

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

Buddysearch.com? I heard about that. Sounds stupid.

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.