SUPER: A long time ago in a suburb far, far away...

SUPER: San Dimas, California, 2004

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard.

Intense website construction takes place on the monitor.

The hand of the anonymous typist switches over to the mouse and drags applications on the monitor.

Boxes form on the preliminary website. Different colors are then applied to give it a nice look.

The fingers continue to type rapidly.

Links, such as “ADD BUDDY,” “ADD COMMENT,” and “SEND MESSAGE,” are activated.

Now boxes for personal descriptions are filled in:

Interests: Computers, politics, sword fighting.

Music: Techno and country.

Movies: Steven Segal action films.

Television: CNN, MSNBC, Fox News.

Buddies You’d Like to Meet: Loyal ones.

The hand moves the mouse and clicks on the “home” link and that’s where the website’s name pops up: Buddysearch.com.

INT. DANNY’S ROOM - DAY

Teenagers DANNY(17), a dork with thick glasses, and BEN(17) a jock in a football jersey, eat pizza, talk, and play video games all at the same time.

BEN
So I was illegally downloading music last night and a thought came to me.

DANNY
And what was that thought, good sir?
BEN
Well, it's called "file sharing" now and I figure that if we're all sharing then why is it such a bad thing? As kids all we ever heard from adults was "be sure to share!" And now where is it getting us?!

DANNY
You should blog it!

Danny turns on his computer.

BEN
The hell's a blog?

DANNY
It's like a rant. You talk about things that piss you off; school, the vice principal, citrus fruits, etcetera, and then all of your friends can see it.

BEN
I'm lost.

Danny sighs and logs onto the internet and goes to the website WWW.BUDDYSEARCH.COM.

BEN

DANNY
Your mom sounds stupid.

BEN
What is it?

DANNY
It's a website where you and your friends can go.

BEN
But what is it, exactly?

DANNY
You can add friends and be cool!

BEN
I still don't follow.

DANNY
Learn to internet, dumbass! Watch!
Danny logs into his account which sends him to a page that has his picture, blog, messages, and friends.

BEN
This just looks like e-mail.

DANNY
It’s not! Just pay attention.

He scrolls down the page to the friend area, where it reads: DANNY’S FRIENDS(14). Ben shakes his head.

BEN
I’ve never seen any of these people before in my life.

DANNY
Well, they live in other states.

BEN
Oh no. You’re not one of those...

DANNY
No! Not one of those! I’m just getting started. Not many people we know use this yet.

BEN
And I doubt they ever will.

DANNY
What-eva! Anyway, all you do is go to the sign-up screen, enter your name, e-mail, social security number--

BEN
Whoa! Social security number?!

DANNY
It’s so nobody tries to imitate you on the server!

Suddenly, Danny’s eyes light up with joy.

DANNY
OH MY GOD!

BEN
What is it?

DANNY
Someone viewed my profile! I’m up to 45 views! Yes!
Danny clicks on “DON,” the webmaster, and heads to his page. It features the picture of a shirtless, muscular guy.

DANNY
See, this is Don. He created Buddysearch.

BEN
And I think he’s a dork along with you.

DANNY
If by dork you mean genius.

BEN
No. Einstein was a genius. Newton was a genius. I think this guy is basically just like you: a dork.

EXT. DANNY’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Darkness falls on Danny’s house, but the lights in his room are seen from the street.

INT. DANNY’S ROOM – NIGHT

The refresh button on Danny’s browser is repeatedly clicked. Danny’s eyes are glued onto the computer screen as he clicks. His profile views still stand at 45.

DANNY
Come on! Go up!

Danny’s clicks intensify. The number suddenly jumps to 46!

A “NEW MESSAGE!” icon appears. He clicks the link which leads to ROSIE’S picture with the subject: “yur cute!”

Danny opens the message and proudly reads it aloud.

DANNY
Hey Danny! I saw all of your pics and I think you are so cute! L-O-L. I’m going to add you to my friends so you can leave me a comment and then I can leave one for you! Later cutie!

Danny shoots his fists into the air.
DANNY
That’s what I’m talkin’ about!

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

The minutes on the clock wind down to noon.

MRS. CUCAMONGA stands at the front of the class.

MRS. CUCAMONGA
So, what did everyone do this weekend?

DEREK(17), the class clown, announces before everyone else.

DEREK
I went hunting in the mountains and shot myself three deer!

BROOKE(17), the babbling ditz, is disgusted.

BROOKE
How could you kill a living animal?

DEREK
How could you not?

BROOKE
How would you like it if someone just suddenly killed you?

DEREK
What kind of dumbass question is that?

BROOKE
Pig!

DEREK
Skank!

MRS. CUCAMONGA
Hey! That’s enough! Derek, stop being a dirty bastard. Brooke, stop being a little bitch.

Ben sarcastically nudges Danny.

BEN
Tell them about your new friend.

DANNY
Okay!
BEN
Shit! Wait! I was kidd-

Danny enthusiastically speaks up.

DANNY
I got my fifteenth friend on
Buddysearch last night!

The class is silent then breaks into laughter. Ben slams his head hard onto his desk in disappointment.

BROOKE
Isn’t Buddysearch that website
where you can add friends and stuff?

DANNY
Yeah! It’s so cool!

BROOKE
It’s lame, though. You don’t do anything on it.

DANNY
You just said it, though! You can add friends and stuff!

DEREK
Freaksearch.com would be a more appropriate name. Invite all child molesters, ass hats, and losers like Danny.

Danny frowns.

EXT. HALLWAY – DAY

Danny and Ben walk along a busy hallway during passing.

BEN
You can’t just blurt out stuff like that, dude. Think of your reputation! Think of my reputation!

DANNY
Why not? It’ll catch on and I want to be the one who started it all.

BEN
But it’s so dumb!
Up ahead they spot BRIAN(16), the dork of all dorks, standing by himself. Ben stops like a deer in a headlight.

    BEN
    Dogshit coming out my ass.

    DANNY
    Dude, what?

    BEN
    Avoid this jerk.

    DANNY
    Brian? Why?

    BEN
    Dude’s a total loser. He probably wants to tell another stupid story about how his dog ate breakfast this morning or how he set his alarm clock two minutes too early or how he likes to count the hair on his knuckles or-

    DANNY
    C’mon. He’s not that bad. You really need to go easier on us dorks.

    BEN
    Oh yes he is! He’s the vice principal’s assistant! And he always tries to bait you into a conversation with his stupid openings! So, when he says “what’s up,” just say “nothing.”

    DANNY
    I hate the “what’s up” opening. Everyone uses it!

    BEN
    Yeah, it’s a horrible opening, isn’t it?

    DANNY
    And every single time it’s the same answer: “Nothing. You?”
BEN
Well, in this case just say
“nothing.” And by “nothing” I mean
actually say the word, don’t not
say anything otherwise you look
like a retard. Shit, he’s here...

Brian waves.

BRIAN
Hey guys!

Disgruntled, Ben waves back.

BRIAN
What’s up?

BEN
Nothing.

BRIAN
How about you, Dan?

DANNY
Nothing. You?

Ben smacks his head in aggravation and grinds his teeth.

BRIAN
Well, my mom went to the store the
other day to buy milk and the pull
date was January 29th which is in
one week but the pull date for the
others was January 28th.

DANNY
Oh. That’s interesting.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN
Yeah, so I guess we’ll live longer
than the people who bought the milk
for the 28th!

Ben and Danny dully laugh.

BRIAN
I’m just kidding, guys!

BEN
Yeah, that’s not very funny.
BRIAN
You’ll get it eventually.

BEN
Well, we gotta get going. Nice talking to you, Brian. Bye!

BRIAN
Ay-ay, captain!

The two of them walk off but Brian follows. Danny looks back out of the corner of his eye.

DANNY
He’s following us.

BEN
I know. Just walk faster.

They speed up, but so does Brian.

DANNY
He’s still following us!

BEN
P.E.’s next. How about we warm up?

Ben and Danny run down the hallway, but so does Brian.

BEN
We have to split up!

DANNY
I’ll go left! You go right!

They both go the wrong way and accidentally crash into each other before speeding off in different directions.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Danny takes cover until he spots a STUDENT log into his Buddysearch from a computer. Interested, he walks over.

DANNY
Hey, what’s up?

STUDENT
Hi...?

DANNY
So, you have Buddysearch also?
STUDENT
Evidently.

DANNY
Can I add you to my account?

The student oddly looks at him.

STUDENT
Do I know you?

DANNY
Well, no, but I see you only have nine friends there, so I thought maybe you’d like a boost.

The student doesn’t really care, but he humors Danny.

STUDENT
Yeah. Okay. Sure.

DANNY
Sweet! That gives me sixteen friends! That’s, like, double your nine! What if my number grows to 50? 75? Triple digits, O-M-G!

STUDENT
Hey, nine times two is not sixteen.

DANNY
What if Don wants to meet with me as a special “user of honor”?

STUDENT
What? Dude, you are so weird.

DANNY
You know what? When I add you to my friends list, you’re getting a negative comment!

STUDENT
Douche.

INT. DANNY’S ROOM - NIGHT

Danny rapidly clicks the refresh button as he tries to keep up with the non-heavy flow of visitors to his page.

His profile views are now at a triumphant 71 and his friends have skyrocketed to 19.
DANNY
Sweet! Pretty soon I’ll be up to 20 friends, then 50, then...who knows!

He clicks on Don’s profile and falls into a trance.

DANNY
Don, you’ve created an amazing thing. May good fortune come to you and yours.

INT. DON’S ROOM – NIGHT

In a trashy dark basement sits DON(30) before a computer. His Buddysearch page is open.

He has a bandana atop a head of shaggy hair and sweat stains all over his shirt; doesn’t look a thing like his photo.

He sadistically speaks aloud.

DON
Yes! Follow me, my minions! Yes!
Muahahahahahahahahaha!

DON’S MOM(V.O.)
Donald! Are you going to eat? Your food is getting cold!

Embarrassed, Don screams.

DON
NOT NOW, MOM! I’M BUSY!

INT. COMPUTER LAB – DAY

Danny types away on his Buddysearch page while Ben watches in disgust.

BEN
So, how’s the online world?

DANNY
It’s great, dude! I’m up to 25 friends!

Danny looks a few chairs over and spots Derek logging into his own Buddysearch account.
DANNY
Derek? I thought “Freaksearch.com” was for child molesters, ass hats, and losers like me?

DEREK
I don’t know. A bunch of my friends signed up for this shit, so I did too.

DANNY
Well, since you’re starting out, should I add you to my list?

DEREK
If it makes you happy, asshole.

DANNY
Great!

BEN
You know he hates you, right?

DANNY
So? The more people I have on my list, the cooler I seem.

BEN
Such a dork. It’s all a trend anyway. It’ll be over in a month.

DANNY
One day dorks will solve the world’s problems. You’ll see.

BEN
You’ll probably be rich with a hot wife one day, I’ll give you that.

Across the room, Brian talks to the TEACHER. The teacher points at Danny and the gleeful Brian strolls over.

BEN
Ah shit.

BRIAN
Hey guys! What’s up?

BEN
Nothing, Brian! Nothing is up!
BRIAN
Well, I brought a chocolate bar to school today but it melted in my backpack.

BEN
So?

BRIAN
So I have to put it in the freezer and then I’ll have an ice pop!

BEN
Nobody cares, Brian! Now bye!

Brian hands Danny a yellow slip.

BRIAN
Danny, the vice principal wants to talk to you.

DANNY
Uh oh. What’d I do?

INT. DR. DARKSIDE’S OFFICE - DAY

Danny nervously faces DR. DARKSIDE(50s), a guy in a midnight black suit. He slices a letter opener along the pictures of students in a yearbook.

DR. DARKSIDE
It has come to my attention that you have been writing nasty things about the school and administration on the website Buddysearch.com.

DANNY
Well, not exactly. See-

DR. DARKSIDE
Did I say you could speak? Because I don’t think I did. See, that’s called slander, son, and we don’t take kindly to it.

DANNY
Okay, I can explain that.

DR. DARKSIDE
Not necessary. You did enough explaining in your online diary.
DANNY
My blog, actually.

DR. DARKSIDE
Your frog?

DANNY
Blog.

DR. DARKSIDE
Oh, right. Blog.

Dr. Darkside leans forward and gets in Danny’s face.

DR. DARKSIDE
So, you think I wear pink panties?

DANNY
Dr. Darkside, I swear-

DR. DARKSIDE
Well, I hope you go to confession cause that’s a sin. Now as for your little diary, I’ll have to give you detention for that.

DANNY
Don’t I have freedom of speech?

DR. DARKSIDE
Not when you’re saying nasty things about the school and administration on a public forum.

DANNY
This is exploitation! Corruption! Oligarchy!

DR. DARKSIDE
Then call me Osama bin Laden! Now get out of my office!

DANNY
Asshole.

Both are silent for a moment until Danny emotionally bursts out.

DANNY
So I get in trouble for blogging about this stupid school but I don’t get in trouble for calling you an asshole?
INT. DON’S ROOM – DAY

Don smiles evilly as his friends list grows. That’s when his M.O.M(60s), in a sundress with curly hair, walks down the stairs to address him.

DON
I need more internets! More! More! More!

DON’S MOM
Donald.

DON
Mom, I’m busy!

DON’S MOM
Donald, you’re not picking up your share of slack around here. The bills are going through the roof!

DON
C’mon, mom! I’m building an army here!

DON’S MOM
That’s very cute, but you’ll need to get a job in the meantime.

DON
Noooooooo!

DON’S MOM
Donald, don’t argue with me.

DON
I don’t wanna!

DON’S MOM
Then you better get ready to set up camp somewhere else.

DON
Ah, gee whiz.

INT. DANNY’S ROOM – DAY

Danny throws a pile of papers across the room and kicks the garbage can against the wall. Ben watches in amusement.
DANNY
I can’t believe this crap! This is an outrage! Detention for speaking my mind?

BEN
It’s just an hour or two.

DANNY
That’s an hour or two that I could be spending managing my Buddysearch page! My friends from New York and I role play after school! This is communism, damn it!

BEN
How is it communism?

DANNY
You know what? I’m gonna blog it.

BEN
Oh no.

DANNY
Oh yes!

BEN
But that’s what got you in trouble in the first place!

DANNY
I don’t care! I’m sure Don and my 25 friends would love to read about the political racism and fascist-esque trends of Dr. Darkside and our school’s administration.

Danny logs onto Buddysearch while Ben laughs out loud.

BEN
What the hell are you talking about? What are you on?

Danny sharply turns around.

DANNY
You heard me, Ben! It’s all a conspiracy!

He turns back to his computer.
DANNY
I’m gonna put a lot of feeling into this blog so everyone knows how frickin’ mad I am.

BEN
How are you going to do that?

DANNY
Caps lock, underlining, bolding the frickin’ angry parts.

Ben nods and grins.

BEN
Well, when you’re done with your little diary entry, do you want to get a bite to eat?

Now Danny is really mad.

DANNY
It’s called a BLOG! B-L-O-G! BLOG! Why can’t you just accept this website? It’s the future of social interaction! It’s...actually, yeah, I am kind of hungry.

INT. GURGER BURGER - DAY

Don works the cash register in a bright purple uniform and a paper hat on his head. He looks miserable.

He takes an order from a MORBIDLY OBESE customer.

FAT CUSTOMER
I’ll have two Slammers with everything, extra sauce, and two large fries, please.

DON
Drink?

FAT CUSTOMER
Well, what do you got today?

Don gives the customer the stare of death.
DON
What do I got today? The same damn thing that’s been available and has been available every single day for the past fifteen years: Soda. Lots and lots of tooth-rotting soda.

FAT CUSTOMER
Do you have any tea?

DON
No, we don’t have any tea.

FAT CUSTOMER
I’ll just have the burgers. I’m trying to go on a diet anyway.

DON
That’ll help fat ass.

FAT CUSTOMER
What was that?

DON
Nothing. Eleven twenty-five.

The customer hands him exact change and stands off to the side. Don pockets the money.

Danny and Ben enter the restaurant.

DON
Welcome to Gurger Burger. What the hell do you want?

BEN
Cheeseburger, fries, and a Coke.

DON
And you?

DANNY
Do you guys have any Flaming Young today?

DON
Flaming what?

DANNY
Flaming Young. The steak!

DON
You mean Filet Mignon?
DANNY
Yeah!

DON
Jesus, not another one. Are you some kind of dumbass or something?

DANNY
I just wanted to see what your gourmet was today.

DON
We don’t have gourmet! We’re fast food, goddamnit!

Danny leans over the counter.

DANNY
You know what, buddy? That kind of attitude won’t get you anywhere in life. So congratulations; you’re the subject my new blog and then you’ll hear it from the people!

DON

DANNY
You’ll delete...?

DON
I’m the creator, shit breath.

DANNY
You mean you’re-

DON
I’m Don!

DANNY
Oh my gosh! You’re a genius, Don!

Danny collapses to the ground and prays to Don. His position draws several stares from everyone in the restaurant. An embarrassed Ben drags him to his feet.

BEN
Get up! What’s the matter with you?

DANNY
Don deserves praise!
BEN
You’re the creator of Buddysearch?

DON
That’s right.

BEN
You don’t look anything like your picture.

Danny smacks him.

DANNY
Shut up, Ben! Listen, Don; my school got me in deep crap cause I blogged some trash about it! We as a society cannot tolerate the injustice of censored internets!

Don is dumbfounded but decides to play along.

DON
Um. I see. They shouldn’t be able to silence you like that.

DANNY
Exactly! What can we do? I’ve been spreading the word of Buddysearch around and I think the number of users in this area is going up like whoa!

DON
Excellent! You’ll be my personal assistant. Keep doing what you’re doing and recruit more!

Don writes his address on a scrap of newspaper.

DON
This is my home address. When you’ve signed up more members, come to my place and we can discuss the, uh, revolution on your school!

DANNY
Great! We’ll see you later!

Danny drags the resilient Ben out of the restaurant while Don evilly smiles.

BEN
But we didn’t get our food!
EXT. QUAD - DAY

Danny delivers a speech to a massive group of students.

DANNY
So at Buddysearch.com you can experience the next level of social interaction! Wanna check out your friends’ pictures? Wanna leave funny comments? Well then just sign up for Buddysearch.com and add everyone you know! The more friends you have, the cooler you are!

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

HUNDREDS of students are packing into the school library, fighting and wrestling their way to get onto the computers.

BOY
Buddysearch! Go to Buddysearch!

GIRL
Hurry up! Go! Go! Go!

INT. CYBER CAFE - DAY

A packed house of USERS are all logged onto their accounts.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

CUSTOMERS log onto their accounts from the computers on display.

INT. DON’S ROOM - DAY

Don laughs triumphantly at his list of 14,203,478 friends until his mom offers him a plate of cookies, which wipes away his look of victory.

EXT. BEN’S ROOM - NIGHT

Ben peers out his window to see TWO BOYS run down the street.

BOY#1
I’ve gotta get home to check my Buddysearch!
BOY#2
Me too!

BEN
(yells)
Idiots!

INT. BEN’S ROOM – NIGHT
Ben shuts the window and plops himself in front of his computer and goes to the Buddysearch homepage.

BEN
Okay, let’s see what this crap is all about.

He logs in and within a few seconds a friend request appears.

BEN
Hmmm. “Cindy wants to be friends with you.” She looks kind of skanky, but okay.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS – DAY
The entire class is in a crazed ramble about Buddysearch.

BROOKE
So last night I added this guy to my list and it gave me an even 500!

DEREK
So? I gave comments to 317 of my friends and 244 of them have already commented back!

Mrs. Cucamonga speaks up from behind her computer.

MRS. CUCAMONGA
I just signed up and I already have five friends in five minutes! Suck on that, bitches!

The class argues even louder.

DANNY
You all suck! I am the Buddysearch god! I know Don personally!

Everyone quiets down to listen.
DANNY
I met him last week and I’m going to his place after school on this very day to discuss future events with him.

The class erupts again, mostly in awe of Danny, who simply nods and accepts the praise. Proudly, he looks at Ben’s seat and notices that he isn’t present in the classroom.

INT. DATABASE CABLE COMPANY - DAY

HANK and CHIP (30s), two cable guys, work feverishly switching and rerouting wires.

HANK
We can’t keep up with this!

CHIP
Why’s it doing this?!

HANK
It’s that new dang Buddysearch.com crap! It’s clogging up the system and slowing everything down!

CHIP
We can’t continue to work like this!

INT. DON’S ROOM - DAY

Don types away on his computer in a blog session.

DON
--and that is why, my friends, our time to rebel will be soon. It will be a swift, arduous attack, but we will prevail.

Don’s Mom walks Danny down the stairs.

DON’S MOM
Donald, one of your friends is here to see you.

DON
Okay, Mom. Now go away!

DON’S MOM
If you boys want some nice hot pie, just let me know.
She exits.

DON
Do you want some pie?

DANNY
Um, maybe later.

Danny takes a seat next to Don.

DON
Danny, you’ve done well. According to my Google analytics, 70% of the people in our county now have a Buddysearch account.

DANNY
Great!

DON
And not only that, the word is spreading rapidly across the nation! We now have 20 million users around the country!

DANNY
Fantastic! So now we can go after my school?

DON
Yeah, we’ll talk about that in just a second. I have to post a site-wide bulletin.

DANNY
A bulletin about what?

DON
I’m having financial problems, so I need every member to send me two dollars.

DANNY
What happens if they don’t send you two dollars?

DON
I’ll delete their account.

Alarmed, Danny reaches into his pocket and places two dollars on the desk.

DANNY
Here you go.
DON
Thanks, slugger.

DANNY
So about the school...

DON
Yes! Well we’re going to go a lot farther from the school as well. We’re going all the way to the top!

DANNY
What the hell are you talking about?

DON
Danny, we have 20 million addicts behind us! We can do so much!

DANNY
But I just wanna go after the school...they can’t monitor the internets. I mean come on.

DON
Danny, who gives money to the schools?

DANNY
I don’t know.

DON
Take a guess.

DANNY
Companies?

DON
Well, sort of, but who has to finance the schools? Who’s at the top of the game?

DANNY
I don’t know.

DON
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

DANNY
The government?

DON
They’re our enemy!
DANNY
How are they the enemy?

DON
Think about it! You’re miserable in school, why? Because the government is doing a terrible job at funding it. Why does the entire world hate the U.S.? The government. Why is 68 percent of the country overweight?

DANNY
...the government?

DON
Well, fast food, but also the government. Super Size me, Danny.

Don excitedly bangs on his keyboard. Danny is dumbfounded.

DANNY
So, you’re going to gather all of the Buddysearch users and create an army to take down the government?

DON
Precisely! You see Danny; you and I are very much alike. I, too, was a misunderstood dork in high school. When I’d get bullied, the school wouldn’t do anything. Whenever I’d have something to say, no one would listen. That’s why I created Buddysearch. Now everyone listens to what I say and they’ll eagerly listen to our declaration of war.

DANNY
And what if they refuse?

Don smiles and crosses his arms.

DON
Then I’ll shut down Buddysearch.

Danny gasps.

DANNY
You can’t do that!
DON
I can do whatever I want! I’m idiosyncratic! I’m also obsessive compulsive! Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo!

DANNY
You’re insane!

Don gets an evil look in his eye.

DON
Danny, you do not yet realize your importance. You have only just begun to discover your power. Your friend back in the restaurant, a typical jock who thinks he knows everything. But he never told you what your future holds...

DANNY
He told me enough. I’ll be a dork with a lot of money and a hot wife. That’s what he said my future is.

DON
No. I am your future.

Shocked, Danny looks at Don in utter disbelief.

DANNY
That’s not true! That’s impossible!

DON
Look around! You know it be true!

Danny looks around the room; there’s posters of RPG games, old boxes of pizza, and porno magazines everywhere.

DANNY
NOOOOOOOOOO!

Danny jumps to his feet and escapes up the stairs.

DON
Resistance is futile, Danny!
Muwahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!

EXT. BEN’S HOUSE - DAY

Danny knocks on the front door. BEN’S MOM greets him.
BEN’S MOM
Danny, hi!

DANNY
Hi. Ben wasn’t at school today and didn’t return my call. Is he okay?

BEN’S MOM
Well, I’m not entirely sure. He was up all night and this morning he was talking about some secret mission or something.

DANNY
Secret mission?

BEN’S MOM
I don’t know either. So I kept him home for a day of R&R. Maybe you can talk some sense into him.

INT. BEN’S ROOM – DAY

It’s dark. Danny enters. Ben, with droopy purple eyes, furiously types away on his Buddysearch page.

DANNY
Ben?

BEN
Not now! We’re busy!

DANNY
Ben, we’re the only people in here.

BEN
I know! I’m talking about on Buddysearch! We’re role playing! We have to get the missile away from the Germans!

DANNY
How long have you been online?

BEN
Oh, I don’t know. About two, twenty-seven hours. Muwahaha!

DANNY
How about you just turn the computer off?
BEN
NO! I can’t abandon the mission!

DANNY
Ben, it’s taking you! This is what it does! You have to get off Buddysearch!

BEN
No! I can’t! Ahhhhh!

Danny grabs the computer monitor and smashes it on the ground. Ben snaps out of it.

BEN
Holy crap!

DANNY
You got addicted. I can’t believe it.

BEN
I don’t know what happened, man! I just signed up for it and the next thing I knew I...I was leaving comments for everybody on my friends list!

DANNY
It’s okay. It’s over.

Danny opens the blinds and then sits on the bed.

DANNY
I went to Don’s house today. The guy is a frickin’ maniac.

BEN
What’d he say?

DANNY
He’s building an army to take down the government.

Ben laughs.

BEN
I told you Buddysearch was lame.

Danny glances at the broken computer monitor then looks back at Ben, who clears his throat.

BEN
Yes, well, what can we do?
DANNY
We have to find a way to get people away from Buddysearch for good.

BEN
But how? It’s so addicting!

DANNY
I know. But I have an idea.

INT. DATABASE CABLE COMPANY - DAY

Hank addresses the boys while he works on rerouting wires.

HANK
Listen kid, I appreciate your concern for my job, but we can’t just turn off the internet.

DANNY
But the Buddysearch creator is planning something terrible!

HANK
Yeah well, it’s not my problem.

DANNY
But you’re not part of the solution, you’re part of the problem!

HANK
Look kid, I need to get paid so I can take care of my family. Being a cable guy is probably the worst job on the face of the earth. Everyone hates you, the boss despises you, and your wife sleeps around. I need to make a living!

Hank walks over to a table and checks some documents. Ben points to a set of wires leading into the controls. Danny bites his lip unsure...

Both SNAP the wires out of the machine, causing a storm of sparks and flashing red lights. Hank turns around alarmingly, but Danny and Ben have already escaped.

EXT. DATABASE CABLE COMPANY - DAY

The two teens run out of the building.
BEN
Man! That was like Mission Impossible!

DANNY
No internets, no Buddysearch!

INT. BROOKE’S ROOM - DAY
Brooke’s internet shuts down. She loses it and takes it out on her YOUNGER SISTER, a girl with heavy orthodontic work.

BROOKE
What’d you do you little freak? Did all that metal shock the system or something?

BROOKE’S SISTER
Calm down! It’s just a website!

BROOKE
Stuff it, metal mouth!

BROOKE’S SISTER
Babbling bitch!

BROOKE
Wired non-desired!

EXT. STREET - DAY
Everything erupts into chaos. TEENAGERS, equipped with baseball bats, hockey sticks, and other sports equipment, vandalize, destroy, and annihilate everything in their paths.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY
TWO GUYS, sharing a recently disconnected computer, stare each other down.

DORK
You shut down the net, didn’t you?!

JERK
Why the hell would I do that? It’s much more fun sitting here watching you chat with your Buddysearch girlfriend who, by the way, has a fake picture!
The dork punches the jerk and a big fight erupts.

INT. DEREK’S ROOM – DAY

Derek and several of his FRIENDS sit quietly in a room.

DEREK
I’m so bored. There’s nothing to do. This is insane. What did we used to do? I can’t remember. I’m so bored, though...Okay, that’s it. I’m gonna kill myself.

Derek exits the room.

DEREK(O.S.)
Damn it, we’re out of floss.

EXT. STREET – DAY

More chaos. Buildings are vandalized, windows are smashed, and debris is thrown into the streets.

INT. DATABASE CABLE COMPANY – DAY

Hank and Chip work vigorously to fix the technical problems; rerouting wires, installing new hardware, etc.

CHIP
A few more tweaks and we should be good.

Chip flips a few switches and EUREKA! The lights go green.

CHIP
We are back online!

HANK
Maybe those stupid teenagers will have something to do now.

CHIP
Yeah, kids are always complaining about being bored, yet they’re always in front of the computer screen!
HANK
Were we ever that stupid?

CHIP
Of course, Hank. That’s why we became cable guys.

They look at each other and idiotically chuckle.

INT. BEN’S ROOM - DAY

Danny and Ben peer out the window. The street is deserted.

DANNY
It sure is quiet out there.

BEN
Yeah, too quiet. That must mean the internet is back up.

DANNY
Shit! Damn it! What do we do now?

BEN
Plan B: we have to go up to this problem and kick it right in the ass.

DANNY
How?

BEN
We campaign. At school tomorrow we tell everyone how sucky Buddysearch is. Someone has to listen!

EXT. QUAD - DAY

Danny stands atop the quad and shouts to the crowd.

DANNY
Buddysearch.com is evil! Get rid of it!

The several hundred students taunt and boo Danny and throw objects at him.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ben strolls next to Brooke and Derek, who share a computer and check their Buddysearch accounts.
BEN
Buddysearch still? That’s so old!

DEREK
You’re old.

BEN
Come on, guys. Nobody uses Buddysearch anymore!

DEREK
Don has 22 million friends. Plenty of people use it.

BROOKE
Yeah! Don’s a genius!

BEN
What if I told you that Don was just a loser who lived in his mom’s basement?

Derek and Brooke launch out of their seats and grind up against Ben.

DEREK
You take that back!

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Don’s fake profile pic is open on Mrs. Cucamonga’s computer.

DANNY
Do you actually find him attractive?

MRS. CUCAMONGA
He’s pretty studly.

DANNY
You know that’s a fake pic, right?

MRS. CUCAMONGA
Nobody’s perfect.

EXT. LUNCH TABLE - DAY

Danny and Ben sit quietly at their lunch table.

DANNY
Where did this go wrong?
BEN
Probably when you tried getting everybody to sign up for it. “The more friends you have, the cooler you are.”

DANNY
You’re right. I started this so I have to end it.

BEN
We’re both going to end it. We just have to get the message to everybody that Buddysearch.com just totally sucks.

DANNY
But how can we present it in such a way that it turns everybody off?

Suddenly, the thought dawns on both of them.

INT. GURGER BURGER - DAY

Don takes an order from a TEN YEAR-OLD KID.

CORVETTE KID
What toy comes with the Kid’s Meal?

DON
Your choice of a toy Corvette or a toy Mustang.

CORVETTE KID
Cool! Plus, I like Corvettes.

DON
That’s great, kid. I don’t care.

Don reaches under the counter to retrieve the toy. The kid shouts at him.

CORVETTE KID
You better care! I love cars! And thereby my duty to-

Don stuffs the toy car in the kid’s mouth. That’s when Danny and Ben enter into the restaurant.
DON
Hello there, Danny. Are you ready to join my side on our quest to rule the internets as webmaster and system moderator?

DANNY
I’m ready to join forces with you. I feel the addiction is strong in me. That is why, with the assistance of our friends in the administration, we want you to partake in a presentation at our school tomorrow designed to forever change people’s thoughts on social networking...forever.

Don likes this.

DON
I look forward to this presentation, my young apprentice.

INT. AUDITORIUM - THE NEXT DAY

1500 students pack the auditorium. A large screen hangs over the stage with a projector at the opposite end of the room.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Danny and Ben peer into the audience. Don enters.

DON
Hello, Danny.

DANNY
Hello, my master.

They bow to each other. Ben shakes his head.

BEN
What a loser.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Dr. Darkside walks onto the stage to a chorus of boos and stands in front of a podium with a microphone.
DR. DARKSIDE
Shut up you little ingrates. It’s true that today we have a minor celebrity in the house; Don from Buddysearch.com.

The entire auditorium erupts in applause and cheers.

DR. DARKSIDE
He’s here to deliver a motivational speech on internet safety, social networking, and a new project that he’s dubbed “The Social Revolution.” But before any of that we have a special introduction from my personal assistant and friend, Brian McNichols.

The applause turns to groans as Brian walks to the podium and waves.

DEREK
Crap. Anybody but him.

BRIAN
Yo, yo, yo! Wasssssup! I was never into Buddysearch that much, but I think it’s super cool! It’s kind of like the superhero underwear that we used to wear in elementary school!

Several students grow uncomfortable.

BRIAN
I think it’s cool because you can message people and that reminds me of when you would pass notes in 4th grade...well, actually, no one ever passed me notes but you get the idea. Then you can comment on people’s pages and that’s cool cause I like telling people stuff.

Now several students are groaning.

BROOKE
Ohmahgod. If this kid likes Buddysearch then it must suck.

BRIAN
Buddysearch reminds me of those phones that you could make from string and cups.

(MORE)
Once, I actually made those and tried to use them with my sister, but they didn’t work too good.

Derek shouts out from the audience.

DEREK
YOU SUCK!

BRIAN
But Buddysearch is way rad!

Echoes of the “way rad” comment float through the crowd.

Danny and Ben smile from backstage.

BRIAN
I think that Buddysearch is so cool and I can’t wait to add all of you to my account!

The projector shines an image of Brian’s Buddysearch page onto the screen. It’s a plain page with the exception of a large picture of Brian smiling.

One by one, the students head for the exit.

BOY
Why did we sign up for this crap?

GIRL
Buddysearch is stupid. You can’t even do anything on it.

Don desperately runs onto the stage and yells.

DON
Wait! Don’t go! Keep your accounts! It’s the hip thing to do! We can be the most powerful organization in the world!

Derek throws a plastic bottle at Don.

DEREK
You suck and so does your site!

DON
Oh, you think that’s funny? You little punk! Come into Gurger Burger and see what happens!
Brooke throws a half eaten sandwich at Don. Now clusters of students head for the exits which causes Don to break down and cry on stage.

DON
You’ll all be sorry!

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY
Danny and Ben celebrate. Hank fist pumps off to the side.

DANNY
The empire is defeated! We did it!

BEN
You did it, dude! You did it!

DANNY
Actually it was Brian’s horrible stories which did the trick, but I’ll take the credit.

BEN
I guess dorks are good for something. Way to go, man.

Hank pulls out his cell phone and calls his company.

HANK
Chip, the plan worked. We now know how to fight Buddysearch. Spread the word around the nation and tell ‘em how to bring those sons of bitches down.

MONTAGE
A) Accounts being deleted by their respectful owners.
B) Don’s friend count rapidly declines.
C) Kids run and play outside.
D) Don cries at his desk.

END MONTAGE

EXT. STREET - DAY
Danny and Ben walk along a lively street with both kids and adults having fun.
DANNY
Nice to have things back to normal.

BEN
Yeah. So what do we do now?

DANNY
How about we hit the b-ball courts?

BEN
You don’t play basketball.

DANNY
I figure now is as good a time as any. Been spending too many hours in front of the computer lately.

BEN
Yeah. Thankfully Buddysearch is over.

DANNY
Yeah and I think it’s safe to say that nothing like that will ever happen again.

BEN
Totally.

They high five.

FINAL FADE.

THE END