

EXT. STREET- DAY

Sam is walking.

SAM (V.O.)

I thought I was gonna be a Battlin' Bear forever. But it turns out that powerful superteens lose their novelty after a while. And when you lose that, you lose your sponsors, lose your high tech super lair, and all of your bear-themed technology and transport follow. The bears scattered. One of them got pregnant. Another went to rehab. The powers stayed though.

Sam hears a crash and evil laughter. He stands up.

SAM

They come in handy sometimes.

MR. SUN

Feel the Wrath of Mr. Sun!

Sam pulls a handmade mask out of his backpack and puts it on while walking towards to hubbub.

SAM (V.O.)

I rebranded. No one wants to be a Panda after puberty; they lack sex appeal. I've had a hard time settling on a name, though. Definitely Shadow something, though.

He rounds the corner and sees a villain causing havoc- Mr. SUN (evil, dressed in literally all yellow and stupid looking yellow sun-shaped sunglasses with a sun-shaped cane.)

MR. SUN

Attention, citizens! Prepare to feel my wrath! I am Mr. Sun!

SAM

Not so fast!

MR. SUN

Who are you?

SAM (V.O.)

Good question.

SAM  
I'm Shadow Man.

MR. SUN  
Really? Okay.

SAM  
What are we working with here?

MR. SUN  
I am Mr. Sun!

He gestures to his outfit.

MR. SUN (CONT'D)  
Obviously. And I am going to melt  
everything with my giant melt gun!  
This is my Sun-timatum!

SAM  
What?

MR. SUN  
It's like an ultimatum. But with  
the word "sun" in.

SAM  
Oh-kay...

Sam's phone rings. It's Anjelica.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hold on a sec.

He answers the phone.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Yeah, hon? Oh, my God, I'll be  
right there.

He hangs up and looks back at Mr. Sun.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You are so lucky my girlfriend's  
cat just got diagnosed with feline  
depression. This is not over.

MR. SUN  
You can do what you want, but the  
Sun never goes down!

SAM  
You *know* that's not true. You're  
the worst.

He absconds.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PARTY - EVENING

Anjelica drags Sam into the party. The music is bumping and everyone has to shout to be heard.

SAM

I really have important stuff to do-

ANJELICA

Suck it up. This is important. I am important.

She gestures to the party.

ANJELICA (CONT'D)

*Life* is important.

SAM

(Mumbling)

Not getting melted by a giant melt-gun is important.

ANJELICA

What was that?

BRAD, the host of the party, swaggers up and definitely hugs Anjelica for waaaaaay too long.

BRAD

Yo! Anjelica! How's it hanging?

Sam interjects.

SAM

It's hanging great. On me. I am the one upon which she hangs. Sam.

He offers his hand to Brad, who has no interest in shaking it and keeps one arm around Anjelica.

BRAD

Yeah, cool, man.

Anjelica rolls her eyes and looks across the room.

ANJELICA

There's Monica. I have to ask her a bunch of lowkey invasive questions about her breakup before she gets cry-drunk.

SAM

No don't leave me! This is my nightmare!

Sam desperately claws at her as she vanishes into a throng of people. Brad looks down at Sam.

BRAD

I've definitely banged your girlfriend.

SAM

What?

BRAD

I said, want a drink or something?

SAM

Uh, no thanks?

BRAD

What?

SAM

I don't drink.

BRAD

What are you, gay?

SAM

You literally just met my girlfriend.

BRAD

It's cool, no judgement. Can I get you a water or something?

SAM

No, I'm good-

BRAD

Let me get you a water.

Sam watches as Brad takes a GIGANTIC PLASTIC CUP from the kitchen and fills it to the brim with water. He hands it to Sam, who takes it begrudgingly.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Drink up, little buddy.

SAM  
Thanks?

Brad wanders away, waving back at Sam.

BRAD  
I definitely banged your  
girlfriend!

Sam waves back.

SAM  
Yeah, you too!

He looks down at the cup and sighs heavily.