

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 1

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE -- IN-GAME

A burning cityscape - the ruins of Toronto. Air raid sirens in the distance. Artillery fire.

A small fireteam of three weave from cover to cover. BRIAN heads the pack. FLAG CARRIER carries a tattered flag.

BRIAN  
Cover the left flank.

They slither through the ruins, guns at the ready. They come upon a small patrol.

Brian takes out two of them, TEAMMATE gets the other.

FLAG CARRIER  
Dude, nice.

Brian nods. Suddenly \*CRACK\*! Flag Carrier goes down.

BRIAN  
Camper!

Brian and Teammate hit the deck.

BRIAN  
Man this map is such a snipefest.

TEAMMATE  
I heard they're going to patch it.

BRIAN  
No!!

INT. TRAILER

Brian sits at his screen. The firefight is taking place inside Field of Fire, a photorealistic FPS. Brian's younger brother, KEVIN sits at a television screen across the room, watching a talk show.

KEVIN  
Come on - turn your game down!  
They're interviewing the LAW!

BRIAN  
Turn *your* TV up!

Kevin sighs and does so. He turns his attention back to the TV...

INT. TALK SHOW

...where The Law, million dollar smile, sits at ease, interviewed by a female host - BELLA.

BELLA

You've had lucrative offers from the Korean and Swedish leagues, as well as the LA Firestorm, but you've decided to finish your last year at VGHS.

THE LAW

You know, money isn't everything - I helped build the FPS clan at VGHS to one of the best teams in the world, and I couldn't just abandon my clanmates.

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE -- IN-GAME

BRIAN

Sorry. That was my brother. He's watching TV.

TEAMMATE

Is he watching the Law interview? That guy's insane.

A ricochet. The sniper has them pinned.

BRIAN

You spray, I'll get the flag. Ready?

Teammate nods.

Brian vaults over the cover while Teammate sprays in the direction of the sniper. He gets taken out, but Brian has the flag, and starts sprinting...

INT. TALK SHOW

BELLA

Some game historians are already calling for your induction into the Hall of Fame.

The Law chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

THE LAW  
I mean, look, I'm no JavelinX,  
although I'm told I'm better  
looking...

The entire crowd of ladies goes wild.

THE LAW  
But on the battlefield, you gotta  
tune out the hype. I just do my  
best out there.

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE -- IN-GAME

Brian lobs a nade into the sniper's nest, it explodes as he runs towards his own flag, taking out two more guys, and capping it to win the round.

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE - PRE-GAME LOBBY

It's a dark, formless room. Brian materializes in. A crowd of players mill about.

BRIAN  
Woo!

FLAG CARRIER  
Great round, dude!

SNIPER  
Totally should've shot you instead.

Brian smiles and pulls up a screen to modify his loadout.

INT. TALK SHOW

BELLA  
How about a... demonstration of  
your skills for all your fans?

The ladies go wild. A screen is wheeled out onto the stage.

THE LAW  
(chuckling)  
Aw, Bella, I didn't expect this.  
I'm afraid I'm not prepared...

Disappointed "awwws" all around. The Law pulls out his controller.

(CONTINUED)

THE LAW  
Oh? What's this? I'm just kidding.  
I'd love to.

The crowd loses it.

THE LAW  
Now normally, I don't endorse  
pubstomping. But for you ladies...

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE - PRE-GAME LOBBY

GAME VOICE  
"The Law" has entered the game.

THE LAW  
...I'll make an exception. Hey  
guys.

The crowd of guys just stands there agape.

TEAMMATE  
No. Freaking. Way.

INT. TRAILER

Kevin can't decide which screen to focus on - Brian's or the  
TV.

KEVIN  
Ohmygodohmygodohmygod you're  
playing with THE LAW!!

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE - PRE-GAME LOBBY

THE LAW  
Guys, let's make this fair.

He cracks that million dollar smile.

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE -- IN-GAME

Brian spawns in with everyone else. Brian looks around.

BRIAN  
Is it all of us versus him?

TEAMMATE

I can't believe... I might get  
fragged... by THE LAW!

They all scamper off. We stay with Brian as he gingerly  
navigates the corners.

GAME VOICE

"The Law" killed Odin90.

Out of the corner of Brian's eyes, his teammates drop like  
flies. The Law is a phantom - killing everyone effortlessly.

GAME VOICE

"The Law" killed ChainsawX

Brian rounds a corner. He sees The Law reflected in a broken  
mirror on the ground.

Out of sheer instinct, he spins and SHOOTs.

The bullet ricochets across the map until it finds it's  
target...

STRAIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE LAW'S HEAD.

GAME VOICE

"BrianD" killed The Law.

BEGIN SILENT SLOW MOTION MONTAGE

- Brian's eyes go wide.
- Kevin spins around in his chair, disbelief.
- The Law's cool composure cracks, just barely
- Bella's jaw drops.
- Times Square - traffic at a standstill. People agape.

INT. TRAILER

Kevin straight up loses all of his shit.

He SCREAMS. We ride that fury into:

BEGIN MEDIA MONTAGE

- "Sportscenter" "Frag of the Year" coverage
- The Law's custom keyboard company's stock price plummets
- The Law drops rank.
- News: The greatest rank gain from a single kill in history

- Expose: Who is Brian D?

EXT/INT. VGHS

News report. Kids all lined up at computers, gaming furiously.

REPORTER

One million gamers from around the world, and only one hundred will be accepted into the freshman class. The grueling VGHS entrance exams last two days, and test young gamers' abilities in every competitive game - fighters, real time strategy, drift racing, and of course, shooters.

KI is here, finishing up a portion of the test. The computer blinks back a flawless score. Test administrators are impressed.

REPORTER

For some, this will be the only time they set foot on VGHS campus.

Kids coming out of the building. A lot of them look dejected.

REPORTER

But for others, this is the first step towards a pro gaming career.

TED comes out super excited.

TED

I'm in! I'm in!

REPORTER

The testing is completely impartial - even gamers like Ted Wong, whose father teaches at the school, had no advantage over any other student.

Talking to Ted.

REPORTER

How do you feel?

(CONTINUED)

TED

I can't believe it! My dad would be so proud of me right now!

REPORTER

And where is he?

Ted stares back at her, silent.

EXT. VGHS CAMPUS

The Law addressing a reporter.

REPORTER

Rumors are that VGHS has extended an invitation to Brian D, making him the only student in history to be accepted into the school without taking the exams. How do you feel about that?

The Law's still cool as a cucumber.

THE LAW

It's not my place to pass judgment on the school's admission policies, but personally, I would love to play Brian D again - you can learn from anybody, and I welcome the challenge.

EXT. VGHS CAMPUS -- CONTINUOUS

The Law continues walking past the bevy of reporters. COLDTURKEY, a clan mate, joins him.

COLDTURKEY

I confirmed it. He's coming.

THE LAW

Good.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

Brian at the front, reading a statement.

BRIAN

To address the rumors, I have indeed been invited to attend VGHS.

Flashbulbs.

(CONTINUED)



BRIAN  
...and after careful consideration,  
I will be attending as a freshman  
for the upcoming year.

REPORTER  
How does it feel to be the lowest  
ranked player to ever attend the  
school?

Brian is a little flustered by it.

BRIAN  
Well, it'll be a learning  
experience, and I'm really looking  
forward to proving myself...

INT. DARK ROOM

The press conference plays against a TV. Two shadowy figures  
watch.

FIGURE 1  
You sure about this?

FIGURE 2  
We ran that kill and variations a  
thousand times. The scoring  
computer couldn't figure it out. We  
had to make up a score.

Figure 2 hands Figure 1 a thick report. He leafs to the end.

It's dense with charts, graphs, and tables, but at the very  
last page, a single line:

"Need more data."

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 2

INT./EXT. VIDEO GAME HIGH SCHOOL

**BEGIN SWEET MONTAGE:**

Welcome to *VIDEO GAME HIGH SCHOOL*: the futuristic boarding academy for the most ELITE GAMERS in America. Cue the HIGH-ENERGY BUTT ROCK as we montage past the school's brick-and-ivy facade into a high-tech GAMER ELYSIUM:

-A teacher lectures in front of a 3D PLAYBACK of a first person shooter match. Students take notes on their razor-thin TABLET COMPUTERS.

-Thirsty students drink their fill at a row of "NAPALM: AGENT ORANGE" (VGHS' energy drink of choice) DRINKING FOUNTAINS to get their daily dose of taurine.

-In REAL TIME STRATEGY CLASS, a teacher and his pupils stand over a HOLOGRAM BATTLEFIELD, discussing the finer points of military tactics.

-Behind the school, a FIGHT has broken out! We push past the circle of rowdy onlookers to see two students SQUARING OFF... with linked-together HANDHELD CONSOLES.

-In what looks like a KUNG FUN DOJO, a line of FIGHTING GAME STUDENTS chant in unison as they practice their moves on a row of super-slick ARCADE CABINETS.

**END MONTAGE**

Finally, we come to

EXT. VIDEO GAME HIGH SCHOOL-- DAY

BRIAN D, fresh off the bus, clutching a HUGE DUFFEL BAG and an even HUGER COMPUTER. He stares slack-jawed up at a STATUE at the center of campus.

It's a replica of Michelangelo's DAVID, with two minor changes-- a face eerily akin to DUKE NUKEM'S and a NINTENDO POWER GLOVE on his hand. The engraving underneath it reads:

BRIAN  
*Semper Frag...*

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
You're gonna get your ass kicked.

Brian turns around. The voice belongs to

**JENNY MATRIX (16)**, and to Brian' she's a VISION. He tries to play it cool. He fails.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Wow. Uh, I mean, what?

JENNY MATRIX

This is the senior lawn. No freshmen allowed. They'll kick your ass.

BRIAN

Sorry, I'm new here.

JENNY MATRIX

You must be Brian D.

BRIAN

Uh, yep. That's me. That... rhymed.

She eyes Brian's massive computer with disdain.

JENNY MATRIX

Is that thing yours?

BRIAN

Oh yeah. Annabelle. My baby. Built her myself back in... was it sixth grade? In fact, I--

JENNY MATRIX

-Allow me.

She takes "Annabelle" and DUMPS IT in a nearby TRASH CAN.

BRIAN

Wha--

JENNY MATRIX

-Rule 213, section a. No outside computers allowed on campus. It's to prevent unfair advantages.

(eyeing Annabelle)

Or crippling handicaps.

BRIAN

But how do I--

JENNY MATRIX

There's a game hub in your room. Come on.

She marches off towards the UNDERCLASSMEN DORMS. Brian gives Annabelle a last look and chases after Jenny.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

So. What's your name? What grade are you in?

JENNY MATRIX

Jenny Matrix. I'm a sophomore.

BRIAN

Matrix, huh? What's it say on your Christmas cards, "Happy Holidays from the Matricies?"

JENNY MATRIX

It's not my name, it's my GamerTag. Everyone goes by their tag. It's how you're tracked on the Ladder.

BRIAN

The Ladder?

They arrive at the dorms-- MIYAMOTO HOUSE, according to the plaque on the wall. Jenny opens the doors.

INT. MIYAMOTO HOUSE-- DAY

Jenny and Brian step into the foyer. Bags and boxes abound as students move into their dorm rooms for the first day of school. Jenny points at a big LCD SCREEN on the wall.

JENNY MATRIX

The Ladder.

The screen displays a massive, scrolling LIST: GamerTags on one side, SCORES on the other. The names are ranked from highest to lowest. This is THE LADDER.

JENNY MATRIX

It tracks student's national competition score. That's you on the bottom.

Sure enough, BRIAN\_D shows up right at the bottom of the ladder, with a pitiful 9380 points. He's TIED with one other player: someone named ANNIHILIST.

BRIAN

Well at least I've got company. Who's this Annihilist guy?

He turns-- Jenny's already halfway down the hall. He scrambles to catch up.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny stops in front of Brian's DORM ROOM. She picks up a GIFT BAG hanging on the doorknob and hands it to him.

JENNY MATRIX  
Freshman Survival Kit. Toothbrush,  
deodorant, fiber optic mouse.

BRIAN  
Oh, I've got a lucky mouse.  
Wireless.

JENNY MATRIX  
Cool, enjoy your input lag.

Jenny knocks on the door. She looks at Brian's gargantuan duffel bag.

JENNY MATRIX  
What's in that thing, anyway?

BRIAN  
Underpants. Can I keep those?

JENNY MATRIX  
Are they regulation size?

BRIAN  
Buy me dinner and you'll find out.

JENNY MATRIX  
That was a joke.

BRIAN  
I... know?

JENNY MATRIX  
No, what *I* said was a joke. Keep  
your underpants.

She leaves. Brian calls after her.

BRIAN  
Don't worry, Jenny Matrix. I will!

He waves goodbye. Behind him, the door swings open.

BRIAN  
I am such an asshole.

ANOTHER GIRL'S VOICE  
Can I help you?

**Brian whips around-- this time the voice belongs to KIMBERLY "KI" SWAN (15) a bespectacled nerd with funky clothes and dyed hair.**

**BRIAN**

Huh? Oh! Um... is this my room?

**KI**

You must be Brian D.

**BRIAN**

Yep, that's me. I did it again, didn't I?

**TED (O.S.)**

Oh snap! Is that him? Is he here?

**KI**

That's Ted. I apologize in advance.

**TED WONG (15) bursts from the room in a loud T-shirt and cargo shorts.**

**TED**

'Sup, roomie!

He gives Brian an enthusiastic man-hug.

**TED**

Wong. Ted Wong. Amped to meet you.

**BRIAN**

Hi, Ted, I'm--

**TED**

-Dude, you're Brian D! The ricochet king! Come in, come in already.

Ted drags Brian into--

INT. DORM ROOM-- DAY

Two beds, two badass computer rigs, and two mini fridges. What else could a pair of gamer roommates need? Brian lugs his stuff into the room.

**TED**

That's your bed. Fridge is over there. What else... Oh! This is Ki, my girlfriend. We've been dating for like three hours. Hey, check this out!

(CONTINUED)

Ted jumps on his computer and plays a VIDEO CLIP of Brian's RICOCHET KILL from the match with The Law.

TED

When you smoked the Law you made the Frag of the Year on *PwnZone*. I watched the clip like 50 times this week.

KI

53 times. This morning.

TED

Hey, speaking of The Law... you pay your respects yet?

BRIAN

I just got here.

TED

Chop chop, dunder. The Law's number one around here.

BRIAN

Where can I find him?

THE LAW (O.S.)

Turn around, for starters.

**THE LAW (18)**, a swaggering alpha-male with a Tom Cruise smile leans in the doorway.

TED

OH MY GOD THE LAW IS IN MY ROOM.

Ted's proclamation echoes through the halls. A CROWD soon gathers to catch a glimpse of the legendary Law.

THE LAW

You must be Brian D.

BRIAN

Yep, that's-- yes. Yes, I am.

The Law shakes his hand and jabs him on the shoulder.

THE LAW

Mr. Frag-of-the-Week himself.

KI

Actually, it was frag of the year--

-Ted elbows her. The Law chuckles.

(CONTINUED)



THE LAW

It was a heck of a shot. I can't get it out of my head.

BRIAN

Well, it was a headshot.

WINCES from the crowd. Brian realizes he just dissed the LeBron of VGHS. The Law smooths it out with a grin.

THE LAW

One question, though. How the hell did you *do* that?

All eyes turn to Brian. He stammers.

BRIAN

Well, I-- see, the thing is-- it's easy, you just have to...

But the truth is he doesn't know. And the Law knows it.

THE LAW

Geez, I've got class. We'll talk about it later.

(turning to the crowd)

Hey! Freshmen! Orientation starts in five. Bust a motherboard!

The crowd scrambles. The Law moseys out of the room.

THE LAW

Adios, Frag-of-the-Year.

Brian stands there, speechless-- real doubt filling him for the first time today. Ted pats him on the back.

TED

That went really well!

INT. DOJO-- DAY

Part lecture hall, part high-tech boxing gym, THE DOJO is VGHS' main sparring room, capable of hosting matches in any number of computerized blood sports.

Head Combat Sensei **ERNIE CALHOUN** (50's) struts around the sparring platform and addresses the FRESHMAN CLASS seated in the bleachers.

(CONTINUED)

SENSEI CALHOUN

(Southern drawl)

Sit down and S-T-F-U! I am Head  
Combat Sensei Ernie Calhoun and  
it's my job to power-level you  
slack-wristed, cheese-dustin'  
pubbies into noob-stompin',  
smack-talkin' ownage machines.  
Think you can handle that?

In unison-- minus a bewildered Briani-- the freshmen shout:

FRESHMAN CLASS

N-P, SENSEI!

SENSEI CALHOUN

VGHS is unlike any school in the  
country. You will not study  
physics. You will study physics  
engines. You will not study art,  
you will study the Art of War!

A huge teenage BRUISER stands on the stage next to Calhoun  
and glares at the freshmen. Ted whispers to Ki.

TED

Hey, who's that mini boss standing  
next to the instructor?

KI

That's Annihilist. He's a senior.

BRIAN

Oh, I know that guy. He's my last  
place buddy.

KI

He was one of the top players at  
school, but he got a huge penalty  
for eye gouging in his last match.

BRIAN

*Eye gouging?*

On stage, Sensei Calhoun continues his speech.

SENSEI CALHOUN

You are the best of the best. And  
from the best of the best, we  
expect the best! If your national  
score ever drops below 9000 points,  
you will G-T-F-O!

(CONTINUED)

From the back of the room, a MYSTERIOUS JANITOR pretends to mop the floor as he watches Brian with a keen interest.

SENSEI CALHOUN

Every day, you will fight for your right to be here... starting today.

MURMURING from the crowd. Calhoun points to Annihilist.

SENSEI CALHOUN

This is Annihilist. He's the lowest ranked player at this school. And one of you is gonna take him on.

Annihilist grunts like an Uruk-hai.

SENSEI CALHOUN

The winner gets to stay at VGHS.  
The loser... GETS EXPELLED!

The murmuring turns to FULL-ON COMMOTION. The mysterious janitor smiles. He knows what's coming.

TED

I've heard of this. They call it the Virgin Sacrifice.

BRIAN

How do they pick the virgin?

Sensei Calhoun turns to a big screen displaying THE LADDER.

SENSEI CALHOUN

Computer! Who is the *second* lowest ranked player at VGHS?

One name fills the screen: BRIAN\_D. Brian shits a brick.

BRIAN

Super.

INT. FIELD OF FIRE-- DAY

### **THE FIGHT SCENE!**

I've got some ideas on this but I wanted to bounce this scene around with you guys a bit before I put it to paper.

Basically, this is a one-on-one match between Brian and this badass senior, Annihilist. Maybe a "best to 3" deathmatch? Brian of course gets his ass kicked up and down the block for the first chunk of the fight, while we get concerned

(CONTINUED)

cutaways to Ted, Ki, and the Janitor (who maybe adds a "come on, kid!" or a "go with the flow").

The climax of the scene comes when Brian is cornered and staring death in the face and he pulls off another "flow" moment. Nothing anywhere nearly as big as the thing with The Law-- this is more the kind of thing you'd be inclined to write off as bad luck on the part of the other guy (to explain why Brian isn't hailed as a messiah right away).

So yeah, Brian wins by a nose and there is much rejoicing, leading us to the FINAL SCENE:

INT. MIYAMOTO HOUSE-- NIGHT

Brian walks the halls in a post-victory GLOW. Random students give him high-fives as he heads towards his room. Ted and Ki, in BATHING SUITS, bump into him.

TED

Hey, there he is. Mr. Last Man Standing.

KI

You are either the smartest good player at this school or the luckiest bad one. Either way, congratulations.

BRIAN

Uh... thanks?

TED

There's a first night pool party at Kojima Fountain. You in?

BRIAN

I'll go get my suit.

Ted and Ki head down the hall. Brian reaches his room.

INT. DORM ROOM-- NIGHT

Brian steps inside and turns on the light.

THE LAW

Nice moves today.

Brian JUMPS. THE LAW sits in Brian's CHAIR!

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
Just lucky, that's all.

THE LAW  
I'm glad you made the cut. Now I  
get to take you down myself.

BRIAN D  
Oh...

The Law gets up from the chair.

THE LAW  
You may have everybody fooled but I  
know a scrub when I see one.

BRIAN  
Well, when you see one in the  
mirror every morning--

The Law POUNDS the wall next to Brian.

THE LAW  
-One of these days your luck is  
gonna run out. And when it does...

He SNAPS his fingers.

THE LAW  
I'm gonna lay down the Law.

Intimidated, Brian searches for a comeback.

BRIAN  
Yeah... well sometimes Laws... get  
repealed by the judicial system.

THE LAW  
Enjoy it while it lasts, Brian D.

The Law smirks. He opens the door to leave.

THE LAW  
Oh! And one more thing. *Welcome to  
VGHS.*

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 3

INT. HALLWAY

Brian and Ted are sprinting down the hall, carrying their school gear.

BRIAN  
How late are we?

TED  
Five minutes. Five minutes is nothing.

Brian stumbles as he rounds a corner. Ted handles it effortlessly.

BRIAN  
You had to pick a 20 minute rock ballad for your morning warm up.

TED  
Which you spent picking out clothes for some chick who you just met yesterday.

Another intersection - THE JANITOR sweeps the floor. He signals to the left. Brian and Ted nod and turn left.

BRIAN  
Jenny? Sophomores don't take intro classes.

TED  
So why'd you turn into a girl before prom night - here it is.

They stop at a door. The words "Enter with conviction, or not at all" are written above it.

BRIAN  
Ted. This class is taught by Ace.

Ted gives him a blank stare.

BRIAN  
...Three-time consecutive Fragmaster!

TED  
You got dressed up for a *teacher*? A *dude teacher*?

Ted looks a bit disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
He's a legend...

TED  
You know who's a legend - My dad -

BRIAN  
Ace destroyed Fatalist when he was  
15 years old. *Fifteen*. He redefined  
the circle strafe.

TED  
Can we go in now? Or do you want to  
fawn some more.

BRIAN  
We gotta be low key. I got enough  
attention around here...

TED  
Relax. It's the first day - he's  
probably not even here yet. Nobody  
will notice.

Ted swings the door open.

INT. CLASSROOM - FPS CLASS

The entire class is staring at them, laughing. The door  
opens up right behind ACE. Above them is a screen replaying  
Brian's kill.

ACE  
Speak of the Devil! Our campus  
celebrity - Brian D!

BRIAN  
I'm so sorry I am late Mr. Ace.

ACE.  
Just Ace. Mr. Ace is my dad.

BRIAN  
Ok.

Brian and Ted see Ki who is at the front of the class. They  
start walking towards her.

ACE  
Hold on - not yet.

Ted and Brian turn back.

(CONTINUED)



ACE  
Not you - Brian. You can take a  
seat, student.

Ted turns around, a little bummed.

ACE  
Brian, we were just looking over  
this... *hot ass shot*.

Brian's kill loops on the screen. Jenny is sitting nearby as  
the T.A. She looks annoyed.

BRIAN  
Oh yeah, that little thing.

ACE  
That little thing? What modesty.  
Best shot I have seen in ages,  
right guys?

A smattering of applause.

SOMEONE IN CROWD  
Fragtastic!

TOADY stands up and addresses Brian.

TOADY  
Brian! How did you do it?

BRIAN  
Oh, well, it just happened.

Silence. People are expecting more.

ACE  
And?

BRIAN  
Instinct, I guess. You practice  
hard enough, it just comes to you.

ACE  
Hear that kids? Practice. With a  
shot like that, you must have been  
swimming in ladies back in...  
Alabama, or wherever.

The class laughs and shouts encouragement. Brian eyes Jenny.  
Brian is enjoying this to be sure.

BRIAN

Well, I don't know about swimming,  
but you know... people noticed.

ACE

I feel you, bro. Back in the day -  
balls deep, man. We didn't have  
primetime coverage. Those forum  
groupies though - they loved the  
Ace Man.

Jenny's had enough.

JENNY

Professor Ace - can we have Brian  
demonstrate the shot?

Brian looks at Jenny in shock. She has a smug look on her  
face. Whole class is shouting in agreement.

BRIAN

Oh, I don't think -

ACE

Jenny Matrix. You fox. Genius.

BRIAN

You know, we should probably start  
class...

ACE

Lucky for you, I didn't prepare a  
lesson plan. Set it up, Jenny.

Jenny stands, walks towards Brian, and swings a display  
towards Brian.

JENNY

With pleasure.

She tweaks some parameters on her tablet.

ACE

Brian, this is Jenny, our T.A. *And*  
my best student last year.

JENNY

You're too kind. It's ready!

BRIAN

Well, let me at least -

Ace is grinning ear to ear.

(CONTINUED)

ACE  
Your live, Brian!

The class can barely contain themselves. All eyes are on him. Brian looks over at Ted and Ki. Ted is on the edge of his seat. Ki looks very grim and shakes her head.

Brian gulps, and focuses on the screen.

JENNY  
Brian. Countdown to shot in 15.

BRIAN  
Seconds, ok, yeah. Let me just get my gun ready here - not a prob guys.

JENNY  
Ten...

Brian glances around. The class wants their celebrity to wow them again. Brian fakes confidence.

BRIAN  
I'd hate to do this to Law again.

*The class chuckles at Brian's false bravado as he goes into the game. 7, 6, 5. He readies his gun.*

ACE  
Pay attention, class.

3... 2... 1...

The Law's reflection appears - Brian turns and shoots. Ricochets, then a huge explosion. Brian's screen suddenly goes red. He is DEAD.

The class LOSES IT.

Brian looks up from the screen.

ACE  
Epic fail! Let's rewind this.

Ace rewinds and replays. We follow the bullet, which flies past Law, and hits an explosive box.

ACE  
You shot WAY left. Then... BOOM!

The barrel goes flying over the barrier, and hits the back of Brian's head.

LAW  
A Ballistic Barrel Bust.

The whole class is laughing, though some seem to think it was an awesome joke. Jenny is smiling a bit as she sits back down.

Ace raises his hands for order. Brian looks like death.

ACE  
Ok, ok. I haven't seen a self pwn like that in ages, but let's settle down. Hey, HEY! Sit down and shut up!

Everyone settles down.

ACE  
Thank you.

A beat.

ACE  
One more time?

Cheers of assent.

Ace restarts the replay. We see the barrel go into the back of Brian's head.

INT: HALLWAY

SMASH CUT: Brian banging the front of his head against the wall.

Ki and Ted are standing with him, and various students are walking by and commenting.

BRIAN  
This has been a great day so far.

TED  
You got rolled in there man. Sorry.

Guy walks by.

GUY  
Nice headshot, cheeseduster.

BRIAN  
Well, at least he enjoyed it.

(CONTINUED)

KI  
You are happy he enjoyed your  
failure?

GUY 2 Walks by

                  GUY 2  
Hilarious shot, man. Showed Jenny  
what's up.

                  TED  
At least some people think you did  
it on *purpose*.

                  KI  
But it clearly wasn't. Brian was  
incredibly stressed. Obviously he  
wanted to succeed, but didn't.

Brian is just blown away by Ki's bluntness.

                  BRIAN  
That shot is almost impossible.

                  KI  
I ran the scenario. Your suicide is  
statistically a far more difficult  
shot. So that's good, right?

Brian stares at her. Ted shakes his head at Ki and puts his  
arm around Brian's shoulder.

                  TED  
Ok - thanks Ki. Let the guys talk  
now. They're just  
trollin'. Anyway, Ki and I have  
RTS... something...

                  KI  
Build Order Analysis

                  TED  
How could I forget. Let's get lunch  
afterwards. Pizza it up. My treat.

                  BRIAN  
Sure.

                  KI  
See you at lunch, Brian.

As Ted and Ki walk away, Ted awkwardly grabs Ki's hand.

INT. HALLWAY

Students moving around. Brian scans for his classroom on his tablet map.

Brian turns a corner and bumps into The Law.

LAW  
Watch it, freshman, don't want to hurt yourself.

BRIAN  
Sorr...oh

Brian looks up to see The Law.

LAW  
Woah Brian! Trying to catch me off guard again?

Law puts up his fists like boxer, swinging fake punches.

BRIAN  
Yeah. What? No, no - I can't find 201.

LAW  
Just messing with you, scro. I imagine you are a bit dazed.

BRIAN  
What?

LAW  
I heard you had quite the... *headache* trying to make lightning strike twice.

BRIAN  
Uh, yeah.

LAW  
Don't worry about it, man. Practice hard enough, and it'll come to you.

Law walks off. He points to a door as he passes.

LAW  
Your class is right here. See you around, Brian.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
(weakly)  
Thanks

The Law gives a wave over his back as he turns a corner.

BRIAN  
(sotto)  
Just make it to lunch...

INT: CAFETERIA

Ted and Ki are sitting at the table with a giant pizza. Ted has his mouth stuffed, while chugging a Napalm energy drink.

Brian joins them, wan.

KI  
Hey Brian.

BRIAN  
I didn't realize I hated PVP 'till  
I had a class about it.

TED  
(mouth full)  
Dude, eat some pizza.

BRIAN  
I turned myself into a sheep then  
lit my team on fire somehow.

KI  
Sounds like a simple hotkey mix-up.

Ted is now holding a slice up to Brian's face.

BRIAN  
You are the... twelfth person to  
tell me that. Can we talk about  
something *other* than my gaming  
impotence?

The cafeteria fills with quiet laughter. People start looking over Brian's way.

The scoreboard has updated, and Brian is in dead last.

BRIAN  
That is... literally ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

KI

The boards updated to reflect your suicide - and your sheep incident.

BRIAN

But that was just class?

TED

Dude - anything you do here counts. Last year, a kid playing poker on his phone went all in with a Hammer.

KI

(explaining)  
2 and a 7.

BRIAN

...Nine?

TED

*Unsuited* - expelled him instantly.

BRIAN

They expelled a kid for how he was *dressed*?

A beat.

TED

Are you serious?

Commotion on the other side of the cafeteria.

SCHOOL KID

Mr. F!

FREDDIE leaps up on a table with guitar in hand. Food and drink spill all over the place, but no one seems to care. Freddie spins the guitar around his neck a few times before catching it and pointing out into the crowd.

FREDDIE

Where is Jackson! You owe me lunch, bro!

He looks around smugly.

FREDDIE

Said I couldn't full clear a song with two guitars at once.

Jackson stands up in the back.

(CONTINUED)



JACKSON

Two Guitar Wong, my teach. Get over here!

Ted looks excited.

TED

That's my dad!

Freddie glides across the room, handing out high fives. Someone hands him a milk shake for some reason, which Freddie proceeds to sip away at.

Freddie high fives Ki, then Brian, but the high five train stops at Ted. He looks at Ted's meal disapprovingly.

FREDDIE

A whole pizza? Adding "fat" to "stupid" and "disappointing."

Freddie parades off to Jackson and his free lunch.

TED

Wait, no, this is Brian's pizza!

He throws his slice at Brian's plate - only to hit Brian square in the chest. Freddie has already moved on.

BRIAN

Seriously?

JENNY

Hey, Brian.

Jenny startles him. She chooses not to comment on the molten cheese all over his shirt.

BRIAN

(re shirt/pizza)

My... hand forgot where my mouth was.

JENNY

I wanted to apologize - for this morning

BRIAN

Oh, that? Come on - that was fun. Ballistic barrel and everything.

JENNY

Sometimes I try to impress the teachers a little too much. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNY (cont'd)  
didn't mean to single you out, but  
"swimming" in ladies?

BRIAN  
I was kind of asking for it, huh?

JENNY  
I'm throwing a party for all the  
teams tonight. You're totally  
welcome to come.

Ted looks away from Freddie, straight at Jenny.

TED  
Oh yeah! We'll be there.

JENNY  
...Sure, bring your friends.

BRIAN  
I'm totally there. Should I dress  
up? Or just *stay handsome*.

She eyes his shirt, and laughs weakly.

JENNY  
Starts at eight. See you there.

Jenny walks away.

TED  
"Stay handsome," *Jesus*, man.  
She ate that *up*. That was smooth -  
right, Ki?

KI  
She laughed. That's... good right?

BRIAN  
Slice me, Ted.

INT. CAFETERIA HALLWAY

Jenny walks up to the Law, who stands waiting.

LAW  
So?

JENNY  
They're coming.

(CONTINUED)

LAW

"They?"

JENNY

Brian and his two friends.

LAW

More noobs - not a problem. As long  
as Brian shows his face.

JENNY

What are you going to do?

The Law looks over at Brian's table. Brian and Ted are chowing down on delicious pizza. As Ki is writing in her Tablet.

LAW

Party.

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 4

EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

The roar of an AWESOME PARTY echoes from inside. KI, BRIAN, and TED stand at the front door.

Ki fiddles with an old NINTENDO CONTROLLER under the doorbell. A monitor above flashes: "PASSWORD INCORRECT". Brian, nervous as hell, clutches a large COCONUT CAKE.

BRIAN

Why did I pick coconut? It's the Luigi of party cakes. I'm gonna be the Luigi of this party, Ted.

TED

We're losing him, Ki...

KI

It's asking for the "Cool Kids Code". I think I can hack it, but--

Brian grabs the controller and punches in UP UP DOWN DOWN L R L R B A START. The door swings open.

TED

Whoa, how'd you know that?

BRIAN

I don't know.  
(hopefully)  
Maybe it means I'm cool.

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE-- NIGHT

If a LAN PARTY and a FRAT PARTY made out at a RAVE, it'd look like this. Bodies swarm under flashing strobes. Flatscreens glow from every corner of the house as hardcore gamers gather in clusters to show off their skills.

Ted and Ki step inside. Brian, terrified, runs for the door.

BRIAN

Wow. Fun party. See you guys later!

Ted and Ki grab him and drag him back in.

TED

What? Hey, what's wrong?

BRIAN

The last time I was at a party this big, there was a clown doing magic  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN (cont'd)  
tricks. I ate too much candy and  
barfed in the punch bowl.

KI  
It's okay, Brian. Just close your  
eyes and take a deep breath.

BRIAN  
Okay. Now what?

KI  
Imagine everyone in the room is a  
line of computer code.

BRIAN  
I'll be hiding by that DDR machine.

He springs free from their grasp. They chase after him.

TED AND KI  
No! Wait!

TED  
You're gonna look like an idiot.  
Dance games are super lame.

BRIAN  
Since when?

KI  
Since the doping scandals. It's  
barely a competitive sport anymore.

BRIAN  
I don't want to compete. I just  
want to have fun.

TED  
Games aren't fun. Games are war.

Brian looks around: sure enough, those clusters of gamers  
aren't playing, they're fighting. Even after hours, the  
competition never stops.

BRIAN  
That's so... *sad*.

He spots THE LAW strutting his way across the party.

BRIAN  
Oh, crap! Law's here, too? What if  
he wants to fight me?



BRIAN

How much do they go for?

Jenny looks at him, incredulous. She scoffs.

JENNY

Here. On the house.

She throws him the coconut-coated tee. Brian grins.

JENNY

Why you'd want a T shirt with my face on it, I'd rather not know.

BRIAN

It's not a T shirt.

He models it for her.

BRIAN

It's a Jenny Matrix Tactical Assault Tee.

Jenny's weirdly flattered by the gesture. She hides a smile.

JENNY

Law's looking for you.

BRIAN

Oh. Good. 'Cause, you know, I'm looking for *him*. I mean, I'm not hiding or anything. That'd be...

JENNY

Pretty lame?

BRIAN

Yes.

JENNY

Just come out when you're ready.

Jenny gets up to leave. As she opens the door we see THE LAW standing just outside! Brian lets out a GIRLISH SCREAM.

THE LAW

'Sup, girl.

(seeing Brian)

Oh, hey 'scro! What's shakin'?



INT. PARTY (GAME ROOM)-- NIGHT

Ted and Ki hold hands and meander through the party-- two awkward freshmen in a sea of cooler, older kids.

TED

So, uh, we could play a game. Or  
get a drink. Or make ou--

KI

-This one.

Ki steps up to an ARCADE CABINET, one of many in the expansive game room. Ted sidles up next to her.

TED

*Fatal Fist EX?* I gotta warn you, I  
pretty much rule at this game.

KI

Uh huh.

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

CHOOSE your CHARACTER!

Ted and Ki mash some buttons.

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

BIG D... versus... HIKARI! BEGIN!

TED

Going with Hikari, huh? Your  
funera--

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

-KO!!

TED

Yow! Okay, got a little lucky  
there... ten bucks says you can't  
do it agai--

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

-KO!! HIKARI WINS!

Ted literally jumps back from the cabinet. Hikari's post-win giggle perfectly matches Ki's mischevious grin.

TED

But... how did you... with the...

(CONTINUED)

KI

You owe me ten dollars.

Still baffled, Ted pulls a ten from his wallet, just as a RUDE UPPERCLASSMAN barges between them.

RUDE UPPERCLASSMAN

Hey, babe. You know, I pretty much rule at this game.

TED

Oh, actually, she's with me--

RUDE UPPERCLASSMAN

-Beat it, cheeseduster.

(to Ki)

Wanna play me? I bet I could teach you some moves.

A LIGHT BULB goes off in Ted's head. He SLAPS down the ten.

TED

I'll take that bet.

INT. PARTY-- NIGHT

The Law strolls through the party with an arm around Brian's shoulder. Jenny follows behind them.

THE LAW

So, Bri, pretty 'leet party, huh?

BRIAN

Yeah, it's been really--

THE LAW

-'Cause you haven't even seen the good stuff yet. Check this out.

The Law leads him to a roped off entrance to the VIP LOUNGE. He nods to the BOUNCER.

THE LAW

IDSPIDSPOD.

The Bouncer nods and lets them inside.

INT. VIP LOUNGE-- NIGHT

They step into a wood paneled man cave. Inside, a bunch of ROWDY GAMERS chug NAPALM and trash talk over FIELD OF FIRE.

THE LAW  
Gentlemen! We are in the presence  
of greatness.

They pause their game and turn around. Brian waves.

THE LAW  
Brian D, meet the S Class First  
Person Shooter Team.

The gamers leap to their feet and greet Brian with warm enthusiasm. COLDTURKEY, one of the gamers, shakes his hand.

COLDTURKEY  
You're BrianD? Sup, I'm ColdTurkey.

Brian drops his guard and full-on GEEKS OU.

BRIAN  
*The ColdTurkey? I've been watching  
your frag reels since middle  
school. I'm honored.*

COLDTURKEY  
*We're honored. The Law says you're  
the real deal.*

BRIAN  
Really?

THE LAW  
Totally. So, guys-- what are we  
drinking?

The Law meanders over to a MINI-BAR.

BRIAN  
Oh, just a sugar free Red Bull. I  
have class in the morning.

The gamers can't help but scoff at this unmanly choice. ColdTurkey rushes to his defense.

COLDTURKEY  
Easy. He's new. BrianD, a word of  
advice: we party hard. You'll want  
something with a bit more kick.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Like what?

THE LAW

Like *Cinco De Psycho*.

The Law holds up a six pack of monstrous, brightly colored energy drinks. The gamers give a rowdy cheer.

BRIAN

Didn't they ban that stuff?

Jenny grabs The Law's arm, pissed. In a hushed voice:

JENNY

Hey, those are my dad's. I'm gonna get in trouble.

THE LAW

You can handle him.

JENNY

You didn't say anything about getting him messed up.

The Law pats her on the shoulder and returns to the group. He cracks open a can and offers it to Brian.

BRIAN

Hey, look-- if you guys want to, go ahead. But none for me, thanks.

The gamers circle him in. The trap has been sprung.

COLDTURKEY

This is what the pros drink, dawg. You're a pro, aren't you?

Brian sweats bullets. He looks across their faces, then over to Jenny. He gulps.

BRIAN

Some other time.

The tension deflates. Disappointment fills the air.

THE LAW

Hey. That's cool. Some other time. We're trying to unwind here though, so... there's the door.

And like that, he's out of the circle. The gamers get back into it like he was never even there.

(CONTINUED)

SLOW MOTION: Brian heads for the door, defeated. Jenny watches him leave. He reaches for the doorknob...

And STOPS. He looks back at The Law and his crew. Is he really gonna give up this easily?

Hell no.

Brian marches up to The Law and grabs that can. He DOWNS it in one log chug. Jenny turns away. Brian crumples the can and drops it at The Law's feet.

BRIAN

Game on.

INT. PARTY (GAME ROOM)/INT. VIP ROOM-- NIGHT

**BEGIN MONTAGE**

Some BOOTY-SHAKING RAP plays as we CROSS CUT between Brian's antics and Ted and Ki's two-man hustle:

Ki knocks down GUY after GUY at *Fatal Fist* while Brian knocks back CAN after CAN of *Cinco De Psycho*.

Ted gives Ki a SLO-MO FIST BUMP. MONEY hits Ted's palm. CRUMPLED CANS hit the VIP room floor.

A hyperactive Brian laughs it up with ColdTurkey. Ted lights a cigarette with a FLAMING TEN DOLLAR BILL, ala Chow Yun Fat in *A Better Tomorrow*. Ted takes a puff and coughs up a lung.

The Law watches Brian chug with a SINISTER SMIRK. He pretends to sip at his drink.

**END MONTAGE**

INT. PARTY (GAME ROOM)-- NIGHT

Ted and Ki coax a SKEPTICAL MARK into taking the bait.

SKEPTICAL MARK

You're sure you've never played  
this game before?

KI

(the world's worst con)  
Yes. What manner of game is this?  
Is this one of those "fight games"  
I have read about on the internet?

Ted facepalms. Amazingly, the mark buys it.

(CONTINUED)

SKEPTICAL MARK

Okay. I'm in. I don't know why I was nervous, I pretty much rule at this game--

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

-KO!!

TED

Cash or check will do.

SKEPTICAL MARK

What is this? Some scam? You can't get away with this!

TED

Oh yeah? What are you gonna do?

SKEPTICAL MARK

What am I gonna do? I'm gonna find my big, badass friends and tell them I just got my *ass kicked* by a *fifteen year old gir*-- oh, balls.

He gives Ted a 10 and stomps off. Ted admires his cash.

KI

I think he was the last of them.

TED

What makes you say that?

KI

Because the rest of them are standing right in front of us.

Ted looks up. A PISSED-OFF MOB of SENIORS glares at him.

TED

H-hi, boys. Double or nothing?

SENIOR #1

*All* or nothing.

The mob parts like a wave, revealing A BADASS BLIND JAPANESE KID, complete with shades and walking stick.

Ted's jaw drops. He waves a hand in the kid's face. Nothing. He his chin. Looks back at Ki. She mouths "NO!" Ted smiles.

TED

HERE COMES A NEW CHALLENGER!

INT. VIP ROOM-- NIGHT

Brian, deep in a taurine binge, shoots a trash can free throw with his last Cinco De Psycho. Nothin' but net.

BRIAN  
Slamma jamma! Wooo!

The Law and his watch Brian's victory dance with disgust. Brian plops onto a couch, amped out of his mind.

BRIAN  
So what now? Do we arm wrestle?  
'Cause I could pwn you mothers.

ColdTurkey glances at The Law. The Law gives him a nod.

COLDTURKEY  
That's *it!* I can't take it anymore!

BRIAN  
Zuh?

COLDTURKEY  
Law, mad respect, but you've been giving my boy Brian the evil eye all night and it's killing my buzz.

THE LAW  
You're out of order, CT.

COLDTURKEY  
Bri, I know he's your friend, but if I were you, I'd kick his ass.

The Law gets up in Brian's face.

THE LAW  
Is that what you want, Brian? You want to kick my ass?

BRIAN  
Whoa, easy there, chief--

THE LAW  
-'Cause if you wanna tango, I can tango. But let's take it to the game. If you've got the trackballs.

TENSE SILENCE. Then Brian breaks into a grin. He laughs.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

So this was your plan? Get me  
wasted and goad me into an ambush?  
Not bad, Law. You almost got me.

Brian jumps up from the couch. Stretches.

BRIAN

Guys, it's been great. I think I'm  
gonna vomit.

He walks out of the room. Beat. The Law chases after him.

INT. PARTY-- NIGHT

Brian strides out of the room. The Law follows. He unplugs a  
nearby STEREO SYSTEM. Where one was techno, SILENCE fills  
the air. Party goers look around in confusion.

THE LAW

HEY. BRAIND. We've got business!

All eyes lock to Brian as he stops in his tracks.

BRIAN

I don't wanna fight you, Law. I  
just came to have some fun.

THE LAW

Really! Is that why you're at this  
school? It seemed like fun?

Brian looks away. The Law pumps up the crowd.

THE LAW

Everyone's aching to see what  
you've got. Ain't that right, guys?

The crowd ROARS! "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" Their energy  
overwhelms him. Brian spots Jenny, silent, among them.

INT. PARTY (GAME ROOM)-- NIGHT

Meanwhile, the mob of seniors watches an EPIC BATTLE between  
Ki and the Blind Kid. A RANDOM STUDENT rushes up to them.

RANDOM STUDENT

Law just challenged the new kid!

The seniors BOOK IT like it's Morpheus fighting Neo. They  
leave a dumbfounded Ted in their wake.

(CONTINUED)



TED

Uh... uh...

KI

Go!

Ted rushes off to catch the fight.

INT. PARTY-- NIGHT

The crowd chants FASTER and LOUDER. These guys want blood. Brian hesitates, the pressure building on his shoulders.

BRIAN

How do I know this isn't a setup?

THE LAW

Pick any game in the house. *Field of Fire. Warzone Ontario. Super Mario Black Ops.* We've got 'em all.

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! Brian crumbles. He sees Ted making his way towards the front. Suddenly, he gets a GREAT IDEA.

BRIAN

Any game in the house? Let's do it.

The crowd GOES BANANAS. Brian marches off into the GAME ROOM. The Law throws on his GAMING GLOVES.

THE LAW

The hunt is on.

COLDTURKEY

Uhh, take a look, TL.

The Law looks up. ColdTurkey points to Brian STANDING TALL on the DDR MACHINE.

BRIAN

We know you're king of the mouse,  
The Law. But how are your feet?

THE LAW

Come on, man. That's for noobs.

BRIAN

Then you should feel right at home.

OH, SNAP! The crowd "oooohs" at Brian's zinger. The Law takes his gloves off, gives them to ColdTurkey.

(CONTINUED)

THE LAW

Hold these.

The Law struts over to the DDR machine and hops on.

THE LAW

Sure about this, cowboy?

BRIAN

Just try to keep up. DJ! Hit it!

There is no DJ. Brian is literally talking to the air. A nearby kid reaches over and presses START on the game. The board lights up and Brian and The Law STRIKE A POSE. BEGIN!

A RIGHTEOUS DANCE JAM fills the air. The Law locks his eyes on the screen: a flurry of arrows scroll down the monitor. He nails every note! He risks a quick glance over at Brian--

-and DOUBLE-TAKES.

Brian's NOT EVEN LOOKING at the screen! He's MISSING EVERY OTHER NOTE! But he's WORKING THE CROWD like James Brown. He does the moonwalk. The running man. The Egyptian.

Alas, the crowd gives him nothing but AWKWARD HESITATION in return. A few bob their heads like white people at a soul concert. Brian sweats. Maybe this wasn't such a great idea.

BRIAN

Come on! Doesn't anybody get funky at this school?

The Law smirks. Brian does a desperate Shopping Cart. This crowd *wants to dance!* But none will risk humiliation and GET DOWN ALONGSIDE HIM.

Then TED steps forward from the crowd.

TED

I get funk, Brian. *I get funky.*

BRIAN

Hell yeah!

Ted busts out some SICK DANCE MOVES. He's an Asian Michael Jackson! The crowd goes NUTS! The dam breaks and soon EVERYBODY'S DANCIN'!

The Law curses, sweat and frustration taking their toll. He dances HARDER, FASTER, pounding riff after riff. But no one gives a shit-- they're too busy HAVING FUN.

(CONTINUED)

At the front of the crowd, Jenny can't help but smile. Who is this guy? Brian busts out the invisible lasso and ropes her over.

Ted ROBOTS his way through the crowd, lost in the groove. He bumps right into the MOB OF SENIORS. Ted laughs nervously. Then he RUNS LIKE THE WIND.

INT. PARTY (GAME ROOM)-- NIGHT

Ki and the Blind Kid remain glued to their game: even though the SCREEN ISN'T ON anymore! Ted runs by in a crazy dash.

TED

Ki, we've gotta split-- what the hell?

KI

The screen burned out. I'm playing by ear.

Ted gawks. This is some weird shit.

SENIOR #1 (O.S.)

There he is! Get him!

Ted snaps out of it and runs for his life.

TED

See you at the dorms!

INT. PARTY-- NIGHT

The song ends with a bang. The crowd erupts with APPLAUSE. Brian makes a debonair bow. He motions to Jenny, his impromptu Ginger Rogers. She courtseys with a laugh.

For a split second, The Law's veneer of charm collapses and he seethes with rage. Then he smooths it over with a phony grin. He claps for Brian and quiets down the crowd.

THE LAW

Not bad for a freshman, right?

The crowd CHEERS again.

THE LAW

Now who wants to see BrianD play in tomorrow's S-CLASS FPS SCRIMMAGE MATCH?!

The crowd goes wild. Brian goes pale.

(CONTINUED)

COLDTURKEY

Uh, we don't have room for another  
player tomorrow.

THE LAW

You're off the team.  
(to Brian, and the crowd)  
What do you say, cowboy?

What can he say? The Law's got him right where he wants him.

BRIAN

(weakly)  
Sounds great.

Brian goes for a handshake. The Law snubs him and turns to  
the crowd:

THE LAW

Now WHO WANTS TO PARTY?!?

The Law dives into the crowd. Brian sways back and forth,  
ashen. What just happened? Jenny touches his arm.

JENNY

Hey, you okay?

**POV BRIAN:** A blurred Jenny calls out to him. All that Cinco  
De Psycho is catching. The Law pulls Jenny into his arms.

THE LAW

Hey, babe.

He steals a kiss. Jenny squirms, giving Brian a guilty look.

THE LAW

Let's hit the dance floor.

As The Law leads her away, he gives Brian one final "fuck  
you": a THUMBS UP and a SHIT-EATING GRIN. **END POV.**

HOLD on Brian, heartbroken and nauseous. Totally gonna hurl.  
He gulps, but it's no use. Right as the bile rises we

**CUT TO BLACK. THE END!**

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 5

INT. CAFETERIA

Ted, Kim, and Brian at the table. There's a couple of NEW KIDS sitting here, too - admirers of Brian.

NEW KID 1  
Do you know what your loadout's going to be?

BRIAN  
Uh... no. Not yet.

They look a bit crestfallen.

BRIAN  
...unless you guys have any suggestions?

TED  
God. Here we go.

NEW KID 1  
You should run a ghost build the whole time!

NEW KID 2  
Full on ninja. Or straight lightweight and stick to the flanks.

The two start to argue.

BRIAN  
(Whispers to Ki)  
Should I be taking notes?

TED  
You two. Scram.

New Kid 1 produces a controller from his bag.

NEW KID 1  
Hold on - Brian can you sign my controller?

BRIAN  
Alright.

Brian grabs it from the kid and signs it. A beat. After a moment's consideration, he adds a star above the 'i.' New Kid 1 looks at the signature - he's clearly disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

NEW KID 1

Oh. Ok. Thanks.

BRIAN

Uh, something wrong?

NEW KID 1

I just... I just thought your autograph would be... cooler, I guess.

NEW KID 2

The Law's has a holographic seal of authenticity.

He reaches over to flip the controller around, revealing Law's signature. It's *mindblowing*.

TED

Would you two just... oh wow. That's incredible.

NEW KID 1

Good luck, Brian!

They leave. A pregnant pause.

BRIAN

Is my autograph *that bad*?

TED

Who cares - The Law's setting you up. You need to figure out a way to back out of this.

BRIAN

I accepted his invite! I'd look like a total cheeseduster.

TED

Have you seen these? They're everywhere.

Ted pulls out a flyer from his bag. It advertises the scrimmage, with pictures of The Law (suave as hell) and Brian (dopey) poorly pasted on top of prizefighters.

The copy reads "TWIN TITANS" and "BrainD versus BRAWN"

BRIAN

It's *Brian D*. How do they keep getting this wrong?

(CONTINUED)

TED

He's trying to get the whole school there this afternoon.

KI

I ran the numbers last night for your scrimmage.

BRIAN

Oh, wonderful.

A beat.

KI

No, actually. Against The Law and the FPS S-Team, you have an 84% chance of ending the match with zero kills. And an 11% chance with one kill.

BRIAN

Aw, come on.

KI

...and that one kill is you. Killing yourself.

BRIAN

What about the other 5%?

Ki gravely stares at Brian and shakes her head slowly.

TED

What bout food poisoning? Nobody questions food poisoning.

Brian looks at the both of them.

BRIAN

I am not backing down.

A BELL rings. Lunch is over. Brian gets up.

BRIAN

I'll just go... "full on ninja" a few rounds, stay out of his way, and it'll be fine.

He stands.

BRIAN

You'll see. You guys worry too much!

(CONTINUED)



Brian leaves.

TED

This isn't going to be pretty.

INT. HALLWAY

Brian walks along. The flyers are, indeed, everywhere. He runs into ColdTurkey, who is taping flyers up to the wall.

BRIAN

Hey there, CT. How's it hangin'?

ColdTurkey ignores him.

BRIAN

Pretty crazy huh? I didn't think freshmen would be allowed to scrimmage with the clan - but I'm sure Law will put you back on after today. I'm really sorry about taking your place.

ColdTurkey faces Brian.

COLDTURKEY

Dude, are you kidding? First scrim is worse than a root canal. I was having nightmares all week about having to play until Law swapped you in!

BRIAN

You're not... angry?

COLDTURKEY

What? Why? This is the best thing that's happened to me all month!

BRIAN

That's... good to hear. I gotta run, so...

COLDTURKEY

It's hell in a handbasket out there, so if you need a shoulder to cry on afterwards...

ColdTurkey gestures to his own shoulder.

BRIAN

Uh, thank you... I think.

Brian walks off. Now he's worried.

INT. RHYTHM GAME CLASS

Freddie stands in front of an incredibly disinterested crowd. Brian, Ted, and Ki are here, in the front row.

FREDDIE

What is the *most important* principle of rhythm gaming?

Ted's hand shoots up.

FREDDIE

Anyone?

Ted's hand reaches higher. Ki rolls her eyes. Freddie ignores him.

FREDDIE

That's a rhetorical, put your hands down.

Ted's hand slowly goes back down.

TED

(whispering to Ki)  
Play the crowd, not the game.

FREDDIE

Play the crowd, not the game. The crowd. Write that down.

There is literally no movement amongst the students.

FREDDIE

Because at the end of the day, you control the crowd, you control the *game*.

KI

But rhythm gaming isn't a competitive game.

Freddie spins around. Ted silently flips out at her.

FREDDIE

Who said that?

Ki raises her hand, despite Ted's protestations.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE

You know what? That takes guts. I like that.

Totally not the reaction Ted expected.

FREDDIE

Show of hands, right now, how many people believe that. Don't be shy.

Every hand goes up, except for Ted's. Ki looks sidelong at him, and off his smoldering gaze, keeps her hand down.

FREDDIE

So... just about all of you. I'll be honest, a little more than I thought. But let me tell you this!

Freddie, whips his plastic guitar around in front of him. Lights dim, inexplicably. Students are more confused than impressed.

FREDDIE

Timing... Strategy... Endurance... Agility... Precision timing. All skills any *gamer needs*. All skills a *rhythm* gamer excels at.

The note highway starts to come down off his fretboard.

TED

(listening to the song)  
Oh man is this... Sawhorse  
Massacre?

Freddie launches into a power chord filled riff, just rocking out. A break in the song.

FREDDIE

You know what gaming legend Wax  
Nine told me once?

Nobody cares, except Ted.

FREDDIE

He told me, "Freddie - nobody rocks like you do. You know why? 'cuz nobody in their right mind would want to."

The song starts up again. Freddie starts rocking out.

TED

Oh my god - a behind the back tap transition. He's the greatest gamer that ever...

Freddie slams the pause button. The music grinds to a halt.

FREDDIE

TED! Do you WANT me to kick you out!?

Ted is quiet. Freddie takes a long pull from a sports drink he keeps carabinered to his belt.

He's a little out of breath.

FREDDIE

Everyone else is sitting there, respectfully, and in total awe at my abilities. Meanwhile, you're yammering up a storm and distracting everybody around you!

TED

I'm sorry. Please don't kick me out.

Freddie sighs.

FREDDIE

(under his breath)

Why is my son such a loser.

Ki looks at Ted, concerned. Ted seems to be oblivious.

FREDDIE

Alright, now who wants to get up here and demonstrate how rhythm games are *played*?

Ted's hand goes up again.

FREDDIE

God, no. You!

Freddie points out a meek kid in the back.

MEEK KID

Me?

Freddie holds up the guitar.

FREDDIE

You heard me four eyes - this or  
GTFO.

Meek Kid reaches for his crutches.

FREDDIE

Oh for... No. Not you, gimpy. Your  
friend. Gimpy's friend - get down  
here.

The FRIEND sitting next to the meek kid gets up and comes  
down. Freddie straps a guitar on him.

FREDDIE

You have exactly one minute to  
impress me. Let's do this!

The song starts up again. Ki leans over to Ted, who is on  
the edge of his seat.

KI

Your dad is fascinating. Is he  
always like that?

TED

Oh yeah, he's always hated disabled  
people.

KI

I mean to you. I've never seen any  
parent ignore their child so  
thoroughly.

TED

What, that? He's just hamming it  
up. You know - pick on a kid, keep  
the rest of the class in line.

BRIAN

It seems like it was a little more  
than just *that*...

TED

He knows I can handle it.

Back to the lesson - Freddie is kicking the kid's legs wider  
in a wider stance.

FREDDIE

Stance is where the power comes  
from. You gotta build a foundation  
of ROCK.

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

This is so stupid.

Freddie's is too into it to notice the conversation.

TED

He never keeps anything from me. He used to tell these stories from being on tour about doing lines off of hookers to help me sleep.

BRIAN

What!? How old were you?

TED

Probably six or seven.

KI

What did your mom think about that?

TED

Who?

Back to the lesson.

FREDDIE

Good lord kid, just give me that.

He violently retakes the guitar

FREDDIE

Sit down and shut up. Everybody!  
This is how it's done!

Freddie launches into a furious solo. Every move in the book. He starts duck walking, and continues all the way out the classroom. The music fades as it follows him.

A moment of quiet. Every student immediately begins packing their bags. Ted starts drilling his scales on his plastic guitar, rocking out.

TED

Rhythm gaming is overdue for a comeback. It's going to be huge like it used to be - you'll see.

KI

I wouldn't hold my breath.

TED

Psh. I'm not. Biggest mistake you can make when you're rocking out. Need that O2!

(CONTINUED)

Ted throws out the wimpiest rock high kick ever attempted by man.

He accidentally makes contact with a girl, and knocks her over, spilling her stuff everywhere.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM OUTSIDE HALL

Brian is just about to enter the Locker Room.

JENNY

Brian! Wait up!

BRIAN

Oh, hey Jenny. Can't come in here.  
No girls allowed.

Brian stands at the threshold.

JENNY

Got any tricks up your sleeve?

BRIAN

Depends on if you're going to make  
me demonstrate them in class.

JENNY

Nah - wouldn't want to embarrass  
you.

BRIAN

I think that might happen, with or  
without your help.

JENNY

These guys are good, Brian - you're  
not ready for this. There's no  
shame in sitting it out.

BRIAN

I had a kid ask for my autograph  
this morning. Everyone expects me  
out there - I can't back down now.

JENNY

Even though it'll be worse if you  
play?

BRIAN

Everyone thinks I'm supposed to be  
this... *thing*, like I'm supposed to  
be the best gamer that's ever  
lived.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny nods. She knows exactly what he means.

BRIAN  
But what if I'm not?

JENNY  
Don't worry about that. Keep your  
head down, stick to the edges.

Brian nods.

BRIAN  
Thanks.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

Brian exhales to calm his nerves, and struts into the main room. Clan members are prepping.

DOUCHE chugs an energy drink and spikes the empty can towards the wall. The Janitor CATCHES IT mid air!

JANITOR  
This goes in the recycling.

Brian walks into their midst.

CLAN MEMBER 1  
Brian!

CLAN MEMBER 2  
Ready for the scrim, scro?

Brian meekly acknowledges the guys with a wave.

BRIAN  
Hah! You should be asking yourself  
that!

Brian turns. His confidence facade is fading.

INT. BLEACHERS

Ted and Ki find seats. They are sitting next to New Kid 1 and 2.

NEW KID 2  
"Brained"'s going to mop the floor  
with these guys!

An upperclassman hears this and turns around.



UPPERCLASSMAN

You kidding? Brained sucks.

NEW KID 1

You're just jealous!

UPPERCLASSMAN

I'll bet you fifty bucks each he gets slaughtered.

Ted instinctively reaches for his wallet.

KI (sotto

voce)

Don't take it.

NEW KID 1

You're on!

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

The clan guys are getting rowdy. The Law walks in. Order returns.

THE LAW

Hey guys. Brian.

Brian nods, meekly.

THE LAW

New season. Since we're all a little rusty, *and* since we have a special guest today, I'm thinking we start off with free-for-all. Sound good?

A chorus of agreement, and knowing nods all around the room.

THE LAW

Good. Our adoring public awaits. Let's get out there!

He turns and they file out.

Douche chest bumps the Janitor into the ground. They ignore him, high fiving and laughing their way out.

BRIAN

Hey!

Brian sees this and rushes over to help the Janitor back up.

(CONTINUED)

JANITOR  
Thanks, Brian. You have a good  
heart Brian.

BRIAN  
Thank you.

JANITOR  
That's why you're going to lose.

A beat.

JANITOR  
But don't worry - it'll be over  
before you know it.

INT. THE DOJO

Brian steps out into the dojo. The crowd ERUPTS into cheers  
and boos.

It's a sight to behold. The whole school is here. The Law is  
addressing everyone.

THE LAW  
Settle down, folks. We usually  
don't have this kind of turnout at  
our scrimmages. But then again, we  
usually don't have this kind of  
celebrity either - let's give it up  
for Brained!

Brian waves to the crowd.

BRIAN  
(under his breath)  
Brian. D.

THE LAW  
I think we're all in for a real  
treat tonight!

He smiles.

Ted and Ki give each other a look.

New Kid 1 and 2 are bursting with excitement.

Jenny rushes in with a worried look.

And leaning against the doorway, the Janitor watches...

EXT. FOF BATTLEFIELD

A familiar battlefield. Brian steps out there gingerly. Wind blows through a ruined building.

BRIAN

Where is everybody..?

Suddenly, the Law drops in behind him. Brian turns around just in time to get his face rocked by the butt end of The Law's rifle.

CLASSICAL MUSIC MONTAGE

- Brian exploding in a fireball from a rocket.
- Brian getting launched into the air by a grenade, and then shot.
- Brian getting juggled by gunfire in mid air
- Brian running away and getting shot ala Platoon
- Brian getting throat slit by the Law out of nowhere, ala Rambo First Blood.
- Brian straight up Gomer Pyle-ing himself, FMJ style. Ki should probably quip about the percentage.
- Ted and Ki watching in horror.
- Ted burying his face in Ki's arms.
- The faces of New Kid 1 and 2 going from expectant joy to utter defeated disappointment.
- The laughter of the crowd.
- The Law loving it.
- Brian's deaths advancing.

INT. BLEACHERS

New Kid 1 and 2 barely can keep themselves composed as they tearfully pay up to the smug upperclassmen. Ted and Ki leave.

Jenny sits, disappointed and feeling bad for Brian.

A man looks down in disgust at his "Brained!" T-shirt, and literally tears it off his body.

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Brian sits on a bench, alone. The rest of the Clan is merciless.

CLAN MEMBER 1

Good game, noob.

(CONTINUED)

CLAN MEMBER 2  
Have fun in class tomorrow.

Their laughter echoes off the tiles. Brian buries his head in his hands.

The Janitor mops up quietly. ColdTurkey approaches.

BRIAN  
CT... hey man.

COLDTURKEY  
That was brutal out there!

BRIAN  
Yeah, it was...

ColdTurkey is actually talking to CLAN MEMBER 3.

COLDTURKEY  
You smoked that chump!

They high five and leave.

Brian sits there, alone.

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 6

EXT. VGHS DORMS - MORNING

The sun is peering out. Unbelievably, a new fucking day is starting.

INT. BRIAN & TED'S ROOM - MORNING

Brian's eyes are wide open. He grips his blanket tight and taut over the bottom half of his face. The sound of PLASTIC STRUMMING attracts his attention.

Ted is trying to do hammer-ons with a guitar hero controller.

TED

Let's see what you got, old man...

Ted speaks to a picture of his dad Freddie, tacked to the wall. He nods, like he's watching Freddie rip out a solo.

TED (CONT'D)

Not bad, try this on for size...

More clacking. Brian sits up in bed.

BRIAN

Ted. Ted. Hey.

TED

Oh, hey Brian. Did I wake you up?

BRIAN

No, not at all actually.

Ted sheepishly stows his controller away.

TED

I was just messing around, you should probably get some more sleep.

BRIAN

No, it's all right. We have Drifting class in like...

He looks over at the alarm clock. It's 6 AM.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

...4 hours.

TED

Ugh, drifting. Don't remind me.

BRIAN  
Hey, Ted? How do you think I did  
yesterday in the scrimmage?

TED  
Given the circumstances?

BRIAN  
Oh, of course.

Ted strums indifferently, clearly more focused on his guitar work.

TED Well...like...good.  
Ish.

Brian crosses his legs and cracks an energy drink. REVEAL:  
Underneath Brian's covers lie many more empty cans of Napalm.

BRIAN  
I mean, it's just a scrimmage.

TED  
Everyone will totally forget it  
happened, yeah.

BRIAN  
Yeah.

TED  
Worse comes to worse, you've still  
got me and Ki.

Brian pauses. Ted bites his lip and keeps playing.

BRIAN  
But worse won't come to worse,  
because it was just a scrimmage and  
the school will have forgotten  
about it.

TED  
Right, I was just adding a useless,  
hypothetical cherry on top of a  
sure-thing sundae.

BRIAN  
Do you think Jenny's into me? I  
think she's into me.

Ted just strums.

INT. DRIFTING CLASS

The big monitors in the class are playing the scrimmage recap. Students are still murmuring with laughter in their seats as Brian's many humiliating deaths replay.

Brian can't watch.

KIM

Brian, you should watch the recaps.  
You'll learn from your 426.4  
mistakes.

BRIAN

Ki, you're a girl.

KIM

Astute.

BRIAN

If you were to go warn a boy in the  
locker room before a big scrimmage,  
that means you care about him,  
right? Would that mean you like  
him?

Ki has her notepad out and pencil at the ready.

KIM

I'm sorry, rephrase. That WOULD  
mean I like him, or it wouldn't?

BRIAN

Never mind. I just need to talk to  
her but I can't get her alone--

Jenny sits down behind Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jenny? Isn't this is a freshman  
class?

JENNY

They didn't tell me I had to take  
it last year, so now I have to make  
it up. Hello to you too.

The monitors shut off the second the bell rings. DR. IFTU turns to face the class, a stern Danish taskmaster with horrible burn scars down one side of his face. The whole class shrieks in unison.



DR. IFTU

Enough tomfoolery! Children. My name is Dr. Iftking. And drifting is in my blood. It's in my soul.

(beat)

IT'SINMYFACE!!

He lunges toward the class and points at his scars. They shriek again.

DR. IFTU (CONT'D)

Safety comes first in my class. And what breeds safety? RESPECT! So respect comes first!

TED

What comes first? Safety, or respect?

DR. IFTU

Safety! Weren't you paying attention? I was scaling a spiral path up to the peak of Mt. Shigeru, when I felt a strange force take me over. I'm a man of science, but this - this force was something I could not define with mere physics engines. It was as if the car and I became one. But I panicked, lost control and now this is the face I eat breakfast with.

During this monologue, we pan over to Brian and Jenny.

BRIAN

Thanks.

JENNY

How come?

BRIAN

For warning me yesterday. It meant a lot.

JENNY

Did it?

Brian now turns behind to face her.

BRIAN

I was wondering if after class...

DR. IFTU

Attention, BrianD!

Brian whips around. Dr. Iftu, and his scar, are right in his face. He yelps.

DR. IFTU (CONT'D)

A real race car driver is always prepared! Since you and Jenny seem so anxious to get started, why don't we use you both as examples for the class?

He gestures to one of two CarPods at the front of the class. They have closed-off doors and no windows.

DR. IFTU

I do hope you know how to maneuver a manual gearshift, Brian. And Jenny, you will be his wingman. No, wingwoman. Or wing--you'll ride shotgun.

Brian and Jenny approach the CarPod to the tune of several students' mocking "ooooohs." Brian eyes the CarPod with a mischievous glint.

BRIAN

(to self)  
*Alone time.*

TED

That's not cool, man.

DR. IFTU

Theodore! You can demonstrate in a CarPod as well! And bring a partner while you're at it.

Ted looks at Ki. She gets up and follows him on the walk of shame to the other CarPod.

DR. IFTU (CONT'D)

My, what an eager group of students I have this year. IT'S POSITIVELY REFRESHING!

He lunges again. Shrieks again.

Brian and Jenny buckle up, followed by Ted and Ki. Black tinted shields slide down, covering them entirely from the classroom, and monitors drop down behind their pods.

As their shields finish coming down, we reveal their video game world: A wet, windy path in the woods.

EXT. FOREST RACE TRACK

Brian and Ted exchange looks. Ted gives Brian a thumbs up and a wink.

DR. IFTU

Three laps around the course. Any crashes result in automatic point demerits. In 3, 2, ONEGONOW!

Ted pops the clutch and SCREAMS out of the starting line. Brian stalls and dies out.

JENNY

Punchtheclutch punchtheclutch  
punchtheclutch...

BRIAN

Okay okay!

Brian turns the engine over, finally, and gasses it. They sputter away. Meanwhile:

Ted barrels around a corner, cranking the wheel at just the right time to slide into a tricky hairpin turn. He powers it into 4th gear.

Ki looks at his prowess in awe.

KIM

Ted, slow down!

TED

No time. I need to show Dr. Ickweed here a thing or two.

INT. DRIFTING CLASS

Dr. Iftu shifts his weight, observing Ted's incredibly impressive monitor.

DR. IFTU

Well. Ah, you can see his ego will get the better of him. Respect breeds safety.

(beat)

He...IS a first-year, correct?

EXT. FOREST RACE TRACK

Brian BANGS into the side of the cliff and very nearly spins out. He corrects it and CLUNKS into 3rd gear.

JENNY

Slow down! You're not going to beat your friend, so don't risk losing us more points!

BRIAN

Sorry. Got a lot on my mind.

JENNY

Oh yeah? Great.

BRIAN

I was wondering if you wanted to stop by my dorm tonight, just watch a movie or something, and talk about...

JENNY

Look out!

Ted's car drifts sideways, his bumper nuzzling Brian's driver side door as ted laps him...

TED

(while drifting)

Sorry Brian, I just want to get this over wiiiiith!

...and SQUEALS to a forward position again, tearing off. Cut to Ted's car:

TED (CONT'D)

This thing handles like a piece of junk.

KIM

Ted, you're going to try out for the Drifting team at sign-ups, right?

Ted just LAUGHS derisively at that and punches into overdrive. Back to Brian and Jenny's car.

JENNY

You thought I was coming onto you yesterday??

BRIAN

It sure didn't seem like just a friendly warning! And you knew I liked you, so what did you expect me to think?

JENNY

You like me? Like, "LIKE-like" me?

BRIAN

Yes, Like "like-like" you!

Jenny pulls the emergency brake on their car. They HALT.

JENNY

Listen to me: We're never going out, okay? I warned you for your own good, not mine. The Law is my boyfriend. And you're a freshman who needs to stop listening to his own press.

BRIAN

Good for you!

He hits the gas.

Big mistake: The brake was still on, and the whole car fishtails and instantly falls down the side of a hill, rolling several times before landing in a ditch.

INT. DRIFTING CLASS

Then the shields come up and the exercise is over for Brian and Jenny. The class is, again, full of smirks and whispers. Dr. Iftu is applying face cream nonchalantly.

DR. IFTU

I trust your drive was an educational one?

That gets a laugh from the class.

DR. IFTU (CONT'D)

Sit down, "Wonder boy." And pay attention.

The shields come up on Ted's CarPod. Ted steps out to applause from the class.

DR. IFTU (CONT'D)

Theodore. It appears I misjudged you. There's a spot on the Reserve Drift Team, if you care to fill it.

Ted just smiles, shakes his head and returns to his seat. He kicks his feet up and puts on his shades, knowing he has control now.

DR. IFTU (CONT'D)

(startled)

Well. That offer doesn't just stand if you change your mind, you know.

(beat)

CLASS! We'll be pairing up now to do maintenance exercises. Pick partners and make it absolutely quick.

We see Brian observe everyone else moving to pick their partners.

BRIAN'S POV: Slo-mo shots of new friends patting each other on the back, migrating to one another, laughing, pairing up. Ted sidling over to Kim. Jenny moving away to a girl, shooting one last disappointed look at Brian. Two guys balancing pencils on their lips, both of which fall off. Then the two guys laugh and high-five.

Brian just screws up his face at that last one, not sure what to make of it.

INT. HALLWAYS

Brian, Ted and Ki leave class. Jenny is ahead of them as the hallway begins to fill with students.

BRIAN

Hey, Jenny...

She just walks away. A couple of toadies crowd around Ted, including Brian's Toadie.

TOADIE

You were awesome in class today, Ted!

STUDENT 2

Yeah, you really made Dr. Iftu sound like a Dr. Ickweed!

TED

Yeah, yea...wait, what? That's what I said!

STUDENT 2

Yeah, we know! The CarPod interiors are wired to the classroom speakers. Everyone totally heard you say it!

Ted and Ki look at each other. Brian perks up at this. Uh-oh.

TOADIE

Everyone heard Brian hit on Jenny too. Good one Brian, that was really funny! You made her so pissed!

Brian just speedwalks away, head down. No response.

The Janitor stands in his way and gently puts a hand in front to stop Brian from walking further.

JANITOR

Whoa whoa. Where are you going?

BRIAN

Cafeteria. Would you mind?

JANITOR

Hey hey, I need to talk to you. Come on, let's go get a burrito.

BRIAN

No thanks.

Brian walks past him and the Janitor watches him go. When no one's looking, the Janitor takes out an old-timey flask of Napalm and swigs from it.

INT. CAFETERIA

Ted takes chicken nuggets and puts it on the pizza. He takes french fries and puts it on the pizza as well.

Brian stares off at a far-away lunch table of "cool kids." Freddie approaches that table with straws in his mouth to look like walrus tusks. The cool kid table shares a laugh about it.

TED

No way. I'm not doing it.

KIM

You're at least 400% better at drifting than you are at rhythm gaming, Ted. You should sign up for it at try-outs. It's just logic.

TED

Look Ki, I appreciate your percentages. But drifting just doesn't compare.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)  
 Real men shred color bars onstage.  
 Rhythm gaming is a dance of  
 warriors.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE

CU: BOOKS ON A BOOKSTORE SHELF

Arranged neatly, the cover reads "Rhythm Gaming is a Dance of Warriors, by Freddie Wong" and features Freddie doing a high kick.

In much smaller, blink-and-you-miss it text, the cover also reads "From the bestselling author of *Dickweed Son*."

INT. CAFETERIA

TED  
 It's kind of like - well, take  
 Freddie. My Dad. When he's onstage,  
 it's just him and his axe, no one  
 else. No cars, no guns, just raw  
 talent and passion. That's the real  
 stuff.

Brian is watching Freddie goofing around over at the other table. Freddie knocks the straws out of his mouth.

FREDDIE  
 (faintly, in the distance)  
 I'm over that joke now. You guys  
 wanna slam some milkshakes?

KIM  
 I'll take your word for it, I  
 guess. Brian?

Brian snaps out of it.

BRIAN  
 What?

KIM  
 How are you holding up  
 after...class?

BRIAN  
 I don't...

Freddie struts by their table.



FREDDIE

Yo Brian. Heard you put the moves on Jenny while racing in Dr. Iftking's class today. That takes big brass ones. Fist pound.

He reaches out his fist. Brian does not reciprocate.

TED

Dr. Iftking offered me a reserve position on the drifting team today.

FREDDIE

Oh, reserves for drifting? Excuse me while I care about anything else but that.

TED

I...totally turned it down though.

FREDDIE

Then you're an idiot. Do you know how impossible it is for a freshman to even make reserves?

BRIAN

Lay off him.

The cafeteria chatter dies down a little. Naturally, everyone within earshot heard that.

FREDDIE

What?

BRIAN

Ted's a really good racer. But he turned it down for you. He gets up in the morning and strums his little plastic guitar, wishing he could be closer to you. Because against seemingly impossible odds, he loves you. And you either can't see it, or you don't want to. You run to the big boy Seniors, because that makes you feel like less of a fraud.

Ted takes a long, painfully quiet bite of his pizza.

FREDDIE

I'm not a fraud! I'm legit! I'm totally rock-and-roll!

Freddie jumps onto the table and his axe falls from the heavens. He proceeds to bust out a rocking solo to prove it. The whole cafeteria is halfway between disinterestedly staring at Freddie and ignoring him altogether.

BRIAN

Look at them, professor. They don't care.

Freddie stops. For once, he has no quick comeback.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Not the way Ted cares.

TED

(beat)

Screw you, Brian!

Ted stands up to stare Brian down.

BRIAN

Ted...

TED

My dad doesn't need your advice and I don't need you giving it to him! So just go.

Brian leaves.

Freddie gets down off the table. Ted turns to him, but instantly Freddie regards Jackson instead:

FREDDIE

Come on Jackson. Let's go get a milkshake and talk about babes.

Leaving Ted in the dust.

TED

(to Freddie, hopelessly) What's so special about Jackson? Huh? What's he got that I don't?

Kim, at a loss, slides the plate of pizza towards Ted.

TED (CONT'D)

I can't. I CAN'T EVEN EAT PIZZA NOW!

INT. BRIAN & TED'S ROOM

Brian packs his things. He takes only the essentials, whatever fits in a single backpack. He opens up his shirt drawer and looks at the Jenny shirt, staring back at him. He shuts it.

INT. VGHS DORMS

Brian exits his dorm room and walks down the hallway. One by one, more students are watching him leave. They nudge each other to come look.

EXT. VGHS CAMPUS

Brian steps out onto the campus, and he can feel dozens of pairs of eyes staring at him from dorm room windows, and people stopping to watch from the sidewalk.

Law is there with his buddies. They turn to see him. Law's friends smile, but he just stares daggers at Brian.

Brian can barely look them, any of them, in the eye.

MONTAGE - Brian getting onto a bus, walking over a bridge, taking a subway, another bus, climbing a fence, walking down an empty canal, through the woods, and finally back to his trailer park home.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Brian looks beat, just dog-tired. Every lethargic step takes him closer and closer to the pull-out stairs of his mom's single-wide trailer. He can hear the game show coming out of the window.

Then the JANITOR pops out from behind the bushes.

JANITOR  
Don't do it, Brian.

Brian jolts backward from fear.

BRIAN  
Jesus!

JANITOR  
I have to go to the bathroom, so I'll be quick: Look. You've got something deep down that you don't know how to use yet.

(MORE)

JANITOR (CONT'D)

And if you walk into that trailer now, you never will.

BRIAN

You scared the crap out of me man!

JANITOR

I'm sorry. I did it out of love.

BRIAN

Wait, aren't you the janitor?

JANITOR

Yes. I'm a freelance custodian.

BRIAN

And you followed me all the way home?

JANITOR

Hey: You've got the ability to become something great. I can't let you walk away from that.

BRIAN

Uh, you did! For three and a half hours!

JANITOR

I had to make sure you were totally serious about leaving.

BRIAN

Wow. Just wow.

Brian walks past the janitor.

JANITOR

What's it about, then? Jenny?

Brian stops on the steps.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

I've seen Jenny grow from a very young age to become who she is now. Same with The Law. I remember when all those kids were in your grade. Bad posture. Stupid haircuts. And lots of potential. But the faculty just put them through the motions, so they can go on and join a clan, make a bunch of money, buy napalm-flavored cocaine and snort it off of booth babes.

(MORE)

JANITOR (CONT'D)

They don't impress me. Not like you did with that kill.

BRIAN

I panicked. Turned to the left and got lucky. The whole school knows it.

JANITOR

You can prove them wrong!

BRIAN

I let my friends down. I let them all down. Just forget it.

Brian puts his hand on the doorknob.

JANITOR

Brian - wait. Listen in there. Hear what you're running back to. And then ask yourself where you'd rather be.

Brian hangs his head. He hears the blaring TV inside. A toilet flush. He looks back at the janitor.

MONTAGE - Brian and the Janitor go all the way back. Through the woods, down the canal, over the fence, bus, subway, bridge, bus, campus. The entire time, the Janitor is really pumped and can barely contain his enthusiasm.

INT. JANITOR'S LAIR

Black. The clanking of a lock is followed by a burst of light, as the janitor swings open his giant vault door to reveal his underground digs. He motions Brian to walk in first.

Brian steps inside and the motion-detector lights flicker on. Row after row of recreational games - foosball, shuffleboard, shot-clock basketball, ping-pong, tabletop Pac-Man, and other stuff covered by secretive black tarps.

BRIAN

What is this place?

JANITOR

Where I often mas-

THE END

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 7

INT. JANITOR'S LAIR - NIGHT

JANITOR  
-ster my craft.

BRIAN  
...Oh [Phew].

Brian massages his brow. That was a close one. He moves on and walks around the Janitor's game quarters.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
What's this?

JANITOR  
It's Marble Madness. That's Donkey Kong, over there. Some of the hardest games ever made. Lost in the sands of time and much better graphics.

BRIAN  
Foosball. Huh. Jai alai...This would be a pretty cool rec room, if you opened it up.

JANITOR  
This isn't a rec room, Brian. It's Valhalla for true gaming champions.

Brian knocks an air hockey puck into the other goal.

BRIAN  
Uh, how?

The Janitor turns off the house lights, and TV monitors flicker on around the room. They display (seemingly) tool-assisted Mario speed runs, the Dan character from Street Fighter 3 crushing the shit out of Blanka, and Brian's famous Fof kill.

JANITOR  
People think your famous Field of Fire frag was a fluke. But you tapped into something that day, Brian. Something no other student in this school even knows exists. Something that can't be taught, only harnessed.

BRIAN  
Like the wild horse at the stables who can only be broken in by the love of a woman?

JANITOR

It's called The Flow. Imagine a zen state where a Ninja Gaiden speed run feels like a slow-motion dream, where you can see the next ten chess moves -- *while playing checkers*. Only a few ever reveal their potential to access The Flow, and it's those kids I seek to train, while the rabble earn their meaningless degrees above ground.

The TVs shut off and a spotlight comes on, revealing the Janitor standing next to a pinball machine.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

And it starts with Addams Family Pinball.

BRIAN

Pinball? I'm going to be the best gamer at VGHS by playing pinball in a rec room?

JANITOR

It's not a rec room. It's Valhalla for-

Brian interrupts, already making his way toward the door.

BRIAN

For true gaming champions. Well hey, I'm really tired after spending a whole night leaving and coming back, so I'm going to go walk through a silent crowd of my peers who thought I already left and pound some Game Fuel. Thanks man.

JANITOR

Brian.

Brian, his face a picture of skepticism, turns at the doorway to look at the janitor.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

When you've learned to stop being afraid. Then I can teach you.

EXT. VGHS CAMPUS

Brian strolls across the lawn to the dorms. People look at him.



He points at a couple gawkers like the Fonz.

BRIAN  
 Heyyyyy. Missed me?  
 (to self)  
*Brilliant.*

He bumps into the chest of a much bigger Senior. He looks down and sees that the tips of his shoes are touching the grass of the senior lawn.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry about that. Didn't mean to step on your lawn. Forgot where I was going.

SENIOR  
 Let me help.

He hoists Brian up and carries him away.

BRIAN  
 Great. Okay, thanks. Now I remember. Not on the lawn.

INT. BRIAN & TED'S ROOM - MORNING

Ki brings in a big box of stuff. Ted paces the floor.

KIM  
 So you chose to let him leave?

TED  
 I didn't think that'd do it! We had one fight. And all I said was I didn't need him disrespecting my Dad.

KIM  
 It might be possible that you're respecting him too much, Ted.

TED  
 What's that supposed to mean?

KIM  
 Your devotion is blinding you to the truth: That you're simply much better at drift class than rhythm.

TED

That's different, Ki. Look, don't your parents give you a pretty hard time?

KIM

No, my parents love me unconditionally.

TED

Oh.

(beat)

Wait, what are you doing?

KIM

Now that Brian is gone, it's only logical that I move in with you.

TED

What?!

KIM

We're a couple. That is the ritual, is it not? Don't you want me to room with you?

TED

Yes, but...Ki, usually couples talk about it first...

KIM

Oh. Talk first, then move in. Okay.

TED

Uh...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Hey guys.

Beat. Ted and Ki turn to see Brian in the doorway.

TED

You're back!

BRIAN

Appears that way.

Ted extends his hand, meaningfully. Brian shakes it, then Ted pulls him in close.

TED

(sotto)

Thank you so much. You have no idea.

BRIAN

What?

TED

Don't say anything.

Ted stands back now, giving Brian space.

BRIAN

Well. Uh, I'm sorry about the whole thing with your Dad. I don't know why I did it. That's your business, and I've got mine.

TED

Thanks.

BRIAN

You and Ki are the only friends I've got right now, so I can't mess that up by acting sorry for myself.

TED

You're doing it again though.

BRIAN

What?

TED

Acting sorry for yourself.

BRIAN

Right, it's a learning process.

TED

But I'm sorry too, man. You were just trying to help. I guess my dad and I haven't--

BRIAN

Holy guacamole, where did all my stuff go?

Brian is only now looking around the room to see that his stuff is totally gone. He runs past Ted, over to his desk. No keyboard, no mouse, no pillow, no bedsheets, no posters.

TED

I think a lot of people just thought you were gone for good, man.

BRIAN

And you guys just let them waltz off with it?

TED

I wasn't even here. You didn't even call!

BRIAN

What if I was getting it shipped out? Huh?

TED

I think the school knows you were too poor to make that happen.

Brian stops. His face freezes. Immediately, he dashes over to his drawers and slides open the drawer where he kept his Jenny shirt.

It's GONE.

INT. DORM HALLWAYS

Brian dashes out of the dorm room and starts looking, panicked, down both ends of the hallway. Just some kid, doing skateboard tricks down one end. Empty otherwise. Ted and Ki are in tow.

KIM

What's wrong?

BRIAN

My Jenny shirt is gone too.

TED

Were you ever in a million years planning to wear that?

BRIAN

No Ted, but you don't understand. Who took it? Did you see them?

TED

No man, I was off eating a whole cheese pizza!

KIM

You told me you were studying for Drift class.

TED

I was doing both at the same time!

KIM

Ted, I appreciate you trying to appeal to my interests by pretending to be studious, but the fact of the matter is you never eat pizza and study at the same time. Pizza is an all-consuming taste experience for you.

TED

Will you stop using your crazy demon logic on me?

KIM

But you insist on making me use it.

Brian is just watching them go at it, awkwardly silent.

TED

This isn't the time, Ki! The focus is Brian!

KIM

The focus is on his shirt, which you might know the whereabouts of if you would only tell the truth. It applies.

The skateboarding kid slips on his skateboard and it goes sliding down toward the gang. Without missing a beat, Brian effortlessly steps backward onto the rolling skateboard and is carried away by it from an oblivious Ted and Ki.

TED

Would you believe that the pizza I had wasn't very good, thus it allowed me to concentrate on studying?

KIM

You'd have to show me a sample of the pizza, because I highly doubt that.

INT. VGHS HALLWAYS

Brian's skateboard trajectory takes him right down the hallways, as students put stuff away in their lockers. Many of the students look at him with either surprise or a smirk.

Some appear to be secretive about putting their stuff away; one or two very flagrantly hide some objects in their lockers as Brian passes.

He comes to a gentle stop right in front of his next class. He tries to find some place to store it, but winds up putting it on top of a trash can.

JENNY (O.S.)

You're back?

Brian turns around. He sees he's in the way between Jenny and the classroom door.

BRIAN

Yep.

JENNY

That's...good. Can I ask what made you leave?

BRIAN

Stupid stuff. Naturally.

JENNY

Hope it wasn't because of me not liking you.

BRIAN

Oh man, that was a huge reason why.

JENNY

What?

Brian smiles. Jenny gets his joking tone and laughs too.

BRIAN

Haha, just three-quarters kidding. But I'm not gonna try and take you from The Law or anything.

JENNY

Cool. You know, beneath it all, he's not such a bad guy.

(beat)

Friends?

They shake hands.

INT. FPS CLASS

All eyes are on Brian, scribbling away at something, until Ace begins. As he speaks, Brian turns back to look at Jenny, who gives him a look of concern.

ACE

But before we dig in, Brian's got a few words to say. You all saw him leave school yesterday. Well now he's back and man I don't even know WHAT'S going on. Also, your stuff got jacked, right? Here's Brian, everyone.

Brian bounds up to the front, clearly very shy. He reads stiffly from his notecards.

BRIAN

Thank you, Ace and class, for your time and patience today. It is true. All of my shit has been stolen. Including my keyboard, my mouse, and some very important things.

He looks at Jenny again but almost immediately glances away, as if he's said too much with that look.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Here's where I would tell you why I left, but I can't because the rest of my flashcards were stolen.  
(beat)  
That was a joke.

CU: His notecards. The one he was just on literally reads "That was a joke." He flips to a new card that says "Pause for laughter." No one does. He starts to sweat a little.

EXT. VGHS LAWN

The bell has rung for Lunch. Ted and Ki eat a pizza on the freshman lawn.

KIM

Well Ted, I must say, this pizza isn't great. So, you say you were studying?

TED

(in another world with  
this pizza)  
What?

Brian approaches.

BRIAN

I can't find it.

KIM  
Your shirt?

BRIAN  
I asked every class I went to, but  
no one will fess up to taking my  
stuff.

KIM  
Ted, are you sure you didn't see  
who took it?

TED  
(still gone)  
Hang on. I'll...okay, what did you  
say? Wait.

LAW (O.S.)  
Glad to see you're back, Brian.

Everyone turns to look at Law, talking to Brian from across  
the way, on the freshly-cut, off-limits Senior Lawn. All  
activity stops.

LAW (CONT'D)  
I went to your room to see if I  
could talk you out of it, but I was  
too late. You were gone. I was  
totally bummed. Then I noticed  
this.

Law holds up the Jenny shirt. Brian narrows his eyes. Ted  
swallows the last of his pizza.

TED  
Oh, that's right, Law took it.

Law hands the shirt to one of his cronies, who proceeds to  
whisk it up the flagpole on the Senior Lawn.

LAW  
I was wondering why you had a shirt  
with my girlfriend's face on it. I  
mean, everyone knows you like her,  
but a shirt? Really? I was  
confused, and thus even more  
bummed. So I thought I'd see how  
important this shirt really is to  
you.

The shirt reaches the top, flapping gently in the breeze. All  
the seniors laugh. All the underlings murmur.



Ki puts a hand on Brian's shoulder. He walks away from her, and a few paces toward Law.

BRIAN

I didn't know I scared you that much, The Law. Maybe I should've stayed home just for your benefit.

LAW

Wanna get your dream girl's shirt back? I promise I'll be extra-afraid.

BRIAN

Nah, keep it. I'll see you at tryouts and we'll settle this like men. If your ego can manage that.

He turns and walks away. Ted and Ki flank him proudly. Some of the freshmen begin to clap for him. A real "Rudy" moment.

But then Brian turns back around to face Law.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And you know what? I'll just come out and say it. Maybe Jenny is my dream girl. Yeah. Half the school knows anyway. And they ALL know you don't deserve her. She sticks up for you and you keep working the asshole routine. So you better treat her right, because it's open season on Jenny Matrix's heart. Boom!

People stop clapping. Law looks furious.

Brian turns around again, truly filled with pride at this lame send-off, when he stops in his tracks.

Jenny stands right in front of him. She looks shell-shocked.

Half a beat passes as Brian looks at her.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, to hell with it.

He wheels around and bolts for the Senior Lawn. The second his feet touch their grass, the heat is on and multiple seniors are gunning for him.

Law motions his henchmen forward.

Brian jukes one senior, slithers out of another's tackle, and slides under a third senior's legs. One of Law's cronies dives for his feet and flips Brian over, but Brian luckily rolls out of it and still has a head of steam going.

TED

Oh my God!

KIM

He's gone 400% further than any freshman already!

TED

Bri-an! Bri-an!

Others start to join in.

A senior wearing a backpack chases Brian down from behind, but Brian stops on a dime and the senior overshoots his target. Brian grabs the strap on his backpack and yanks him down on his ass.

The crowd is really starting to cheer now. CALHOUN emerges from his office.

CALHOUN

What's going on here? Why is everyone enjoying themselves?!

The Janitor mops, surreptitiously, in a dark corner of the quad.

Brian runs a circumference around Law and the flagpole, while Law just turns to watch him, arms folded.

Brian runs and jumps off the chain-link fence around the back of the senior lawn, effectively leaping over another crony and now has a direct beeline to the flagpole.

TED

I've gotta help him!

KIM

Don't do it Ted, the odds are...

TED

Never tell me the odds!

He takes off.

KIM

I will always tell you the odds, Ted. ALWAYS!

Brian charges toward Law, standing right beneath the flagpole. Fifteen feet above flaps the Jenny shirt.

Brian tries juking out Law as he approaches, but the dude is stone cold. Brian dashes back out of the hot zone to circle around again, leaving a few of Law's boys in the dust.

A senior sees Ted running onto the field now.

SENIOR  
Multiple breach!

He hurls a trash can at Ted, which slams into him and knocks him onto the ground. One senior dives onto him. Another follows. Ted's screwed.

Brian gets kicked hard in the stomach, but he catches the foot, powers through it and flips the offending senior on his back. Then he's off to make another beeline for the flagpole.

The seniors just keep piling on Ted, making a huge dogpile.

TED  
Brian!!

Brian nods, and charges toward the dogpile, putting it between him and the flagpole.

Then he scales the pyramid of human bodies, sprinting past hands and feet trying to trip him up.

He LEAPS at the top, for the flagpole.

CU: Everyone's faces, eyes to the skies, watching Brian make the Mario Jump. Jenny smiling in awe, defeated seniors grimacing in rage, the Janitor nodding solemnly, Ki shaking her head with fear.

Brian reaches out as far as his arms can stretch. The tips of his fingers --

--touch the very edge of the shirt as a strong breeze blows it stiffly out!

He's nowhere near close enough to the flapole itself, though.

So he plummets to the ground. We can't tell whether he got the shirt or not.

With a colossal SLAM, Brian faceplants into the dirt around the base of the flagpole, practically out cold.

Law stands over him. Brian weakly opens his eyes.

LAW  
You fought the law --

BRIAN  
-And the Law won.

LAW  
(awkward)  
...Yes. Correct. Good job.

BRIAN'S POV: Law ROCKS him with a hook across the face and Brian is out cold.

BLACK.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Brian nurses a bloody nose, a dirty face, and a dozen bruises, slumped in a chair facing Calhoun, who sits off the edge of the desk. The Principal sits in the big chair, stoic and silent.

CALHOUN  
Brian, we make it very clear to incoming freshman that the senior lawn is off limits, no matter how much of a celebrity you may think you are. We don't condone what Law did to your face, but you can't say you weren't warned.

Brian coughs.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)  
What's happening to you? You had so much promise when you came here a week ago. You're a disruption in class. You leave school. You create a circus out there - you AND your friends. And for what? This?

Calhoun holds up the Jenny shirt. He DID get it.

Brian winks and makes a finger gun.

PRINCIPAL  
We have to set an example. Which is why your tenure at VGHS will immediately be...

The door to the office opens up. The Janitor lights up a cigarette with a small acetylene tool torch. He takes a drag and stares down Calhoun and the Principal.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Go.

CALHOUN

What? But he...

PRINCIPAL

(to Calhoun)

Down, boy.

(beat)

Don't tell anyone what you saw here. Now go.

Brian looks back at the janitor, then Calhoun again, trying to make the connection, if there is one. The Principal, for his part, gives nothing away but a stern glower at the Janitor.

Brian stands up slowly, barely able to walk, and paws the T-shirt that is rightfully his off the desk.

He saunters out of the room to go with the janitor. The door somehow closes on its own.

CALHOUN

(turning to someone else)

Well, you're not going anywhere, Ted.

Pull back to reveal TED was in the room the whole time, too, in a chair next to Brian's.

TED

Dammit!

INT. VGHS HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

The Janitor looks Brian up and down. Takes the shirt out of his hands and holds it up with significance.

JANITOR

You are ready to learn.

Brian nods and spits a small bit of blood out of his mouth.

Then they SLAM a monster handshake, a la Schwarzenegger and Weathers in "Predator."

THE END

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 8

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM-- DAY

Brian stands before the BIG CLOAKED MYSTERY MACHINE, totally stoked. The Janitor paces with grave ceremony.

THE JANITOR

This is it, Brian D. Are you ready to unlearn what you've unlearned? Are you ready to stop gaming and start *gaming*?

BRIAN

If any of that means am I ready to see what's under the big tarp, then *hell yeah*.

THE JANITOR

Very well. The journey of a thousand miles begins...

He RIPS THE CLOAK OFF with a flourish, revealing **A BEAT-UP PINBALL MACHINE**.

THE JANITOR

With Pinball?

BRIAN

God damn it, *again* with the pinball?.

THE JANITOR

Every game traces its roots to pinball. It's our Charlemagne. Our trilobyte. Our DNA.

BRIAN

I don't know any of those bands and I don't have time for a history lesson. Tryouts are *tomorrow*, dude. Shouldn't I be doing bunnyhops down the hallway or something?

THE JANITOR

Let me show you how it works. I'll play one ball. If you can beat my score, I'll train you however you wish.

Brian mulls it over.

BRIAN

One ball, that's like, one life?

The Janitor nods.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

You're on.

THE JANITOR

Very well.

The Janitor steps up to the pinball machine and plunks in a quarter. The game comes to life.

BRIAN

Okay, old man, let's see what you've got-- what are you doing?

The Janitor puts on a BLINDFOLD.

THE JANITOR

Just making things fair.

He yanks back the lever and FIRES the ball.

CUT TO:

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM-- LATER

Brian watches in AWE as the Janitor DOMINATES at pinball, his score flying to the heavens. Somehow, he stops playing at EXACTLY 2 MILLION POINTS.

THE JANITOR

Okay, that's enough to get you started.

BRIAN

Two million points...

The Janitor takes off his blindfold and heads for the door.

THE JANITOR

I'll be back in 18 hours with pizza and lemonade.

BRIAN

Wait! I can't beat two million points. I've never even played before. I don't know what to do!

THE JANITOR

Quarters are in the bucket. Go with the Flow.

He leaves. Brian grabs a quarter and GETS TO WORK.



INT. DORM ROOM-- MORNING

**CUE SOUND: HEAVY METAL GUITAR SOLO**

CLOSE ON a PLASTIC GUITAR CONTROLLER. FINGERS FLY over COLORED KEYS. A hand picks the STRUM BAR with MACHINE GUN SPEED. The heavy metal solo soars and dive bombs over and over again.

PULL BACK: TED WONG does every ROCK GOD GUITAR MOVE know to man. He duck walks. He wind mills. He knee slides. He makes it all look EASY.

PAN AROUND to the SCREEN he's facing. Ted plays ***WhatTheFuckAreWeNamingTheRockBandGame (WTFAWNTRBG)***. On EASY MODE. And he's STILL missing every note.

Fade in the ACTUAL SOUND of the room: the sweet guitar solo is ruined by the PLONKPLONKPLONK of missed notes. Ted FAILS OUT of the song. He throws the guitar to the ground.

TED  
Darn it all!

KI offers moral support from the couch.

KI  
On the plus side, you almost hit 30 percent that time.

TED  
What am I gonna do, Ki? I've got the moves of a champ but the skills of a chump. If I'm gonna melt my dad's face at clan tryouts, I gotta bring the thunder.

Ki gets up and looks out the window.

KI  
Have you considered trying a different game?

TED  
Is this about the mysterious drift racer standing outside my window?

INTERCUT: EXT. MIYAMOTO HALL-- MORNING

Outside the window, a MYSTERIOUS DRIFT RACER poses next to a HONDA CIVIC on the quad. He POINTS DRAMATICALLY at Ted. His scarf blows majestically in the wind.

KI

I think he's trying to make a dramatic point about your destiny. Maybe you should listen.

TED

And maybe a panther should change his stripes.

KI

Panthers don't--

TED

-The Wong men are born for the axe!  
It's in our blood.

Ted broods, pacing back and forth.

TED

I'm not like you, Ki. I can't just pick up a game, break it down to binary and master it in an afternoon. I need a trainer! Someone who can show me how to pick up this game, break it down to binary and master it. And I only have an afternoon.

KI

I'm not going to train you, Ted.

TED

You? Train me? Ki, that's a great idea!

Ki quickly heads for the door.

KI

I should go. I have work to do.

TED

Don't go. I need your help!

KI

I'm not an accredited gaming instructor. I could get fined.

(CONTINUED)

TED  
No one's going to find out. Come  
on, what's wrong?

KI  
(snapping at him)  
*I don't know how, okay?*

Ted steps back. He's never seen her get emotional before.

KI  
I don't know how I do what I do. I  
just... do it. So how could I teach  
you anything?

She turns to leave, opens the door.

TED  
You could try.

Ki stops.

TED  
I know I'm no guitar hero. But I  
want to make my dad proud. So I  
keep trying. That's all I'm asking  
you to do.

Ki sighs. Shakes her head.

KI  
This is a bad idea. I'm just saying  
that up front.

Ted grins. He picks up the guitar and PREPARES TO SHRED!

KI  
From the top, then.

INT./EXT. VGHS/FIELD OF FIRE-- DAY

**BEGIN MONTAGE**

Fasten your seatbelts, it's time for an OLD-SCHOOL TRAINING MONTAGE! A SUFFICIENTLY RIGHTEOUS POWER JAM plays as Ted, Brian, and Jenny hone their skills in their respective games:

-Brian pulls back the shooter and FIRES his first pinball! We get QUICK-FIRE CLOSEUPS as the FLIPPERS FLIP, the BALL BOUNCES, and Brian's score creeps HIGHER and HIGHER.

(CONTINUED)

-Ki watches Ted play. For once, he's as still as a statue. And he's HITTING THE NOTES! Ted smiles and starts rocking out-- immediately he starts flubbing again. Ki frowns.

-In *Field of Fire*, Jenny PUMPS a SHOTGUN and trades bullets with ColdTurkey, shooting from behind cover. He comes up with a GRENADE. Jenny SHOOTS IT OUT OF HIS HAND. BOOM!

-Brian's bouncing pinball takes a quick turn down DEATH ALLEY. The GAME OVER sign lights up. More QUICK-FIRE CUTS as he loses BALL after BALL. Brian GRUNTS in frustration.

-RoidRage RUNS FOR HIS LIFE as Jenny chases him with akimbo pistols. He rounds a corner, where three of his teammates wait: the perfect ambush. Jenny MAX PAYNE-DIVES around the corner and WASTES THEM ALL.

-Outside the dorms, the MYSTERIOUS DRIFTER keeps his vigil (we see Ted practicing through the window). Ki comes by with milk and cookies.

-Brian pumps QUARTER after QUARTER into the pinball machine. But the GAME OVER sign keeps taunting him, over and over.

-Jenny lands HEAD SHOT after HEAD SHOT with her sniper rifle. Her scope falls on THE LAW. BANG! The bullet FLIES across the map. But The Law DUCKS at the last minute-- the bullet hits Loaf in the face! Law smirks. Jenny curses.

-Ted plays with stiff, but steady rhythm. On the screen: SONG FAILED, 33%. Then 57%. 78%. He's GETTING BETTER. Finally, the screen reads "SONG CLEARED! 2 STARS-- EASY MODE!"

Ted jumps for joy. He hugs a much less excited Ki. Over Ted's shoulder, she looks out the window at the MYSTERIOUS DRIFTER...

### **END MONTAGE.**

INT. VGHS PRACTICE ROOM-- NIGHT

The Law brings in the ENTIRE FPS TEAM for a big post-practice huddle.

THE LAW

Nice practice, guys. You're gonna slay ass at tryouts tomorrow. Now let's bring it in-- oh, damn! Almost forgot. Where are my reserve players at?

A handful of RESERVE PLAYERS raise their hands.

(CONTINUED)

THE LAW

You guys are playing the freshmen tomorrow. I'm not gonna lie. It's a shit gig. Twice the work for half the points. But I've got good news.

He smiles big and POINTS TO JENNY.

THE LAW

B Squad's Jenny Matrix is gonna lead you scrubs into battle!

The reserve players CHEER! Jenny is MORTIFIED.

JENNY

What?

THE LAW

Yeah! You guys are gonna go *Canadian* out there!

The reserve players GO CRAZY. Jenny looks ill.

THE LAW

Okay! Hands in the middle! 3! 2! 1!

The players put their hands in and SHOUT:

CROWD OF PLAYERS

GET SOME!

The crowd disperses. Jenny remains. The Law sighs.

THE LAW

What's wrong now?

JENNY

My parents want me to make A team. How am I gonna get enough points if I'm stuck wasting freshmen?

The Law smiles, runs a hand through her hair.

THE LAW

Don't worry. You'll get on A team.

JENNY

Yeah? How can you be so sure?

THE LAW

Because you're a great player. That, and... you know.

He kisses her on the forehead.

(CONTINUED)

THE LAW  
Dating the team captain never  
hurts.

She pulls away from him.

JENNY  
Now I know you're joking.

THE LAW  
Joking about what? Who do you think  
got you on B team last year?

JENNY  
I did. By kicking ass.

The Law laughs.

THE LAW  
Give me a break, Jenny. There's no  
way you're this naive.

She stares at him, appalled.

THE LAW  
Holy crap, you are. No wonder  
you're so stressed out.

He holds her hand. She swats it away.

JENNY  
-Don't touch me.

THE LAW  
Jenny, relax--

JENNY  
No, Law. We're through. Okay?

He laughs again.

THE LAW  
What's this really about, huh? Is  
this about what happened with  
Brian?

JENNY  
You really don't get it, do you?

She heads for the door. The Law finally gets PISSED.

THE LAW

Great. See you at tryouts, Jenny!

She SLAMS the door behind her.

INT. BAND ROOM-- NIGHT

FREDDIE chillaxes with a small posse of BAND GEEKS. A new student steps up to the TRYOUT SIGNUP COMPUTER and swipes his STUDENT ID. Freddie and his crew CHEER and treat the new recruit to a round of high-fives.

The DOOR swings open. A LEATHER BOOT steps inside.

**CUE SOUND: HEAVY METAL GUITAR SOLO**

One by one, the band geeks look up and STARE IN AWE AT

TED FUCKING WONG, glammed up like a HAIR METAL ROCK GOD, .  
Freddie SIMMERS with FREUDIAN RAGE!

Ted draws his ID like a samurai popping Hanzo steel. He walks to the signup computer. Freddie blocks his path.

FREDDIE

*Ted.*

TED

*Dad.*

FREDDIE

You must be lost. *Baby's First  
Scrub Signups* are down the hall.

TED

I'm where I was born to be!

Ted moves to swipe his card. Freddie GRABS HIS ARM.

FREDDIE

Last chance, nooblet. You really  
think you can bring the thunder?

Ted LOCKS EYES with his father. LIGHTNIG flashes in his pupils. **SFX: A CRACK OF THUNDER!** Freddie JUMPS BACK.

TED

Consider it brought.

Ted SWIPES HIS CARD!

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)  
Sign up. Entry. Confirmed. Welcome,  
Kimberly Swan.

TED  
Whaaa?!?

"KIMBERLY SWAN" flashes on the computer screen. Ted's jaw drops. He looks down at his ID.

TED  
But-- how did I... this is my--

FREDDIE  
-Ha! How are you gonna bring the  
thunder if you can't even bring the  
right ID?

TED  
No! Dammit!

FREDDIE  
Aww, what's the matter? *U mad? U  
MAD, BRO?!?*

Ted runs out of the room, ashamed.

INT. RACING CLASS-- DAY

A MUCH longer line waits to sign up for drift racing tryouts. Ted barges in, searching frantically for:

TED  
Ki? Ki! Are you in here?

He spots her at the front, ABOUT TO SWIPE HER CARD.

TED  
Wait! No!

TOO LATE. Just as he reaches her, Ki swipes the card!

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)  
Signup. Entry. Confirmed. Welcome,  
Edward Wong.

TED  
What did you just do?

KI  
I'm sorry, Ted.

(CONTINUED)



TED

*What the hell did you do?*

KI

I failed you! We tried, Ted. But you're still not a guitar hero. I couldn't let you get humiliated, so I switched the data on our IDs.

TED

You're right, Ki. You did fail me.

Ted walks away. Ki runs after him.

KI

Wait! You might not be a rock god, but you *could* be Drift King. You're gifted, Ted. I just want to help.

TED

You want to help me, Ki? *Stay away from me.* I can look out for myself.

WHACK! Ted marches straight into the DOOR. He curses, yanks it open, and marches off. Hold on Ki, DEVASTATED.

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM-- NIGHT

Brian SWEATS as he does battle with the pinball machine. His score passes 1 million. He's in the ZONE.

BRIAN

Yes! Yes! Yes!

BUT THEN:

BRIAN

No! No! No!

The ball bounces into the alley behind the flippers and rolls past the gate. GAME OVER.

BRIAN

Dammit!

THE JANITOR (O.S.)

I see you're making progress.

The Janitor enters with pizza and lemonade.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN

Who let this stupid game out of beta?

THE JANITOR

What seems to be the problem?

BRIAN

Look: they have these little slots in here, and when the ball goes past them, you're screwed! There's no way to stop it.

THE JANITOR

I see. Then what do you do?

BRIAN

What do you-- I just told you, there's nothing you can do.

THE JANITOR

Then do something you *can't* do.

Brian scoffs. Claps his hands.

BRIAN

Wow. Bravo. 18 hours of pinball and that's what you've got for me.

THE JANITOR

How did you beat Annihilist?

BRIAN

Not this again--

THE JANITOR

-How did you beat The Law, Brian?

BRIAN

I didn't! Haven't you heard? It was a fluke!

Intense silence.

BRIAN

You know what was going through my head when I made that kill? Nothing. I'm not a genius. I'm not a savant. I'm a big, fat nothing. And that's why tomorrow night, I'm going to *lose*.

(CONTINUED)

THE JANITOR  
No, Brian. That's why tomorrow  
night, you're going to win.

He flips Brian a QUARTER.

THE JANITOR  
Try it again.

The Janitor leaves. Brian THROWS the quarter at the wall.

INT. VGHS HALLWAY-- NIGHT

Brian stands at the end of the empty hallway. He closes his eyes and whispers:

BRIAN  
Go with the Flow. Do what you can't  
do. *Go with the Flow.* This is so  
retarded.

Brian pulls back on an imaginary pinball shooter and FIRES. He moves down the hallway, BOUNCING off the walls. He's a HUMAN PINBALL, acting out the game in the hallway. Brian loses himself in this strange dance.

BRIAN  
Hit the bumper... bounce back. Up  
the ramp... swing around. Left  
flipper. Left flipper. Left fli--

-WHACK! The WOMEN'S BATHROOM door swings open and SMACKS Brian silly. He wipes out. JENNY steps out of the restroom.

JENNY  
Watch where you're going, jacka--  
Brian?

Brian opens his eyes.

BRIAN  
Jenny?

BRIAN  
What are you doing here?

JENNY  
What are you doing here?

BRIAN  
I'm just, um-- I'm practicing.

Jenny helps him up.

JENNY  
Practicing what?

BRIAN  
You wouldn't believe me if I told  
you.

She snuffles. Brian looks at her eyes-- damp and puffy.

BRIAN  
Hey, what's wrong?

JENNY  
*Nothing. Nothing. I'm fine.*  
(changing the subject)  
So where have you been hiding all  
day?

Brian sighs.

BRIAN  
You ever hear of pinball?

JENNY  
Yeah. That's the one where the  
yellow guy eats the dots, right?

Brian just SMILES. Off his look, we CUT TO:

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM-- NIGHT

Jenny stands at the pinball machine. Brian hovers behind  
her, showing her the ropes.

JENNY  
Okay, what now?

BRIAN  
Pull the thing and let go.

Jenny pulls the shooter and FIRES a ball.

JENNY  
Whoa! Okay, okay, what do I do?

BRIAN  
Use the flippers!

JENNY  
The what?

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
Here, like this.

Brian takes her hands and puts them on the flipper buttons. It's a *Ghost* moment. Jenny laughs as she smacks the ball around the course.

JENNY  
So you train on this thing?

BRIAN  
It's a long story-- oh no, watch out!

The ball rols down death alley and into the gutter.

BRIAN  
Yeah, that... that happens a lot.

JENNY  
Is that it?

BRIAN  
I mean, you get two more if you want to go again.

JENNY  
Oh. Well, I should probably get to bed.

BRIAN  
Right.

JENNY  
Fun game, though.

A beat of silence. Jenny lingers.

BRIAN  
One more round?

JENNY  
One more round.

CUT TO:

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM-- LATER

Jenny and Brian are HAVING A BLAST-- Brian mans the left flipper, Jenny the right. Their score is well into the MILLIONS, but they don't seem to care.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
Get it. Get it. YES!

They laugh like crazy. Then Jenny's eyes go WIDE.

JENNY  
Oh no, it's gonna do it-- it's  
doing the thing!

Sure enough, the ball heads right down DEATH ALLEY.

JENNY  
What do we do?!?

BRIAN  
Uh...

Without thinking, Brian KICKS the machine with his foot. In an instant, everything drops to **SUPER SLOW MOTION**:

Brian's whack JOLTS the frame of the cabinet, *just enough* to knock the ball the OPPOSITE DIRECTION. Brian watches, AMAZED, as the ball rolls *up past the flippers* and BACK INTO PLAY!

**END SUPER SLOW MOTION.**

Brian steps back from the machine, STUNNED. Jenny doesn't miss a beat-- she quickly grabs the other flipper and keeps the ball rolling.

JENNY  
Nice move, how'd you do that?!?

BRIAN  
I... I don't know.

Brian looks up. He sees THE JANITOR standing in the doorway. The Janitor NODS with approval. Brian smiles.

BRIAN  
... but I think I'm finally ready.

THE END.

VGHS SEASON 1:  
EPISODE 9

EXT. OUTSIDE DORM

A young woman reporter (SALLY) is holding a mic, and looks to be outside Brian's dorm.

SALLY

Today is arguably, the biggest day  
at VGHS: the tryouts.

CUE DRAMATIC MONTAGE: As the reporter talks, we get a Top Gunesque sequence of the Janitor turning on the rows of computers; teachers dramatically typing; Law doing pullups; Jenny is doing finger exercises (not a innuendo) etc

SALLY

Students have a chance for prestige and respect from their classmates as they get onto one of the 3 school teams. Perhaps, a road to the Pro's should they feature on the elite S-team. But what everyone is really wondering, can Brian - handle BrainD - come back from being literally points away from expulsion, to making it on a team. A feat for any freshman to be sure, but expected from the kid who brought us the shot seen around the world. Is he truly the diamond in the rough, or is he just a lucky kid from nowhere USA, way out of his league at this prestigious school.

INT. DORM ROOM

Brian lays in bed, staring at the ceiling. Ted across the room, is also staring at the ceiling. Neither look like they have slept.

BRIAN

You up?

TED

Yeah. You had a late night.

BRIAN

Played pinball. Broke the high score.

(CONTINUED)



TED

Congrats.

Both of them raise plastic guns over their heads. The Gun Alarm clock barely squeaks out a single note of J-Pop before it's silenced.

They sit up. Brian's wearing his Jenny shirt. They look like hell.

POP! Ted pulls an energy drink from seemingly nowhere, and starts guzzling.

BRIAN

Slept like a champ didn't you?

Brian holds up his hand. From some magic pocket, Ted tosses a energy drink into Brian's hands. POP! Brian opens and chugs.

TED

I live like a champ.

BRIAN

You ready to kiss those corners?

TED

I barely remember what being straight feels like

BRIAN

Ki know you turned gay?

TED

Ha, she would probably love it if I was.

BRIAN

Bitter much?

TED

Jenny was with you last night?

Brian smiles just a bit.

BRIAN

We played pinball.

TED

She like you now?

BRIAN

I don't know about like. She might - maybe. I mean, we almost did. But we didn't. The Law is her boyfriend - nice guy deep down. She says deep down - have to be real deep. I don't get it. I mean, I don't get that. Deep down? Why bother - why go deep? Nice guy, right here, on the surface. That's like saying, well it's a good game after 10 hours. How about get a game that rocks ass from intro credits till the end. Waste of time when you could be playing an awesome game. But its cool - we played pinball. Together. It's, it's goo--d.

TED

Obviously. I need another drink.

Ted reaches under his bed and cracks open another tallboy energy drink.

BRIAN

I think two of those in as many minutes is probably not the best bet.

Ted is already on can number two.

TED

Sorry? I missed that. My ears are ringing, which is how I know when I've had enough.

Ted belches. He's wired.

TED

Woo! Gonna go FAST!

CUT: TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. HALLWAY

Brian and Ted walk down the dorm hallway. Ted's walking sideways.

BRIAN

What is his, your drift mentality?

(CONTINUED)

TED  
Gotta start thinking sideways.

BRIAN  
Start?

Ki approaches. She has a plastic guitar strapped on incorrectly and studies it quizzically.

TED  
I knew it. Little thing has no idea what she is doing. Well, she isn't getting my help.

Ki steps up to them, holding the guitar upside down.

KI  
Hey guys.

BRIAN.  
Hey.

TED  
Whatever.

Ted looks away, annoyed.

KI  
Probably not the best game to pick up in one day. Don't quite get what I am doing -

TED  
Here - let me help.

He sighs and reaches over and fixes her strap and adjusts her stance.

TED  
Loosen up here. There. It's the easiest thing in the world - note hits the line, you hit the note. Repeat like a thousand times and you'll do fine.

BRIAN  
Its a good thing you didn't need his help Ki.

KI  
Yeah, thanks, it does sound pretty easy. No wonder it's not a real game.

TED

I mean there's more to it. Power stances, crossovers, tapping... at the highest levels it's just as much...

KI

Relax. I'm messing with you.

TED

Oh.

Ki smells something in his breath.

KI

Seriously, what, 2 or 3 already?

BRIAN

Two before getting out of bed. I think its 4 now.

TED

I can stop whenever I want.

Ki rolls her eyes.

TED

Wait, no I can't, cause I will be going TOO FAST!

KI

You worry me. You on the other hand, just do your best, or you will fail. Expelled.

BRIAN

Just the pump up I needed!

KI

You will be fine.

The intercom buzzes.

INTERCOM

All students, please report to your assigned tryout stations.

The three look at each other. Ki starts walking away, leaving Ted for a moment with Brian.

TED

Anyway... we're over this way. Don't make me go look for another roommate Brian.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN  
You and Ki would have nothing but  
privacy.

TED  
Now I suddenly care less.

BRIAN  
Good luck.

Ted nods and walks off with Ki.

INT. HALLWAY

Brian is walking down the hall.

JANITOR  
I see you broke the high score.

Brian turns to see the Janitor standing at a doorway holding a broom and wearing a smile.

BRIAN  
I had some help.

JANITOR  
We all do. Whatever it was, hold on  
to it with everything you got.

BRIAN  
Will do.

JANITOR  
Ignore all the hupla out there.  
Just play. Go with the flow kid.  
Afterall, its just a game.

Brian nods, and walks away.

INT. FPS TRYOUT STATION

Brian turns the corner and sees teams lined up outside each door. Down the hall there is a ruckus as news reporters are leaning over a line trying to get shots of the students.

Brian stands in his line which is unfortunately close to the media. They start calling his name.

MEDIA  
BRIAN! How do you feel knowing that  
a poor performance could mean  
expulsion.

(CONTINUED)

MEDIA

Do you feel pressure knowing that everyone in the country is watching to see if you fail or not?

Brian is trying to move through the crowd to get to the game.

MEDIA

Is it true that you and Law may be more than just bitter rivals?

Brian looks around his team who are all giving him stink eye. He tries to ignore the media and the unpleasant stares from his mates. He tries to chant a mantra.

BRIAN

Move without moving... Be everywhere and nowhere...

He looks to his side. Jenny's here - she's got headphones on, pumping herself up. She makes eye contact and takes off her headphones.

JENNY

You say something?

BRIAN

Uh... Good luck.

JENNY

Thanks. You too, Brian.

She beams at him. The lines start shuffling in.

Brian is as happy as a clam.

MEDIA

Did you steal Jenny Matrix from The Law?

Brian just ignores it and walks inside.

INT. PREP ROOM

BRIAN's team is sitting at their computers as Mr. ACE is reading out directions.

ACE

Tourney format is Best of 7, but we play all 7 rounds. Get killed and you're out for that round. End the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ACE (cont'd)  
round by elimination or flag cap  
which is worth - aw, what the hell,  
you guys know all this. Capture the  
freaking flag.

Brian looks around. Nervous energy and game faces all  
around.

ACE  
Hilariously, the Omnivac has  
designated Brian as your team  
captain.

Everyone glares at Brian. Some twerp raises his hand.

ACE  
Yes?

TWERP  
There aren't any explosive barrels  
in this map, right?

ACE  
Of course not - wait - oh funny.  
Thats the light hearted ribbing I  
wanted to see from a team!

TWERP glaes are Brian.

Mute nods.

ACE  
So, some of you will succeed today.  
Others won't be so lucky.

He paces.

ACE  
For those of you who will fail, it  
won't be pretty. All your friends  
will watch you get pummeled out  
there. They probably won't want to  
be friends with you anymore. I know  
I wouldn't, never with a loser. If  
that happens, I'm not going to lie  
- you'll probably cry like a little  
baby. I would, if I was a loser.

Everyone seems to be looking at Brian, for some reason.

ACE  
So do you best. Cause remember,  
Losers aren't winners. And winners,  
they are, well, they are Ace.  
(winks)

Screens blare to life, and everyone begins tweaking their settings, etc.

INT. PRE-GAME LOBBY

Brian looks around. He slowly stands up.

BRIAN  
Hey guys. Look...

Everyone looks. Fingers still are tweaking controls though.

BRIAN  
This is a big deal. For all of us.  
I know you might think I don't  
belong here. You might've seen the  
scrimmage.

A chuckle from somewhere.

BRIAN  
But that's not important right  
now...

CROSS CUT:

JENNY in her team's room. She is standing and pumping everyone up.

JENNY  
If you are like me, you have been  
practicing every day of the summer  
for this moment. And after all that  
training...

CROSS CUT:

BRIAN  
you should be in the zone. Don't  
try. Don't stress. Don't think  
about winning or losing. Just play  
guys. I've learned that true gaming  
is effortless. You should feel the  
flow. You have to play from here...

Brian taps his heart.

(CONTINUED)



CROSS CUT:

Jenny taps her head.

JENNY

Be smart. You know this game. Think on your feet. Consider every option. Cover your sectors, watch the flanks, and I promise you that...

CROSS CUT:

...together, we'll pull through. I will not let you guys down. You probably don't like the idea of me being captain. But don't think of me as captain...

The countdown ends, and Brian is cutoff by the loading screen.

BRIAN

Crap.

CUT TO: MEDIA SHOT

An announcer is talking about Brian's speech.

NEWS ANNOUNCING

What a rousing if unorthodox speech from Brian. The kid who should never have been here, has only confirmed that fact this past two weeks, and now has everything to prove.

EXT. FIELD OF FIRE

Brian near the flag.

BRIAN

Let's get two people on defense and...

Everyone ignores him and starts running.

BRIAN

Or we could all just do our own thing. That works too.

[ACTION SCENE - BRIAN AND JENNY BOTH DOING WELL, SCORES RISE]

INT. HALLWAY

Ted, with drivers gear on, stands outside the room, ready to enter. Ki shows up behind him.

TED  
Here to wish me luck?

KI  
You are naturally skilled. You need to clear your mind, don't think about luck, or me, or your dad.

TED  
You know that when you tell someone not to think about something, they...

Ki grabs Ted and lays on him the kiss to end all kisses.

KI  
You are the Drift King. Got it?

She walks away. Ted collects himself.

TED  
Damn right I am.

He turns and walks into the room.

EXT. GAME

Brian slices the pie and gets a double kill. His face is a steely mask of concentration and calm. He's starting to feel the Flow.

INT. MEDIA ROOM

The Law paces behind Jenny and the other members of the clan. He looks at one of the displays and sees Brian's score going higher and higher. Brian's name is also no longer pulsing red on the rankings board.

EXT. GAME

Brian moves across Jenny's field of view. She tracks him, but doesn't shoot - instead she hits one of his teammates.

INT. GAME ROOM

The Law sees this.

LAW  
I'm going in.

EXT. GAME

Brian turns the corner and sees a sniper. He pulls out his knife to sneak up on a melee kill...

INT. GAME ROOM

The Law yanks a dude out of his chair.

EXT. GAME

Brian nears for the slash as the guy begins contorting. The face morph's into The Law's face.

V.O.  
Player Substitution: The Law has  
entered the game

BRIAN  
What the -

The Law whips around, pistol whipping Brian to the ground, and Mozambique drills him.

INT. GAME ROOM

Jenny looks up from her monitor.

JENNY  
What are you doing?

LAW  
A bunch of freshman aren't getting  
you to the A Team.

EXT. GAME

The Law's presence turns the tide of the game drastically.

[ACTION SCENE - BRIAN GETTING OWNED, TEAM LOSING]

Brian's ranking plummets. He's now at risk of expulsion.

(CONTINUED)

Brian is getting shot at. He desperately hides behind a pillar as shrapnel and bullets whiz by him in every direction.

BRIAN  
Geez. I wonder how Ted's doing...

INT. CAR

The earth seems to be sliding sideways behind his car, as Ted screams, eyes crazy.

TED  
YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

EXT. GAME

The Law dives around around the corner and shoots Brian in the head.

INT. GAME LOBBY

The score is tied 3-3.

Brian tweaks his loadout. Jenny is on the other side, doing the same.

They make eye contact.

BRIAN  
Your boyfriend's seems to be doing pretty great.

JENNY  
I didn't know.

The last player on BRIAN's team pops in.

GAME VOICE  
Round Over. Next round beginning...

BRIAN  
Not very observant.

JENNY  
No, I didn't -

The alarm sounds for the next round. A sound barrier rises up so opposing teams can't hear each other. It cuts Jenny off mid-sentence.

JENNY

...know he was going to hop in.

Law swipes his tablet to buy a gun. Looks at Jenny and everyone.

LAW

One more guys - piece of cake.

Law looks through the barrier to Brian. He smiles smugly.

EXT. GAME

Quick montage of everyone on Brian's team getting killed. We see Brian take out one player on the team. He is in the middle of the field. We see Jenny and Brian's score. Brian is just below the expulsion threshold, and Jenny's just below the A Team threshold.

There is a 30 seconds left.

Law grabs Brian's flag.

GAME VOICE

Enemy has your flag

Brian brings up the display - he's last man standing against The Law, Jenny, and two others.

BRIAN

Not looking so good.

Brian starts whirling around looking for the flag. He sees Law running with the flag. Law passes behind a wall.

Law is running full speed as the countdown continues down.

Brian is following the top of the flag, the just points out over the wall.

Law runs around a corner, almost back at their flag where he see's Jenny. He runs up to her and hands her the flag.

JENNY

What?

LAW

You'll need to cap it if you wanna make A team.

She realizes this was his plan all along.

CUT BACK TO: BRIAN

(CONTINUED)

Brian sees the flag stop for a moment, and then begin moving to his base.

BRIAN  
Damnit, Law...

He turns the corner and two guys start to shoot him. He is stuck behind a wall. The two enemies are between Brian and the wall separating him between Law and Jenny.

BRIAN pauses... there is nothing to do. Its over.

Or is it?

MONTAGE of BRIAN's score, pinball playing, the ball dropping into the side pocket, JENNY running to the flag, the two enemies moving closer and closer to BRIAN's flimsy cover. JENNY at the pinball machine smiles, BRIAN hits the machine and the ball bounces out...

Time left: 10 seconds

Something snaps in BRIAN's brain. He pulls out a rocket launcher and turns the corner.

The two enemies start shooting - one clips BRIAN's shoulder.

JENNY is a meters away from the flag capture point.

Time left: 5 seconds

BRIAN runs in between the two enemies with the rocket pointing down.

He jumps and shoots, instantly killing the two guys while sending him flying over the wall.

JENNY is a feet away away now. The LAW sees BRIAN flying over the wall.

BRIAN is screaming as he sees what he thinks is the LAW about to capture the flag

Time left 2 seconds

BRIAN shoots the rocket and it flies straight at JENNY

JENNY is inches away when she hears the rocket. She turns as the rocket is about to hit her, and BRIAN is screaming.

Time left: 1 second

BRIAN sees JENNY's face, and his scream of triumph turns in to one of OH SHIT!!!!

(CONTINUED)

JENNY explodes

TIME is up.

Score reads 3 - 3 (TIE)

INT HALLWAY

Ted and Ki are holding hands as they walk towards Brian's game room. People start pouring out to look at the scores outside. People are chattering like crazy, and surrounding Brian with excitement.

Ted and Ki look up and see Brian has rocketed to the bottom of B team.

Brian however, looks like death.

TED

Brian! What happened!?

The other team comes out with just as much excitement.

KI

Wow Brian. Well done. Are you alright?

Jenny storms to the board. She is at the top of B team, she didn't make A team. She turns and finds Brian and starts walking to him. Brian sees her from the crowd.

BRIAN

Jen -

She socks him across the face.

She continues walking to The Law. He holds her hand, gives Brian a smile, and walks off with her.

TED

Don't worry. We got a whole year ahead of us.

INT. MYSTERIOUS OFFICE

SHADOWY FIGURE 1

What do you think?

SHADOWY FIGURE 2

Well, we will wait and see.

(CONTINUED)

SHADOWY FIGURE 1

But the omnivac almost overheated  
calculating that jump. Nothing like  
that has EVER BEEN SEEN.

SHADOWY FIGURE 1

Maybe its time to upgrade our  
computer. Cause VGHS, just got  
real.