

TAN MAN

Written by

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**EXT. BISCUIT BEACH - DAY**

Our easily excitable NARRATOR admires the sandy shore and sparkling waves before them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Ah, nothing cozier than a Sunday afternoon at Biscuit Beach. I'm so, so glad the Narrators Association of Narrating Narratives let me cover this one!

We PAN ACROSS the beach, stopping on a SEAGULL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
I mean, my first gig, and it's an origin story? Talk about a lucky break! The other narrators are gonna be sooo jealous!

The Seagull locks eyes with camera (aka us), unimpressed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(to self)  
Okay, okay. Deep breaths, Gabbs, you got this. <DEEP BREATH>  
(beat)  
It's just... kind of a big deal though, you know? An origin story! You've gotta nail it!

The Seagull rolls its eyes, flies away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Uh, Larry, can we rewind a bit? Take it from the top?

The entire frame FREEZES.

Then, slowly, picture starts to REWIND, taking us back to our scenic OPENING IMAGE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Ah, Biscuit Beach. At first glance, it might look like any old beach. But what if I told you... *it's a magic beach?*

BEACHGOERS bask in the sun, smiling like they're all in on "*the secret.*"

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Oh yeah! It's true! Folks from all  
over come to pay this beach a  
visit. Not for the rest, the  
relaxation, or heck, even the fun.  
They do it... for the *Glow Up*.

### QUICK CUTS OF GLOW UPS

- A WOMAN lays out on a blanket when -- <FLASH>! A BRIGHT BURST OF LIGHT washes out the screen.

A moment later, she stands, skin GLOWING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Glow up!

- A GROUP OF TEENS play VOLLEYBALL. One KID goes to spike when -- <FLASH>! ANOTHER BRIGHT BURST washes out the screen.

He lands on the sand, skin ILLUMINATING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Glow up!

- An ELDERLY WOMAN is buried in the sand (minus her head). A GIANT WAVE suddenly <CRASHES> over her, filling screen. Is she dead???

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
G-g-g-glow up!

<FLASH>! She lives! And her face is RADIATING. Her GRANDKIDS surround her, celebrating her survival.

- One by one, people walk onto the sand. <FLASH>! <FLASH>! <FLASH>!

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Glow up, glow up, glow up!!

### EXT. BISCUIT BEACH - DAY

One lone, timid MAN steps out onto the beach.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
So, interesting factoid, but  
apparently only 99% of Biscuit  
Beach bums get that sweet, sweet  
glow. Even I got it. Check it out!

**INSERT:** PHOTO of the Narrator, whose skin GLISTENS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But then... there's Danny.

DANNY looks around at everyone else getting their Glow Up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
He's tried a bajillion things to  
get his G.U., but no dice. No  
matter the size of the  
reflectors...

**FLASHBACK TO:** Danny using MASSIVE SUN REFLECTORS (the size of window panes), but they backfire. He ends up <ROASTING> himself like a chicken.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The amount of sun bathing...

**FLASHBACK TO:** Danny soaking up the sun in a literal BATHTUB. A TSUNAMI-SIZED WAVE <CRASHES> into him, dragging the helpless tub out to sea.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Or the strain of whale weighting...  
Wait, whale weighting?

**FLASHBACK TO:** Danny lifting an ORCA WHALE above his head. His knees buckle under its weight. <SHA-MOOSH>!

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The poor guy's never caught a  
break.

Danny now holds a TANNING BOTTLE. A giant RADIOACTIVE LABEL catches our eye.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Until today. Dump that scary junk  
aaaall over, Danny!

Danny dumps the entire bottle on himself. Absolutely no hesitation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
For those of you with weak  
stomachs, maaaaybe close your eyes  
for this next part.

His skin starts to GLOW, and he <GASPS>. It's working!  
... Until it's not.

Out of Danny's pores, a GOLDEN LATEX material sprouts,  
weaving and braiding over his ENTIRE BODY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Yikes! Should've closed my eyes  
too, but man oh man, I just *can't*  
look away.

Danny panics! He tries to rip it off with his hands -- even  
his teeth -- but the stuff's practically glued onto him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
While the Danny we barely know and  
didn't really love is gone, a sun-  
powered superhero is born --

He <FLAILS> around on the sand like a beached whale. A few  
people watch, keeping a very safe distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Going from Dan Man... to *Tan Man* --

On his chest, we notice a golden "T" baked into his suit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Harnessing the power of the sun.  
Its heat --

Danny's hands instantly catch FIRE. He freaks out, dousing  
them in the ocean, but they keep reigniting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Its light --

HIGH BEAMS blast out from Danny's eyes, blinding the Seagull  
from earlier, who crashes and burns.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Even its electricity!

SPARKS shoot from his fingertips, <ZAPPING> the ocean water.  
A few FISH belly up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But what's the rise of a superhero  
without an equally matched super  
villain? Or in this case, a whole  
team of 'em!

The ocean begins to <RUMBLE>. From the depths, FOUR FIGURES  
emerge in EXTREME SLO-MO.

**TITLE CARD: UMBRELLANATOR**

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Umbrellanator. Half machine, half  
umbrella, *all terror*.

**FLASHBACK TO:** Umbrellanator's origin story, playing out on screen as our Narrator recaps.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Initially designed to launch the shade industry into the 22nd century, the robot suddenly snapped, turning on its creators. Now its hellbent on replacing human limbs with umbrellas.

**TITLE CARD: SPECS**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Specs. The sunglass warrior princess.

**FLASHBACK AGAIN:** This time, Specs' origin story.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Trained in the art of competitive shopping, her game leveled when she discovered the irresistible "conceal appeal" of the sunglass.

**TITLE CARD: T-SHIRT TWERK**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

T-Shirt Twerk.  
(beat, sighing)  
It's in the name.

**FLASHBACK TO:** T-Shirt Twerk's origin story.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Fabric that somehow came to life when it was thrown away, it developed an unhealthy love for twerking... oh, and vengeance on the naked human torso.

**TITLE CARD: SILVER SUNSCREEN**

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silver Sunscreen. Sunblock's unholy creation.

**FLASHBACK TO:** The final origin story, the Silver Sunscreen's.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A man terrified of daylight, his obsession with sunblock transformed him into a monstrous, plastic mutant.

**BACK AT THE BEACH:** The villains surround Tan Man.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the Dim Downs --

(beat, checking something)

Whoa, is that really what they're called? Dim Downs? Lord...

(clears throats)

As the Dim Downs surround Tan Man, starving him of sunlight, our hero digs deep within his T-zone.

The "T" on Tan Man's chest powers up like a battery before --  
<KA-BOOM>!!!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He sun blasts them right outta the Dark Ages!

A BLAST OF SUN ENERGY knocks the Dim Downs... down, momentarily stunning them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now for my favorite part: the hand-to-tan combat!

Umbrellanator uses his UMBRELLA ARM as a fencing sword. Tan Man blocks each attack with a pair of SUN SHIELDS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While Umbrellanator's slashes seem well-calculated, it can't account for the element of surprise.

Tan Man knocks the bot off balance with a well-timed shield <THWACK>. As Umbrellanator teeters, Tan Man capitalizes on the moment, <KARATE CHOPPING> its umbrella arm CLEAN OFF!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Without its umbrella, the robot's defenseless against the sun's heat!

Tan Man <HEATS UP> the robot, turning him to LIQUID METAL.

Specs then charges forward, chucking SUNGLASSES like ninja stars at Tan Man. He uses the robot's UMBRELLA ARM to bat them away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You know, if Specs wasn't a crazed villain and all, I think we might actually be friends. Her fashion sense is pretty peak.

Specs acrobatically flips in the air, catching sunlight on her reflective suit. This sends a HIGH FOCUSED BEAM right into Tan Man's eyes, <SIZZLING> them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But her game plan is weak. Instead of hurting Tan Man, she just powers him up!

Tan Man's eyes GLOW RED. He shoots a beam A THOUSAND TIMES more powerful, <EXPLODING> Specs' shade suit. Before we see something scandalous, she dives for cover in the ocean.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With two baddies down, Tan Man's confidence grows. Maybe superheroing isn't that hard. Until --

REVEAL T-Shirt Twerk on Tan Man. The shirt "twerks" (whatever that looks like), forcing Tan Man to his knees.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

T-Shirt Twerk puts in the work! Which is both fascinating and disturbing to watch...

Tan Man weakly grabs two fistfuls of cotton. <RIIIIP>! He flings its useless remains onto the sand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But just like that, it's gone. Never to twerk --

Tan Man's hands charge up with <ELECTRICITY>. He <ZAPS> the shirt for good measure.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Again.

(TM zaps once more)

So Tan Man makes sure his --

(and once more)

Enemy is --

(and once more)

Truly gone --

(and once more)

Alright, we get it. It's dead. Move on!

<FWHIF>! Something whizzes right past Tan Man's ear. He turns to face the Silver Sunscreen, who's pointing a SUNSCREEN-BOTTLE REVOLVER right at him!



NARRATOR (V.O.)

It all comes down to this final  
showdown between sun and shade. The  
victor will paint this beach  
silver... or gold.

Wasting no time, the Silver Sunscreen takes a few more shots.  
<BANG BANG BANG>! One of the SUNSCREEN BULLETS <HITS> Tan Man  
in the CHEST. Another in the ARM. One in the BUTT.

Silver starts to spread across his body like wildfire. Tan  
Man's golden glow begins to FLICKER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As sunscreen threatens to consume  
him, Tan Man remembers -- no matter  
what the bottle says, sunscreen  
*isn't* waterproof!

Tan Man leaps into the ocean, bathing the nasty stuff right  
off. His golden glow comes back in FULL FORCE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Refreshed and recharged, TM gets  
the drop on that silvery snake.

He charges headfirst into the Silver Sunscreen, knocking the  
revolver out of his hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But when this dude gets his hands  
on sunscreen --

Silver Sunscreen spots a CHILD holding a SUNSCREEN BOTTLE.  
Like Mr. Fantastic, he <STRETCHES> out his arm to wrench the  
bottle away. Then, he <DRINKS> it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Things get wild.

<SCREEEEEEEECH>!!!

The Silver Sunscreen's entire frame <QUAKES> as he transforms  
into a BIGGER, BULKIER, BADDER VERSION of himself.

From his monstrous mouth, he <VOMITS> a STREAM OF SUNSCREEN,  
but our hero dodges in the nick of time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Oh, no. Nuh-uh. No one told me he'd  
literally throw up sunscreen!  
<GAGS>

Tan Man dodges attack after attack, unable to charge up any sun blasts to throw back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
His time is running out! As the sun sets, so does Tan Man's power.

We see the sun setting. Rapidly. Pushing himself, Tan Man continues to dodge until he finds an opening --

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
It's now or never. Tan Man needs to do the unthinkable.

He <LEAPS> onto the Silver Sunscreen, riding the raging behemoth across the beach.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Touch sunscreen.

Tan Man powers up -- in his right hand, FIRE; his left, ELECTRICITY; and out his butt, LIGHT.

When all three forces combine together, <BOOM>!!!!

**MULTIPLE, EXAGGERATED ANGLES OF THE EXPLOSION:**

- CLOSE UP
- MID SHOT
- FROM THE POV OF BEACHGOERS
- FROM THE POV OF A MOUNTAINTOP
- FROM THE POV OF AN AIRPLANE
- FROM THE POV OF A SPACE SATELLITE
- FROM THE POV OF GOD'S CRYSTAL BALL
- FROM THE POV OF GOD'S GOD'S CRYSTAL BALL
- FROM THE POV OF AN ANT LOOKING AT GOD'S GOD'S CRYSTAL BALL

**BACK TO BEACH:** The replays STOP.

DEBRIS and SMOKE cloud our view. All is still. Quiet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Out of the ashes of overcooked sunscreen, Tan Man rises once again. Victorious.

Beachgoers slowly emerge from their hiding places, <CLAPPING> for their golden-clad savior.

TAN MAN  
(striking a pose)  
I... am Tan Man.

The sun fully sets. Tan Man dramatically DRIES UP like a raisin, <POOFING> out of existence. Beachgoers are horrified.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Oh, I... uh, *kinda* forgot to mention this is also a hero death story. But let's be real. If I led with that, you wouldn't have stuck around. I know I sure wouldn't have. I'd have thought, "What a waste of time! I can't believe I sat through this whole thing only for him to die at the end?! Who the **\*censored\*** wrote this???"

THE END