ankle!

Albert rolls his eyes. SuperGuy flies up and grabs her.

SG  
What is it, Mom?

MARY JO  
Oh nothing dear. Really. It's fine.  
It's just....oh! I don't think I  
can put any weight on it.

DEREK  
(sotto Albert)  
Far too late for that.

Albert bumps fists with Derek.

SG  
I'll carry you down. That's a proper  
use of my powers, isn't it? Mom?

MARY JO  
Normally I wouldn't hear of it. But  
Absolutely! You must!

SG lifts his mother, and they slowly hover down the stairs.

MARY JO (CONT'D)

It's Sunday. We can still make the  
afternoon church service.

SG loses lift like a bird taking a shot in the wing. He veers into the wall, over-corrects, hits the banister, then comes down with his butt thudding on each step. MaryJo nestles safe in his arms.

SG

Sorry, Mom. I got distracted.

MaryJo licks her fingers and starts fixing SG's hair. She works in a small Superman-Style curl in front.

MARY JO

Don't worry honey. Your hair looks good, and I made another something for you to wear. You'll love it!

SG

Mom. It's. It's just that. ... I can't go to church.

MARY JO

What?! Isn't that why you came?

SG

I came to see you, Mom.

MARY JO

God gave you powers for a purpose!

Pierre growls and tears at SG's cape.

SG

Then I'd say it's to help people,  
not to sit and do nothing.

MARY JO

Don't talk back to me! Who's going to save you when you need help?

SG

Friday!

No response from Derek. He sits idle. Glazed over.

MARY JO

Who?

SG  
FRIDAY! Derek? Hello!

Derek jumps up and scoots over.

SG (CONT'D)  
Could you do something with Pierre?  
Just take him outside for a tinkle.

Derek manages to snatch Pierre away. Pierre snarls. Derek holds the dog's mouth shut between two fingers.

DEREK  
You're an angry little dog, aren't you?

MARY JO  
You be careful with him. He's  
fragile like all of my children.

DEREK  
No worries, Mrs. T.  
(sotto Pierre)  
Show me where mommy touches you.

Derek heads out. Albert pulls a giant shovel from the closet.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Dear God. What kind of triple-E-  
sized dump can this poodle take?

ALBERT  
I'm hoping you might use it on him.

Derek furls his face wondering if Al's serious as he scoots out the door with Pierre. Albert grins giving him the shovel.

SG  
And what's with the tiara?

MARY JO  
You're starting to sound just like  
my dog!

SG  
Sorry, Mom.

MARY JO  
I'm not thinking about me, honey.  
I'm just worried about you. Are you  
still seeing that therapist?

SG  
She's not a therapist, Mom. She's a  
life coach!

FLASHBACK - Life Coach's office - DAY

DR. NANCY ROBBINS, pretty, even-tempered cougar advises SG.

DR. NANCY  
Keep your head in the game!

SG  
I'm in the game. 24/7! That's the problem!

DR. NANCY  
And every time you're benched, you take that poison. You've got to get off Mirth. I'll get you the prescription stuff.

SG  
Mirthrax is not strong enough. I'm not like normal people! And if I'm depressed, I lose my powers. I can't help anybody. What good is that? That drug is my back-up plan. It's got me covered.

DR. NANCY  
It's going to stab you in the back when you're not looking. Have you thought about...

SG  
Rehab? I can't just disappear.

END FLASHBACK

MARY JO  
Surely your shrink coach wants you to go to church.

SG  
I don't think--

MARY JO  
I know you don't, so don't start now, dear. Let's go!

SG  
Mom. I've got to learn how to drive.

MARY JO  
What on earth for? It's so dangerous.

SG  
Really. Mom, I'm a super--

MARY JO  
I can drive you.

SG  
On a date!?

MARY JO  
I don't mind.

SG  
Seriously. Stop.

MARY JO  
But Honey, you've never actually  
trained for anything.

SG  
That's not--

MARY JO  
Frank! Your brother can teach you--

SG  
I already have--

MARY JO  
Not Derek! He's the worst driver  
I've--

SG  
It's not Derek. So relax. I've  
thought this through.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TIM'S HOUSE

Tim's white van with Handicapped License plate sits. Tim rises on the elevator lift and rolls into the van. SG opens the driver's side door.

SG looks at the seat-less drivers side as Tim rolls up inside from behind.