

DOPPLEGAMMER PILOT

(First 23 Pages)

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Black screen.

JASON (V.O.)
In this game, heroes have to be the
dealers... and the addicts.

Silence. Then:

HEAVING BREATHING. ELECTRONIC PINGS BANGS like those from a
video game.

FADE IN:

INT. GAMING AREA - DAY

What looks like the screen of a MOBA game. Third person
perspective: the player's on the field, facing their
opponents.

A hulking beast moves in, dressed like an Orc from LotRs,
boar like fangs, war hammer in one hand. One SWOOSH after
another comes through, followed by red flashed surround the
view.

HEAVING BREATHING continues.

JASON (V.O.)
(gritting teeth)
That's beginning to hurt.

Twist to the right. GRANITE, VINE COVERED MONOLITHS pass by.
In the distance, a pale blue sky bearing wisps of yellow
shaded clouds blend into low mountains.

On the bottom of the screen are TWO BARS ABOVE SEVERAL
ICONS: ONE BLUE, ONE GREEN. Both grow shorter. The blue one
then turns yellow.

View stops on a figure holding an immaculate bow, arrows
coming straight into the view. Long blue hair trails out
from under their gilded helmet. A shield comes into view,
blocking each arrow with a METALLIC CLANG.

One of the icons below the bars lights up. A green glow
engulfs the view as a counter beginning with 30 counts
backwards just below the icon. Both bars grow back to full
length.

The archer turns and runs. The view follows behind him,
moving up and down with each step. The archer turns again,
loosing several arrows.

The shield comes up as the view continues forward. Another
icon glows a dull gray.

JASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You should a took cover.

An outstretched arm appears on the right. From it springs a large grey chain flung towards the archer. It hits the archer, wrapping around them like a snake, engulfing them in a pale blue light.

JASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You're toast now buddy.

As the view strides forward, red lines reach from the bottom of the view towards the archer where a red box appears around it. Again the arm appears on the right, this time with a glowing broadsword.

Upon the encased archer, the sword comes down blow after blow, each strike sending off a bright red flash.

The chain disappears. The archer falls limp. As the archer morphs out of existence, in the view the caption:

JÄGERDON KILLS JEWELER!

The view strides off, then turns around. The hulking beast is almost upon him.

The view jogs right, leaping onto shoulder high boulders, then hurling towards the beast. Sword filled arm reaches out mid jump and strikes the back of the beast. Another bright red flash.

Before the beast can turn three more strikes. Now facing the view, the beast lunges, raises its warhammer.

JASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Oh no you don't--

Shield comes up and takes the blow of the hammer. A bright red flash. ELECTRONIC CRASHING. Top bar shrinks by a quarter.

GRUNT OF PAIN

JASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You...

View tumbles left, rolling bottom over top. Comes to a stop and rises as the beast lifts the hammer.

Right arm and sword three quick jabs into the side of the beast. Each followed by an electronic YELP and STABBING sounds.

View bolts to the left. The hammer comes down and misses.

Right arm and sword three quick slashes with accompanying sounds and red flashes across the back of the beast.

View bolts left again, coming around the front of the beast.

Three quick stabs and the beast falls backwards. As the beast disappears into the ground with bright blue light engulfing it, in the view the caption:

JÄGERDON KILLS DORMANTIS.

ELECTRONIC SWOOSHING AND CRACKING noise dies down. HEAVY BREATHING. View makes a 360° turn, slowly scanning the area and vine covered monoliths. A dilapidated castle stands in the distance.

View stops. Breathing regular.

JASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Play 'genst the best... get ganked
like the rest.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(as if through
headphones)
Good game there... A...

Dead center in the view the caption: SESSION OVER.

All images in the view disappear. So too the blue and orange sky. The mountains on the horizon. Background images. Vine covered monoliths remain.

Pale white lights shine onto the field from above, illuminating the scaffolding holding them up.

A figure clad in a dark blue skintight suit and gloves. Black, form fitting, visor colored helmet. Arms reach up. One hand undoes a chinstrap.

Leans forward to pull the helmet off. Straightening up, free hand undoes a chinstrap of a dark scull cap. Peels it off.

JASON DÁVALOS (mid 20s) has an earbud in his left ear and a thin wire attached, running along his face ending near his mouth.

JASON
Jason. The name's Jason.

MALE VOICE
 (through earpiece)
 Jason. Right. Please, exit out the
 home hearth. We have others waiting
 for their session.

Jason looks down, casts the skullcap into the helmet. Moves off.

Walks down the single lane playing field. Monoliths, boulders and fake trees dot the area here and there. At the end a small platform surrounded by a low stone wall. A round opening behind this.

Just behind the opening stand a young woman. One ear headphone and mic. Taps away at a computer tablet in hand. Jason meanders in. Walks by her to the other side.

On a bench sits a sports bag. Jason unzips the top and places the helmet inside. Straightens up. Starts removing his gloves. Something catches his sight.

On the wall next to the exit a 3'x5' electronic screen. Images appear in succession with words:

A woman dressed like the goddess Athena. Out screeched arm holding a gladius. Below this: Praxis. 3 time MVH winner.

A man garbed in a futuristic armored knight suit. Out screeched arm holding a glided halberd. Below this: Asaurus Rex. Rookie of the Year.

A man robed like a ninja assassin throwing razor sharp stars straight ahead. Seung. 7 time MVH winner.

As other images roll on, view pans to the bottom of the screen. There the words:

Are you a GEEK? Gamer of Extraordinary and Exceptional Kapability! Then try out for Heroes and add your name to the Pantheon!

Jason cocks a smile. The woman approaches from behind. Looks towards the screen.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Always wondered where the
 Kapeability came from.

Jason remains fixed on the changing images.

JASON
 Don't really know. Guess it worked
 better with geek back then.

YOUNG WOMAN
We've sent your score and match
rating to your PCL account.

He faces her and smiles.

JASON
Thanks.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

FELIX VAN ZANT (35), tall, strong jaw, hair just right, air of confidence, tailored 3 piece suit minus a tie, walks through the large reception area. One of those types who always acts like he knows where he's going, even when he doesn't.

In the background a long reception desk with several people seated behind, each behind a flat screen monitor. Above them in large letters:

Terrasoft. Changing the World One Byte At a Time

Strides up to the elevators. Ones near full but he slides in. Door closes. A cheery voice springs up.

AZIN
Morning Mr. V.

Felix looks down at the woman. Mile wide smile.

FELIX
Hey there Azin. Get those tickets I sent you?

AZIN (middle aged, petite) smiles back.

AZIN
Sure did. Looking forward to watching the team game the Cowboys in a few weeks.

As the elevator stops and people leave:

FELIX
And we look forward to seeing the whole family there to cheer us on. And it's half-price fudog night too.

Door closes. Elevator continues.

AZIN
We'll be in team colors and all!

FELIX

That's the... *Spirit!* And got a feeling it's gonna be a good year!

She gives him a thumbs up.

The lift comes to a stop and the door opens. She leaves with several others, waving goodbye to Felix. Door closes.

As she walk away, a man following behind her leans forward.

MAN

Really think they can beat 'em?

AZIN

Pfft! Hell no. They'll get aced. But at least we got some free tickets before VZ gets the boot.

INT. 10TH FLOOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Felix strides into a large office. Two of the four walls face outside where modern, ecofriendly buildings share the urban jungle with older ones.

A desk and a single office chair sit next to one of the windows. Two interns -TINA and JOE (both early 20s)- stand nearby. Joe holds a cup of joe for him (pun indented).

FELIX

How are we all this fine morning?

Joe hands him the coffee.

JOE

Great there Mr. V.

TINA

Wonderful.

Felix takes a sip. Walks up behind the desk.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Great coffee! Great way to start the day. Hold everything for now, please. Calls everything. Got a chat to the big man this morning.

JOE

Of course.

TINA

Can do.

FELIX (CONT'D)

In the meantime...

(to Tina)

Lets get working on those budget numbers per corporate directives.

(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

And Joe... Get the latest bids on
commercial time for next match.

TINA

You bet Mr. V.

JOE

Sure thing.

Felix pics up his cup readying for another sip.

He watches them they file out a side door. Door closes
behind them.

His cherry smile drops away. Sets the cup back down.

Moves towards the wall adjacent the door.

Opens the doors, exposing a large hutch. Immaculate crystal
glasses and ornate, liquor-filled decanters sit therein.

He picks up one of the glasses, then one of the bottles,
pours about 2 fingers.

Setting the bottle back, he take a long sip.

Done, expels a PHAA and then sighs.

Begin walking back to the desk. Stops.

Upon several shelves are various trophies. Next to this a
large, emasculate sign and logo:

Spirit Express. Glory of Heroes World Champions,
Professional Cyberlete League (PCL)

Looks over all the trophies and awards. Takes a drink.

Goes to his desk. Sits. Taps away on the imbedded keyboard.

A flat screen monitor rises from the desk. He finishes the
drink. CHIMES and BEEPS.

Opens one of the desk drawers and set the empty glass
inside.

Straightens up blazer. STACATO CHIMES. Fidgits as he waits.

COMPUTER SCREEN: Terrasoft logo. Then the image of EUGENE
BARTHOLOMEW (mid 60s). Nice suite and tie. Big smile. Speaks
in a tone so happy it verges on annoyance.

EUGENE

Top of the morning, Felix. We good?

FELIX

So far so good, Gene. Guess you wanted to chat about the team.

EUGENE

Straight to business. That's my boy! Ha ha! Not gonna beat a dead horse...

Felix tries hiding his cringe at such a statement.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

But the board's reminding me of how bad we're doing this season. And you don't got a remind me of all the championships we've won. What happened last year don't mean a hill a beans.

FELIX

I know you've gone to bat for me and the team there, Gene. We're in a funk. I admit that. But Gustav's still a hot Hero and we got some Champions that show a lot of promise.

EUGENE

Yeah. So's the Dame. She's still a hot Hero and winning. A lot. Blond hair and Nordic looks may get Gus laid but it won't win games. Jeeze. The Swede! What a pompous name for a guy from Pittsburgh. But got a admit he's made us a ton of coin.

FELIX

Sure has. Helped the company keep all those social plans, schools and infrastructure going.

EUGENE

Yeah. If all those asshole politicians hadn't made so many promises they couldn't keep we'd be rolling in even more cash.

(shakes his head)

Oh! That business with his... what... umpteenth GF still causing us a distraction?

FELIX

No, Gene. We a... took care of that. He's slipping. I'll admit that. Got him on extra simgames. The team's running extra practice sessions. Coach Marchenko's going to ride them till they gank other champs like nubbies.

EUGENE

So I've heard. Maybe she's got a toughen them up. I 'member back in my soph year in college. Coach brought in a bunch of good but cut players as a practice team. We got two things out a it. An ego boost and lesson: you can be replaced.

FELIX

(flattering tone)

Too bad the last of those football teams shut down later.

EUGENE

Figured collegiate sports was goin' the way of the dodo. Then the pros. But damn! It was fun! Who'd a thought a bunch a dressed up cosplayers in an old mall would take over the world!

(manly giggle)

But we're gonna leave the past where it is. We got a get on with the future. This world won't stop turning.

FELIX

Got a bye week coming up after the next match. End of the first quarter.

EUGENE (V.O.)

Yeah. The Widowmakers. A rather high falootin' name for a team near the bottom of the division--

Felix's about to cut in.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

And you don't have to remind me they dominated their division last decade.

FELIX

We still got three quarters to go this season. And we'll sure as hell going to work hard to get Terrasoft another trophy.

EUGENE

That's the... Spirit!

Eugen gives him the thumbs up. Big if not cheesy smile.

Felix tries smiling.

INT. KITCHEN OF BEACHER RESTAURANT - DAY

Large hot air fryer. Handle sticks out from the front. Electronic timer ticks down. 10,9,8,7,6--

A hand reaches in and opens the fryer door. Pulls out a basket of chicken wings. SIZZLING. POPPING.

Jason swings around. Plain black tee shirt and ball cap. Steps towards a prep table with various bowls thereon. NADIA (30) stands adjacent over another prep table. Wears same outfit.

Jason grabs some tongs. With unceremonious effort he begins putting various numbers of wings into each bowl.

NADIA

You'd think now a day's someone would a figured out to do this with automatons.

JASON

Right.

As he goes on, tosses each bowl in turn front to back, back to front.

JASON (CONT'D)

Autocars. Moonbases full of automated microchip factories, space tourism.

Grabs another set of tongs. As he goes on with his diatribe, sets groups of wings on various plates. Then adds garnish.

JASON (CONT'D)

Gamesuits that can simulate the tiniest wound but no one can figure out how to cook wings without doing this shit.

Places the plates under some heating lamps. Rings a bell.

JASON (CONT'D)
 (loud voice)
 Order up!

A bartender dressed like a Hooters girl steps up and retrieves the plates. Turns and places them on the wait station. Another waitress picks up and delivers them.

EXT. BACK DOOR TO BEACHERS - LATER

Jason steps out the back door into the daylight. Small back back slung over one shoulder. Bike helmet dangles from it.

He stretches, taking in a deep breath. Grimaces and turns.

A large trash dumpster. It looks clean, but Jason turns up his nose and steps away.

Back door opens again. Out steps SAVANNHA JEWEL (25). Skin tight muscle shirt and short shorts. The restaurants logo sprawled across her ample chest.

Jason turns to her. Puts on a mile wide smile.

JASON
 Hey!

SAVANNHA
 Hey you.

She takes a few steps away from the door, rubbing her temples.

He watches her a moment.

JASON
 Tough lunch rush, hu?

SAVANNHA
 Yeah. Need a breather. Didn't expect van load of cosplay kids showing up.

JASON
 Yeah. They got junior tornys every weekend ever since they converted that run down mall to a gaming center. Then parents don't have nothing better than to bring their kids here!

Both chuckle.

SAVANNHA

You... you game... don't you?

JASON

Ah... yeah. Yeah I do--

SAVANNHA

I mean... I hear you talking about Heroes with Mark and Javier--

JASON

Yeah. Whatta you want a know?

SAVANNHA

This friend... guy friend of mine is really into Heroes. Plays the online version, catches live games now and then.

JASON

You play it too?

SAVANNHA

Ah. Not really. Working and getting a degree in microbiology takes up oodles of time. But... he seems to like it. And it looks like a super cool way to let off some steam.

JASON

Yeah. I game Heroes. Not just online. Simgames. Tryouts. All that stuff. Got a part time gig on a practice team for the Spirit Express here.

SAVANNHA

Really!

JASON

Yeah. Not a whole lotta coin in it cause they... don't use me that much but... helps get me practice.

SAVANNHA

Get out!

JASON

Yeah. Got a national ranking. Hope to get picked up by their silver level team, then go gold.

SAVANNHA
 (patting his arm)
 And watch my friend Jason out there
 as a real life Hero!

JASON
 (embarrassed)
 A... yeah... someday. It be nice to
 stay local, but...

He's fixated onto her wide, longing eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)
 If a... you want... I could show
 you--

COLTON (V.O.)
 There's my girl.

Jason and she look off towards the parking lot. Four men
 emerged from a spotless, jet black all electric, just off
 the lot SUV. Savannah shot them a wave.

SAVANNHA
 You're late!

COLTON (60ish) white-haired, balding, potbelly, waddles more
 than walk up to her. She walks up to him. They hug.

Jason paints on a smile. Steps back. Stays mute.

SAVANNHA (CONT'D)
 Thought you guys would never show
 up!

Colton spits out a crusty laugh as they release.

COLTON
 Just running a bit late girl.
 Thought I bring the boys with me
 today to help keep you company.

SAVANNHA
 You all go in and I'll get your
 beers going!

COLTON
 Good girl!

Jason watches him waddle off. Savannah turns to him.

SAVANNHA
 Gotta run. Be safe going home. Kay?

She heads back in. He watches the door close.

Looks over at the brand new SUV.

His smile fades. Turns and walks off.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jason rides a bike among a throng of others. The group moves along two lanes on the city street. The other two lanes used by various autos. Some have no driver, just passengers.

New and old building line both sides of the street. Ahead an overhead tram crosses the street. It barley makes a noise.

The horde of bikes and cars comes to a stop at an intersection. The bikers prop themselves up. All but a few take out a cell and start tapping away. Jason too.

Message app:

BRIAN (TEXT)
Waz up get your azz online

Jason smiles. Taps our an answer.

JASON (TEXT)
Save me some noobs. Be there--

A NEW EMAIL ALERT pops up. Preview reads: PCL

Jason opens it. The email reads:

TO: Jagerdon@allnet.net

FROM: Professional Cyberlete League OFFICIAL

SUBJECT: Practice Session Request Spirit Express

Mr. Dávalos,

We request your presence at our training facility to participate in a practice session with the team. Details attached.

If you are no longer interested in being a part of the Glory of Heroes community please disregard this message.

@PCL, Glory of Heroes and Spirit Express are registered trademarks of the Professional Cyberlete League. All rights reserved. Any unauthorized use--

JASON (CONT'D)
 Yes! Bout frigin time. Applied
 what... six months ago.

He notices an older man adjacent heard him.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Finally got an invite by Sprit
 Express.

The man politely smiles. Jason stows his phone.

JASON (CONT'D)
 Maybe one day I'll get a chance at
 gold.

OLDER MAN
 Bread and circus.

JASON
 What...

OLDER MAN
 Nothing. Best of luck to you. But
 don't quit your day job.

Jason watches him with a blank, confused stare as everyone else gets ready to move off.

The lights at the intersection turn green. The herd begins moving off.

INT. PHOTO SHOOT - DAY

GUSTAV JOKINEN (27) stands in front of the image of a Nodic fjord. Shirtless wearing an unhistorical kilt.

He holds a young, full-figured woman dressed in a peasant skirt and tight bodice. Reminds one of the cover of a romance novel but Gustave, while attractive, is no Fabio.

Lights illuminate the two. A man snaps digital pics.

CAMERAMAN
 Okay. Let's snap a couple more.

Gustav looks down at the woman. She looks up at him. A fan blows her hair off to the side.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
 And that'll do it!

Gustav releases her. She gets up. A young female aide walks up and hands him a towel. As he dabs off sweat..

YOUNG WOMAN

Torsten. I want you to know I really enjoyed this. I've been a fan for like ever.

GUSTAV

The pleasure was all mine.

He reaches up and caresses her chin. Done he turns and walks off.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)

I'm taking five.

He walks over to a makeup area. There stands DEREK MONTAGUE (37). Wears a sharp suit but no tie.

Gustav plops down into the makeup chair. Looks disgusted. A makeup artist steps up.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)

How much longer I gotta do this?

Derek walks up next to him.

DEREK

There's a few more fans lined up waiting their turn. After that we head back to the practice--

GUSTAV

What's with VZ and this *practice squad*? You're my manager, tell that idiot I know how to game. It's not like his ass is out in the arena. Why not use the Silver team? We pay them don't we?

DEREK

Well... my guess is he feels that the team's performance has not been up to par of late. And Silver's out of town right now.

Gustave turns from the makeup artist mid blush stroke towards Derek, points at the photoshoot.

GUSTAV

And what's with these girls? Can't you get some a little better look--

DEREK
 (to makeup artist)
 Would you excuse us for a few?
 Thank you.

A bit in shock at Gustav, the makeup artist casts the brush on the counter and walks off.

Derek leans closer to Gustav. Give each other a steely stare. Derek is calm but forceful.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 Listen. Those lady fans pay five-hundred bucks a pop to get a shot with you dressed up as some half-ass Viking. There was a time people who did what you do couldn't get laid let alone sign a multi-million-dollar contract to run around playing make believe.

Gustave relents. Turns away.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 And as far as the practice squad... word is it came from Bartholomew.

GUSTAV
 (half stunned)
 Corperate?

DEREK
 Yeah. Their well-paid Gold team is ranked fifth in the division. Get the picture?

The aide appears.

AIDE
 The next customers are ready.

DEREK
 (big smile)
 Thank you. Thorsten will be out presently.

Back to Gustav.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 Stay on top in the arena and you'll stay on top outside of it.

Gustav gets up and heads to the set. Derek follows.

Gustav sees his next customers: two young ladies who resemble models dressed up as manga characters.

GUSTAV
(smiling)
Now that's more like it.

DEREK
Like I said, stay on top inside and
you'll stay on top outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE PRACTICE FACILITY - DAY

Jason walks up. Gear bag slung over one shoulder. CLIFTON MCKINNON (early 20s) and GUY (early 20s) are chatting near the back entrance. Clifton notices Jason approach.

CLIFTON
Hey there Jason! Got you here too.

JASON
Yeah. Was wondering when I'd get
called.

GUY
Same here. Was needing a break from
that call center job.

Clifton motions the others to come closer.

CLIFTON
Hey. I heard we're gonna be gaming
Gus.

JASON
Bullshit.

GUY
Really!

CLIFTON (CONT'D)
No bullshit. Hooked up with one of
those girls working the front
office--

GUY
How much you pay her?

CLIFTON
Fuck you. Said since Gus' been
slipping he needs a lesson.

JASON
Come on. Their not gonna risk high
price beef like the Swede in no
practice game. Nothing but sims for
him.

Guy is looking off in the distance as Jason finishes.

GUY
Speak of the devil.

Jason and Clifton turn.

A red electric SUV rolls nearby followed by two black ones. They make no sound. The caravan pulls up next to the front entrance.

Jason, Clifton and Guy move to get a better look.

From the red SUV emerges GUSTAV JOKINEN (mid 20s). Blond. A looker. Small entourage clamors out from the other SUVs. The driver closes the door as Gustav straightens up his designer blazer and moves towards the front door.

GUY (CONT'D)
You may be right there, Clift.

Gustav and his group enter the building.

JASON
Lets go.

Guy opens the door. Jason holds it open for Clifton.

JASON (CONT'D)
You never answered him.

CLIFTON
What?

JASON
How much did you pay her?

CLIFTON
Fuck you too.

Jason follows him in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Felix stands behind several techs seated in front of a myriad of flat screen monitors. DOOR OPENING.

Felix turns to the front door. LUBA MARCHENKO (45) walks in and by him.

FELIX
How they looking?

Luba proceeds to the other end and stops at the large window there. He heads over too.

LUBA
(donning headset)
Nervous. But this is expected. You
remember, don't you.

He looks out the window. She goes about tapping away on a touch screen console below the window.

LUBA (CONT'D)
You think Mr. Bartholomew was
serious about all this?

FELIX
When he makes a suggestion, even a
tactful one, he means it.

She turns to the techs.

LUBA
Light it up.

As the two go on--

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: One by one, massive LEDs illuminate the square arena. Smaller ones then sprang on along the middle lane as it made a series of angled turns dissecting the field from one corner to another. The upper and lower lanes boxing in the entire area remained dark, luminated enough to know they were there. A mishmash of trees, shrubs, paths, outcrops of rock, shallow ponds and flowing streams cover the area between the lanes.

FELIX (O.S.)
The Realm of Sanquest.

LUBA (O.S.)
All I need is to get rid of Gus.
Recruit some other talent.

FELIX (O.S.)
He's still got 2 seasons on his
contract.

LUBA (O.S.)
The one you negotiated?

He gives her a look.

LUBA (CONT'D)

I got as close to what you wanted.
All have applied as practice
players. Above average. Good but
not great. Dinged more than once
for aggro play.

FELIX

That oughta teach the pros a
lesson.

He dons an earpiece of his own.

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason and four others stand clad in a red, tight one piece
suits. Extra padding on the shins, tailbone, hips, chest,
shoulders and elbows. Red, visor covered safety helmets. He
glances at his left forearm.

SMALL TOUCHSCREEN: Suit status indicators all green. Health
and mana bars 100%. Current score: 0 to 0.

Glances at his right forearm.

SMALL TOUCHSCREEN: The weapons cache. Ewe bow with shrill
arrows. Charms. Mana. Tokens.

GUY

Who's shotcaller? Coach never
assigned any of us as Hero?

CLIFTON

So we just go out and get aced?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Felix listens in as he and Luba stare out onto the arena.

FEMALE PLAYER 1 (O.S.)

I got support and ain't done that
in years.

FEMALE PLAYER 2 (O.S.)

Don't really have a thing for
mystics but sure as shit gonna do
my best.

JASON (O.S.)

To hell with it?

Felix cocks a brow. Looks down at a touchscreen monitor.
Shows the suit status, person's name and headshot of each
player.

Focuses on Jason's image.

CLIFTON (O.S.)

What?

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason stares at a thin crack of light at the end of the hallway.

JASON

Think about it. They know our scores. What class roles we're good at. Did any of you get the one you put your heart and soul into? Build up XPs for?

The players cast glances at each other.

JASON (CONT'D)

We're just canon fodder. By some chance in hell we make gold the Swede calls the shots anyhow. Single lane Storm game. Limited charms, manna, tokens. So it really doesn't matter.

CLIFTON

I'm down with that. Lets have some fun.

The doors at the end of the hallway begin opening apart.

JASON

For those about to game...

All five jog out into the arena.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TECH 1

No problemos, Coach. All suits showing gold.

Felix watches the red players stand ready in the hearth at one end of the field. He looks at the other end. The blue players come onto the field.

LUBA

Let's see what happens, shall we.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

JASON'S VIEW: Upon the visor-

Upper left: four small boxes. Team profile. Their number and function: 1- Warrior; 2- Assassin; 4-Bruiser; 5-Mystic.

Lower left: Experience points, six empty slots.

Center bottom: Health and mana bars. Beneath that his current level: 1.

Center top: Team score and experience points. Blue on the left. Red on the right. Between them game time and session.

Top right: Two images- Playing field map, dotted with red, blue and green circles. Above this the opponent's status.

LUBA (O.S.)
You know the rules and the
objective. Good luck.

ELECTRONIC HORN.