

SAVERS

Written By
Patrick Stroh

Episode #001

OVER BLACK

A PHONE DIALS OUT. *RIIINNG. RIIINNG.*

INT. SMALL HOME - NIGHT - YEAR 2027

DOUGIE (29), an athlete's build, but a poet's eyes. He loosens his neck-tie and focuses on a call.

DOUGIE
Linwood. Tell me you're close.

LINWOOD (PHONE)
(screams in b.g.)
Oh. Totes. Sooo close now man.

DOUGIE
Linwood?

LINWOOD (PHONE)
Yup.

DOUGIE
Do. Not. Let me. Down. You promised.

"A HARD KNOCK LIFE" from "ANNIE" rises up fast and we --

INT. COP CAR - MOVING - SAME

LINWOOD (29) at the wheel, *SWERVES* across the road. In the back sits GRETCHEN (83). Eyes-wide, color-drained.

It should also be noted that currently, Linwood is dressed head-to-toe, TOPHAT, MONOCLE and all as - THE MONOPOLY MAN.

LINWOOD
Dougie. There in a jiff.

Suddenly a BIKER GANG whips around the corner after them.

DOUGIE (PHONE)
Drive safe bud.

The call ends as -

GRETCHEN
Holy shit.

LINWOOD
Heellooo boys.

A *HARD KNOCK LIFE* heightens and Linwood ACCELERATES us into --

INT. SMALL HOME - SAME

Dougie SINGS and DANCES his heart out. A full release!

DOUGIE

*It's the hard-knock life for us!
It's the hard-knock life fooorr us!*

A passion to rival Mama Mia and Risky Business.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

*'Stead a treated, we get tricked!
'Stead a kisses, we get kicked!
It's the hard kn--*

COP CAR

Linwood BANKS AROUND A CORNER at full-tilt!

LINWOOD

HO-LY FUUCK!!!

Gretchen's wig FLIES OUT THE WINDOW!!

SMALL HOME

Dougie belts out the song while mixing a pink SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

COP CAR

Linwood checks the rear-view, BIKERS in pursuit. He sips dry a CAPRI-SUN as GUNFIRE BLASTS out the back window.

SMALL HOME

Drinking his Shirley Temple, Dougie arranges OREOS, CARROTS, and CRACKERS on a serving tray.

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - WISHING WELL - SAME

Linwood FLAILS on a BIKER'S back, biting his ear. Gretchen fends off the rest, SPRAYING errant BULLETS from a COLT 45.

SMALL HOME

Dougie practices KARATE MOVES in the mirror.

INT. EXOTIC PET STORE - SAME

Linwood rips a SNAKE off of a biker's LEG. Pandemonium! WTF!

SMALL HOME

The song SLOWS. Dougie speak-sings. Bearing his soul.

DOUGIE

*"Don't if feel like the wind is
always howln'? Don't it seem like
there's never any light. Once a day,
don't you wanna throw the towel in?
It's easier than puttin' up a fight."*

Where the music ESCALATES us once again into --

INT. EXOTIC PET STORE - SAME

Linwood SUCKS POISON from the biker's LEG. Both he and the biker gang are freaking-the-fuck-out!

Gretchen LIGHTS one end of a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL as she --

EXT. HOUSE YARD - SAME

Dougie sings, music building. He glances up at an old, but sturdy TREEHOUSE. His eyes fill with optimism and hope.

EXT. PET STORE PARKING LOT - SAME

GUNFIRE flies as Gretchen and Linwood run from the angry biker gang. The Pet Store ENGULFED IN FLAMES behind them.

LINWOOD

I'm so-so sorry guys!!

Linwood ushers the hobbling Gretchen into the car.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

MOVE YOUR TITS!

EXT. TREEHOUSE - SAME

Dougie takes two steps forward and then LEVITATES up to the TREEHOUSE DOOR.

The SONG CLIMAXES to an epic conclusion when - CRASH! In the distance. Dougie cranes his neck and bites into an Oreo.

EXT. COP CAR - RANDOM BACKYARD - SAME

SMOKE pours from the car. The front-end lodged through the fence of a CHILD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. Princess-themed of course.

Parents comfort the crying CHILDREN as a PERFORMER struggles to stay afloat in the pool. *Yelling. Gasping. Sinking...*

INT. COP CAR - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Gretchen dons a POLICE CAP and slips Linwood a wad of CASH.

GRETCHEN

Miracles are found where we least expect them.

Linwood adjusts his monocle. The both of them teary-eyed.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

You made this old bag feel young again. For that, you're a treasure.

LINWOOD

...I. Know. That.

GRETCHEN

Don't forget what I told. Yes?

He nods, grips her hand and together they tearfully recite -

GRETCHEN/LINWOOD

"King-Kong ain't got shit - on me.
Feliz-Navidad, Amen."

CRYING KIDS fill the background. Linwood scans his watch.

LINWOOD

SHIT!

FFIFT! He SUPER-SPEEDS away in a *FLASH* and TRAIL OF DUST.

INT. TREEHOUSE - SAME

Linwood SPEEDS to the door, *WHOOSH!* Now in a new outfit of: Colorful BOARD SHORTS, FUR HAT (with ear flaps), a HAWAIIAN SHIRT and lastly, a tank-top that reads "BEER".

LINWOOD

As the French say, *arigato*.

SIRENS ring in the background. Dougie smiles wide and we -

INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

They guys sit close. Eager, excited. Their PHONES opening to a stylish APP that reads aloud -- "SAVERS"

APP AI VOICE

Welcome to the SAVERS mobile app. Where Super-humans are a click away. If you're a first-time user please register below to begin.

LINWOOD

Okay no bullshit, the ship's at half-mast.

DOUGIE

At this distance, dock the ship, okay?

LINWOOD

No can do. We're one click from stacking cash and slaying ass.

DOUGIE

You hear yourself?

LINWOOD

Pattinson, Twilight-era type ass.

DOUGIE

Lin listen, only 1% of people get super powers ok? If we're gonna do this, we have to remember, this is a chance to actually help people.

LINWOOD

That's *totally* why I'm here.

DOUGIE

Good. Cause I remember a certain someone begging me to sign up. *"Oh Dougie please, the police are so understaffed, crime is out of control, it's so - rampant."*

LINWOOD

I never said rampant, what do I look like fuckin' Bill-Nye?

DOUGIE

Don't fudge me. We made a deal.

LINWOOD

Dougie, while moonlighting as a poor-man's FLASH sounds dope-as-shit, saving rando's is not why you're here.

DOUGIE

No, apparently I'm here as some kind of coerced accomplice to a fuckin' lunatic!

LINWOOD

Oh yea? No ulterior motive? No dreams of paying for adult ceramics sleep-away camp? Where fresh clay turns to -

(Willy Wonka voice)

"Puuure i-mag-i-na-tioooonn."

DOUGIE

Dreams are what make life tolerable...

LINWOOD

Too right you are. Rest assured our deal is in-tact. My word is bond.

DOUGIE

Yeah? Go ahead, then. Say it.

LINWOOD

Fine. I PROMISE, once we earn enough money to pay off my *mistaken* bookie-

DOUGIE

And hooker.

LINWOOD

Relaxation therapist.

DOUGIE

Don't test me.

LINWOOD

Fine, after we pay off the bookie -- and the single mother with a heart of gold and ass like a Sherman tank, who gave me companionship in my many hours of need -- we *WILL* stop. We will be badass heroes traversing the plains in the short-term. And then we'll quit Savers. Sadly, but with integrity.

DOUGIE

And?

LINWOOD

And you're the best friend I could have, I don't deserve you, you bail me out all the time, this is semi-against your will and -- this will kick ass.

Dougie nods in approval.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

Bang-a-rang.

INT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A PROFILE PAGE opens up on their PHONES. Dougie and Linwood call out the sections as they fill in their bio's.

DOUGIE

First things first. **Saver or Victim?**

LINWOOD

"The" SAVERS.

DOUGIE

Squad or Solo?

INSERT: POLAROID as kids. Dougie flexing, Linwood smoking a CIGAR in the same fur-hat as present.

LINWOOD

Two words: Squad goals.

DOUGIE

Good. **Superpowers?**

LINWOOD

Fast-as-Fuck. Floats shit.

DOUGIE

Super-speed, telekinesis.

LINWOOD

Current Metro? Say less.

INSERT: Atlanta's MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM. Dougie LEVITATES to the top, holding Linwood in the TITANIC POSE.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

Georgia-made.

DOUGIE
Atlanta paid.

LINWOOD
Next. *Other occupation?*

DOUGIE
So that's tour guide for me and you-
(off Linwood)
Dog walker?

LINWOOD
Entrepreneur.

Writes in GHOST HUNTER.

DOUGIE
Lin you're not a ghost hunter.

LINWOOD
Pause and rephrase.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT - WEEKS EARLIER

Linwood TIPTOES, holding a GHOST SENSOR & HEADLAMP. Dougie follows, then *toots*. Linwood jumps, tries to play it cool.

DOUGIE (PRE-LAP)
You're not a ghost-hunter, yet.

INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Linwood counts with his fingers.

LINWOOD
Dream it, do it. 2 step process.

DOUGIE
Noted. Next it's - *Hobbies?* For me,
easy. Chicks aaannd hockey.

INSERT: In QUIDDITCH clothes, Dougie slowly LEVITATES on a broom. He's by himself. And he's very scared.

LINWOOD (PRE-LAP)
Anything factual?

DOUGIE
Ha what's yours, impersonating cops.

LINWOOD
Volunteering. Well, philanthropy.

EXT. BUSY ROAD - NIGHT - WEEKS EARLIER

Linwood SPEEDS in front a car, zips out the PASSENGER and ZOOMS to the DRIVER. Linwood dons an FBI JACKET and WHISKEY.

PAST GIRLFRIEND (DRIVER)
Linwood that's my boyfriend!!

LINWOOD
Howdie, my prior lovebird. Ball-o-chaino. Lovely-missy miss. Wanta fu-

INT. TREEHOUSE - PRESENT

Dougie stares at Linwood.

LIWOOD
I see you still didn't write that down...

DOUGIE
Right, last one - **Nicknames**. I'm thinking The Juggler, Sir Floatsalot, maybe Telekilla--

LINWOOD
Nighthawk.

DOUGIE
What?

LINWOOD
You'll be known as Nighthawk. Me, *Infant Mango*. As a temp of course.

DOUGIE
Jesus Christ.

LINWOOD
Flattering, but I don't think I'm-

DOUGIE
Wait, what's this? Disclaimer?...
"Being a SAVER is a noble and crucial job for society. Whether it be a fire, robbery, violence or other illicit crime, always proceed with caution. Acceptance of a SAVE is acceptance of the corresponding listed price for the work --"

LINWOOD
Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

DOUGIE

"SAVERS incorporated does not assume responsibility nor liability for any and all dismemberment, death, injury, time-travel, hallucinations, pregnancy, etc. Additionally, should any Saver commit a crime while on a Save, the money will be withdrawn and their account forfeited indefinitely. Happy Saving."

LINWOOD

Pregnancy? That's - exciting.

DOUGIE

Focus, please. This is serious.

LINWOOD

I AM focused. On getting mad cash, next-level famous - and you can focus on blowing dudes and playing checkers or whatever you do. I'll get puss, you get pity, we'll all grow from the experience.

DOUGIE

Enough! First off I hate blowing du- I mean, I've never -- and it's not checkers okay? It's... quidditch. It's... called quidditch.

Linwood puts an accepting arm around Dougie. The life-long friends grin like brothers as a FUN SONG sweeps them into -

INT. TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME

Lin stretches and scans the store as Dougie tries on clothes.

LINWOOD

Target is like a babe-printing press. Man I bet Elon would kill in here.

DOUGIE (O.S)

The energy is *crack*. Honestly where else do you get calming aesthetics, great prices, reckless spending, intense family drama. It's everything. Perfect pre-saving environment. Plus I need lube.

LINWOOD

Lube?

DOUGIE

Yea, so my enemies will just slip and slide off me. Just try and grab me, you know?

LINWOOD

...yup.

Dougie pops into view, postering his chosen OUTFIT.

DOUGIE

Eh? Sweet right?

His "uniform" consists of ATHLETIC TIGHTS, A RED-SUADE CUTOFF HOODIE, WHITE GLOVES, PF FLYER SNEAKERS, AND LONG SOCKS.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

A disguise is two-thirds the job.

LINWOOD

It really isn't.

DOUGIE

Lin, I have one speed, okay? When I do something I go all the way in. Forehead to foot, tip-to-tip.

LINWOOD

We're best friends, I support you always, but - you're way off... and I'm here for it.

DOUGIE

Thanks bud. I see you're sticking with the Davy Crockett, frat-house look?

LINWOOD

Surf-king outdoorsman-type, yea. Unlike you I'm not ashamed of who I am.

DOUGIE

No other clothes are cleaned, is that correct?

LINWOOD

That's a possibility for anyone I spouse'...

DOUGIE

I'm sorry. Judgement-free zone. I accept you as well. Now, let's save some lives, yea?

LINWOOD
Buddy, it's gonna be EPIC!

Their excitement builds and builds and BUILDS RIGHT INTO -

EXT. TARGET PARKING LOT - SAME

TITLE CARD: 2 Hours Later

DEAD SILENT. Dougie sits bored in the passenger seat.

Outside, Linwood watches "Popular" HIGH SCHOOL KIDS film a DANCE VIDEO to a child's reading song called "PHONICS SONG". A track that goes WAY TOO HARD for a sing-along child song.

As the "cool kids" dance and film, a slightly jealous Linwood tries to emulate the choreography from afar.

DOUGIE
Lin!

LINWOOD
Shh I'm busy.

DOUGIE
How's this your idea and I'm the one who cares? Better hope your bookie's as patient as I am.

LINWOOD
Ah! Dammit!

Linwood SPEEDS OFF and back, *WHOOSH!* The return is a bit off and he DENTS A NEARBY CAR. Linwood climbs into the driver seat and hands one of two new SLUSHIES to Dougie.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)
You're right, I'm sorry, I gotta focus. Plus the bookie said he'd kill ya if I didn't get the money.

DOUGIE
Wait what?

LINWOOD
I said you're always right.

DOUGIE
Oh. Thanks. And I'm sorry man I just don't understand how there's no jobs. I mean not one?

Linwood adds VODKA to his slushie.

LINWOOD

I hear ya. But like my daddy always says, it ain't over til your prints match the knife. So, be patient. Hit refresh.

Dougie refreshes the SAVERS MAP and - NOTHING.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

Yikes. Alright, zoom out. Maybe it just needs a bigger search area.

DOUGIE

Search area? You mean the -

Dougie notices the "ACTIVATE LOCATION" toggle is unchecked. Linwood see too, tries to controls an outburst.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Oh. So, I have an idea...

Dougie keeps eyes contact with Linwood and subtly toggles the location tab. *FLICK*, the screen FILLS WITH SAVE REQUESTS.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

YES! Finally.

LINWOOD

Yea. Finally.

Linwood starts the car as a MAN approaches the DENTED CAR and *screams!* He looks around then sees the guys.

GUY

Did you see who did this!?!... Wait, did you do this?

DOUGIE

Ahh well --

LINWOOD

Those kids did it! Those ones doing that uncool dance.

(starts the car)

They're the ones you want your honor. The ones we all want.

Linwood PEELS OUT. The man turns towards the high-schoolers.

LINWOOD (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

Alright kid, what do we got?!

INT. CAR - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

Dougie clicks through different SAVE requests.

DOUGIE

Let's see, let's see. Okay. I got stalker. 4 miles. \$200.

LINWOOD

Uh-un. No samples, entrees only.

DOUGIE

Okay. It says choose a reason. Too far? Too extreme? Wrong skillset? Low price?

LINWOOD

All the above.

DOUGIE

Okay. This one just says *life at stake*? \$600. 300 feet away. 300?

They slow to a STOPLIGHT and look to a NEARBY HOUSE. Sure enough a WIFE (38) chops at the front door with an AXE. Her HUSBAND (37) pleads from the second floor window.

WIFE

Fucking my sister. My sister!?

HUSBAND

Woah! Is this another dream? How could you even think that, baby?

WIFE

This is her fucking house John!

HUSBAND

It is? No, I don't think so.

Dougie looks to Linwood.

DOUGIE

C'mon. It's right there. It'll take two seconds.

The SISTER (29) pops her head out of the window.

SISTER

Fuck you Bernice!

HUSBAND

Woah! Hey, I think there are ghosts in here baby.

WIFE

When I get in there I'm gonna chop
off your dick and mail it first
class to your dead mother you piece
of shit!!

She chops the door again.

HUSBAND

Baby please. The kids. They're
inside, they can hear you.

WIFE

Good! Now they can learn first-hand
what happens to cheating assholes!

A final CHOP and the handle BREAKS. The door pries open.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Say your prayers bitches!

Linwood rolls up the window and turns to Dougie.

LINWOOD

Paaasssss.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

DOUGIE

Okay, so bit of a dark start. What
else here, let's see. No... Double
no... Oh, this could be good.

LINWOOD

What?

DOUGIE

Just here me out. This one says
\$850. Man trapped... Tigers loose.

LINWOOD

No, no, no! We talked about this,
Lin don't eff with tigers. Not my
zoo birthday age-eight, not Winnie
and Tigger, not even Frosted Flakes.
Lin. Don't. Eff. With. Tigers!

DOUGIE

Course Lin doesn't eff with tigers.
Lin apparently does't eff with
anything. You know to make money we
have to actually, I don't know, SAY
YES! Now when are you gon- Oh wait.

LINWOOD

What?

DOUGIE

House Fire. Biltmore Estates. \$6k!?

LINWOOD

\$6K? Ah, yes! I love you! Book-book-
book-book-BOOOOOOOK IT!!

Linwood WHIPS A U-TURN as a DANCE SONG hits and -

MOMENTS LATER

The guys take turns SINGING, DANCING, just feeling it. Boys being boys. No bickering, no stress, feeling fifty feet tall.

EXT. UPSCALE MANSION NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

Linwood whips the car around a STREET CORNER on TWO-WHEELS.

DOUGIE

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

Linwood laughs as he gains control and SPEED-SLIDES onto the curb of a CUL-DE-SAC.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Lin! Are you serious!?

They get out and head up a private driveway.

LINWOOD

Woo, Biltmore! Man this is straight
P-Diddy rich.

Dougie sheds a look.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

Cosby-rich?

(another look)

Ah I see, bad examples.

DOUGIE

Just try not to kill us parking
next time, kay?

LINWOOD

Parking shouldn't even be in our
vocabulary. What's the point of me
having super-speed if I keep
getting handcuffed to the Prius?

DOUGIE

A) We're a TEAM. We work TOGETHER.
B) What're you going to do, zip me
around on your back?

LINWOOD

Yes! That's the best part! Dougie
seriously, we have to move quicker
to these things, I gotta be let off
the leash.

DOUGIE

If you'd ever shown me even the
smallest amount of responsibility
or self control, maybe I'd let you.
Until then we take the Prius
together. Safety first.

LINWOOD

Ugh. Fine. Safety first. For now.

Reaching the end of the road they look up to find a MANSION
ON FIRE, PARTYGOERS fleeing, with DOZENS MORE trapped inside.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

So just wait til it dies down or...

DOUGIE

No. Look there's nothing to it. I
lift the debris, you zoom in and
grab em.

LINWOOD

Cool, cool. Only your job seems WAY
FUCKIN' EASIER!

DOUGIE

HEY! I-AM-HERE-FOR-YOU! Now grab a
set of balls and get in there!!
Unless of course you have another
way to pay the bookie/hooker combo?

Linwood wrings his hands. Gathers himself.

LINWOOD

Ah damn. No matter the debt, I said
we'd get you to camp. And I know
sign-ups end tomorrow.

Dougie recoils. Linwood heartfelt.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

Yea. I pay attention.
 (they both smile)
 Let's boogie.

As *WHOOSH!* Linwood *ZOOMS* INSIDE and we follow his super-speed POV. Time moves *EXTREMELY SLOW* as one-by-one, Linwood races in and zips the people to safety.

Outside, Dougie sizes up the house, *RAISES HIS HANDS* and begins *LEVITATING* the fiery debris. Piece-by-piece he moves sections of roof, furniture, plants, a fountain, chunks of collapsed drywall, etc. It's not pretty, but it works.

Before long, enough space opens to allow partygoers to squeeze through. Dougie smiles. "Maybe they can do this".

Linwood fires back outside with another person. Tired, he jogs to a catering table to grab some *CHEESE* and *WHISKEY* before *ZOOMING* back in.

Inside, Linwood finds a corner of one room crumbling down with *TWO WOMAN* underneath. But only enough time to save one.

He *SUPER-SPEEDS* close. Time *SLOWS* as he weighs the decision. *YOUNG MODEL* (25) or sophisticated *RICH OLD LADY* (81).

SECONDS LATER

Linwood bolts out with the *RICH OLD LADY*.

RICH OLD LADY

Oh thank you young man, thank you.
 How can I ever repay you?

LINWOOD

I imagine your will includes some asshole children who didn't just save your life. Ask yourself, do they care about you like I do? Think on it.

DOUGIE

Lin! Stop flirting!

Linwood kisses her hand.

LINWOOD

Linwood. Two O's. Two.

He winks and *ZOOMS* BACK IN!

Dougie grins and begins to LEVITATE further debris into a large nearby POND. As he returns, he finds more GUESTS crawling through the newly-created opening.

MOMENTS LATER

Dougie ushers the last of the TRAPPED GUESTS through the opening. As he hugs some of the guests in celebration we see one last INJURED MAN in the background. He limps towards the final section as Dougie spots him.

A large piece shifts quickly and FALLS ABOVE HIM. In a panic, Dougie LEVITATES THE MAN through the opening partially BURNING his shoulder on the falling piece.

DOUGIE

Shit!

Linwood hurries over and rattles 100 SUPER-SPEEDS LAPS around the burning home. Using the KICKED-UP DIRT from the speed-runs he suffocates the remaining flames and embers.

Linwood emerges from the dust bowl to find the INJURED MAN patting his sizzling arm and rushing towards Dougie.

INJURED MAN

You stupid boy! Why didn't you just lift up that piece? Huh?

DOUGIE

You're so right, I'm so sorry it's legitimately my first day and --

INJURED MAN

Shut up! Shut up!

Dougie backs away, scared.

INJURED MAN (CONT'D)

If I could move I'd beat the living shit out of you, you stupid piece o--

BAM! Linwood KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD with a left hook.

LINWOOD

What dog?! That's my boy, don't ever talk to Nighthawk like that! Bitch. Oh shit.

Opened on the man's fallen phone is a Savers VICTIM PROFILE PAGE. Two words blink: **SAVE confirmed?**

Linwood and dougie check with eachother. Nod. Linwood lifts Injured Man's LIMP FACE up to the SCREEN. A few seconds and -

"Great! Payment Sent!" flashes on the man's phone.

The guys drop Injured Man and high-five, super pumped!

Suddenly, a loud YELL and CHANT ring from afar. Linwood and Dougie walk around the side of the house to investigate.

Turning the corner, they find no less than one DRUNKEN GUY on his knees, yelling at the sky.

DRUNKEN MAN

I'm a cancer in the apocalypse. I am roaring thunder! THE INCARNATE FATHER OF THE SEVEN SEAS!!

LINWOOD

Wow. Shoot me straight. Am I too young to be adopted?

DOUGIE

You were adopted.

LINWOOD

Cool. Wait what?

Just then a NOTIFICATION beeps on the Savers app.

POLICE REQUEST. Suspected arsonist, BILTMORE ESTATES. \$500 lead, \$2,000 capture.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

So when you mean adopted is that like adopted-adopted or...

DOUGIE

Boomjam! New request! Looks like this lunatic is gonna pad the ole pocket book. HEY PAL!

The guys close in and the Gucci-clad drunkard turns towards them slowly.

As he comes into view, the guys stop in their tracks. The reason? Well, Linwood and Dougie have sure enough realize that the well-dressed nut-job before them is the one and only DANIEL. Freaking. RADCLIFFE.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Oh hey boys.

LINWOOD/DOUGIE

HOLY SHIT!

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
I know. I know.

LINWOOD
We're big fans, BIG!

DOUGIE
Yea. Quidditch is tits.

Linwood drops his head.

LINWOOD
Pardon him, he's nervous.

Daniel snuffles, emotion stirring.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
I fudged up boys. I got greedy.
Couldn't take it. It's just all too
grand. I decided to downsize and
well, got off to a hot start.

Daniel laugh-cries as the guys hang on every word.

LINWOOD
Dope.

DOUGIE
Good call. GREAT call.

Daniel smiles, shakes his head.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
Thanks. But I guess no good deed
goes unpunished. I won't fight it.

Daniel offers them his hands. Linwood and Dougie don't move.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)
Aren't you gonna arrest me? I mean
it's obvious I lost my shit and
completely torched my hous-

LINWOOD
Bup-bup-bup. Woah, hey stop.

DOUGIE
Right. Confessions - ick.

LINWOOD
Give us a second.

Linwood *ZOOMS* him and Dougie to the side. Daniel fumbles around in the background, talking to himself.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)
So we're not taking him in.

DOUGIE
Um.

LINWOOD
Dougie, Daniel Radcliffe is about to become our best friend, that is what's on the table at current. Do you understand?

DOUGIE
That's sick.

LINWOOD
It is sick. Way sick. So we're agreed?

DOUGIE
Yes. Best friends.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
HOW WE DOING BOYS!?

LINWOOD
Groovy Dan. Ten points for Gryffindor over here.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
TEN POINTS FOR GRYFFINDOOOR!!

LINWOOD
(re: Dougie)
Dude! This is the dream!

As Linwood turns backs, Dougie grabs his arm.

DOUGIE
Wait! The disclaimer. You remember? If we commit a crime during a save, we're done. Money, app, all of it.

LINWOOD
Shit you're right. Why did I promise sleep-away camp? Dammit, if I didn't have such good character.

A look from Dougie.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)
Fine. We'll do the right thing.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
Hey boys?

LINWOOD/DOUGIE
Heeeeyyyy.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
Quick question.

LINWOOD
Listen, I'm sorry, but -

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
You ever driven a Batmobile?

A wave of shock. *Did they hear that right?*

LINWOOD
Come again?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
I believe nighthawk heard me...

Linwood turns to Dougie. Both trying to play it cool.

DOUGIE
Dammit.

INT. BAT-MOBILE - SPEEDING - STREET - SAME

VROOM! 120 MPH. Sucked into their seats!

LINWOOD
WHAT A WAY TO DIE!!

DOUGIE
OH MY GOD!

LINWOOD
CAN YOU PUSH ALL THE BUTTONS?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
THAT IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA!!

Daniel and Linwood flick EVERY SWITCH. Dougie shakes in fear.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE (CONT'D)
GET READY FOR THE BEST NIGHT EVER!!

The Batmobile KICKS FLAMES and HOPS OVER A SPEED BUMP! MID-AIR, Linwood and Daniel's smile grows as they're hurled to a--

MONTAGE

- ROLLERBLADING THROUGH ATLANTA. Elbow pads and all.
- CHASING a group of STRAY CATS, flapping their "wings".
- Dougie LEVITATES them on a BROOM. Each wet-willying one another as Dougie tries to keep them balanced.

INT. DIVE BAR - SAME

Dougie serves a crowd from behind the bar. FLOATING glasses and alcohol, mixing a variety of drinks in perfect sequence.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I present to you the greatest
telepath on earth, the one and only
NIGHTHAWK!

The whole place *CHEERS!* "Nighthawk, Nighthawk, Nighthawk."

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Drinking, mid conversation, intoxication growing.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Lin, I love ya, but you just can't.

LINWOOD

I'm looking you in the eye. No
nonsenses. Do you see me, cause I'm
serious? I PROMISE... I'm faster
than bullets.

(Russian accent)

All of za bullets.

Daniel checks to Dougie. Who sips MILK and shakes his head.

EXT. OPEN MEADOW - SAME

Linwood holds up THREE PUMPKINS. Twenty yards behind him
Daniel raises a fifty-round bullet drum and metal TOMMY GUN.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Are you sure, bud?

LINWOOD

Shoot me you pansy!

DANIEL

That's the spirit. Okay fiiiivve...
foooour...three-two-one!!

Daniel fires the entire fifty-round drum. Caught off guard,
Linwood lunges forward just a hair late.

In his haste Linwood snags his foot on a rock and trips,
flinging the pumpkins INTO THE AIR.

The GROUP OF BULLETS obliterate the pumpkins. As well as...
Linwood's COLLARBONE.

Bleeding, aching. Swallowing his pride...

LINWOOD

Three for three.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA BUILDING - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - SAME

1000 feet up. Sitting and sipping from colorful YARD-GLASSES.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Ahh guys. This is one of the best
nights of my life, hands down.

LINWOOD

Our lives peaked for sure.

Daniel laughs, puts a hand on Dougie's shoulder.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

You guys are renegades, true
pioneers. And while this night is a
hall-a-famer, there's still one
thing left to do.

DOUGIE

Yea, what's that?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Dougie. It's time to climb out of
your shell and show the world what
we already know.

DOUGIE

Oh well. I'm you know figuring it
out. I'm, it's confusing --

LINWOOD

No. Dougie, the other shell.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
Whatever shell you want.

LINWOOD
The showmanship-type shell.

DOUGIE
Ah. Yes. Of course.

INT. COYOTE UGLY NIGHTCLUB - SAME

Dougie stands atop the bar as Aerosmith's "I DON'T WANT TO MISS A THING" starts up over the speakers.

DOUGIE
Hello my name. Is Dougie.
(Daniel & Linwood glare)
Or Nighthawk. And I got a little
diddy. I'm really nervous. You guys
nervous?

Dougie turns to the guys.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
I can't do this. I don't show
people this side. I'm sorry, I
can't.

Daniel caresses his face. Serious as a heart-attack.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE
*"Happiness can be found even in the
darkest of times... if one only
remembers to turn on the light."*

A Harry Potter line. Yup that did it. Dougie nods his head, pumped. Takes one big breath and --

MINUTES LATER

The whole bar SINGS as the song climaxes.

DOUGIE/BAR
*"I DON'T WANTA CLOSE MY EYES, I
JUST WANTA FALL ASLEEP, AND I DON'T
WANT MISS A THING..."*

Dougie is feeling it, singing from his soul. So much soul in fact that in a moment of ecstasy his animated hand gestures accidentally LEVITATE and dislodge the CEILING PIPES.

KSSH! WATER, SEWAGE, SPRINKLERS, ELECTRICITY! The bar floods left right and center as ELECTRIC WIRES kick everywhere!

The place empties in a panic! All except for Daniel and Linwood who stare proudly at Dougie. Who's also so entranced he hasn't noticed the disaster he's caused. Only immersed in escalating his fervor into one final --

DOUGIE

*"I don't want close my EEEYYYYEEESS,
I don't wanta FAAAAAAAALL asleep! I
DON'T WANT TO MISS A THING!!"*

The song comes to a close as Dougie opens his eyes, out of breath. Realizing what's happened, joy turns to horror.

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

And that's what heroes are made of.

When *VROOM!* A muscular, uniformed SAVER bursts through the doors. Linwood notices and quickly *ZOOMS* Dougie off the bar. He ushers the guys towards an exit, but they're too late.

SAVER

Gentleman are you okay? What happened? Wait, are you Savers?

LINWOOD

Technically, but boy are we're glad to see you. This is too much for us.

SAVER

Hold on. Are you Daniel Radcliffe? Didn't your house just burn down? The authorities are all over the wire looking for you.

DOUGIE

Who isn't looking for him?

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

Guilty as charged.

LINWOOD

Metaphorically or course.

The Saver, clearly taking his job serious, begins to take in both the setting and the guy's suspicious body language.

SAVER

Wait a second. Did you guys do this? Are you on a spree?

Dougie laughs. Nervous. Panicking.

DOUGIE

That's. You're fun, a funny g-

Linwood interjects in a last ditch effort with --

LINWOOD

(cowboy accent)

Fuck no! He's our collar. Tracked him down just after the house fire. Tried to keep it low key with his fame and all, do him a courtesy. But hey, some horses just ain't fit for cages. Son bitch gon' rot til kingdom come I figure.

Dougie and Daniel are floored. The Saver somehow buys it.

SAVER

Oh wow. Sorry it just seemed - great work! Say, since you guys got him, mind if I snag this save here?

DOUGIE

(cowboy accent)

Be our guest.

SAVER

Thanks! Oh by the way, killer suit.

The Saver carries on. Dougie blushes. Daniel gives him an affirming thumbs up.

EXT. COYOTE UGLY - MINUTES LATER

Dougie hands Daniel off to THREE POLICEMEN.

POLICEMAN #1

Thanks fellas. Great job.

POLICEMAN #2 swipes his phone screen and *BEEP*. Dougie's phone lights up with "*New Payment Received!*"

DANIEL RADCLIFFE

I'll never forget you boys. You're my angels in a wasteland. And Dougie. Don't never stop dancing.

Dougie snuffles through a smile. He gives Daniel a hang-tough hand sign as Linwood walks up now holding a spectacled PUPPY.

LINWOOD

And then there were two.

Dougie turns. Nods.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

All things considered, not a bad night wouldn't you say?

DOUGIE

I've had worse.

LINWOOD

Well I know this is a one time thing now that we got the money and all, but hey - I'm glad you were here. We made a good team.

Dougie grins. A thought. He takes a few steps forward.

DOUGIE

Yea. But you know, I was thinking. What if say, this wasn't our last night?

Linwood and the puppy both perk up.

LINWOOD

Are you saying what I think you're saying?

The camera dollies into a grinning Dougie as --

DOUGIE

What are you doing tomorrow night?

As we all at once:

CUT TO BLACK

THE END