

DISCOUNT HERO PROTECTION

by

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ACT ONE

OPEN ON A FRAMED NEWS CLIPPING.

"MYSTERY MAN SAVES DAY! New Super Hero most amazing thing to happen to World!."

DARREN (V.O.)
We live in a world where
superheroes are a reality.

EXT. BANK -- DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE: Someone recording on their phone from across the street.

Alarms ring. Three BANK ROBBERS come running out of the building, a trail of cash falling behind them. A car pulls up. They climb in.

As the car tries to pull away it seems it can not. A MYSTERIOUS MAN is standing in front of the car using super strength to keep it from escaping. The robbers try shooting at him but this has no affect.

ANOTHER NEWS CLIPPING.

"SUPERHEROES COMING OUT OF THEIR CLOSETS! The world is forever changed."

DARREN (V.O.)
An extremely awesome reality!

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

We are looking out of the port glass. The engine is spewing black smoke. Another MYSTERIOUS FIGURE seems to be pushing the airplane back up into the sky.

The passengers of the plane are gasping and cheering.

DARREN (V.O.)
However, a very destructive
reality as well.

A NEWS REPORT

"CPT. CAPTAIN BEATS DR. ATOM SMASHER! City in ruins, nearly leveled." Footage of an epic battle plays over the headline. Buildings are being toppled.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

An enthusiastic looking young man, mid 20's, sits directly in front of the camera, addressing it. He's the clip-on tie wearing type. His name tag reads: DARREN SCHMIDT.

DARREN

When a super hero is out fighting crime they don't have time to worry about each individual's property. They're not thinking, "Oh, no! Gotta watch out for Joe's mailbox." Or "Jane's eighty thousand dollar Mercedes!"

(scoffs)

No! They're out saving the day!

INSERT NEWS CLIPPING: "SUPERS GOOD OR BAD FOR LOCAL ECONOMY? Is all this destruction worth the bill that follows?"

DARREN (V.O.)

Superheroes-- or "Supers" for short-- cause about 3.2 million dollars in damages... everyday!

BACK TO SCENE

DARREN

Let's face it, someone needs to protect general public from the literal crippling destruction that Supers are capable of.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

A small space. About four desk are neatly placed through out the main area. A reception desk in the front. There are two doors along the back, one the manager's office, the other the conference room.

There are six employees at work we'll get to know soon enough. Darren is among them, he waves from his desk.

DARREN (V.O.)

And here at Discount Hero Protection that's exactly what we do!

DARREN TALKING HEAD

DARREN

We provide insurance to protect people and their things from super disasters... that's literally our slogan.

INSERT: The sign in the office's front window reads: "Discount Hero Protection" Just under that, "Protecting people and their things from SUPER DISASTERS!"

BACK TO SCENE

DARREN

My name is Darren Schmidt and I'm a claims adjuster for DHP.
(eager but humble)
Let me show you around.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

ALAN HERNANDEZ, 20's, very sarcastic but only because he's smarter than you, is on the phone with a client.

ALAN

(into phone, bored)
No. Yeah. I understand.
Unfortunately you're just not covered for this specific incident.

Darren comes up behind Alan.

DARREN

Hey, Alan, how much is 3.2 million times 365?
(to camera)
That's Alan, he's a literal genius, no idea why he's working with us.

ALAN

(covering phone)
I'm on the phone.

He shoos Darren away.

ALAN TALKING HEAD

ALAN

Yes, I was a bit of a child protegee.
(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Especially in math and science. I was accepted into MIT at fourteen. I tried to have myself classified as a "Super Genius"... apparently I fell short. So I figured, claims adjuster! Close enough.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

A fairly pretty woman, late 20's, very professional, is talking to a costumer trying to sell them coverage. This is PENNY RICHARDSON.

PENNY (V.O.)

My name is Penny Richardson and I am in sales.

PENNY TALKING HEAD

PENNY

Most people when they come to me they ask, "Is superhero insurance really necessary?" Well, let me show you this...

She pulls out a large photograph of a car. The roof is caved in, utterly destroyed.

PENNY (CONT'D)

The story behind this picture? A Super by the name of Mr. Fantastical was flying over a residential area...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE: Possibly pulled from the internet of MR. FANTASTICAL flying over head. He's engaged in combat with a flying SUPER VILLAIN.

PENNY (V.O.)

He was "fighting his nemesis" when his boot fell off and-- well did this.

A tiny object falls from the fight up above and complete obliterates a car below.

PENNY TALKING HEAD

She puts the photo away.

PENNY

So, is it necessary? I would say, yes. It is very necessary.

(jump cut)

I'm sorry, am I coming off pompous? I don't mean to. I'm actual a very pleasant person. But I take my job very seriously, I'm a determined person. Determination and professionalism lead to success. And that's all I want in life, success.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

A very young man, about 19, sits in a corner with small box of collectibles next to him. He's dusting an action figure of Cpt. Captain, still boxed, mint condition. Darren approaches.

DARREN

Playing with your action figures on your down time?

(to camera)

This little guy is Neil Casper, he's the office intern. Pretty much makes copies, gets us coffee. The works. He's the biggest Cpt. Captain fan.

Darren goes to reach into the box. Neil Casper freaks.

NEIL CASPER

Don't touch! And you don't play with collectibles, geez.

NEIL CASPER TALKING HEAD

NEIL CASPER

Who's Cpt. Captain?! Are you kidding me? He's only the greatest fu(BEEP)ing super hero ever!!! Man, I wish I knew who he was I would (BEEP) his (BEEP) and (BEEP).

He smiles. A beat.

NEIL CASPER (CONT'D)
Boy, that wouldn't sound
inappropriate if it was censored,
huh? You guys wouldn't do that
though, right?

He looks nervous now.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

A large, muscular man, barley fits in his button up shirt,
stands watch over the office with his coffee mug that
reads: "World's Best Mechanic." This is HOUSTON SMITH.

Darren watches Houston from across the office.

DARREN
That's the big man himself. Mr.
Houston Smith, Office Manager.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- LATER

SPY SHOT: the manager office door is cracked enough for us
to see Houston doing push ups. Also in sight is a large
police scanner on his desk.

DARREN (V.O.)
Probably not the best leader.
He's an amazing guy, don't get me
wrong, everybody loves him and he
keeps morale way up. But he
spends most the day in his office
listening to police scanners or
disappearing on errands for large
portions of the day.

Something on the police scanner catches Houston's
attention. He rushes out of his office.

HOUSTON
(announcing to whole
office)
I have some errands to run. I
will be back later today.

He rushes past Darren.

DARREN
And there he goes. Where to?
We'll never know.

As Darren says this, behind him we see Houston run outside.
Completely unbeknownst to Darren the camera notices out the

window as Houston tears open his shirt to reveal a costume underneath. That's just before he takes off into flight.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Good guy though. Brings donuts every morning.

HOUSTON TALKING HEAD

HOUSTON
Oh, you saw that, huh? Well, I suppose it's out then. I am Cpt. Captain. But shhh that stays between us.
(laughs, then)
This isn't real right? It's just like an internet thing? No one's gonna see it?
(jump cut)
If I'm being honest I don't even know what we do in this office... but it's a great cover.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

An older woman, late 40's, very plain is at the reception desk. She's inspecting a sandwich. This is SHELLEY.

SHELLEY TALKING HEAD

SHELLEY
I'm Shelley, the receptionist.

She holds up the sandwich she was inspecting.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
I thought I brought tuna. But it's Fancy Feast.
(beat)
I wonder what my cats are eating.

DARREN TALKING HEAD

DARREN
We are a small operation. We're no "Super State" but we help plenty of people.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS THROUGH OUT THE OFFICE. The employees at work. Alan taking calls. Penny talking directly to costumers. Shelley inspecting a Twinkie. Neil Casper cleaning his collectibles, quickly putting them away when Houston walks by, trying to look normal with his mug.

DARREN (V.O.)
(over these shots)
And even though we deal with
amazing, super things everyday
this is just a normal job with
normal people.

INT. CAR (MOVING) -- DAY

Alan and Darren are on their way to a scene.

DARREN
(to camera)
We are en route to verify a claim.
Should be exciting.

ALAN TALKING HEAD

ALAN
We get a lot of false claims.
Whether they be fraudulent or just
something we don't cover. It's a
weekly thing.
(beat, then)
They're exteremly easy to spot and
very annoying.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, FRONT YARD -- DAY

Alan and Darren are observing the broken remains of a destroyed yard. They talk to the home owner, HAROLD.

HAROLD
And he just shows up, dressed like
a construction worker with a cape
swinging a huge hammer, screaming
at the top of his lungs, "I'm the
constructor." He destroys
everything. The mailbox, the
fence, even the bird feeder.

ALAN

Listen, Harold, as I tried to explain to you over the phone, this sounds more like a vigilante.

DARREN

We don't cover damages caused by vigilantes, only Supers. And the "Super Being Act" of 2012 is very clear in describing a Super as...

Darren looks at Alan, eager to see his super smarts in action.

ALAN

(unamused)

"One with abilities that go far beyond that capable of an average human being."

DARREN

So amazing.

ALAN

Darren, you have that whole Act memorized.

DARREN

Yeah, but that took months of studying. You only read it once.

HAROLD

Excuse me, back to my situation please.

ALAN

I'm sorry but unless this nut job had super powers we can't do anything for you. You can always try home-owners insurance.

HAROLD

This is bullshit! I pay my premiums every month just in case of something like this. I want to protect my family and I believe--
(notices some O.S.)

Ah, shit! He's back.

Alan and Darren turn to see a man, dressed in construction work attire and a cape, running straight for them with a sledge hammer. The CONSTRUCTOR.

CONSTRUCTOR
(really screaming)
I am the constructor! I am the
constructor!

Harold tries to block the constructor's path.

HAROLD
No, no! Not again.

But this nut has a giant weapon so ultimately Harold isn't
brave enough to stop him. The constructor starts crushing
random things with his hammer.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Are you guys seriously not going
to do anything about this?

DARREN
We can help you get rid of him.

Alan sighs.

ALAN
Yeah, okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME, FRONT YARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Alan and Darren are trying to get the constructor to stop
destroying Harold's yard.

ALAN
The police are on their way.

DARREN
(matching constructor's
intensity)
Put the hammer down! Are you
listening?! Put it down!

CONSTRUCTOR
I am the constructor!

DARREN
Are you on drugs?!

CONSTRUCTOR TALKING HEAD

The Constructor is sitting on the curb.

CONSTRUCTOR

(calmly)

I am the constructor. I fix problems with my Hammer of Awesomeness.

DARREN (O.S.)

Hey! Settle down! We're trying to fill out this police report.

We go WIDE to reveal Alan and Darren filling out a police report on the back of a patrol car. A POLICE OFFICER picks the Constructor up off the curb and sticks him in the back of the car.

CONSTRUCTOR

(shouting)

I am--

The officer shuts the door on him.

INT. CAR (MOVING) -- DAY

Alan and Darren are driving back to the office.

DARREN

They're not all like that.

A beat.

ALAN

But a lot of them are.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

Shelley is inspecting a plate of meat loaf. Neil Casper is organizing files next to her.

NEIL CASPER

Didn't you already have lunch?

SHELLEY

Huh?

Darren is back at his desk, addressing the camera.

DARREN

It's a pretty interesting and exciting line of work. You never know what crazy, amazing thing is gonna come your way next.

His email alert pings.

DARREN (CONT'D)

There's something now. Let's see
what it is.

He opens the email and reads it.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Looks like a Mr. Charles Anderson,
"Severe bodily injury due to super
speed collision..." Sweet!

(beat, then)

Oh, wait... That's actually
pretty serious.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. -- DAY

Laying in a hospital bed, covered from head to toe in a full body cast, is CHARLES ANDERSON.

Darren is at his bed side, holding a clipboard.

DARREN

As you can see this is pretty serious. Apparently, Mr. Anderson was going about his day downtown when a couple of "armed assailants" ran passed him. That's when the Super that was in pursuit of them-- at super speed-- collided with Mr. Anderson and sent him flying into on coming traffic. The super was apparently unharmed in the incident and was able to detain the "perps" she was after.

(holds up clipboard)

It's all on the police report.

A small CHILD, about 8 or 9, comes out of nowhere.

CHILD

I got it on video! Want to see?

The child holds up his phone and plays a video. We can see Mr. Anderson unlocking his car and holding the door open as two ARMED ASSAILANTS run passed him. Anderson's attention is still on the two assailants when a BLURRY FLASH comes zooming pass. It collides with Anderson. He goes flying in the air and into the street where mid-air he's struck by a delivery truck.

CHILD (CONT'D)

(laughing)

It's so awesome!

DARREN

He's lucky to be alive. He's even more lucky that he's insured with DHP.

LAWYER (O.S.)

Why are all you people in my client's room?

The child takes off running as a hefty, 50-something well dressed lawyer enters the room. His name is ALEXANDER BISHOP.

DARREN

I'm Darren Schmidt with the insurance company. You must be Mr. Bishop, the lawyer.

BISHOP

(re: to cameras)
Who are they?

DARREN

Oh, they're with me. It's just this thing we're doing at the office.

BISHOP TALKING HEAD

This is a man that gives speeches. Even this feels like a political address.

BISHOP

I have a Law Degree from Harvard. I'm head of my own firm. If I'm being completely honest Charles Anderson would normally never be able to afford me. But I've agreed to take his case pro bono. For one reason alone. I believe that Supers coming out was the worst thing to happen in all of human history. Before they came out we didn't have a need for them. There weren't psychopaths dressed as clowns running around causing chaos. The Supers were the cause of the effect and have been taking away the rightful praise from the real heroes, our first responders. The Super Beings Act has only been fueling this fire, and not holding Supers accountable. I aim to put an end to all this madness by any means possible. Even small cases like this are a start and can make a huge impact.

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. ROOM -- CONTINUED

Bishop gestures at the door.

BISHOP

Well, Mr. Schmidt, unless you need anymore information from my client, whom doesn't seem capable, I think maybe you should let Mr. Anderson rest.

DARREN

Oh, yeah, of course.

Darren exits the room into...

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

DARREN

It's a terrible thing seeing situations like these. But I'll go back to the office, revue his coverage, and hopefully we can give him all the help he needs--

A strong gust of wind shoots through the E.R. Like in the child's video a BLURRY FLASH shoots straight up to Mr. Anderson's room door.

Darren squeals as he's knocked to the ground.

A beautiful woman, in tight spandex, a large Q over her chest, now stands in the door way to Anderson's room. This is the blur, QUICK LASS.

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Quick Lass enters the room. She looks, in shock, at the damage she has caused.

QUICK LASS

Oh, my god. I feel so terrible.
(to Anderson)

Sir, I am so, incredibly sorry. I was only trying to help--

BISHOP

But help you did not. Look at this man! He can't walk, can't talk. Hell he can't even go to the bathroom by himself. How do you expect him to continue working and provide for his family?

QUICK LASS

(a little choked up)
I-- I don't--

BISHOP

I'm actually glad you're here.

Bishop retrieves an envelope from his jacket and hands it to Quick Lass.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Ms. Quick Lass, you are hereby served.

QUICK LASS

What?

BISHOP

We are suing you for damages. You are one of the first of many Supers that will be held accountable for your actions, finally. Now, good day!

Bishop ushers her out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL E.R. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Darren is just getting back on his feet as Quick Lass is ushered into the hallway. Bishop closes the door behind her. She slumps into one of the waiting chairs.

Darren looks at her, somewhat in shock but he's more infatuated.

DARREN

(very nervously)
Uh... hello.

QUICK LASS

Huh?

Darren recoils ever so slightly.

DARREN

Hi, I'm Darren.

QUICK LASS

I don't want to be rude, Darren, but I'm not really in the mood to answer questions about my super powers right now.

DARREN

What? Oh, no, no. I'm sorry. I represent Charles Anderson's insurance company.

QUICK LASS

Ah. More trouble for me.

DARREN

No, no, no. I would honestly just like a statement from you. About the incident. It would help in building my case.

She looks at him.

QUICK LASS

Sure, I guess.

Darren notices she really down.

DARREN

Maybe over... dinner?

QUICK LASS

What?

DARREN

Not-- not like a date or anything. It's just a less stressful environment. You don't have to say yes. Maybe it's inappropriate for me to ask--

QUICK LASS

Yeah. That sounds... nice.

DARREN

Really?

QUICK LASS

Yeah. How about 8 o'clock.

DARREN

That works. I know a great restaurant off of 3rd street.

QUICK LASS

I'll find you.

DARREN

Oh, okay--

And in a the blink of an eye she's gone. Darren smiles.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY

Darren enters the office.

ALAN

You're back! Work day's nearly over.

DARREN

It's a pretty serious case. Probably one of the biggest ones we've ever had.

ALAN

I don't doubt it. Rest of us are going for drinks after work.

PENNY

Are you coming?

DARREN

Ooh, I can't. I have a date-- well, it's not actually a date-- but I am having dinner with a superhero by the name of Quick Lass, we will be discussing the incident.

Everyone in the office stops what they're doing.

ALAN

The Quick Lass that put our client in the hospital?

DARREN

Yes.

PENNY

Are you being serious?

DARREN

Very serious, Penny.

Darren's co-workers all exchange a look.

NEIL CASPER

But aren't you, like, afraid of supers?

DARREN

(scoffs)

I am not afraid of supers.

ALAN TALKING HEAD

ALAN

Darren is terrified of supers.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Shelley is at the reception desk inspecting a pot pie. From over her shoulder we see out the office window as A CAR IS FLUNG ACROSS THE STREET from O.S.

NEIL CASPER
SUPER FIGHT!

Neil Casper, Penny, Alan and even Shelley all rush to the window to get a good look outside.

Darren is cowering under his desk.

DARREN TALKING HEAD

DARREN
I'm not afraid of Supers! Only the mass destruction that they're capable of. I mean, did Penny show you that picture of the car? That was from a boot!

INT. DHP OFFICE -- CONTINUED

Darren shakes his head.

DARREN
Just because I believe supers are incredibly dangerous-- because they are-- doesn't mean I'm afraid of them. Besides Quick Lass is an extremely nice woman and I wouldn't even consider her dangerous.

ALAN
She put a guy in the hospital.

DARREN
It was an accident.

ALAN
We can't say that with certainty.

DARREN
I will get her statement at dinner and we'll find out for sure.

Darren goes back to his desk. The rest of the office just stares at him.

At this moment Houston walks back into the office. His clothes are tattered.

HOUSTON
I am back, everyone. Did I miss anything?

EXT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

An establishing shot of the eatery.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Darren, wearing an actual tie, waits at a table for two. He checks his watch.

Quick Lass appears out of nowhere. Darren let's out a little yelp. She's still in her costume, but then why wouldn't she be?

QUICK LASS
I found you.

DARREN
(recovering from her entry)
Yes you did! Please, have a seat.

She takes a seat.

DARREN (CONT'D)
I ordered you water, is that fine?

QUICK LASS
Yeah.

DARREN
And I think they're bringing us Caesar Salads.

QUICK LASS
Sounds good.

A beat of awkward silence.

QUICK LASS (CONT'D)
So...

DARREN
Tell me about yourself.

She looks at him confused.

DARREN (CONT'D)
For the claim.

QUICK LASS
Ah. Well, where should I start?

Darren pulls a little notepad and pen from his pocket.

DARREN
Uh, how about I just ask you a few questions and you can answer them.

QUICK LASS
Okay.

A WAITRESS brings them their salads. They thank her and continue their conversation.

DARREN
Your Super name is Quick Lass?

QUICK LASS
Yes.

DARREN
How'd that come to be?

QUICK LASS
I have super speed and am female.

DARREN
Right. Clever. Uh, so super speed. How'd that happen? Was it, like, a lab accident or something?

QUICK LASS
No. When I was a teenager, one day I just discovered I was really, really fast. I guess it's something I was born with. When other Supers started coming out I figured I should help people too.

Darren looks at her with admiration.

QUICK LASS (CONT'D)
Look, what happened with that man in the hospital was a total accident. It's not easy to see when you're going at super speeds. I would never hurt an innocent person on purpose.

(MORE)

QUICK LASS (CONT'D)

I honestly feel so horrible about the whole thing. I was really only trying to help.

(beat)

Is he gonna be okay? You guys are gonna cover him, right?

DARREN

He's gonna live. We're still "adjusting" his claim but he'll get the help he needs. I don't even think he's worried about it. I assume they expect to make plenty of money out of their lawsuit--

He realizes what he's saying.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't mean to bring that up.

QUICK LASS

It's okay, you're just doing your job.

She looks down at her salad, obviously feeling extremely guilty about the whole thing.

DARREN

Hey. Do you want to get some fresh air?

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

Alan, Penny and Neil Casper are drinking beers and throwing gutter balls.

PENNY

It's not necessarily a hard job, but it helps to unwind afterwards.

ALAN

What is a hard job?

PENNY

I don't know. Brain surgery. Rocket science?

ALAN

Ha. That's not so hard.

ALAN TALKING HEAD

ALAN

People ask me all the time why I'm not using my "full potential." Because I'm a genius I should be out making a difference.

(blows raspberry)

I don't need to be out there changing the world or saving it. That's what Supers are for, and I'm not Super. So I took a job at the first place I saw was hiring.

BACK TO SCENE

Neil Casper runs back from the lane.

NEIL CASPER

Is nobody else coming?

PENNY

No. Shelley apparently had better things to do.

INT. SHELLEY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Small, sad, covered in cats. Shelley is having soup. Her cats are all trying to get at it.

SHELLEY

All I need are my cats-- stop it, you already had my tuna today.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- CONTINUED

PENNY

And you know what, I think I forgot to even ask Houston if he wanted to come.

INT. DHP OFFICE -- NIGHT

Houston comes out of his office to find everyone is gone.

HOUSTON

Where'd everyone go?

He takes another quick look around.

HOUSTON (CONT'D)

I'm Cpt. Captain! Feels good to say out loud.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- CONTINUED

NEIL CASPER

Probably for the best, I don't really like him enough to try to get to know him.

Alan bowls a strike.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

Darren and Quick Lass walk along a park path.

DARREN

I'm sorry.

QUICK LASS

For what?

DARREN

Suggesting a walk. I'm sure for someone with your ability this seems boring.

QUICK LASS

Oh, no, no. Don't think that. This is nice. I like taking things slow. It makes me feel normal sometimes. Like I'm not a problem.

DARREN

You're not a problem.

QUICK LASS

Thanks.

A beat.

DARREN

Can I ask you something kind of dumb?

QUICK LASS

Sure.

DARREN
(chuckles)
Sorry in advance if this is too dumb a question... but have you ever tried running around the world?

QUICK LASS
You mean like the whole world?

DARREN
Yeah, all the way around.

QUICK LASS
(laughs)
No.

DARREN
Really? That would be the first thing I would try.

QUICK LASS
Yeah? Well, I can't actually run on water.

DARREN
Really?!

QUICK LASS
Yep. Only possible in comics.

DARREN
Wow. That sucks.

QUICK LASS
Yeah.
(beat)
I can run coast to coast in under 10 minutes though.

DARREN
Oh, my god. Really?

QUICK LASS
Yeah.

DARREN
Prove it.

QUICK LASS
Right now?

DARREN
Yeah, right now. Prove it.

She thinks about it.

QUICK LASS

Okay. I'll run from coast to coast, take a selfie at each one and come straight back.

DARREN

In under ten minutes.

QUICK LASS

In under ten minutes, yes.

DARREN

Let's do this.

QUICK LASS

Okay. Give me your phone.

DARREN

My phone?

QUICK LASS

Well, yeah. I don't have mines. Nowhere to keep it in this suit.

Darren shrugs and hands over his phone.

DARREN

I'm gonna get it back right?

QUICK LASS

I'm not a thief. You'll get your phone back. I promise.

DARREN

Alright. Let's do this. On three. One... two... thr--

She takes off. Darren starts keeping track on his watch.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(to camera)

You guys think she can do it?

(then)

I really hope she's not ditching me.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

Penny and Neil Casper are carrying a drunk Alan out of the building.

NEIL CASPER

Geez, Cpt. Captain would find him heavy--

(defending his hero)

Except he wouldn't cause he's the strongest man on Earth.

ALAN

Do you know what the squareroot 32,118 is? I do!

PENNY

We're getting you home.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

Darren is still keeping track on his watch.

DARREN

One more minute.

A shady looking HOMELESS MAN is walking up behind Darren.

HOMELESS MAN

'Scuse me. You guys got any cash you can spare.

DARREN

(not taking eyes off watch)

No, I'm sorry, buddy. I don't carry cash with me.

The homeless man pulls out a knife.

HOMELESS MAN

Well, just give me your wallet then.

DARREN

Oh. Uh, yeah, okay.

Darren hands over his wallet.

HOMELESS MAN

And your phone.

DARREN

What?

HOMELESS MAN

(impatiently)

Your phone! Gimme your phone too.

DARREN

I actually don't have my phone on me.

HOMELESS MAN

Do you want to get cut?!

DARREN

No, no. I don't want to get cut. But I honestly do not have my phone on me.

HOMELESS MAN

Well then, I guess you're honestly gonna get cut.

The homeless man lunges forward at Darren but is immediately flung backwards. Quick Lass is now standing between Darren and the homeless man on the floor. She just punched him at super speed.

DARREN

Oh, my god!

QUICK LASS

(to Darren)

Are you okay?

DARREN

Yeah. Thank you.

QUICK LASS

Here's your phone.

She hands Darren his phone back. They look at the homeless man spread out on the ground, out cold.

QUICK LASS (CONT'D)

I should probably take him to the police.

DARREN

That sounds like a good idea.

They share a tender look.

QUICK LASS

Thank you for dinner.

DARREN

Thank you for saving me.

QUICK LASS

It's what I do.

She picks up the homeless man. Before she runs off Darren calls out to her.

DARREN
Can I see you again?

She looks back at him.

DARREN (CONT'D)
I mean, you don't need to reveal your secret identity to me or anything I just--

QUICK LASS
Sure.

DARREN
(surprised)
Really?

At super speed she whips over to his side and plants a gentle kiss on his cheek.

QUICK LASS
I'll find you.

And she's gone. A gust of wind left in her wake.

Darren is motionless for a second. He remembers his phone. He opens it and checks the picture gallery. There's two recent pictures. Quick Lass at the Statue of Liberty and Quick Lass at the Hollywood sign. He smiles wide.

DARREN
(shows phone to camera)
She did it.
(beat, then realizes)
You guys were just gonna let me get mugged?

INT. DHP OFFICE -- MORNING

The day is getting started.

Shelley is unpacking her lunchbox. Penny and Alan are checking emails. Neil Casper is bringing them coffee.

SPY SHOT Houston is setting up his police scanner while lifting a water cooler.

Darren enters the office, a big smile on his face. The office takes notice.

As Darren sets up at his desk he's approached by his co-workers.

PENNY
So, how'd it go?

DARREN
It went well.

NEIL CASPER
Did you get to see her in action?

DARREN
Yes actually. I got to see her
beat up a homeless person!
(realizing how that
sounds)
With a knife.
(realizing again)
The homeless man had a knife. He
was a mugger. He was mugging me.

Penny, Alan, and Neil Casper all looked impressed.

SHELLEY
I got mugged once. Nobody helped
me.

DARREN
(uninterested)
That's nice, Shelley.

SHELLEY
And I screamed. Nobody would come
to my rescue--

ALAN
Did you get her side of the story?

DARREN
Hm?

ALAN
About the incident? The reason
you went to dinner?

DARREN
Oh, yes. I got to learn a lot
about Quick Lass, she explained
the incident and I think I can
safely say Charles Anderson's case
was 100 percent an accident.

Houston comes in with a box of donuts.

HOUSTON

Who wants creamy sugar circles?

DARREN TALKING HEAD

DARREN

Yes, Supers can be extremely dangerous. But they're not to be feared. Maybe they don't have the time to worry about ordinary people and their things while they're out saving the day, but here at Discount Hero Protection we have nothing but time.

SHELLEY (O.S.)

Darren.

DARREN

(sighs)

Yes, Shelley?

We go WIDE to reveal Shelley and a gentleman in a suit. This is MR. BLACK.

MR. BLACK

Are you Darren Schmidt?

DARREN

(confused)

Uh, yes.

MR. BLACK

Are you the claims adjuster currently handling the case of one Charles Anderson?

Mr. Black holds up a photograph of Anderson in his body cast.

DARREN

Yes--

MR. BLACK

Whose injuries were caused by this superheroine?

He holds up a picture of Quick Lass.

DARREN

That's correct...

MR. BLACK

Okay. Just one more thing. Is this you engaged in a romantic evening with said superheroine?

He sifts through a few pictures of Darren and Quick Lass at dinner and walking through the park. The last one is of Quick Lass kissing Darren's cheek.

DARREN

Where did you get these?

MR. BLACK

Can you please just answer the question. Is this you?

DARREN

Yes, but--

MR. BLACK

That's all I needed to know. Mr. Schmidt, you are now under investigation for insurance fraud.

Darren looks at the camera, oh shit.

END OF SHOW