

**SuperGuy Series "DRIVEN"**

Episode 5: Doing Time

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TIM'S HOUSE

SG stands at the driver's side door and looks at the seatless drivers side as Tim rolls up inside from behind.

SG

Maybe I didn't think this through.  
It's ok. I better--

TIM

No no no! I have a folding chair  
here in the back. The pedals work.

SG

Seriously?

TIM

You're a super hero. You don't need  
a seat belt.

INT. TIM'S VAN

SG climbs in, grabs the folding chair and pulls up a seat at the driver's side. He closes the door. Tim sits in his wheelchair just behind SG and in the center of the van. He locks the wheels of his chair into the floor.

TIM

Tell me what you know so we can  
bottom line this lesson.

SG turns the key in the ignition. The van starts.

SG

I understand all of the basics.

SG puts it into DRIVE and gooses the gas a little too much. The van lurches forward and his chair slides back six inches. He reacts and hits the brakes. The chair slams forward and SG rams into the steering wheel.

SG (CONT'D)

I just need a little practice.

INT. STUDIO "CONFESSIONAL"

SG

I know what you're thinking. Sorry  
to disappoint you. This isn't like  
an episode of the Brady Bunch.

(MORE)

SG (CONT'D)

I didn't put the car in reverse when I was supposed to go forward or any of that nonsense. Aside from a little over-steering, parallel parking was the only thing I couldn't quite get. No worries. The restaurant I'm taking Emily to has valet.

END CONFSSIONAL SNIPPET.

INT. TIM'S VAN

SG drives along and lectures Tim via the rear-view mirror.

SG

The thing is, the reason so many kids get in wrecks is because they're texting or taking selfies or God knows what. They're not used to paying strict attention to the road.

SG's belt phone rings. "Emily calling" reads on the display. SG reaches for the button on the unit.

TIM

Seriously? You're going to answer that? You're not cleared for talkig and driving yet.

SG talks and his com-link picks up the call.

SG

Hey you! I'll see you at seven. I can't really talk because I'm driving. ... Yes! Really! ...Right. No spandex. Dress clothes! Bye!

SG hangs up and continues looking back at Tim in the mirror.

SG (CONT'D)

Not to worry. Hands free--all the time. You know, the number one killer of teens is car accidents. I've seen it first hand.

TIM

What are you looking at me for? Keep your X-ray vision on the road!

SG

I don't have X-ray vision. That's another one of those things the media and public made up.

TIM

What about the toys. Oh, that's heat vision.

SG

No. That's marketing. They keep adding super powers every time sales lag. I keep telling them to--

TIM

STOP!

SG

Exactly, but--

TIM

No! Stop the car! Just hit the brakes!

SG looks up to see the STOPPED POLICE car at the red light in front of the van. He hits the brakes. The Chair rockets forward. The inertia carries SG right through the window and onto the squad car.

The van slowly rolls into the squad car. The van's air-bags blow regardless of the slow impact. Tim looks horrified.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

The police car lights up and the sirens blare.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Coffee drips from the windshield and the soaked cops. SG peers upside-down through the windshield from atop the car.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY

Close up on badge: Officer Frank Trent. Frank storms down the hall. SG sits in the slammer with some old wacko.

CELL-MATE

Yeah. I'm a super hero too. Check out my heat vision.

The guy focuses intensely on an iron bar. Frank walks in.

FRANK

Driving without a license. Hitting  
a cop car. No seat belt. No SEAT!!

The wacko stays focused on the bars. Frank notices.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And there you sit. Why? You could  
have just broken out of here! Or  
escaped from the scene.

SG

I'd be breaking the law...again.

FRANK

You didn't mind that the other day.  
Isn't flying good enough for you?  
You need to drive a car like I need  
a pogo stick.

SG

How am I supposed to take a girl  
out on a date?

FRANK

Why don't you just fly her? I'm  
sure that--

SG

Okay, Frank. You got me. I  
surrender. Now can I please go?

FRANK

Where's the fire?

CELL-MATE

I'm working on it! ...Almost there!

SG

The date is tonight. And...she's  
afraid to fly.

FRANK

Seriously? I've been meaning to  
have this talk with you. Should we  
start with the birds or the bees?

SG

What do you want from me, Frank?

FRANK

Nothing. I just like seeing you  
behind bars. I've been waiting for  
this my whole life!

SG

Could I just come back tomorrow?

Frank takes a step back and folds his arms, as if he's taking in a work of art. SG snaps after a moment.

SG (CONT'D)

Come on Frank. I've got three hours to take my driving test, get a suit, and go to the bank!

FRANK

Driving test? That might be funnier than watching you in here.

SG

Thanks Frank. I owe you one!

FRANK

No. You owe me...I've lost count.

The cell-mate still works on melting the bars as they open the door to leave. He yells out as Frank opens the gate.

CELL-MATE

Careful, it's hot!

INT. DMV - LATER

SG stands in a long line with Derek. MUSAK plays.

DEREK

How could you? Why didn't you ask me to teach you how to drive? Who's this Timmy anyway?

SG

I just met...just...Wait in line for me. I'll be back as soon as I can.

SG flies off.

INT. MENS CLOTHING STORE

ANGELO LUCATELLO, a frumpy tailor can't believe his eyes.

SG

I need a suit. Now!

ANGELO

Oh! Mr. Guy! This is my dream come true! I've got just the thing!

WHIP CUT TO:

SG stands in front of the tri-view mirror dressed in what looks like a red, yellow, black bastardization of his costume. SG gestures "no" to Angelo. Angelo dashes off.

WHIP CUT TO:

SG wears a suit. A red, yellow, and black suit.

SG

I do not want to look like SG. I want to look normal. Please give me a normal suit.

Angelo slumps in disappointment.

WHIP CUT TO:

SG wears a blue pin-stripe suit. He turns around and notices one "extra" Angelo snuck in: a black satin cape. Angelo demonstrates how it moves in the wind by turning a blow dryer on it. SG reaches under his arm and grabs the cape. He tears it clean off.

SG dashes out. Angelo grabs the costume SG left behind and runs to the door to catch him, but he realizes his treasure and cloaks it under his arm.

WHIP CUT TO:

SG flies through the air in his dress suit.

WHIP CUT TO:

INT. DMV

SG arrives. Derek still stands in line. SG leaves.

INT. BANK

Still clad in his dress suit, SG gets in line. The "Next Teller" sign lights up and points the way. He arrives at the window. The humorless, by-the-book teller blows him off while she finishes counting money. She looks up.

TELLER

Good afternoon, sir. How may I help you?

SG

I need to withdraw some money.

TELLER

Withdrawal slip please.

SG

What? I'm in a really big hurry. I just need two hundred dollars from my account.

TELLER

Which account would that be, sir? I need to see some identification.

SG

I'm SG! Don't you recognize me?

SG fixes his posture and strikes a pose.

TELLER

No sir. I do not. Regardless, bank policy requires a photo I.D. like a driver's license.

SG

Driver's license!?

WHIP CUT TO:

INT. DMV

Bad Music. Poor Derek. Lifeless stare.

WHIP CUT BACK:

INT. BANK

TELLER

If you'd like to open an account, sir, the new accounts desk is to the left.

SG

I don't need a new account. I want my money. Let me speak to your manager.

The teller, in no big hurry, leaves her station. The people in line behind SG steam. The manager arrives.

MANAGER

How may I help you?

SG  
This lady does not recognize me.

MANAGER  
And you are?

SG  
I'm SG! I have a date! I've gotta  
go! Look, I can prove it.

SG disappears behind the HEAVY MAN next in line. He suddenly  
rises with a scream!

SG (CONT'D)  
(muffled)  
Here's my I.D.!

MANAGER  
Sir, that's very impressive, but...

Two MASKED men enter the bank with guns drawn.

HEAD ROBBER  
Everybody down!