

# ***S A V E R S***

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Season 01

Episode #03

***"STRANGER DANGER"***

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - BENCH - DAY**

An open TEXTBOOK. The back-cover of which reveals:

*"Dating for Dummies."*

Pulling back our view locates six more BOOKS. Each one now LEVITATING before Dougie.

His eyes ping-pong back and forth, focused. A growing *SWOOSHING* sound rises. Fast, rhythmic, like breaking the sound barrier. Right up the moment of...

*SKKEEEERT!* Linwood stumbles through the floating books.

LINWOOD (O.S.)

...Time

(Dougie sighs)

TIME!?

DOUGIE

...fast.

LINWOOD

Knew it.

*CR-KRACK!* A ROW OF TREES SPLIT-IN-HALF! ON-FIRE!

LINWOOD

That, wasn't me.

Dougie sits back on the bench, dating book in-tow.

LINWOOD

Don't be mad. This cause I cancelled your stupid date? C'mon, now you get to hang with your best friend, uh-hello, a thank you maybe!?

DOUGIE

Wait, you what!?

LINWOOD

I know. That fast even with stopping to squash your 7:30 res. Man, talk about potential.

DOUGIE

Dude! I was really looking forward to that!

LINWOOD

You texted her "totes excited, winky face." I saved you bro. Now, you get to save others.

DOUGIE

Lin there's more to life than just you and me and this app --

LINWOOD

Take that back! Dougie, you don't need a woman to feel fulfilled. You need purpose and fun and me and, and --

MAN (O.S.)

Ice cream?

They turn to a DORKY MAN (34) standing only twenty feet away. His rough comb-over pairs with a polo and out-of-date slacks.

LINWOOD

My Man! Yes! Now that's guy who's got it all together.

A GARGLING MINI VAN coughs exhaust. A crooked, SCOTCH-TAPED SIGN covers the windows which reads "Ice-cReAm vaaN".

LINWOOD

Woah, that yours?

The man nods. Nervous.

LINWOOD

Dope! C'mon Dougie ice-cream!

Linwood runs to the van. Dougie rambles behind. The man hurries to pat-down a MENU and stand professional.

LINWOOD

Alright, what's on tap?

Linwood scans a CRAYON-SCRAWLED MENU.

LINWOOD

Okay so Vanilla, Chocolate, The Colorful One and... *Other*. Hm, solid choices.

DORKY MAN

Yeah but, but I --

LINWOOD

But you've got free samples? You  
dog, hand em over!

DOUGIE

Lin, seriously.

The man grabs TWO DIXIE CUPS from the passenger seat. Each  
filled with half-melted ICE CREAM and tiny wooden spoons.

DORKY MAN

There you go. Eat up.

The man hands over the cups and watches them taste it.

DOUGIE

Thanks?

LINWOOD

Mmm-mm.

DORKY MAN

Also, if you're interested, in the  
back of the van I have a bunch of-

LINWOOD

Stop, let me guess. You got  
toppings? And we can have all we  
want, any kind, no limits, ever?

DORKY MAN

Um, right...exactllyy.

LINWOOD

Sick! C'mon Dougie we rolling.

DORKY MAN

All right!

The man smiles and tugs open the sliding door to reveal --  
TRASH BAGS and TARPS covering every inch of the interior.

DORKY MAN

Go on, hop in. I'll get the --  
stuff.

LINWOOD

Righteous!

Linwood ushers Dougie into the van. Linwood eats with  
pleasure as Dougie takes a few leary bites.

LINWOOD

Dope minivan by the way! Real cosy.

Dougie twinges after a bite.

LINWOOD

Oh, by the way you're not just some creepy guy in a van who's been following us cause we're Supers and is now drugging us with ice cream and kidnapping us cause your life's goal is to be a super villain -- right?

Dougie falls against the driver's seat, out cold. Linwood looks to Dougie, then to Dorky Man. Who grins and pushes a button to close the door.

As the door slides, the letters SA (in dust) appear. But the door halts. Linwood's errant foot on the track.

LINWOOD

...Sa-sorry.

He pulls his foot back and the door closes to reveal the entire TITLE CARD in dust as SAVERS.

The door's window reflects the man's shocked expression.

DORKY MAN

I can't believe that worked.

**CUT TO BLACK**

SILENCE. Nothing. Until...

The tickling optimism of LIGHT JAZZ emerges.

**INT. DARK TOOLSHED - NIGHT**

Wooden floor. Two feet. Drooling lips. Until in full-view we find Dougie slumped in a dingy chair. His hands bound by a pair of old SHOELACES.

As his disorientation dissipates, he struggles to move. He soon spots Linwood lying against his shoulder.

DOUGIE

Lin! Lin are you dead! LIN!!

LINWOOD

(flails awake)  
WITCHES-FUCK!!

DOUGIE

Jesus! Lin you're alive, thank God.  
What the hell's going on, the, the-

LINWOOD

Calm down. I'm fine. Just got tired  
of waiting for you to wake up so I  
took a lil' three hour cat nap.

DOUGIE

We've been asleep for 3 hours!?

LINWOOD

(laughs)

No. I've been asleep for 3 hours.  
You've been asleep for -- 6?

DOUGIE

Six!?

Linwood, hands untied, grabs a bowl of Cheeto Puffs.

DOUGIE

Well what the hell have you been  
doing then!?

LINWOOD

Things. OH! Actually everyone's  
been telling me to watch that show  
"Derry Girls". Well it took some  
convincing but Greg got me to give  
it a try annddd... I'm in. Hook  
line and sinker, I'm moving to  
Ireland! Wanna go?!

DOUGIE

Wait what? Greg? Who's GREG!?

LINWOOD

OH SHIT! You don't know GREG!?  
You're gonna love him! HEY GREG!  
Dougie's awake!

**EXT. TOOLSHED - MOMENTS LATER**

DARK MUSIC brings a slow-turning door knob, creaky floor and  
SHOES THUMPING TOWARDS THEM. Each shoe without laces.

LINWOOD (V.O.)

So Greg's got some demons. Big  
ones.

Where we finally lay eyes on the one and only... GREG. The Dorky Man's true persona. His appearance is now... well exactly as we'd seen him before. A meekness and wardrobe matching that of a cubicle-bound accountant.

LINWOOD

Ehh, pretend ones. He's working on being more *intense*.

DOUGIE

Lin, he kidnapped us!!

LINWOOD

"Voluntarily detained". And don't rush to judgment, Greg's a little self conscious. He really, really wants to be a villain and his heart's there, but -- he needs work.

DOUGIE

Needs-work!? The fuck do I care!?

Greg twiddles his fingers. Utterly uncomfortable.

LINWOOD

Look, we could leave here right now. Easily. I mean, we're running low on cheese puffs as it is. Or, we could stay and help a man chase his dreams. I mean look at the poor guy.

They check to Greg. Adjusting his posture to appear fierce.

DOUGIE

You want me to stay here and help "Greg" learn to be a bad guy?

LINWOOD

I'm asking you to grow some balls, un-ice that cold heart and help a guy in need. We're Savers after all. Gotta help all types of people. Right?

Dougie exhales, reluctant.

LINWOOD

I know that face. Greg, we're in!



**INT. GREG'S DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT**

*WAP!* A teaching stick *smacks* a display board on an EASEL. The words *Vibe*, *Persona*, *Essence* are written in bold.

LINWOOD

First things first. **Persona, vibe, essence**. What's yours? Nonexistent. But we can fix that. Dougie!

Dougie reaches for another board.

GREG

Dougie? Isn't that Nighthawk?

Dougie stops. Both surprised and flattered.

DOUGIE

Sometimessss. How'd you know that?

GREG

I'm good at research. That's how I landed on you guys. I mean your reputation as Savers is like the worst. Everyone says you suck.

LINWOOD

That's not true... is it?

DOUGIE

Also Nighthawk's sorta like a working title so don't --

LINWOOD

Greg, the first lesson any villain needs to learn is who they are. That determines how the world views you. So, how do you see yourself?

GREG

I'm not sure what you mean.

LINWOOD

Ok take me for example. I'm all about comfort, relaxation, but still the life of the party. I'm here for a good time, not a long time. Ya feel me?

DOUGIE

No.

GREG

Definitely.

LINWOOD

My man! Alright your turn. Go ahead, pick your poison.

Linwood points up a board with pictures of Ghengis Khan, Napoleon, the Unabomber, and Bill Cosby.

LINWOOD

Hm. Um...

(takes down Cosby)

Riight. Okay. Noooww you're good.

Greg examines them all. Shakes his head.

LINWOOD

Cool, not love at first sight. That's fine, let's try the next batch. Nighthawk?

Dougie changes the board to a set of images featuring LIBBERACI, a STEAMPUNK MODEL and LADY GAGA.

LINWOOD

What do you think?

Greg examines them close.

GREG

...you--you guys got Ca-Catwoman?

LINWOOD

No Greg we don't have Ca-ca-catwoman!

GREG

I'm sorry! It's just none of those feel like me. I don't have style. Unless uncoordinated is a style? I mean I'm quiet and polite; only I'm hellbent on being evil. I'm sorta like -- the villain next door type.

DOUGIE

"The villain next door..."

Dougie checks to Linwood.

LINWOOD

We can work with that. Moving on!

GREG

Moving on? Wait what's next?

DOUGIE

Next my friend, is the best part.  
 (off Linwood)  
 "You thinking what I'm thinking?"

A small grin from Linwood and...

LINWOOD/DOUGIE

COSTUME MONTAGE!

**INT. GREG'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Dougie and Linwood sit on a TINY BED near Greg's CLOSET. Greg tries a dozen VARIOUS OUTFITS in rapid succession.

Dougie and Linwood react to Greg's outlandish choices until, bingo! THE outfit! One nearly the same as his original attire, only now with a few additional flourishes.

While neither iconic nor bold, it is undoubtedly "GREG". Dougie and Linwood clap in approval.

LINWOOD

Ahhh you look like a million bucks. It's perfect, just so --

DOUGIE

-- retro, yet modern. Dynamic, yet subtle. Sexy, yet ---

LINWOOD

-- Dougie.

DOUGIE

Got it.

GREG

I feel bad! Like real evil bad! Like the time when I was in the fourth grade and I trusted my mom to give me a bull-cut and she was like trust me just trust me I can do this, I watch a lot of videos on how to give bull-cuts. And I'm like I trust you mom you're my mom. You're the best person I know, I trust you with anything you could ever try to do, why don't I just be your guinea pig.

The boys are frozen.

GREG

So we sit down in the living room and she pulls out a bowl, puts it on my head, and I'm like this seems unnatural, seems kinda weird, so she starts doing it and next thing I know I have a *buzz-cut*. Like that kind of evil. Like my mom.

A beat. Yikes. WHAT THE F--

LINWOOD

Wow. Okay. Let's just try Phase 3.

Linwood moves off. Greg is quickly confused.

GREG

Cool. Wait, what's phase three?

When Dougie suddenly SWINGS A PALMED TOWEL to Greg's face and CHLOROFORMS HIM! Dougie whispers in his ear --

DOUGIE

Phase three bitch.

Greg drops to the ground. Linwood stares at Dougie.

DOUGIE

What? You said phase three?

**INT. DARK WAREHOUSE SPACE - LATER**

Greg's EYES sputter open. Little by little. Then lock. Both pupils enlarge on the effervescent close-focus of... Linwood. Currently donning SUNGLASSES and a large SCARF.

LINWOOD

You're on the path. The next steps are crucial. What you need now is to master the art of talking-tough. How to *intimidate*.

GREG

Well I don't know. I thought I was pretty intimidating earlier.

**INT. DARK TOOLSHED - EARLIER**

Linwood watches Greg struggle to bind his hands. Dougie sits unconscious in the background.

GREG

I'm, well I'm going to show you who's in charge! Me! Right? I am, yes that's who. I'm going to -- show you -- *that*. I'm gonna haunt your dreams till you're sick. You are -- in my hands... now!

Linwood laughs himself silly as we CUT BACK TO:

**INT. DARK WAREHOUSE SPACE - PRESENT**

Dougie continues chuckling at the memory.

LINWOOD

Right. My dear Greg, the essential fabric of every villain is of course -- the monologue. It's where you reveal your master plan.

Greg nods along.

LINWOOD (CONT'D)

Now, no one knows why every villain decides to monologue before they finish their scheme, but it's just a trick of the trade. Today, we're going to show you how to monologue like you really mean it.

Linwood spins, revealing that both he and Greg are sitting in side-by-side DIRECTOR'S CHAIRS.

LINWOOD

Dougie, if you will.

*BOOSH!* Large LIGHTS FLASH and shine on Dougie. Who stands across from them in front of flamboyant photo backdrop.

Dougie takes in the setting. Greg waits in anticipation as Linwood finagles a hat that reads "Director". Linwood clears his throat.

LINWOOD

Show us power... annddd ACTION!!

Dougie scans the first few lines of his SCRIPT.

DOUGIE

"... Now. Um, Now I have you right where I want you..."

Once I'm done with you, I'm going after your family. Your wife, your rotten little kids, even the family dog-" Linwood what the hell!?

LINWOOD

Cut! Cut! That's not gonna work. I need some more commitment. More gravitas.

DOUGIE

Gravitas?

LINWOOD

Let's take it from...

GREG

How bout "rotten little kids"?

LINWOOD

Yes let's go ahead and take it from there.

Dougie takes a deep breath. Both nervous and frustrated.

DOUGIE

"...your rotten little kids, even the family dog. I'm gonna make them suffer. I'm gonna make them all watch as I strip the burnt flesh from their withered bones--" Linwood what the fuck, this is demented!

LINWOOD

GOD-DAMMIT! STOP! Hold, quit, kill yourself.

(walks to Dougie)

...Listen.

DOUGIE

I'm trying I-I

LINWOOD

I can see that. We all do.

GREG

Not feeling it either by the way.

DOUGIE

NO ONE ASKED YOU GREG!

LINWOOD

Greg, please. He's right though.  
Don't try. Be. This guy's future  
and my respect for you hinges 100%  
on this performance. Understand??  
Good. Now be miraculous and don't  
fuck it up or I'll fire you as a  
friend.

Linwood returns to his seat.

LINWOOD (O.S.)

Aaaaannnnnnndddd....ACTION!!

Dougie exhales. Looks up. An EMOTIONAL SCORE eases in.

DOUGIE

"...And I, I WILL make them all  
watch with envy as I strip the  
very flesh from their severed  
bones..."

Greg and Linwood become entranced.

DOUGIE

"And they'll never find their  
bodies. Or the bodies of the  
others I've yet to kill. I am the  
DESTROYER. The wielder of  
darkness..."

Throws his script down. The guys lean in. Mesmerized.

DOUGIE

"And when the light fades from  
their eyes, they will feel my  
power! My wrath! I am evil  
incarnate, and nothing, NOTHING,  
CAN STOP ME NOW!!!"

Beat. Silence. Dougie stands exasperated. Drained. Greg's  
jaw is dropped. Linwood whimpers. Cheeks misty.

LINWOOD

That -- that was beautiful. Um,  
thank you Dougie.

Linwood turns to dazed and overwhelmed Greg.

LINWOOD

Do you understand now Greg?...

Greg doesn't react.

LINWOOD

GREG!  
(snaps out)  
Focus!

GREG

Right, sorry! It's just -- I don't think I can get from here to there. I, I -

LINWOOD

Sshh. Each of us are special... ish. Just think. What sets you apart? What can you offer that no other villain could?

GREG

Well, I'm pretty smart. I've actually been building this prototype app -- like the one that you guys use.

DOUGIE

You mean an app for bad guys?

GREG

It's sorta a passion project. But I mean I don't know if it's ready--

LINWOOD

Greg shut your slut mouth. I know exactly what you need. Something to give you that last nudge of confidence.

GREG

Of course, anything! What is it?

LINWOOD

All your life, Greg, you've been a little dolphin.

DOUGIE

Oh God, Lin, not this again.

LINWOOD

It's time... to make you a shark.

**INT. AGING THEATRE - STAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Greg stands in his new attire, psyching himself up.



GREG

It's okay little Greg, you can do this. You are not an embarrassing, but adorable fish that's going to fall face first in front of all the world and every person you care about. These are your friends. Probably your best friends. Yes, best friends. You are not a fish. No, you're a shark. That Is.. So. Freakin right!!

Greg closes his eyes and exhales. Upon reopening, he finds Linwood and Dougie watching him from separate rows.

Linwood SWOOSHES away from his seat and back in THREE SECONDS! On his return, he dons a slick BLUE BLAZER.

Greg steps forward and stands nears a cloth-covered EASEL.

GREG

Hi... My name is Greg.

DOUGIE

Greg.

LINWOOD

Gregithy.

GREG

Hello. Thank you all for gathering. Today, I want to pitch you something special, something revolutionary. Something that can really disrupt the market. Today I'd like to present to you... "GoEvil".

Greg whips off the easel's covering to reveal a COLORED BOARD and SYMBOLIC LOGO reading -- GoEvil.

GREG

This here's an app for villains, by villains. Myself. Or as my enemies know me at current... Greg.

Dougie LEVITATES the board to him and examines the design.

GREG

You see Supers, they have too much control and they're gaining access to fame and fortune by arresting criminals that the police could easily apprehend.

Dougie nods.

GREG

I mean, soon this could lead to police losing their jobs entire--.

LINWOOD

Kid look, I like the savvy, I like the creativity. But I hate your name and its name and your shoes. And for that reason, I'm out.

DOUGIE

You picked those shoes.

LINWOOD

You're right. For that reason I'm back in.

Greg is perplexed. Dougie mouths "it's ok, keep going"

GREG

Ok... like I was saying, the potential user base is really big and as a villain you get to dictate the pricing since the work is dicier. So with that and the long term appeal, the profit potential could actually dwarf Savers. And also be tax free so --

LINWOOD

Wait "profits", "tax-free"? What, you trying to make us feel dumb with these fancy words? No, no for *that* reason, I'm out.

DOUGIE

Ignore him. What about projections?

Linwood shoots Dougie a look.

GREG

Well I'm still putting the final touches on official projections, but since we're operating outside the law, early data shows GoEvil's popularity would outgrow Savers in less than 2 years. I think this could make my stamp on the world.

DOUGIE

Gotta make a stamp.

LINWOOD

No numbers! This some kinda Mickey Mouse pitch?! Seriously! Kid, simply put I'm just not seeing that "IT". And for that reason I'm out.

DOUGIE

You already said you were out.

LINWOOD

Good point. For that reason I'm back in!

DOUGIE

You've never seen Shark Tank have you?

GREG

Look, I know I can do this. You guys have helped me so much. I know who I am now and I really think this could be something big.

LINWOOD

You know who you are? Then why do I feel like I'm lookin at the same sad, boring guy who watches Derry Girls.

DOUGIE

You said you liked that show.

GREG

We have the same favorite episode.

LINWOOD

Yeah Greg we do. Season two episode three, but I need more. Show me I haven't wasted my time! You said you know who you are, so show me. Who are you!? Who are you!?

Greg trembles. Shook. His embarrassment sits. Then shifts.

GREG

You wanna know who I am?... What I'm made of? I am the one who will save the world from weakness, eviscerate every naysayer and good samaritan. I will set free darkness like never before.

Linwood and Dougie perk up.

GREG

The one who's very utterance will shutter fear through the spines of every citizen, leader and the good Lord himself! My abilities will birth achievements that will break through the ceiling of Evil's potential and usher in a new era of dominance! An era of control and upheaval.

Linwood and Dougie are hooked.

GREG

A future that will then and forever shake THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WORLD!? OF THE UNIVERSE! You ask me who am I? One day the entire world will ask that question and when they do I will answer in-kind... I'll say, FUCK YOU BITCHES! I. AM. GREG!!

A beat. SILENCE. Greg heaves breathes, his every vein throbbing. Dougie blinks. Processing.

DOUGIE

...fuck me sideways. He's ready.

LINWOOD

...I'll be damned.

Greg smiles. Now included. Now accepted.

A triumphant SCORE rises up to usher this feeling of overflowing pride! An awakening of a new evil force.

Linwood and Dougie run on stage and embrace Greg like brothers. Hugging and dancing, elation at full-tilt. The equal passion to that of winning a world championship.

**EXT. MODEST RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING**

Birds usher fresh lullabies as the sun dawns on a small cul-de-sac. CURBSIDE, we move to the closing car door of Greg's fully-packed van. All ready to hit the road.

GREG

Thanks guys.

DOUGIE

No problem. You just take care of yourself in Silicon Valley. It's tough out there.

LINWOOD

Look at me. Toothbrush? Socks?  
Retainer?... Good. Now you go show  
you those rich pricks that super-  
brain of yours, okay?

GREG

Thanks. I really think all the  
terrible people in the world are  
gonna love this app. Next time you  
see me I'll be an evil millionaire  
spreading chaos all over the world.

DOUGIE

That's -- the spirit?

LINWOOD

You're on your way.

(hugs Greg)

Remember, it's not all silicon  
tits, despite the name. Trust me.

Linwood slides him a wrapped CONDOM. He nods, awkward. A  
tad emotional.

GREG

I promise I'll make you proud.

The group smiles together. Triumphant.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

As Greg drives away, he sticks out his hand and shouts --

GREG

Small victories!!

Linwood grins like a proud father.

LINWOOD

Ah. Small victories. That's --  
That's my best friend driving  
away.

Greg SLAMS TO HALT at a stop-sign.

DOUGIE

Yeah... Wait what? I thought I was  
your best friend.

LINWOOD

You know what I mean.

DOUGIE  
No, I don't know what you mean!

LINWOOD  
Okay.

Linwood and Dougie watch Greg wildly swerve out of view.

DOUGIE  
Hey, you think this could backfire  
on us down the line? You know,  
training a villain and all?

LINWOOD  
You kidding? More villains means  
more job security. C'mon let's go.

Linwood starts to walk away.

LINWOOD  
What's the worst that could  
happen?

**INT. GREG'S VAN - MOVING - SAME**

Greg roars with violent laughter. A maniac set free.

LINWOOD (V.O.)  
Yo Dougie! Let's go! Gotta catch  
you up on Derry Girls.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS**

DOUGIE  
Right... What's the worst that  
could happen?

Dougie jogs away, catching up to Linwood as we...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END