

Flipping the Score

by

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EXT. HIVE ARCADE AND DAY CARE - DAY

The brick and mortar building on Colfax with the triangular metal sign hanging above the door, looks as it did in 1985 when, "THE HIVE VIDEO ARCADE" first opened.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY

The Hive is half Arcade, half Day Care Center.

A long hall filled with computer monitors, knit-capped teens, and mothers who chase SCREAMING toddlers around couches and chairs.

NORMAN OWLES(18) sits playing a game called "Myths and Mystics", his piercing blue eyes stare at the monitor.

SPARROW FINCH(17) leans over the top of Norman's chair and watches him play.

Norman plays to a point in the game and loses, twice. Frustrated, he throws down the controller and stands.

NORMAN
Stupid game.

Norman turns to see Sparrow leaning on the chair.

NORMAN
Hey, I see you in here a lot.
What's your name?

Sparrow points to her chest and looks behind her.

SPARROW
You noticed *me*? Wow. Sparrow. My
name is Sparrow.

Norman reaches out and shakes Sparrow's hand.

NORMAN
Nice to meet you. I've watched your
game-play, Kid. You're good.

Norman pulls Sparrow to his chest and whispers in her ear.

NORMAN
You're probably the best
competition I have in here, but
keep that between you and me.

Sparrow brings her shoulder to her ear, giggles.

NORMAN

I'll be right back. Go on, play.

Sparrow smiles and stares at Norman as he walks away.

INT: MONITOR SCREEN - SPARROW'S FACE REFLECTED IN MONITOR

Sparrow easily moves thorough the area Norman could not and moves on. Level after level she moves her avatar through the mazes, defeating the bosses without effort.

She reaches the final level. The final boss, the Blue Dragon, is considered by some to be undefeatable.

Sparrow's avatar continues to battle until...

...the Blue Dragon drop to one knee and removes its marbled eye from the socket and sets it in her avatar's hands.

COMPUTER VOICE OF DRAGON

At last, a worthy opponent! I grant you Will of Man. Until we meet again... Sparrow.

BACK TO SCENE:

SPARROW

What...?

The sound of trumpets and cheers from the monitor's speakers capture the attention of everyone around her.

Norman turns to the noise and walks back toward Sparrow.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, everyone, look! Sparrow beat the Myths and Mystics!

Norman stands over Sparrow.

NORMAN

No, she didn't, that's my game!

Norman takes the controller out of Sparrow's hands.

NORMAN

She is just watching it for me. She couldn't beat Myths & Mystics. She's just a girl.

Norman looks down at Sparrow.

NORMAN (CONT.)
Just a little Sparrow.

BARRY LIPSHIT (19) a shaggy boy with acne and wears a "HIVE EMPLOYEE" shirt, approaches Norman.

BARRY
Norman! You just cleared every objective in one turn! We have to call someone about this.

Sparrow stands up from her chair.

SPARROW
Actually, it was me, I beat the game. Norman let me play his last turn and well... I beat the game.

Norman and Barry stare at Sparrow speechless.

LARRY TALISK(54) bald with glasses, pushes Sparrow out of the way to congratulate Norman. Sparrow lowers her head and walks away defeated. He wears a shirt which reads, OWNER.

Mr. Talisk

MR. TALISK
(excited)
Norman, if word got out were nurturing video game savants, you could really put this place on the map!

Poe jabs Mr. Talisk in the ribs.

MR. TALISK
(reaches for his back.)
Ouch!

POE
Sparrow beat that game, not Norman!
Why won't you just believe her?

Mr. Talisk turns and looks down at Poe.

MR. TALISK
What did you say?

Whoa, bald girl! Why are you bald... girl?

POE

I said Norman didn't do anything.
Sparrow beat that game.

MR. TALISK

That's great, two savants! When did
she beat the game?

POE

You're not listening to me! Sparrow
beat the game! Not Norman!

Mr. Talisk scowls at Poe.

MR. TALISK

What are you trying to pull here,
Kiddo? I just watched Norman beat
that game with my own two eyes!

Mr. Talisk peers into Poe's eyes.

MR. TALISK

You said Sparrow is involved in
this? And what's your name?

Poe places her hands over her ears, then raises her hands,
and disappears from the room.

MR. TALISK

(to himself)

I gotta stop drinking on the job.

Barry turns to the rest of the room.

BARRY

Hey everyone! Norman just beat
Myths and Mystics!

The Hive's occupants crowd around Norman.

ASSEMBLED CROWD

Norman, Norman, Norman!

Mr. Talisk wraps his arm around Norman and leads him away.

MR. TALISK

Norman, you hold the future of the
Hive in your hands. I knew you were
going places! I am such a good
judge of character.

The monitor snaps off and the room goes quiet. Sparrow
collects her backpack and starts for the door.

Poe re-appears on roller blades and barrels into Sparrow, knocking her backpack to the floor.

POE

I am so sorry! I'm such a spaz! Let me get that for you.

Poe grabs Sparrow's book bag and hands it to her.

SPARROW

Thanks, I mean, no problem.

Sparrow walks away with a little smile.

POE

(very loud)

Hey!

Sparrow turns to back Poe, as does everyone in the room.

POE

Sorry again, I have volume control issues. But I have this old Game Boy...

Poe points to two boys on a couch, wearing 3-D glasses.

POE

... and those guys said you have games?

SPARROW

No idea how they know me but I think I have games for this thing.

POE

Thanks, I can't wait to play.

SPARROW

Cool, let's go talk to these guy who sent you over. What's his name?

POE

What guys?

Poe looks around the room.

SPARROW

The guys right over there who... never mind. Come on.

The two approach Simon and Buck who sit on a couch, reading 3-D comic books and share a bucket of popcorn.

INT. MESSY TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

The sun illuminates a messy teenager's bedroom. The past weeks laundry litters the floor.

On a desk a pink computer monitor is surrounded by empty cans Monster Energy drink.

A purple, leopard skin chair, custom made for hours of video gaming CREEKS backward. Long brown hair falls over the top of the chair, followed by--

SPARROW FINCH(17) asleep in the chair and SNORING.

Sparrow wears a Virtual Reality (V.R.) headset and red headphones. A C-pap mask covers her mouth and nose.

A bell and hammer alarm clock CLANGS over her SNORING.

MRS. FINCH(47) enters carrying a laundry basket. Her long brown hair falls in her face as she picks up laundry from the floor.

MRS. FINCH

Let's go, Sparrow! Time to get a
move on! Mornin' is a-callin'!

She turns off the alarm clock and turns to see Sparrow upside down in the chair.

Startled, Mrs. Finch falls on her butt with a THUD.

MRS. FINCH

AHH!

The THUD startles Sparrow awake.

The C-PAP mask gives Sparrow's voice a nasal tone.

SPARROW

AHH! Why are you screaming?!

Sparrow's chair falls flat on the floor, SMACK.

MRS. FINCH

(snickers)

Oh, damn.

Sparrow lays flat in her back staring at the ceiling

SPARROW

(in a nasal tone)

Ouch.

Sparrow removes the V.R. headset and squints awake.

MRS. FINCH

Honey, you have to start sleeping in your bed. Your father is make good on his promise and move that thing into his study.

SPARROW

(in a nasal tone)

That would be so awesome. The neighbors would totally think he's a queen. What time...

Sparrow removes the C-Pap mask and losing her nasal tone.

SPARROW

What time is it?

MRS. FINCH

7:05

SPARROW

Ah, crap!

MRS. FINCH

Hey, language, Little Lady!

Sparrow turns her self into the chair to get to her knees.

SPARROW

Oh, come on. Save that, Little Lady, garbage for Roxy.

MRS. FINCH

Awe, she's no fun! Can't even talk.

Mrs. Finch makes her arms short and shakes her hands.

MR. FINCH (CONT.)

Just, 'ah mama la la ah'.

Sparrow struggles across the back of the chair on her knees.

SPARROW

She's one! That's called infancy. Awesome parenting skills.

Mrs. Finch can't help but smile at Sparrow's struggle.

Sparrow hops up to her feet with her hands on her hips.

MRS. FINCH

I know you are going to be geeking out at the convention all weekend but when you're not flirting with boys...or girls, remember me here with Roxy and Tyrone will ya?

Sparrow pushes her mother from the room.

SPARROW

Be gone with you woman! Let me wake at least wake up before you start pressuring me. Go make your self useful elsewhere.

Mrs. Finch smiles and closes the door behind her.

MRS. FINCH

Love you, loin fruit!

Sparrow picks up her chair and sits down at her desk. She turns on the monitor. The screen reads,

"MYTHS & MYSTICS TOURNAMENT! NATIONALS IN LAS VEGAS & \$8000.00! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE NEXT LEVEL OF FANTASY GAMING, COLORADO!"

SPARROW

Finally.

Sparrow places the V.R. headset over her head. The add for the tournament is replaced by a video game in progress.

ON MONITOR

An avatar with green skin and a tail stands at a campsite in the mountains. The Avatar appears female and wears a brown hooded robe.

A bolt of lightning strikes the avatar from behind, sending avatar down to the ground on it's face.

SPARROW (O.S.)

Hey, what the hell!

Sparrow's avatar stands and dusts itself off.

SPARROW (O.S.)

Jordan, come on! This campaign is seventy-two hours old and I've only slept five of those hours!

(MORE)

SPARROW (O.S.) (cont'd)
 The Gorkin may be blessed with
 limitless stamina but my
 seventeenth level Cleric is not.

An avatar twice the size of Sparrow's walks on to the screen. The avatar wears a green felt top hat and a black coat with tails. His face continuously covered by his long silk cape.

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Young Sparrow, the Moons of
 Calderon are but a doorway! We must
 ascend the mountains of Mordoron
 and traverse the sands of Tarrook
 before we can sing the songs of the
 weary journeyman.

SPARROW (O.S.)
 You're killing me, Jordan!

JORDAN (O.S.)
 As of last night, you have attained
 level eighteen and are therefore
 granted the experience necessary to
 enter the tournament this weekend.

You're one of the most gifted
 gamers I've ever seen, Sparrow. Now
 it's time to show the world

SPARROW (O.S.)
 I don't know how I can ever thank
 you, Jordan.

JORDAN (O.S.)
 Until we mount the mighty stallion
 of the Quest once more, Lady
 Sparrow! And stop calling me
 Jordan, it's Raven. You have a cool
 bird name, I want one too!

SPARROW (O.S.)
 Its my name! I didn't make it up,
 my pseudo-hippie parents did!

JORDAN (FROM V.R. HEADSET)
 I still want to be called Raven.

A notification reads across the screen.
 "RAVEN HAS LEFT YOUR REALM"

Sparrow removes the V.R. headset.

SPARROW

Really Raven? Only Raven I know is,
'That So' and I do not think I'm
dealing with Ms. Symone!

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

MR. FINCH(45) wears a bushy mustache, a tweed jacket and tie. He reads his paper and his coffee next to ROXY FINCH(1) who eats in her high chair.

TYRONE FINCH(9), sleeps under the kitchen table, while the DOG(4) sits at attention next to Mr. Finch.

Sparrow enters wearing a VINTAGE TONY HAWK T-SHIRT and jeans.

MR. FINCH

Hey, Kiddo! Nice t-shirt.

SPARROW

Thanks, it's yours.

MR. FINCH

I know. Probably still fits too.

At the end of the table sits POTITE MONARCH, "Poe" (17). Poe has a shaved head, wears overall and a bright smile.

Poe eats a bowl of cereal and feeds Roxy her breakfast.

SPARROW

Do your parents not feed you?

POE

They only eat that healthy stuff. I
come here for the glutton and Red
Dye #8.

MR. FINCH

Yeah! Like real American.

Sparrow takes a travel mug and pours in cereal with equal parts half and half and coffee. She leaves through the mail.

SPARROW

Nothing in the mail for me today?

MR. FINCH

No, nothing today, kid.

SPARROW

It's actually a relief. I don't need any rejection today.

MR. FINCH

How many schools did you find offer ESPORTS scholarships?

SPARROW

I found five schools with scholarships. Two offer full rides and three that offer partial scholarships.

MR. FINCH

That would be such a huge help for your Mom and I.

Mr. Finch's elbow slips off the table.

MR. FINCH

And remember, if things don't work out, Mom could always use you here.

Sparrow takes the opportunity to change the subject.

SPARROW

Still bucking for my chair I hear?

MR. FINCH

I don't want that thing! I'd look like a Queen, whole neighborhood would talk.

I just don't want to pay for the Scoliosis Brace they have to fit you for from sleeping on it.

Sparrow nudges Tyrone with her shoe.

MR. FINCH

Besides that? Could care less. It's all dollars and sense.

Poe nudges Tyrone with her foot and looks under the table.

SPARROW

And what the neighbors think.

MR. FINCH

I knew you were the sharp one.

Mr. Finch nudges Tyrone. Tyrone grabs his foot.

SPARROW
Are you guys going to be
there tomorrow?

MR. FINCH
Wouldn't miss it, Kiddo. That is if
you make it to the second round!

SPARROW
Supportive! Don't worry about us.
Nat-force will dominate.

Sparrow and Poe bump fists.

SPARROW/ POE
Nat-Force!

Mr. Finch's fist rises in the air , his eyes on his paper.

MR. FINCH
Nat-force!

Tyrone throws his fit in the air, his eye still closed.

TYRONE
Nat-force!

The commotion insights the dog to bark.

DOG
Woof!

Mrs. Finch yells from the other room.

MRS. FINCH (O.S.)
What the hell is going on out
there!

Sparrow and Poe leave through the kitchen door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Poe slumps her shoulders and drags her skateboard behind
her.

SPARROW
Hey, what's wrong?

POE
I hate it when you talk about
college and leaving.

SPARROW
 I'm sorry but the furthest away
 I've been is my Grandmother's in
 Albuquerque,

Poe smiles but keeps her head low.

SPARROW
 Oh, come on! You still have to
 teach me to surf, remember?

Poe again forces a smile but can't hold it.

SPARROW
 Come here you crazy kid!

Sparrow pulls Poe in for a hug. They stare into one
 another's eyes, laughing.

As the two stop laughing they stare at one another eyes.
 Sparrow breaks the stare and pats Poe i the arms awkwardly.

SPARROW
 We... should really get going.

Sparrow puts her skateboard down and pushes away from Poe.
 Poe shakes her head, left behind.

EXT. BUSY TWO LANE STREET - DAY

The brick and mortar storefront of "The Hive ~ Aurora's
 Video Arcade" looks as it has since 1985, except that thirty
 years of direct sun had turned the bricks pink.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY

Sparrow and Poe walk into the Hive carrying their
 skateboards.

SIMON PAULSON(17) a well dressed Cape Verdian boy paces by a
 VINTAGE VIDEO GAME, checking his phone for the time.

SIMON
 Finally!

Sparrow holds her hand up to Simon's face as he approaches.

SPARROW
 Stop! You sound like my mother. I
 over slept.

Sparrow salutes BUCK TIMBER(17) a pale-skinned freckled-face
 boy, (16) who lounges in a beanbag chair reading a magazine.

SIMON

We have a lot to go through and the
tourney starts in four hours!

Sparrow turns to Simon, her hand on one hip.

SPARROW

Simon, registration starts in four
hours. I'm not even playing today!

Sparrow becomes interested in the vintage video game. The
particle board of the cabinet shows wear on the corners. An
orange joystick and three buttons sit in a cracked panel.

SPARROW

What's this?

Poe jumps up on a tall metal stool in front of the game.

POE

Some guy delivered it yesterday. I
signed for it.

Sparrow runs her hands over the machine, looks it over.

SPARROW

Why would you sign for it?

POE

Cause', both the delivery guy and I
checked it out and it wasn't
ticking. Until I plugged it in. But
that stopped.

Poe hops up and down on the stool.

POE (CONT.)

I was dying to try the relic!

SPARROW

How is it?

POE

Graphics suck, you can't go left
but that didn't seem to make much
difference. It's cool. Probably
more your speed than mine.

Poe points to the screen.

POE

Mine's the high score.

Sparrow nudges Poe with her hip.

SPARROW
Little punk.

SIMON
Ladies! We have to come up with a
game plan. Buck help me out!

Buck looks up from his magazine.

BUCK
He's right we have no idea what
we're walking into.

Sparrow puts a quarter in the slot of the vintage machine,
then turns to Poe and smiles.

VIDEO GAME VOICE OVER
Greetings pilot! You have been
recruited to protect the people of
Verdurous from Conscrip, Conscrip
Conscrip...Galactic Evil!

Buck struggles with the bean bag, then stand.

BUCK
(out of breath)
These new rigs are ridiculous! We
can't even get practice time unless
we move to Kyoto!

Buck's magazine shows a picture of a large black booth. A
chair, custom made for gaming, hangs inside the booth.

BUCK
It's called an Environment Booth.
If your on the planet Hoth, they
can cool it down to zero degrees.
If you get to close to the sun,
they heat as high as one hundred.

SIMON
I saw one simulation where the
booth completely filled with water!

Buck points to a close up picture of the gaming chair.

BUCK
The suspension makes the whole
experience weightless so you loose
the feel of the chair.

On the next page, a suspended player wears a V.R. headset.

BUCK

It's all about the playing
condition. That's where the
development dollars are going.

Simon yanks the magazine from Buck's hand for a closer look.

SIMON

And comic-cons are the new car
shows of game tech.

Simon taps on the vintage arcade cabinet with his pen.

SIMON

Sparrow? You catching any of this?

But Sparrow is fully immersed in the vintage game.

Poe leans into Simon's ear from her stool.

POE

She's full Wizard mode, dude. She
hears you knocking but she ain't
coming to the door.

Simon pokes Sparrow in the arm with his pen, no response.

SIMON

(to Poe)

This is your fault! This is why
don't I trust you! You're a cute,
bald kid. The picture of trust!
Still...

VIDEO GAME VOICE OVER

Enemy ships closing in fast.

Mr. Talisk excuses himself from a group of men in
construction helmets, to approaches the group.

MR. TALISK

You folks look like you're plotting
something!

(pause)

Are you plotting something?

Mr. Talisk attempts to see the game Sparrow is playing, but
Simon distracts him.

SIMON

Hi, Mr. Talisk. Actually, yes,
we're entering the Myth and Mystics
Competition at Comic-Con this year.

MR. TALISK

Oh, you mean Norman's Tournament?

Sparrow turns her attention to Mr. Talisk.

SPARROW

Norman's tournament?!

VIDEO GAME VOICE OVER

Enemy Squadron Sector Six!

Sparrow returns her attention to the game.

MR. TALISK

That's why I wanted to talk to you.
I am considering having the Hive
sponsor a team. Get people to take
this place serious as a video
arcade. Do you think you have a
chance?

Simon steps forward in an attempt to speak for the team.

SIMON

That's very nice of you Mr. Talisk
but we wouldn't want to
disappoint...

SPARROW

(interrupts)

We have one hell of a good chance!

VIDEO GAME VOICE OVER

Good show star pilot.

Mr. Talisk ignores Sparrow and turns back to Simon.

MR. TALISK

Who's going in the chair?

SIMON

Sparrow. She's the best we got.

MR. TALISK

She's the best you got?

Poe leaps down from her stool and throws her arm over Sparrow's shoulder.

POE

She's the best there is, period!

MR. TALISK

Well, if she's that good, then she only has to worry about Norman.

(to Sparrow)

So, if you don't think you can beat him, then there's no real point in the sponsorship.

Buck attempts to change the subject.

BUCK

If you really want to be taken serious as a video arcade, get rid of th toddlers.

Mr. Talisk turns and points to the men in the hard hats.

MR. TALISK (CONT.)

If the Hive can't field a competitive team, then I'm scrapping the arcade and turning this place into a proper daycare. The money I'm turning away is criminal!

Mr. Talisk looks at Sparrow as she plays.

MR. TALISK

So, can you beat Norman or not?

Sparrow tries to speak, but Poe beats her to the punch.

POE

Don't you worry about her! This filly is a sure thing!

SPARROW

Well, I don't think I can guarantee...

MR. TALISK

I'll take that as a yes. Simon, come and see me to fill out some paperwork.

Mr. Talisk turns to leave but stops. Nylon ropes that hang over the rafters are toed to a custom gaming chair.

MR. TALISK

Why is one of my very expensive gaming chairs strung up to the rafters?

BUCK
Training.

You know, If you want us to beat Norman?

Mr. Talisk addresses the group.

MR. TALISK
If you win this tournament, I promise to invest in a V.R. booth for the Hive. To show you I'm serious and build a real training facility.
(pause)

IF YOU WIN, THAT IS.

Mr. Talisk continues to look at the rafters.

MR. TALISK
Why don't I just get Balloon Insurance as the first official act of your sponsorship?

Simon crosses his arms and scratches his chin.

SIMON
Couldn't hurt?

Mr. Talisk shakes his head as he walks away.

MR. TALISK
Carry on.

Simon marches up to Sparrow, still plying her game.

SIMON
Sparrow, Let's go!

SPARROW
Yeah, yeah, one second.
(pause)
And I'm done.

Sparrow raises her hands off the controls.

POE
So, pretty cool, huh?

SPARROW
I am going to put it right between Atari's E.T. and Simpson Pinball Party. It's cute.

Sparrow shrugs her shoulders and follows Simon.

POE

Cute!? She found it cute!

Poe jumps off her stool to look at the score.

It reads, "000,000,0000".

POE

She flipped the score? She flipped
the score!

Poe SQUEALS and drops to her knee to hug the machine.

POE

I told she could do it, Morty!

INT. THE HIVE - CONTINUOUS

A custom V.R. gaming chair is strung over the high rafters.

SPARROW

So this is what you came up with?

Buck and Simon hold ropes strung over a rafter and attached to the chair.

SIMON

Just put the visor on. You have a
natural feel for stuff like
this, walk in the park.

Sparrow slowly lowers herself into the chair.

SPARROW

If you guys dropped me I'm going to
be pissed.

BUCK

We're not going to drop you.

It's evolution Sparrow! It's
supposed to be awkward and scary.

Poe leans against a pillar and smiles with her arms crossed.

SIMON

Just tell us when you've started
playing.

A button on the side of the visor activates the game.

SPARROW
Wow, definitely adds to the
experience! Please do not drop me!

BUCK
We won't! Now come on my arms are
getting tired. Play!

EXT. GRASSY FIELD, DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

The controls on the arms of the chair move Sparrow's avatar.

SPARROW
I'm in. There are some hills up
ahead. Let's do some field testing.

INT. THE HIVE - DAY

Sparrow instinctively moves her legs.

Simon and Buck lean the chair forward to simulate a walk.

SPARROW
I felt that. It's perfect! Okay,
how about forward, uphill?

BUCK
Okay.

The boys raise the chair to simulate the rise in elevation.

SPARROW
Yes! Nice! Totally feels legit!
Lower me back down, I want to run
back down the hill.

Sparrow swings her legs as the boys work the ropes.

SPARROW
Nice.

BUCK
Any terrain on that hill?

Simon begins to rock the chair which pitches it forward.

SPARROW
No! There's no terrain on the hill!

Sparrow is jostled then thrown to the floor with a THUD.

SPARROW

Ugh.

SIMON

Oh, snap.

BUCK

Oh, man, Sparrow! Are you okay?

POE

Sparrow!

Poe runs to Sparrow, as the boys bring the chair down.

SPARROW

Ouch. My head.

Sparrow rubs her head and winces.

POE

You broke her! This is exactly why we don't have nice things!

Simon and Buck pull Sparrow up by her arms.

SPARROW

I'm not broken.

POE

Concussed, you concussed her. Just look at her! She's a mess!

Poe dusts Sparrow off until her hand is knocked away.

SPARROW

Okay, Okay!

SIMON

So that was not a good idea, agreed, but did we learn anything?

SPARROW

Yeah! Video games are going to get a lot more physical. Jeez!

BUCK

Concussed or not, we have to get you to registration.

The group collects themselves and walk toward the door.

INT. MYTHS AND MYSTICS REGISTRATION TABLE - DAY

Barry Lipshit stands at the registration table playing Dungeons and Dragons with THREE OTHER BOYS. He wears a stained "HIVE EMPLOYEE" shirt,

BARRY

Ha!

Reacting to the approaching group.

BARRY

Hey Sparrow! Registering for the tournament?

SPARROW

Yes, Barry.

BARRY

What are you guys calling yourselves? The Dork Squad?

Barry grins over a greasy piece of pizza.

SPARROW

Nat4ce. That's n,a,t, the numeral four ,c,e.

BARRY

Original.

SPARROW

Oh, yeah? Hey, thanks!

BARRY

(interrupts)

Okay, so Hive of Dorks, you guys will be playing G4.

Barry only addresses Simon and Buck.

BARRY

Here are your lanyards. You won't be able to enter the event without your official tournament lanyard.

Barry look at the Game Board on the Registration Table, then turns to the three boys playing Dungeons and Dragons.

BARRY

What the crud you freakin' cheaters. Where did that come from? I bet you don't even know where that came from do you, Jack Holes!

Norman Roweling(18) looks like a dandy barn owl. He dons a cape and wields an alabaster cane. His skin pasty white, his nails filed to sharp points like little claws, his large round eyes only accented further by his black round spectacle frames.

SPARROW
(said in a long drawl)
Norman.

Sparrow remains respectful as the rest of the group scowl..

NORMAN
Sparrow. This is a bit ambitious,
wouldn't you say?

Norman leans on his cane and waits for a response.

BUCK
Screw you Norman.

Norman's does his Emperor Palpatine from Return of the Jedi.

NORMAN
Good! Use your aggressive feelings,
Boy. Let the hate flow through you.

Buck turns his back in frustration.

BUCK
Why is he so good at that?!

NORMAN
So, Hive has a V.R. Booth I didn't
hear about? Installed next to the
Pack and Plays?

SPARROW
No!

CUT TO.

INT. THE HIVE, DAY

A Pack and Play child pen is set up in every corner.

CUT TO.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

NORMAN

Wow, must be a real pain training
then, huh?

Norman points to a bump on Sparrow's head with his cane.

SPARROW

We have access to some new
innovative ideas in the field of
design and such.

NORMAN

Good, because I would hate to think
you would embarrass yourselves any
further than just your actual
presence will surely bring you.

Poe walks between Norman and Sparrow.

POE

Okay, that didn't make any sense!
Just fancy talk.

NORMAN

Yes, it did, i.e. you're
embarrassing. Your bald for
goodness sake!

Norman points to Poe's bald head with his cane.

Poe pushes Norman's cane away.

POE

It's a hair choice!

NORMAN

That it is. I, on the other hand,
have a V.R. Booth at my disposal
day and night. You could come and
use it whenever you desire with a
yearly member subscription to The
Collective, plus rental fees, of
course.

Simon steps up to Norman.

SIMON

You charge your members rental fees
to use your V.R. Booth?

NORMAN
 One hundred dollars for fifteen
 minutes of complete uninterrupted
 Virtual Reality submersion.

SPARROW
 One hundred dollars for fifteen
 minutes? Who is paying that!

Sparrow's jaw drops waiting for his response.

NORMAN
 Hard corp Myth and Mystic players.

SPARROW
 Paying customers. You don't count.

NORMAN
 The stoned tourist market pays the
 rent. As you have remained a
 daycare center, I have built an
 adult arcade for the next century!

Norman looks into the air, clenches his cape.

NORMAN
 It's all about timing and mine is
 now. I should thank you really. You
 will make the most enjoyable fodder
 to tread on. And Sparrow, you can
 watch, again!

Sparrow's eyes narrow and lips pursed.

SPARROW
 Norman, good Luck.

NORMAN
 I have never relied on faith nor
 luck.

SPARROW
 No, just other people's talent.

Norman narrows his eyes down at Sparrow.

NORMAN
 Baby.

SIMON
 You suck Norman. You should know
 that. Own it, dude. It's you.

Norman pulls his cape over his mouth as he speaks.

NORMAN

Young fools. Only now, at the end,
do you understand. Your feeble
skills are no match for my power!
You will pay the price for your
lack of vision and insolence!

Norman furls his cape as he walks away from the group.

SPARROW

Forget him. Look, this is just like
any other event we have played.

As long as I have you guys behind
me I can do anything.

Who does Norman have behind him,
huh? Come on, you crazy, Kids!

Sparrow wraps her arms around the group's necks.

SPARROW

But seriously, who does Norman have
behind him? I mean he has like no
friends.

At the registration desk, Norman fills out a form.

BARRY

Norman. You see who just
registered?

Barry does not look at Norman as he speaks.

NORMAN

They are of no consequence.

Norman looks at registration papers on a clipboard.

BARRY

If I didn't cover for you that day,
that girl would be the Myths and
Mystics Grand Champion.

Norman is flustered and grabs Barry by the shirt.

NORMAN

(interrupting)

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up! I pay
you for your silence imbecile.

Barry looks at Norman's hands, which Norman quickly removes.

BARRY

This contest is worth eight grand.
I may need a little bit more
incentive than three hours a week
in your V.R. Booth.

Norman speaks excited under his breath.

NORMAN

And the Playboy Program!

BARRY

The thing's a useless box without
it. I'm talking money, little dude.

NORMAN

I will give you a cut but only on
one condition. Free reign in the
tournament. Omnipresence.

BARRY

We only have two Booths?

Norman relaxes and leans on his cane confident.

NORMAN

Don't need a Booth. You give me the
Tournament password and I can use a
V.R. headset.

Barry taps his pen on a blue dragon on the table.

BARRY

That's tampering or something we
could get in some real crap.

NORMAN

If it works, we could make a small
fortune rigging tourneys?

Norman leans in with a dark, evil smile.

BARRY

There is that other thing.

NORMAN

What are you speaking of, Willis?

BARRY

Just that she could very well be
the best Myths and Mystics player
on the planet!

NORMAN

Please, I own three booths! She
doesn't stand a chance.

Barry scribbles on a pamphlet and hands it to Norman.

BARRY

I kept your secret for a long time,
Norman. If this goes south on us
you better hold your beak closed
for as long as I have.

NORMAN

Didn't I tell you, if you tied your
lasso to my star we wold go places!

BARRY

And I told you how creepy that
sounds.

Norman places the pamphlet in his pocket and smiles.

EXT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The group crosses the street from the Convention Center.

SPARROW

Does everyone have their lanyards
and tournament badges?

POE

(with a Mexican accent)

Badges? We don't need no stinking
badges!

The group come to a stop and look at Poe.

SIMON

What are you babbling on about?

POE

Never mind, before your time.

SIMON

Poe. You're like twelve. Don't make
me do a background check on you're
weird, little butt. I'll Ancestry
your ass, steal some hair...

Simon looks over Poe for some hair.

SIMON (CONT.)
...or something?

POE
Simon, I keep tellin' ya. My mom's Norwegian and my dad is from Northern Ireland. I grew up in Wyoming. It's all that Celtic-Nordic blood make me look like I'm from another planet.

SIMON
No, no the shaved head makes me think you're from another planet. On this planet, no sixteen-year-old girl would ever shave off her hair.

Simon turns away from Poe, indignant, and walks away.

Buck looks at Simon, then to Sparrow and Poe, conflicted.

BUCK
Whoa there buddy!

Buck turns to Sparrow and Poe

BUCK
He's having a tough day.

BUCK
See you two bright and early.
Nat-force!

Buck chases after Simon.

SPARROW/POE
(unenthusiastic))
Nat-force.

The two girls skate down the street side by side.

POE
Maybe Simon's right.

SPARROW
You can't make life decisions on how other people feel. You're forging your own path. Don't change because it would make someone else more comfortable.

POE

Sparrow, I'm not trying to make a statement.

SPARROW

Wait, what?

Sparrow stops and places her hand on Poe's shoulder.

SPARROW

Holy crap, Dude, I'm so sorry! You look like crap!

Why didn't you tell me?

POE

What? What do you see?

Poe grabs Sparrow by the arm, her eyes wide.

SPARROW

Nothing dope. Don't play fun at sick people!

Sparrow pushes her away and skates off.

POE

I'm not! There really is a reason for my hair!

SPARROW

Well, what?

Poe catches up with Sparrow and skates next to her.

POE

Everyone pitches in back at home while the men are off... working. Hair gets stuck in stuff, learned that the hard way.

We grow the food, work the factory, build the houses.

SPARROW

Where the hell do you live, 1945?

Sparrow pushes her skateboard ahead of Poe.

POE

Huh? No, I told you, Wyoming.

SPARROW
Yeah, you told me.

POE
What? Why can't I be from Wyoming?

Poe skates faster to catch up with Sparrow.

SPARROW
You could be from Wyoming. It just feels like a place you could say you're from and no one is going to ask, 'Oh, really? Where in Wyoming?'

POE
Not the state of Wyoming. Wyoming, Rhode Island.

Sparrow stops her skateboard and turns to Poe.

SPARROW
You can't say you're from Wyoming. That is like saying you're from Paris when you're talking about Texas. People assume France. Why would anyone think you were from Wyoming, Rhode Island?

POE
Because of my accent.

SPARROW
You don't have an accent.

POE
Sure I do! Ever heard me say "Ka"? Where I come from the means car.

SPARROW
That's Boston, Massachusetts. Completely different state.

They both pick up their skateboards and walk.

POE
Nope, pretty sure that's Rhode Island.

SPARROW
Nope, that is most definitely a stereotypical Boston accent.

POE

Then what do people from Rhode
Island say?

SPARROW

I don't know? Build me a bridge!
I'm stuck on an island with a road
and no bridge. Why did you build a
road on an Island with no bridge?
Where do you expect me to go?'

The two stop and laugh as Sparrow winces in pain.

Poe leans in to examine the wound. Sparrow stares up into
Poe's eyes. Poe notices and leans in for a kiss.

SPARROW

Owe! My head really hurts.

Poe stops dead and drops her arms to her side.

POE

Did you just tell me you have a
headache?

SPARROW

Yeah, remember? Sparrow go boom?

Poe mounts her skateboard with a frown and skates away.

POE

You're unbelievable.

Sparrow yells after Poe

SPARROW

I'll see you tomorrow?

POE

(under her breath.)
If not sooner.

Poe pushes faster away from Sparrow down the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN DENVER STREET - DUSK

Poe reaches up to her head and removes an invisible V.R.
headset. The suburban evening is replaced by a bedroom.

FADE TO:

INT. THE PLANET VERDUROUS - POE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A 'Blazing Saddles' movie poster hangs over an empty, video game cabinet. A radio plays 1980's rock and roll.

The radio is interrupted by a female announcer.

FEMALE RADIO ANNOUNCER

This is the Emergency Broadcast System. This is not a test. We are under active attack warning until further notice. If you are in the sound of this transmission seek shelter immediately. I repeat...

POE

What the heck?

Poe runs to the window.

A steel zephyr blocks the sun. Wind-farm-sized propellers HOWL behind, pushing the behemoth slowly past the sun.

Poe grabs her cell phone.

POE (INTO PHONE)

Morty? Can you hear the radio...

A deafening War Horn sends Poe to her knees. Poe covers her ears and crawls across the room to the television.

INT. VERDUROUS, KITCHEN - DAY

MAURICE MONARCH (46) holds a corded phone to his ear. *MORTY* has thick black hair and a dark thick mustache.

MORTY (ON PHONE)

The windows almost shattered!

INTERCUT WITH POE'S BEDROOM - DAY

POE (INTO PHONE)

Turn on the TV maybe you can pick her up on channel two.

INT. VERDUROUS, POE'S BEDROOM - TELEVISION MONITOR - DAY

CONSCRIPTION(30) stands twelve-feet-tall with short, jet black hair and smoking white eyes devoid of iris or pupil.

Conscription holds a bullwhip in her hands as she speaks.

CONSCRIPTION

Good women of Verdurous, my name is
CONSCRIPTION and the pleasure is
all mine.

Conscription graciously bows before her audience.

CONSCRIPTION

By now, you should understand the
full scope of my plan, as those on
the other male-dominated worlds in
your Federation have.

The picture changes to five Raxon women strapped to chairs.

CONSCRIPTION

Your days of subordination are
over! Never will you bow to the
Will of Man again!

Under my rule, I will break the
chains that bind you so I may
harness your collective power and
reshape a world in our image!

Syringes with pink fluid float toward the Raxon women.

CONSCRIPTION

For those of you thinking about
launching a resistance, a
demonstration.

INT. CONSCRIPTION'S SHIP - INTERROGATION ROOM - SPACE

The long syringes target the five Raxon women's eyeballs.
The creatures squirm, then GRUNT, then SCREAM.

INT. VERDUROUS - POE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Poe cringes and turns away in disgust from the picture.

INT. VERDUROUS - KITCHEN - DAY

MORTY (ON PHONE)

She must know we have no defenses.
She's trying to scare us into
submission.

INT. VERDUROUS - POE'S BEDROOM - DAY

POE (ON PHONE)
This pushes my schedule up
dramatically. Sparrow is making the
leap tomorrow, like it or not!

INTERCUT: MORTY - KITCHEN - DAY

MORTY (INTO PHONE)
How can you put all of this on her?

POE (INTO PHONE)
Because this whole damn thing is
her fault and if she doesn't face
it, we're doomed.

Poe takes a deep breath and continues.

POE (CONT. INTO PHONE)
Do you know how hard it is to get a
flight simulator into one of those
1983 standing video game cabinets!

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)
So you think because some girl is
good at a video game, that will
translate to having some kind of
superpowers in ours?

POE (INTO PHONE)
If my theory is correct, yes.

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)
Your logic is flawed and you
haven't spoken to Peanut in weeks.
She keeps calling and I'm running
out of things to tell her!

This is all going to fall on my
broad, angular shoulders somehow, I
just know it is!

Poe can see eight enemy bombers scream by her window.

FEMALE RADIO ANNOUNCER
Bombs have been deployed on the
Joint Military Command Facility.
Please, stay indoors!

POE
(to the ceiling)
Sparrow, I will give you every
advantage I can, but that 18th
(MORE)

POE (cont'd)
level Cleric will be no help on
this campaign.

INT. FINCH FAMILY HOME, STAIRWAY - EVENING

Sparrow is weary and walks up the stairs to her room.

MRS. FINCH
Dinner in twenty minutes, Kiddo,
and I could really use your help
before the tournament tomorrow!

SPARROW
Okay.

Sparrow drops face first into the pillows.

INT. KITCHEN [DREAM SEQUENCE]

Sparrow walks into the kitchen. A note on the table reads,
"Gone to Comic-Con!"

Sparrow looks up from the note to find Poe floating above
the kitchen table.

SPARROW
Oh, hey, Poe. Can you believe they
went to the convention without me?
Jerks. A family full of jerks.

Sparrow takes a broom and sweeps the kitchen floor.

POE
I need to talk with you. You know I
like you...

Sparrow spins around to Poe.

SPARROW
(interrupting)
You are sick! I thought I saw
jaundice in your eyes.

POE
No! No. But I haven't been
completely honest with you.

Sparrow begins to do the dishes in the sink.

POE
My home has come under attack.

SPARROW

By who, Connecticut?

POE

No. Not Rhode Island. Simon is right! I'm different. I'm from...somewhere else. Regardless, we're under attack and you're going to help us defeat her.

Sparrow dries the dishes and places them away.

SPARROW

That sounds nice, Sweetie.

Poe grabs Sparrow by her shirt.

POE

You don't understand! The game you played today was a test and you passed with flying colors!

Just try to understand that what I am doing could just save my home.

SPARROW

Wicked.

POE

Wicked? Who says wicked? Is that a good thing?

SPARROW

Can't start tomorrow, Sister, we have the tournament, remember?

Poe lets go of Sparrow's shirt.

POE

The Convention Center is just your first stop on your journey.

SPARROW

Sounds salacious.

Sparrow takes a seat at the table and begins to do homework.

POE

It is! I know this a lot of info and I don't know what you're retaining so I hope tomorrow's not a complete shock.

Sparrow looks up from her books.

SPARROW

I got you. Dimensional rift in the
V.R. Booth, nasty lady name
Conscription, save your planet.
It's all good. Now float on down
here and take a load off.

Poe floats down and sits in the seat across from Sparrow.

POE

Wow, I guess it was a good idea to
do this while you were asleep!

Sparrow pushes her chair back which causes a loud SCREECH!

SPARROW

What! I'm dreaming! You mean I have
to do all of that crap all over
again! Why didn't you stop me?

Poe floats back up in the air.

POE

You could have been flying, for all
I cared. You just happen to have
weird, neurotic, 'no one loves me
so I'm going to clean the house,'
dreams.

SPARROW

What is that noise? Can you hear
it? It's terrible.

POE

You really did hit your head hard,
didn't you?

SPARROW

It's intolerable! Make it stop!

CUT TO.

INT. SPARROW'S BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

Sparrow opens her eyes to her mother's voice.

MRS. FINCH

Hey, I thought you were going to be
down a half hour ago?

Sparrow rolls over and grimaces at her mother.

SPARROW
Is Poe here?

Mrs. Finch sits down on the bed.

MRS. FINCH
Poe? No, you said you would be down
in a minute. What happened?

SPARROW
Took a hit to the head. I may be
concussed.

MRS. FINCH
Let me see. Have you been
hallucinating?

Sparrow sits up on her elbows.

SPARROW
Yes.

MRS. FINCH
You'll be fine.

Mrs. Finch slaps Sparrow on the leg.

SPARROW
I feel...pensive.

MRS. FINCH
Pensive!? That's a new one.

SPARROW
I know. It's weird for me too. I
saw Norman today at Registration.

MRS. FINCH
He usually makes you queasy not
pensive? But honestly, who else did
you think you would have to play?

Mrs. Finch stands up from the bed.

MRS. FINCH
The only thing you have to do is
beat him.

She leans into Sparrow.

MRS. FINCH
You're stronger than him, no need
to rub it in his face but beat him.
Make up for what he did to you.

Mrs. Finch touches Sparrow's bump with care.

SPARROW

Owe, hurts.

Sparrow knocks her hand away.

MRS. FINCH

Love hurts babe.

One thing you can count on is
nothing stays the same. Your chance
is comin'. So you grab on tight
with both hands cause' it only
comes around once...or twice.

SPARROW

Did your chance ever come by?

MRS. FINCH

Yes, she did sweetie.

SPARROW

What did you do?

MRS. FINCH

I told Chance I was busy and showed
her your face and agreed and left
satisfied that I was exactly where
I should be.

Mrs. Finch and Sparrow embrace.

MRS. FINCH

Hey, Kiddo. I got something to tell
you. I was gonna let it wait but
I've been taking your mail from
those colleges.

Sparrow rubs the tears from her eyes.

SPARROW

You what?

MRS. FINCH

I wanted to open them together, but
Roxy peed on them and I had to read
them before throwing them away.

SPARROW

I don't even know where to start
with all of that.

MRS. FINCH

I was changing Roxy on my desk and she just let go. Trust me your letters were not the most important thing on that desk.

Sparrow sits up and puts her feet on the floor.

SPARROW

Please tell me the pee is the bad news?

MRS. FINCH

It gets worse.

SPARROW

You have to be kidding me!

MRS. FINCH

Both of your partial scholarships and one full-ride fell through.

Sparrow stands up with her arms out to her sides.

MRS. FINCH

You still have one school left, and it is a full-ride scholarship!

SPARROW

The full-ride schools will only consider Qualifiers from majors tournaments!

MRS. FINCH

Then you're going to have to qualify, but why not just win? You're better than the best of them, you have already proven that.

Mrs. Finch places her arm around Sparrow.

Come on. It's your father's feeding time. I'll hold his mouth open you massage his neck until he swallows.

The two walk out of the room arms around each other.

MRS. FINCH

Why did you think Poe was here?

SPARROW

Couldn't tell you.

POE (V.O.)

Damn it!

EXT. FINCH FAMILY HOME, OVERHANG/DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Sparrow emerges from her bedroom window and skates off the roof. She lands in the driveway and skates away.

EXT: THE HIVE - DAY

Sparrow skates up to Simon and Buck in front of the Hive.

BUCK

Top of the morning to ya, Captain!

SIMON

Sparrow. Feeling ready?

Simon looks at his watch then around for Poe.

SPARROW

As ready as I'll ever be.

BUCK

Preregistration starts in an hour and I bet there is already a line around the Big Blue Bear.

SPARROW

True. Let's get a move on. Poe will have to catch up.

The three walk down the street toward the Convention Center.

SIMON

Where does that girl live anyway?

Sparrow stops walking.

SPARROW

I don't know and I don't ask. Kinda like her hair, jerk.

SIMON

What the heck did I do?

SPARROW

Yesterday, you were asking her questions about her hair? Who knows why her head is that way? Maybe she just can't grow hair!

Sparrow raises her hands over her head.

SPARROW

As far as where she lives? Even if you're as lucky as we are and have quarter-normal parents with half-decent jobs, families are still the most embarrassing.

The group begins to walk down the street again.

BUCK

Can't pretend like your rich anymore when someone sees your folks, and your brother, and your little sister, and the house that you live in, and your car.

SPARROW

Just lay off on the questions. We have her back and she has ours. You know, she didn't say a bad word about you after we left you?

SIMON

Okay! Jeez! I'm a jerk, sorry!

BUCK

No! Not a jerk. Little buddy!

Buck puts his arms out for Simon to give him a hug.

BUCK (CONT.)

Come here, little buddy.

Simon puts his head against Buck's chest.

SIMON

My mother says I'm naturally curious.

SPARROW

I am so happy you two have one another. It's special, cherish it.

EXT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Poe yells across the street to the group and smiles.

POE

What took you guys so long?

The group crosses the street.

SPARROW
What are you doing here already?

POE
Making some final adjustments.

Simon jumps in front of Poe.

SIMON
Hi Poe! That's not strange at all!

Poe takes a step back.

POE
Hi Simon?

SIMON
Sorry about yesterday afternoon,
forgot my meds.

POE
Happens.

Buck leans against Poe.

BUCK
How long have you been here?

POE
Gosh, like forty-five minutes.

BUCK
And you didn't get in line?

POE
Oh.

SPARROW
Come on, let's go!

EXT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Simon, Buck, Sparrow, and Poe wait in line.

SPARROW
Okay, so besides Norman, what does
our competition look like?

SIMON
I don't know who has had access to
real V.R. Booths like Norman's
so... honestly, I have no idea.

SPARROW

Let me deal with the mechanics.
You guys just keep me alive.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The team approaches Barry at the Registration table. Barry speaks to an assembled crowd and holds up handled bags.

BARRY

This is your convention swag. You must wear these t-shirts while playing in the tournament.

Barry hands the bags to the tournament attendees.

BUCK

Sweet! Team shirts! Sparrow, did you know about this?

SPARROW

No, Simon registered us.

SIMON

I wanted it to be a surprise.
Designed it myself.

Poe holds a neon orange t-shirt, "NAT4CE" across the chest.

POE

Simon! They are very...?

Buck reveals his shirt right after Poe.

BUCK

Bright! What the hell were you thinking?

SIMON

Trust me, the Japanese are all about neon colors. So, when we make it to Vegas, we will fit right in.

POE

You brilliant bastard. That is some Myagi, mind game, shiznat.

SIMON

Confidence comes in many colors, my friend.

Simon bows to Poe who returns the gesture.

BUCK
They are still damn ugly but if it
makes you happy.

Buck takes off his shirt and exposes his white husky body.

BUCK
What I won't do for love.

Norman appears behind Buck wearing Steam Punk goggles.

BUCK
What? Does it make me look fat?

POE
No. Norman.

Buck looks down at the t-shirt.

BUCK
Norman makes me look fat?

POE
No! Behind you.

Buck turns to Norman.

BUCK
Oh, hey, Norman.

NORMAN
Orange? Orange is so... slimming.
And neon to boot! Where did you
find that? The boy's Husky Section
of Marshall's?

Buck walks away.

BUCK
(mutters to himself)
Everybody will be wearing them...

Norman lifts the goggles and his eyes grow wide.

NORMAN
Glad I wore my welding goggles!

POE
Where did you get those goggles?
Boys dorky section at the Steam
Punk for Losers store?

NORMAN
No. Steam Punk Sally's Leathers and
Sundry.

POE
(snaps her fingers)
Damn it, very cool store.

SIMON
Where's your team? Shouldn't you be
getting ready? Tournament starts in
30 minutes.

NORMAN
Did you happen to notice who is
sponsoring this little shindig?

SPARROW
The Convention Center?

NORMAN
The Convention Center is hosting
the Comic-Con.

Norman pushes Barry to the side with his cane.

DENVER CONVENTION CENTER PRESENTS, DENVER COMIC-CON 2018
MYTHS AND MYSTICS CONTESTANTS SEARCH LAS VEGAS NV 2018
BROUGHT TO YOU BY 'THE COLLECTIVE'

BUCK
(squints)
You can't be serious?

NORMAN
Quite serious I'm afraid. Where do
you think these Booths came from?
They are on loan from my store. And
as such, I required my first round
to be a buy. I automatically
advance to the second round.

POE
I guess it would be embarrassing if
you were eliminated in the first
round.

Norman uses the tip of his cane to push Poe backward.

NORMAN
Please. I'm allowing some poor
bunch of saps to believe they are
worthy before I crush them. Should
be invigorating!

Barry stands on his chair and cups his hands to his mouth.

BARRY

All teams are needed in the auditorium, we are about to get started!

NORMAN

I would wish you good luck but with this much raw talent... good luck.

BUCK

Go screw, Norman.

NORMAN

Yes, good. Let the anger flow through you. Soon you will be mine!

Walking backward and wringing his hands maniacally.

BUCK

Damn, he's so good at that.

SPARROW

Seriously forget him, he is not our competition. They are.

G4 is already on the stage in the front of the auditorium.

SPARROW

Let's go.

The group runs into the auditorium.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Simon, Buck, and Poe sit at a table and work on laptops. Sparrow paces behind them.

A team of the same make-up sits opposite them on the stage.

The Tournament M.C(30) wears a shiny silk suit, adjusts his earpiece before he springs to life

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Good Morning, Gamers!

AUDIENCE

EXUBERANT APPLAUSE

The Tournament M.C. speaks in an exaggerated tone.

TOURNAMENT M.C.
Welcome to The Denver Comic-Con
Myths and Mystics Challenge!
Brought to us by The Collective in
Downtown Denver!

His arms open wide to the audience.

AUDIENCE
EXUBERANT APPLAUSE

TOURNAMENT M.C.
I love your energy!

This year the Myths and Mystics
Challenge will be using Virtual
Reality Booths for the first time!

So if you feel sick or have to stop
for any reason, you *will* be able to
continue but you will be assessed a
point for every second it takes you
to recover.

Let's take a look inside, shall we?

The Tournament M.C. activates the door to the V.R. Booth.

TOURNAMENT M.C.
The chair has the same control
diagram you would find in most
custom gaming chairs.

Your eject button is located here.

He runs his hand over the chair like a display model.

TOURNAMENT M.C.
Our technicians can make it rain,
hail, snow or even flood! Our
gamers will feel the blast of a
grenade, heat of a fire, the deep
freeze of an arctic environment.

The Tournament M.C. looks at the teams at their tables.

TOURNAMENT M.C.
Teams, your Champions, please!

Sparrow kneels down and the team collects around her.

SPARROW

This is it. We can beat these guys.
Let's keep it tight, slow, and
safe. Nat4ce on three. One, two,

POE, SPARROW, SIMON, BUCK
Nat-4ce!

Sparrow makes her way across the stage and eases herself into the suspended gaming chair inside the booth.

A female ATTENDANT straps Sparrow into the gaming chair. Sparrow slides her arms under the restraints.

ATTENDANT

To keep you strapped in. So you
don't fall out and hurt yourself.

Sparrow leans out of the booth and yells to Buck and Simon.

SPARROW

Its got seat belts and restraint so
I don't hurt myself!

The two boys look up from their computers, embarrassment.

ATTENDANT

Are you ready?

The Attendant places a headset over Sparrow's head.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Let's meet our competitors!

The room darkens.

A screen above the Booths displays G4's team logo.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Making their second tournament
appearance, let's give them some
love. G4!

AUDIENCE

EXUBERANT APPLAUSE

TOURNAMENT M.C.

G4, please reveal your Mythic Grand
Champion!

The song, *Flirting with Disaster*, by Molly Hatchet, plays.

A medieval warrior sits upon a marbled steed. The warrior is a female Dwarf wearing a steel helmet; the horns point down.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

That's right rockers! The amalgam of every Molly Hatchet album cover, in female form! Molly's weapon of choice is a two-handed battle axe and a double barrel shotguns! Let's hear it for Molly Hatchet!

AUDIENCE

EXUBERANT APPLAUSE

As Molly fades from the screen.

Nat4ce's team logo appears on the screen in neon orange.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

With their first appearance, this young group from Denver just qualified their Mythic Champion!

A spotlight reveals team Nat4ce completely surprised.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Let's see if they can be a natural force in this tournament! Please welcome Nat4ce!

AUDIENCE

EXUBERANT APPLAUSE

INT. V.R. HEADSET VIEW - IN GAME-PLAY

A blue, female soldier wears a sleeveless t-shirt and dog tags, holding a rifle. Shotgun shells line her suspenders.

Sparrow looks down at her avatar's muscled, blue arms.

SPARROW

Where's my avatar?

POE (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)

Surprise!

Sparrow spins the avatar to get a better look.

SPARROW

What the hell! Sparrow is an 18th level Chaotic/Neutral Cleric! I spent over 100 hours building her. How is this even possible! Only Jordan or I could have...

You have to be kidding me!

Sparrow throws her avatars hands up to her sides.

POE (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
 She's a much better choice! Your
 Chaotic/ Neutral Cleric just won't
 cut it in an urban campaign.

SIMON (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
 She's right, Sparrow. We all
 agreed. You can use your Neutered
 Clerical worker in the next round.
 I promise.

BUCK (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
 Sorry for not telling you, Sparrow.

Sparrow's avatar stands as the camera view spins around her.

SPARROW
 So let's put more obstacles in my
 way and still expect me to win.

POE (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
 Look, all I did was transfer
 Sparrow's attributes to Rogue
 Trooper. You just have some new
 toys to play with.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

TOURNAMENT M.C.
 Nat4ce has chosen a Mythical
 Champion from the British comic
 book series 2020 A.D.

Her weapon of choice, a high
 powered sniper rifle capable of
 putting a hole through a tank.

Please welcome...the manufactured
 super-soldier, Rogue Trooper!

AUDIENCE
 EXUBERANT APPLAUSE

TOURNAMENT M.C.
 Player one Ready!

Sparrow's avatar raises her rifle above her head.

TOURNAMENT M.C.
 Player two Ready!

Molly Hatchet grips her battle axe above her head.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Fight!

Sparrow readies herself as a cityscape game environment appears before her but is then instantly blinded by a piercing light emitted inside the booth.

EXT. VERDUROUS - DOWNTOWN DISTRICT - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Sparrow's avatar runs for the cover of an abandoned bodega on the side of the empty street...

...but the bodega is booby-trapped.

Sparrow's avatar triggers a concussion grenade that sends her backward through a plate glass window.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER, SPARROW'S V.R. BOOTH

The V.R. Booth recreate a realistic experience.

The FLASH and BANG of a concussion grenade is first represented as a nauseated light, then an ear ringing CLAP!

A blast of scorching hot air takes her breath away.

Sparrow pulls her arm from under the restraints and hits the eject button.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER, DAY

Sparrow's pushes the V.R. Booth door open, her legs aren't strong enough to hold her up, as she gets sick on the stage.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

We have our first puker of 2018!
Clean-up on aisle... everywhere!

The Tournament M.C. holds his nose and covers his eyes.

AUDIENCE

Gross!

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Nat4ce is now being penalized for every second their Champion remains outside the V.R. Booth.

Poe stands up fast to assist Sparrow.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

If you attempt to assist, your team will be eliminated.

Simon and Buck pull at Poe and she sits back down.

POE

Come on, Sparrow! You got this!

Sparrow looks up wipes her mouth and nods back determined.

SPARROW

Eyes and ears guys.

Sparrow gets herself to her feet and re-enters the Booth.

INT. SPARROW'S V.R. BOOTH - DARK

Sparrow places the V.R. headset back on her head.

SPARROW

Calm now. Breathe.

Her view is of a stopwatch which reads 4.29.02.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #1 - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Sparrow's presses a combination of buttons, her avatar handsprings to her feet inside an office building.

BUCK (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)

Incoming! Find cover!

Sparrow's avatar dives and rolls, discharging her sidearm at the door before her, then rolls through.

Explosion rocks the building as the door closes.

SIMON (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)

Every move they have made so far was done to them last year. That is a big zero for creativity.

POE (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)

Molly is directly above you, across the street. You sit tight, let me see if I can root her out.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

On Poe's laptop, a drone lifts off from the Nat4ce bunker. A camera is mounted on top, two rifle barrels hang below.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING #2 - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Poe spots Molly with the drone.

Molly stands in a painless windowless frame and shoots her sidearm at Poe's drone.

POE

There's the ugly hag. Look at her!
Face only a mother could love.

Poe avoids all 9 shots of Molly's shots.

Molly hurls the pistol at the drone. She misses again and yells incoherently.

MOLLY

Ah! Oh! Ah!

The low caliber rifle barrels spring to life.

POE

Eat it.

The rifles barrel tears rounds through Molly's arm and cause her to dive to the floor

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #2 - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Molly spins fast, pulls a dagger from her boot and hurls at the drone. The dagger lodge into one barrel sending the drone reeling, as the second barrel fires into the room.

INT. CAMERA VIEW - OFFICE - DAY

Poe's drone finds Molly laying against a copy machine.

POE

Ha, ha! Got Ya!

Molly grabs a paper tray from the copy machine and hurls it at the drone.

MOLLY

Eat it.

The tray SMASHES into the drone. The drone spins and explodes.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #2 - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Molly pulls a slingshot from her belt. She loads a grenade and releases through the first floor across the street.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #1, EMPTY OFFICE - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Grenade rolls in and EXPLODES.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #1, ELEVATOR - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Rouge Trooper whistles to the Muzak over the elevator speakers. Loud explosion shakes the elevator.

Rogue Trooper looks at floor indicator.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #2 - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Molly takes the pin from a grenade.

From the corner of her eye, Molly sees a flash.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #2, ELEVATOR - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Rogue Trooper lay in the elevator across the way from Molly. She fires a round that separates Molly from her left arm.

Her arm drops with a THUD, the grenade rolls and EXPLODES outside the window.

MOLLY
(screams)
Ooh...ahh, ahh, ahh!

Molly tears a shotgun shell with her teeth; pours the powder on her wound. She lights a match and cauterizes the wound.

MOLLY
Ahh!!!

Molly chokes up on her battle axe and hurls it at her.

Molly watches as the battle axe misses Rouge Trooper but CLANGS in the elevator as the door closes.

A heavy gauge wire is suspended between the two buildings.

Molly grabs an iron hook hanging from the wire and is sped between the two buildings.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #1, ELEVATOR - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Sparrow kneels in the closed elevator next to Molly's giant battle axe and loads her rifle.

SIMON (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
Sparrow, we have another drone on the way to get eyes on her. A couple of smart bombs too.

SPARROW
Roger that. I got her axe!

Sparrow puts her rifle against the wall of the elevator.

SIMON (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
Yeah, we caught that!

BUCK (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
She is strong!

SPARROW
She's nasty alright. Got a little Terminator in her.

SIMON (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
What's the plan?

SPARROW
Head to the roof. This whole map must be wired so she can move from building to building.

SIMON (FROM SPARROW'S HEADSET)
What floor are you on now?

Sparrow no longer sees the floor indicator above the door.

SPARROW
I am on the... 9th?

Sparrow's avatar spins but can't find the floor indicator.

SPARROW
Guys! Seems we have ourselves a trap elevator.

No response.

SPARROW
Looks like the trap kills communications. Good trap.

Sparrow's avatar runs her hands over the elevator walls as the elevator begins to spin.

SPARROW

Oh, come on! You're just gonna make me puke until I lose!

The room spins faster.

SPARROW

Can't argue with the results.

Sparrow puts her hand over her mouth, presses the eject button and steps outside the Booth.

SPARROW

Wait for it.

Sparrow looks up and smiles.

SPARROW (CONT.)

I'm good!

INT. VERDUROUS, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Sparrow reaches up to remove her V.R. headset but removes her avatar's helmet, revealing a bright orange Mohawk.

Sparrow spins as the interior of the V.R. Booth disappear with the closing of the elevator door.

SPARROW

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hey!

Sparrow presses the button for the elevator. She sees her blue arms and pinches herself.

SPARROW

Ouch! What in the name of Sam Hill!
I'm Blue. I'm a Rambo Smurfette!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING #1 - DAY - IN GAME-PLAY

Molly cocks her shotgun.

Norman steps out in front of Molly and reaches out his hand.

NORMAN

Well done! Very entertaining!

MOLLY

Huh?

Molly reaches out her hand as Norman pushes his cane into her fat gut and forces Molly back out the window.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The monitor over her V.R. Booth shows Molly fall backward from the office building window.

AUDIENCE

What!?

TOURNAMENT M.C.

G4 commits Harry Karry! What a disappointment!

Molly's game ends before she hits the ground.

A little girl with the dark glasses emerges from the V.R. Booth, her head down, walking across the stage to her team.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Loser!

The little girl who begins to cry and run off the stage.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Bye now!

INT. VERDUROUS, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Sparrow looks across the way. Every floor has a wire and hook system to move papers, replacing the heavy gauge wires.

An ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY with powder pink skin and a tall black Mohawk walks into the hallway from an office doorway.

Sparrow backs up against the elevator with her arms spread.

SPARROW

I don't remember you in the simulation?

The Attractive Secretary looks at Sparrow impatiently.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY

Excuse me?

Sparrow relaxes her arms.

SPARROW

I'm sorry, I thought you were a simulation.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
A stimulation?

SPARROW
That too but, no.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
No?

SPARROW
No. No! I thought you weren't real.
A sim... ulation.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
I need to use the elevator, may I?

The Attractive Secretary waits for Sparrow to enter.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
Well?

SPARROW
I'm comin'.

Sparrow leans in and looks around.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
I have places to be!

SPARROW
There has to be a perfectly
reasonable explanation for this.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
Are you feeling alright? You look a
bit peaked?

SPARROW
Peaked? How can you tell?

Sparrow looks into the mirrored wall of the elevator.

SPARROW
I do feel peaked?

The elevator comes to a stop and the door open.

ATTRACTIVE SECRETARY
I hope you feel better.

The secretary walks away in a hurry.

SPARROW

Thank you!

INT. VERDUROUS - LOBBY - DAY

A round desk sits in the center of the lobby, an illuminated shade floats over the desk reads, 'Ministry of Defense'.

The Attractive Secretary passes Maurice, who is dressed as a Maurice and pushes a rectangular box through the air.

MAURICE

Ma'am.

The Attractive Secretary acknowledges him with a smile.

MAURICE

How are my ladies today?

Two desk attendants stand at the information desk. DARLA(40) has a jet black Mohawk with a ponytail.

MAPLE(42) has hair formed into high, dyed red spikes that run in length of her head. She leans and speaks at Sparrow.

DARLA

Excuse me, Miss?

Sparrow continues to walk amazed by her surroundings.

DARLA

Miss? You never checked in Miss.
You have to check in! Miss?

Darla taps on the desk. Sparrow turns confused.

SPARROW

I was on the 9th floor.

DARLA

Yes, but how did you get there?

Maurice leans into hear the conversation.

MAURICE

Probably working on the wires!
Could have come from across the
street?

Sparrow stares at Maurice.

SPARROW

Yeah, the wires! Came from across the street. I'm surprised they didn't tell you?

MAPLE

They don't tell us a thing. I knew more when Darla's son worked here!

DARLA

There's no "they" left!

Darla reacts to her own insensitivity.

MAPLE

Oh, Darla, I'm so sorry I didn't mean to bring that up today, I am so sorry. I am such a twit.

DARLA

Maple, it's fine he has been gone for months now...

Darla becomes choked up and tries to collect herself.

DARLA (CONT.)

...no, no, I promised myself, not today, Darla. You be strong, Darla.

Darla and Maple hold hands and close their eyes.

MAPLE

Did you sign in across the street?

Sparrow takes a quick look to Maurice.

SPARROW

I did, of course, I did. They're crazy about signing in! Not as nice as you ladies.

DARLA

What did they look like? My sister is trying to get a job with the Ministry.

SPARROW

Oh! well, they were...

MAPLE

(interrupts)

Sign-out here and I think we will be covered.

As Maple hands Sparrow a tablet, Sparrow notices a black onyx bracelet on Maple's wrist.

MAPLE

Print and sign anywhere on the screen.

SPARROW

Nice tennis bracelet. Onyx?

Maple does not hear the question.

MAPLE

Thank you, Miss. Finch. You are free to go.

SPARROW

Thank you?

Sparrow keeps her eyes on Maurice.

SPARROW

I'll be on my way then?

Sparrow walks toward the doors, waiting for someone to stop her before she exits.

EXT. VERDUROUS, CITY STREET - DAY

A group of women in tailored jackets wear bright sneakers. Some of the women have bouffant Mohawks, while others have short dyed hair; bright white and jet black.

A trolley car DRONES past Sparrow and over A black stain on the street where the booby-trapped bodega had stood.

A long, lean vehicle floats up and stops, with sparrow shaped wings and a needle-nose.

MAURICE

Welcome to Verdurous, my lady. Need a lift?

Maurice sits in the driver seat.

SPARROW

Have we met before?

She looks down at the man with an untrustworthy eye.

MAURICE

No, but I have heard a lot about you, Sparrow.

SPARROW
From who? What the hell is going on
here?

Maurice smile and pats the passenger seat.

MAURICE
Get in. I'll try to explain.

The vehicle bobs in the air like a boat.

INT. VERDUROUS, MAURICE'S CAR - DAY

MAURICE
Seat belt.

The belts pull over her shoulders just like the V.R. Booth.

MAURICE
You okay?

SPARROW
Little woozy.

Sparrow places her hand over her forehead.

MAURICE
Tell me if you need to pull over.

Sparrow leans her elbow on the window.

SPARROW
So, you're Morty?

Morty turns and looks at Sparrow who is now more than fine.

MAURICE
She knows I hate that name, and yet
she persists, propagates it even!
Please, my given name, Maurice.

MAURICE
It sounds like Poe may have gotten
through to you after all.

SPARROW
Look, for some reason, I know who
you are and this place isn't as
weird as it should be.

Sparrow looks down at her arms.

SPARROW

The blue thing is freaking me out,
that doesn't feel natural but just
about everything else here does!

Maurice gives Sparrow the once over and tries to drive.

MAURICE

This may be Poe's way of helping
you blend in. There is a race of
blue beings on this planet known as
the Oceanegans.

Sparrow examines her hands.

SPARROW

Why am I here?

Maurice watches the traffic through the rear view.

MAURICE

Poe thinks you can help. My job is
to keep your little blue butt safe
so don't expect to be using any of
those flight simulator skills!

Can you weld?

SPARROW

No.

MAURICE

Can you rivet?

SPARROW

No.

MAURICE

Should have sent you to trade
school than play that simulator for
what it's worth to us now.

Sparrow takes off her helmet and lowers her head.

MAURICE

Hey, we'll figure it out.

Maurice puts his hand on Sparrow's shoulder.

MAURICE

You're here because Poe insists you
are the only one who can help us
end this thing. Stop her somehow.

SPARROW
Stop who? From doing what?

MAURICE
Stop Conscription from taking...
everything else.

Sparrow stares at the cityscape and scratches her head.

SPARROW
So you live inside my game? Like
real-life SIMS?

Maurice shoots a glare at Sparrow.

MAURICE
No! I'm not a damn video game!
You're the blue one! Are you a
video game?

SPARROW
No.

MAURICE
Those booth's have opened a rift in
space/time. The original programmer
of Myths and Mystics must traverse
both worlds.

Regardless, the characters you
choose, the environments in the
game mimic our worlds to a tee.

Sparrow drops her head in her hands, then lifts back up.

SPARROW
Holy Crap, I'm in a video game!
This is so freakin' cool.

Maurice pinches the flesh under Sparrow's arm.

SPARROW
Damn it, Mo! That hurts!

Sparrow rubs the flesh under her arm.

MAURICE
Video games don't pinch, do they!?

SPARROW
Whatever! Stupid Poe. No, I don't
want to win the first round of my
Tournament today! Go ahead and send
(MORE)

SPARROW (cont'd)
me to welding school with Morty the
pincher! Nice.

MAURICE
I can't have you running around
thinking there are no repercussions
for your actions!

Maurice trails off as his vehicle slips through the mirror
building streets before they emerge into the countryside.

SPARROW
How do you know Poe?

MAURICE
She is a Monarch, like me. My
youngest sister.

Maurice, Ruby, and Poe. The three
Monarchs. Our family is Monarch
Salvage.

SPARROW
Where are your parents?

MAURICE
We will stop and see them on the
way home.

Maurice turns down a long driveway. A large white house sits
at the end of the driveway, elderly people sit in rockers on
a porch, the driveway is surrounded by lush green fields.

SPARROW
Where are we?

Maurice stops his vehicle short of the estate.

MAURICE
Come on.

EXT. VERDUROUS, SHADY VALLEY IN MEMORIUM FIELD - DAY

Maurice triggers a the device in his hand which activates a
hologram up from the grass. The hologram is of an older
couple dancing.

MAURICE
We have lost so much. And Connie
just keeps on taking.

SPARROW

Connie?

MAURICE

That is what I call her. Takes the big bad wolf right out of her.

Our father and mother's cruiser was destroyed by the Raxon.

Maurice gets lost in thought watches the holograms dance.

MAURICE

The Raxon are a species who were bent on invading the peaceful planets of our Federation.

Maurice bends down and pulls a weed under the hologram.

MAURICE

They mounted their forces and were about to attack when Conscription and her Armada just materialized.

Maurice folds his hand in front of his waist.

MAURICE

She decimated the Raxon in the name of peace but then immediately enslaved the men of our Grand Council with her smoking eyes.

Maurice kisses where the couples cheeks are projected.

MAURICE

Good night Momma. Good night Papa.

Maurice presses a button on the device and the hologram disappears. They to the vehicle without a word.

INT. VERDUROUS, MAURICE'S VEHICLE - DAY

As they continue the landscape slopes down to the sea, small houses appear on the side of the road.

RADIO VOICE

This is the Emergency Broadcast System. If you are in transmitting distance of my voice, please stay away from the shores.

MAURICE

Seems like we get messages from the
E.B.S. every day. It's not easy to
stay vigilant in the face of
constant terror.

SPARROW

What do you think it is?

MAURICE

Don't know? Let's take a peak.

Maurice pulls the vehicle over next to a beach house.

A man and woman run from the house and climb aboard a
waiting vehicle which floats away.

MAURICE

There should be some binoculars in
the glove box.

The compartment holds a pair of binoculars and rather heavy,
metal but very real Ray Gun!

Sparrow hands Maurice the binoculars.

SPARROW

Here you go.

Maurice stands to see over the beach house's hedges.

EXT. VERDUROUS, BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Maurice brings his gaze to the shore.

MAURICE

Gasp!

SPARROW

What! What is it!

MAURICE

Monstrosity!

Sparrow takes the binoculars to see.

Iron banded barrels with brass portholes in their centers
and metal arms with iron clamps for hands, manipulate
spotted tentacles which hang from barrel-bottoms to move the
Creature-Machines on to the shore.

Sparrow drops the binoculars, collects the Ray Gun and
dashes for the beach house.

MAURICE

Where are you going? Sparrow?

INT/EXT. VERDUROUS, BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Maurice crouches as he comes through the front door.

MAURICE

How is this our problem? I live a
good five miles from here!

Sparrow finds a fire extinguisher and a can of hairspray.

SPARROW

No! I don't think there is anyone
else. Thirty or forty men could
take this entire city if we don't
do something right now.

Sparrow can see one of the Creature-Machines holds a BOY by
the leg. The Boy SCREAMS, upside down in terror.

The hatch of the Creature-Machine opens and a SOLDIER rises
and fires his gun indiscriminate at the crowded beach.

A PROTECTIVE FATHER uses an umbrella to protect his family.

SPARROW

How far can you throw?

MAURICE

You'd be surprised.

SPARROW

I doubt that. Get this right
between the five of those things.

Maurice hurls the extinguisher as Sparrow fires the ray gun.

The ray hits extinguisher, exploding a white cloud and
expelling metal shards through the wooden barrels.

EXT. VERDUROUS, BEACH - DAY

Sparrow runs down the beach and leaps at the closest
Creature-Machine, grabs the lid and pries open its hatch.

She smashes the hairspray can and drops the exuding
container inside, shuts the lid.

The Creature-Machine spins and topple to the sand.

Maurice floats up to Sparrow in his needle-nose vehicle.

MAURICE

Get in!

The Boy still hangs from the Creature-Machine's clamp.

Sparrow climbs on to the hood of Maurice's vehicle and motions him to moves closer to the Boy.

SPARROW

Get me over there!

MAURICE

Damn it, Sparrow, get back here!

Sparrow crouches down to her hands and knees on the hood.

SPARROW

Just get me over there!

Sparrow inches herself out on the hood as the vehicle swiftly cruises toward the Boy.

Sparrow easily lift the little boy for the robotic arm.

SPARROW

And I got you!

Sparrow can feel Maurice's needle-nose vehicle slide out of the Creature-Machine as the ship backs away from the limp armed barrel body.

Ray gun blasts fly by Sparrow and Maurice.

Maurice pitches his vehicle back and forth to avoid the blasts as Sparrow balances on the hood.

Maurice uses ray gun and fires on target.

A Creature-Machine adjusts its sight and sends three quick shots. All hit Sparrow in the arm, spinning her to the hood.

SPARROW

Ahh, Mo, it burns!

Maurice pulls Sparrow into the vehicle by her ankle.

Sparrow rips a piece of shirt and wraps it around her arm.

SPARROW

Get me close to whoever just shot me.

MAURICE

Sparrow, damn it, you're hurt!

SPARROW

Get me next to the one who shot me.

Maurice aims his vehicle down the beach and points ahead.

MAURICE

That one right there!

Sparrow rolls on the wing, holds the edge of the wing, swings underneath, and shoves her boot through the porthole.

Sparrow watches two exposed enemy soldiers run to a tipped over unit and raise it to make their escape.

Maurice pulls up and covers Sparrow with the vehicle and fires at the enemy soldiers.

SPARROW

Stop! Stop! Let them go!

MAURICE

Look at your arm! That's permanent!
You'll see. They would have killed
you and thought nothing of it.

Sparrow looks at her arm with concern for the three burns.

SPARROW

That wasn't an attack, that was a
scouting mission. They just wanted
to see what happened.

Sparrow tries to adjust her ripped shirt on her wounds.

MAURICE

And you happened! Maybe Poe is on
to something.

Maurice watches Sparrow tend to her arm.

SPARROW

I don't know if it's the blue but I
feel great!

MAURICE

Don't get too comfortable. I still
need to keep you breathing!

SPARROW
Right on, Moe!

MAURICE
You're as bad as she is!

The Beach Goers are safe, Sparrow uses the binoculars to watch the last of the Creature-Machines move into the sea.

Sparrow narrows her eyes to see an oddly familiar Submarine looming on the horizon.

SPARROW
Don't you have any defenses in the city? A militia, police force?

MAURICE
Four species that have lost their homes to her. It would show no compassion to those other races if we defended ourselves from here. We have lost nothing yet.

SPARROW
Don't know if I'd agree with that!

MAURICE
There's comradeship in disaster. Anything else would prove divisive.

INT. VERDUROUS, MAURICE'S VEHICLE - LATE DAY

A billboard reads. "FLOATING GARDENS. IF YOU LIVED HERE YOU'D BE FLOATING BY NOW!"

Round homes float above the ground, each enclosed by a picket fence.

Maurice's vehicle glides under a car cover which hangs from the side of his home.

MAURICE
We're home!

Maurice steps to a platform off the house.

INT. VERDUROUS, MAURICE'S HOME - DAY

The house has an open floor plan.

The first floor has a kitchen and dining room. The second floor has a study and a bedroom.

The living room extends to the second floor.

A fire ignites in the stone fireplace as they walk in.

SPARROW

Cute picture.

Sparrow holds a framed photo of Poe and Maurice, both lean against Maurice's vehicle.

MAURICE

Taken one year ago, when 'Blue Planet' first came out. That game became a phenomenon. Poe played on her V.R. goggles constantly. That's when she met you at the Hive.

Maurice moves into the kitchen and pours himself a drink.

MAURICE

Some people think Conscription is undefeatable. Not Poe. Her theory is Conscription is from your world.

A corded phone rings on the wall in the kitchen.

MAURICE

I have to take this.

Maurice speaks quietly into the phone.

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)

Yes, she's here. Had a bit of a demonstration today. Almost gave me a heart attack.

Maurice sips his drink and listens to an unheard voice.

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)

I will admit it she's good, but I still don't see how one little girl supposed to stop Conscription?

Maurice rolls his eyes.

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)

Sorry. Two Little Girls.

Marice puts his hand on his hips and rolls his eyes again.

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)

Two amazing young women who are going to change the world!

(MORE)

MAURICE (INTO PHONE) (cont'd)
 Sorry forgot. Okay, I'll talk to
 you later, Babe.

Maurice hangs up the phone and raises his voice to Sparrow.

MAURICE
 You must be starving!

This shouldn't take long. I hope
 you like Thastle?

Maurice holds up an intimidating fish and smiles.

MAURICE
 Sparrow?

Maurice places the fish and finds Sparrow on the sofa.

He places a blanket on her.

MAURICE
 You sleep, little bird. You have a
 world to save.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Poe, Buck, and Simon sit on the stage, work on laptops.

BUCK (INTO HIS HEADSET)
 Sparrow? Come in, Sparrow?

Buck turns to Simon for help.

BUCK
 I can't find her anywhere. Do you
 have anything?

SIMON
 I can't see anything. These guys
 may have a camo spell. It can't
 last forever though.

POE
 Hey Buck. I have to go to the
 bathroom, cover me?

BUCK
 Yeah, I gotcha but be quick we have
 to find this girl.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Down the hallway, Poe sees light from a conference room. She creeps down the hall and listens outside the door.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Norman looks at an unrolled map of a star field and planets. His headset sits on the table on Speaker Mode.

NORMAN
Squadron leader Yellow.

Norman pushes a yellow block across the map with his cane.

SQUADRON LEADER YELLOW (OVER HEADPHONE)
Yes, Mother.

NORMAN
Bring your position to 476 x mark
986 vector 712, b-18. I need
eighteen Wasps in position awaiting
my orders.

NORMAN
Squadron Lead Red report.

Norman pushes a red block across the map with his cane.

SQUADRON LEADER RED (OVER HEADPHONE)
We are in position, Mother,
awaiting your orders.

Norman pushes a blue and green block at the same time.

NORMAN
Excellent. Green leader go! Blue
leader go! Red leader go! Yellow
leader go!

The sounds of jet engines fill the room.

Norman's eyes grow wide as he smiles and rings his hands.

SQUADRON LEADER RED (OVER HEADPHONE)
Target is acquired, repeat target
is acquired. On your mark, Mother.

Norman slams his fist on the table as he yells his orders.

NORMAN

On my mark...Cry havoc and let slip
the dogs of war! Fire! Fire! Fire!

SCULPTOR(OVER HEADPHONE)

Conscription, my lady, we have some
questions regarding your bust.

Poe looks confused in the hallway.

NORMAN

I said, begone!

Poe runs down the hall and stops.

POE

Wait a second? I'm not doing
anything wrong!

Poe stomps back down the hallway confident.

POE

What are doing in here?

Poe storms into an empty room, a paper lay on the floor.

The paper shows all of the competing team's attributes.

The top of the page reads,

"LOG-ON - MYTHS AND MYSTICS01" "PASSWORD - VEGASBABY"

POE

What the crap cheater! What a hack!

Poe runs back on the stage and sits, out of breath.

BUCK

Didn't mean that quick! Jeez, get
any in the bowl?

EXT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S SHIP - SPACE

Conscription's enormous zephyr looms in the distance.

INT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Conscription poses for sculptors who work a massive block of
stone as the battle rages behind her.

Several of Conscription's attack WASPS, launch an attack on
a Federation Command ship.

CONSCRIPTION
 (to the sculptors)
 That will be enough for today,
 Begone!

SCULPTOR
 Conscription, my lady, we have some
 questions regarding your bust.

CONSCRIPTION
 I said, Begone!

Conscription freezes as if controlled by an outside force.

Behind Conscription laser fire tears through the largest
 Federation ship which smokes, then dives toward the planet.

Conscription becomes reanimated. She steps down from the
 pedestal and drops her robe. Under her robe, she wears a
 steel bra and green dress that hangs from a thick belt.

Conscription walks to the picture window to watch the battle
 and knocks a scepter against her armored palm.

Admiral Sweed(25) enters the room. He wears a pressed green
 jacket with polished metals on his chest.

CONSCRIPTION
 I do dislike being a hand puppet of
 a sixteen-year-old.

Conscription presses a button on the hilt of her scepter
 which extends spikes from its center.

ADMIRAL SWEED
 He has proven quite useful.

Admiral Sweed stands next to Conscription with his hands
 behind his back. His eyes are a solid soft brown; no pupils.

CONSCRIPTION
 Quite. The Armada has proven
 indispensable.

ADMIRAL SWEED
 We were very lucky he chose you.

Conscription's eyes smoke and glow a brighter white.

CONSCRIPTION
 Quite lucky indeed.

Conscription knocks the scepter against her armored palm.

ADMIRAL SWEED
 Conscription, my Lady?

CONSCRIPTION
 My apologies, Admiral Sweed.
 Admiral? Why did I make you an
 Admiral?

ADMIRAL SWEED
 When you pinned my chest you said
 it's for my valor on Raxon.

Conscription touches the pin on his chest.

CONSCRIPTION
 Remind me of that valor, will you?

ADMIRAL SWEED
 Yes, my Liege.

Admiral Sweed begins to bows but to Conscription stops him
 with her scepter under his chin.

ADMIRAL SWEED
 Yes, Mother.

Conscription raises the scepter over her head.

CONSCRIPTION
 (screams)
 Ahh!

Admiral Sweed receives the blow, then drops in a heap.

CONSCRIPTION
 Good soldier.

Bloody and out of breath, Conscription watches a Federation
 fighter head straight for her viewing deck.

A moment before collision a hammer-headed Battering Ram
 obliterates the ship from view.

Conscription smiles and cleans the spikes of her scepter
 with her armored palm.

INT. VERDUROUS, MAURICE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sparrow wakes up in a stretch to see the color of her skin.

SPARROW
 Still blue.

Sparrow stands up, looks for Maurice.

SPARROW

Maurice! I require coffee, Maurice!

MAURICE (O.S.)

Coffees in the kitchen. Help yourself!

Sparrow pours herself some coffee.

To her left, a spiral staircase ascends to the second floor.

EXT. VERDUROUS, MAURICE'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Maurice reads a newspaper and drinks coffee. He wears striped silk pajamas and dark sunglasses.

A sun umbrella blocks the direct light on to the table.

As Sparrow sips her coffee, the bobbing motion of Maurice's home is echoed by the surrounding houses.

SPARROW

Woo! Feels funny.

Maurice places his newspaper on the table.

MAURICE

Sparrow, Poe really thinks you're the answer to our problems.

Maurice stops to collect his thoughts.

MAURICE

With the physical attributes your 'character' lends you, you're verging on superhuman! Verging.

Maurice leans in, looks intent into Sparrow's eyes.

MAURICE

Don't let any of this get bigger than you. I couldn't live with myself if anything happened to you.

Sparrow grabs Maurice's arm.

SPARROW

Maurice, that is damn near the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me.

Sparrow leans into give Maurice a long hug.

MAURICE

(a bit emotional)

I am completely serious! You're worth more than that to us.

Maurice collects himself and leans forward straight-faced.

MAURICE

Connie is not to be taken lightly. In five years she has collected her Armada, raised a zombie army and controls three of the four planets in our Federation. She is a complete sociopath. A psycho-traumatic, megalomaniacal, lunatic. Does that sound like anyone you could think of back home?

SPARROW

There is only one person but I wouldn't call him a meglo, psycho, patho... what you said. He's really kinda harmless.

A small jet burst from a large white cloud above them.

SPARROW

What's that?

MAURICE

Hey, that's one of our boys! Don't usually see them in one piece like that. Good to see!

Hey, hey boys!

The small craft continues downward before pulling back up as...

...an enormous needle-nose, sparrow-winged spacecraft, plunges through the clouds. Smoke and fire pour from laser blast gashes down the black, burnt black hull.

Sparrow and Maurice leap to their feet and watch the ship crash among the downtown skyscraper streets.

MAURICE

That's a Federation Command ship!

Sparrow grabs Maurice's arm but he is already on the phone.

MAURICE (INTO PHONE)
We will be right there, Ruby.

Maurice turns to Sparrow.

MAURICE
We have to get down there, Sparrow!

SPARROW
For the salvage?

MAURICE
No, I'm afraid this could be the
beginning of the end.

The two descend the stairs from the porch.

EXT. VERDUROUS - DOWNTOWN DISTRICT, CRASH SITE - DAY

Four giant sections of spacecraft are strewn between the buildings. Maurice looks to the building Sparrow arrived.

MAURICE
Oh my goodness, no.

Two sheet covered bodies are being carried from the lobby. Sparrow can see a dainty hand with an Onyx tennis bracelet.

MAURICE
They were nothing but good people
doing a thankless job.

SPARROW
This thing is getting out of hand
quick. Those ladies didn't deserve
this. None of these people do.

We sees a black mar on an otherwise undisturbed building.

SPARROW
(under her breath)
Molly's grenade?

Sparrow grabs Maurice by his ears.

SPARROW
Maurice, I have to get back! I
think I know what's going on!

MAURICE
Even if I wanted to, Kid, I don't
think that is an option right now.

They both see the caution tape on the damaged elevator door.

MAURICE

I was never given specific directions on getting you home but I am guessing it involves that elevator.

Sparks fly in the distance and the lights go down.

SPARROW

Great, no power! Is there any way to get a message to Poe?

MAURICE

Yes, but I have to go back home.

RUBY MONARCH(35) smiles with her deep brown eyes, she wears overalls and goggles atop her buzz cut hair.

RUBY

Good Morning, Brother. Can you believe this?

MAURICE

Sparrow, this is Potite's older sister, Ruby.

Sparrow takes a step back.

SPARROW

First of all, her name is freakin', Potite?! I am going to get so much mileage out of that!

But I never would have guessed she had an older sister. Lucky quacker!

Sparrow starts to shake Ruby's hand but hugs instead.

RUBY

I'm not surprised she didn't mention me, I think she plays that just to get away from me.

Ruby wipes her sweaty face with a rag from her pocket.

MAURICE

Ruby, would you mind watching, Sparrow, while I run home?

Ruby looks down on Sparrow.

RUBY

Of course not. Maybe you could help. We need an extra pull.

Maurice jumps in his vehicle.

MAURICE

Now fate has already dyed her blue and given her that fabulous hairdo. Please! Do not do any damage to that child! I will never hear the end of it.

Maurice drives away.

A tall pink woman drops giant rolls of wide straps from her shoulder while two other women lay oversize carabiners on the ground next to the fabric straps.

RUBY

Ladies, this is my sister's girlfriend, Sparrow.

Sparrow blushes and looks around for somewhere to hide.

RUBY

Sparrow, these are the ladies, VICTORIA, FISHER, and PEANUT.

Fisher(32) a tall pink Adrarian, who wears a bandanna and a pair of blue headphones, nods and smiles at Sparrow.

Peanut(16) has a thick manicured Mohawk which sits on her little round head. Her face is covered in a fine fur.

PEANUT

Poe, huh? She ever tell you why she ran way in that game?

Peanut walks in a circle around Sparrow.

SPARROW

No?

Sparrow follows Peanut with her eyes.

PEANUT

Don't believe a thing she say's. That girl is my cousin and we were comparing birthmarks.

Sparrow crosses her arm and raises an eyebrow at Peanut.

Victoria(22) has one side of her head shaven, the other a thick, Page Boy haircut. Two small lines are drawn under her lip to resemble a mustache.

VICTORIA

The pleasure is mine, I'm sure.

RUBY

If you would like you could help,
Peanut, with the straps? We are
down a Lady today.

Mounted on a truck, four egg-shaped pods. Under their windshields is a chair, like the chair in the V.R. Booth.

The pod's windshield raises.

Ruby climbs up into the seat and closes the windshield. The pod raising on two legs and walks away from the truck

Sparrow stares as the robot her mouth hangs open.

PEANUT

Start by unrolling that stack.

Peanut pushes against a six-foot stack of straps.

Sparrow sees a similar stack and tries to push it, as well.

SPARROW

I feel like a groundskeeper at
Coors Field!

Unable to move it with her hands she uses her shoulder.

PEANUT

Save your breath and keep pushing!

Ruby's Rosy Lift hovers in the air over Sparrow's head.

SPARROW

(looking at the Rosy Lift)
Shut the front door!

PEANUT

Never seen a Rosy Lift before?

SPARROW

(shakes her head amazed)
No!

Ruby positions her Rosy Lift over the top of the wreckage.

PEANUT

Here we go, Sparrow. Now, push!
Push! Push!

Sparrow pushes hard but the stack rocks back against her.

PEANUT

Go! Go! Sparrow, you have to push!

Sparrow slips to the ground but quickly flips over.

The looming ship's section CREEKS and rolls toward her.

She tries to back-up but is pinned by the stack of straps!

Just as the section looks to crush her, it comes to stop, resting against her cheek and pinning her to the stack.

Peanut flips on her back next to Sparrow and laughs.

SPARROW

(face mushed)

How is this funny?

Sparrow can see Victoria in her Rosy Lift steady the aircraft section with the outreached arms of her lift.

PEANUT

We do it to everybody! Kills us!

Sparrow can see the ladies smile down on her. Her face mushed and hard to understand.

SPARROW

You guys! Funny!

The Rosy Lift begins to back up and the section is lifted off Sparrow's face. Sparrow rubs jaw.

SPARROW

Coronaries are funny here?!

Victoria and Ruby land their Rosy Lift's next to Sparrow.

RUBY

Let's go, Ladies. Suit up!

Ruby looks down to Sparrow from her chair in the lift.

RUY

You feeling like taking a ride?

SPARROW
What do you mean?

RUBY
We won't be telling Maurice about
this but I need a fourth Rosy Lift
to move something this size.

Ruby points up to the sky.

SPARROW
Move where?

RUBY
Just outside the atmosphere. All I
need you to do is pilot one of the
Rosy Lifts straight up to space
dock. Nothing to it.

SPARROW
Nothing to it?

Peanut pushes a space suit into Sparrow's chest.

PEANUT
Nothing to it. Hop up, I'll strap
you in.

Sparrow dresses and jumps to the seat.

PEANUT
Your operations are at your hands.
All you will be doing is pushing
down your palms and working these
toggle switches.

Peanut points to the controls on the hand rest.

PEANUT
Next to is a collar. Put that on.

Sparrow reaches down and retrieves a collar.

PEANUT (CONT.)
Close it around your neck.

The collar closes and forms a circle.

PEANUT (CONT.)
Press the button and a force field
will form around your head.

Just in case.

SPARROW
In case of what?

Peanut smiles and waves as the windshield of the pod closes.

PEANUT
Nothing to it!

RUBY
Sparrow, you okay?

Ruby's voice can be heard throughout the cabin.

SPARROW
Yes, good to hear your voice.

RUBY
You'll be fine. Press down on the
rollers under your palms.

Sparrow presses down and feels a vibration, hears a low HUM.

RUBY
Push up on the toggle switches.

Sparrow pushes the toggle up and the Lift begins to rise.

SPARROW
Whoa... what now?! What now?!

RUBY
Continue pressing the button under
your palms, let go of the toggles.

The Rosy Lift bobs in the air. A dull HUM grows louder.

RUBY
That feeling and noise is stored
energy, which needs to be released.
You can do that just by moving your
Rosy Lift around.

Sparrow presses up which sends the Lift to shoot upward.

SPARROW
What did I do? What did I do?

RUBY
Relax, the generators will build up
a charge if your idle for too long.

SPARROW

Jeez, you really do enjoy scaring
the crap out of people, don't you?
No wonder Poe hasn't mentioned you.

RUBY

Keep the buttons down under your
palm and you'll be fine.

Now, head over here and take this carabiner.

Sparrow moves the roller under her palm toward her, and the
carabiner magnetically attaches to the arm of her Lift.

SPARROW

(her voice a bit shaky)
I think I'm good.

RUBY

Okay, Ladies, let's fly.

Sparrow presses on the toggle and sends the Lift skyward.

The Unit begins to rumble as it leaves the atmosphere.

EXT. VERDUROUS, UPPER ATMOSPHERE - SPACE

Sparrow loses her breath as her butt lifts from her seat.

RUBY

Sparrow, you can release both the
controls.

Sparrow's hands float above the controls.

RUBY (CONT.)

Go ahead and press that button on
the center of your collar.

Sparrow's contorts her face to un-pop her ears.

RUBY (CONT.)

Pressing down will build up force
so you can move while using the
toggle to direct yourself.

A force from the arms and legs push the lift forward.

RUBY

Like I said, nothing to it.

EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE, WRECKAGE STATION, SPACE

Sparrow follows the ladies to the metal framework of the Wreckage Station as the day time sky morphs to stars.

The four women float above the framework and deposit the ship's section.

SPARROW
Hey, hey! I did it!

Sparrow looks down to the planet.

SPARROW(CONT.)
Whoa, were high!

Sparrow can see the three ladies smile with acceptance.

RUBY
Just hang tight while we remove the
rocket assembly.

Sparrow floats away as Peanut floats next to her. Sparrow points to a flash in the distance

SPARROW
Is that the battle?

PEANUT
Hard to imagine people dying over
there. It looks so...

SPARROW
'And a terrible beauty is born.'

Sparrow's hand slips over the roller, a visible wave of energy emits from the Rosy Lift's arm.

The wave speeds toward the battle.

SPARROW
Oh, crap, what did I just do?

PEANUT
Um, that could be bad.

Sparrow notices two specs of light separate from the battle.

SPARROW
Do you see that?

PEANUT

What?

SPARROW

Those two...

Two laser beams hit Peanut's lift, separating the pilot's pod from the body. A second Wasp blasts Peanut's windshield, sending her spinning toward the planet.

SPARROW

Peanut! Holy crap, Ruby!

Sparrow holds down both rollers under her palms until the vibration shakes her awake.

RUBY

Sparrow, you have to let go of the generator! It's going to combust!

Sparrow releases both her hands.

SPARROW

Oh, crap.

Two waves of energy send Sparrow backward at incredible speed, as the energy waves strike an attack Wasps, which careen into another and cause them both to explode.

The wave rips through the battlefield like a carpet bomb.

Fisher's unit vibrated before a powerful wave is emitted from the end of her lift's arm toward the battle.

RUBY

Fisher, stop! You have no idea who you're attacking!

Fisher smiles at the enormous force of the new weapon.

FISHER

Ruby, don't kid yourself. This is the most effective weapon we to fight, Conscription!

RUBY

Fisher, we have to conserve our numbers the best we can!

INT. VERDUROUS, LOWER ATMOSPHERE - SPACE

Peanut's pod spins and falls helplessly toward the planet.

Sparrow adjusts her Lift to try to get parallel with her.

SPARROW

Almost...almost got you... little
Peanut...

Sparrow strains to reach Peanut in a magnetic field.
Peanut's Lift stops its spin but continues to fall.

SPARROW

I may have stopped you from
spinning but stopping us from
falling is a completely different
matter.

Sparrow looks down as the planet quickly approaches.

SPARROW

How did I do that?

The units lurch and BANGS violently but slow their descent.
Sparrow repeats until they come to a stop.

EXT. VERDUROUS, UPPER ATMOSPHERE, SPACE

Peanut in tow, Sparrow flies back to the wreckage station.

RUBY

Stop!

SPARROW

I'm sorry, I slipped!

Ruby looks nervously around for more Wasps.

RUBY

I don't know what I was expecting.
I shouldn't have listened to, Poe.

Turn around.

Sparrow turns her Rosy Lift to face away from Ruby.

RUBY

Let go of Peanut!

Sparrow releases Peanut's Pod.

Ruby attaches her pod magnetically to her Rosy Lift's back.

RUBY

Let the soldiers take care of the battle. I have a salvage yard to run. Get Peanut down to the ground and get her some medical attention. Can you handle that?

SPARROW

Yes.

Sparrow fumbles for the control to lower her lift.

RUBY

I meant landing. You haven't done that before was all I meant.

SPARROW

I'll figure it out.

Sparrow descends and will not make eye contact with Ruby.

RUBY

Sparrow, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

EXT. VERDUROUS, RUBY LIFT INNER ATMOSPHERE - DAY

Sparrow watches the terrain approaches quickly.

POE (FROM HEADPHONES)

Sparrow, can you hear me, Sparrow! This will never work. Why did I think this would work?

SPARROW

Poe? Poe! I can hear you. I can hear you!

EXT. VERDUROUS, FIELD - DAY

Sparrow kneels next to Peanut; talks with Poe on a headset.

SPARROW

There you go, Peanut.

POE (OVER HEADPHONES)

Peanut?

Poe kneels next to Peanut who's eyes are closed.

SPARROW

You mean your girlfriend? She got shot down by a Wasp, so I had to go

(MORE)

SPARROW (cont'd)
 save her life. All in a day's
 work here in Verdurous. Great place
 you got here!

POE (OVER HEADPHONES)
 I.. I'm glad you like it?

Sparrow holds her arms out to her sides.

SPARROW
 There's a freakin' war goin' on
 here! You're aware of this correct?

POE (OVER HEADPHONES)
 Hey, this is your mess and it's
 about time you clean it up!

SPARROW
 What the hell are you talking
 about? I'm not the one controlling
 that crazed biach!

POE (OVER HEADPHONES)
 No, Norman, is and if you didn't
 concede to him back at the Hive, he
 wouldn't have the Armada, he
 wouldn't have been able to build
 Conscription and he wouldn't be
 destroying my home!

Sparrow drops and places her hands over her head.

SPARROW
 I can't handle any of this! I
 thought I could but I can't. I'm
 not your superhero! I'm just a
 little girl from Aurora for crying
 out loud!

POE
 If that is all you think you are
 then that is all you will ever be.
 You let everyone hold you back. But
 I haven't given up on you yet
 Sparrow, I'm just waiting for you
 to be brilliant.

Sparrow starts to cry with her head in her crossed arms.

POE
 I never thought of you as my
 superhero. I always thought you
 (MORE)

POE (cont'd)
 were my Super Nova. You blew up a
 long time ago and we're just
 waiting for you to shine.

Sparrow picks up her head and wipes her eyes.

POE
 Every game you have ever played was
 just a simulation for this moment!
 This is it, this is your
 opportunity, Sparrow.

SPARROW
 And I have to grab it with both
 hands.

Sparrow stands up and brushes herself off.

SPARROW
 I have to tell you something and I
 know I haven't been fair to you...

POE
 (interrupts)
 Did you just save my ex-girlfriend
 from dying?

SPARROW
 Yes.

POE
 We're good. Get in there and use
 our God-given abilities like I have
 betting you could from the start.

Kick her butt, Sparrow! Explode on
 her! And Sparrow?

Sparrow opens the windshield to her Rosy Lift and climbs in.

SPARROW
 Yea?

POE
 I love you too.

Peanut roles over awake.

PEANUT
 Me too. I'm so glad she sent you.
 We'd be screwed without you.

Sparrow closes the windshield and starts to rise.

PEANUT

I'm fine by the way! No one asked.
Jerks.

INT. VERDUROUS, ROSY LIFT - DAY

Sparrow's Lift shakes, then speeds to the wreckage station.
The Ladies remove the engine of the crashed space vessel.

SPARROW

Ruby, I'm coming in hot.

Sparrow shoots by Ruby straight for the Wasps.

SPARROW

Time to see what this thing can do.

Sparrow throws the roller forward, a visible wave hits a
Wasp, which sends it tumbling away.

Her Rosy Lift claps, sending two Wasps out of control.

RUBY

We're right behind you and I got
some help from my little friend!

SPARROW

What?

INT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Conscription watches a series of explosions rumble through
the battlefield. A Wasp tumbles by her window.

CONSCRIPTION

COM! Give me the bridge!

Conscription knocks the bloody scepter on her armored hand.

GENERAL FORTIER

Yes, Conscription.

CONSCRIPTION

What is the name of...

Two Wasps tumble wing over wing in front of Conscription.

GENERAL FORTIER

We are unsure Conscription but we
still have the battle well in hand.
Nothing to concern...

CONSCRIPTION
 Speak, Fortier!

GENERAL FORTIER
 It is coming into view now,
 Conscription.

Sparrow's Lift pulls in WASPS, then pushes them away with magnetic force.

GENERAL FORTIER
 It appears to be a piece of
 construction equipment. A Rosy Lift
 I believe they are called?

GENERAL FORTIER'S voice shakes as he speaks.

CONSCRIPTION
 I can see that, Fortier! What is it
 doing in the middle of my
 battlefield?

GENERAL FORTIER
 Of that, I can assure you, I have
 no idea.

Conscription walks to a wall which hangs a jet-pack, a bullwhip, a double-sided sword and a Trident.

CONSCRIPTION
 If you want something done right...

CONSCRIPTION
 General Fortier, you have the Com.

GENERAL FORTIER
 As you wish Conscription.

Conscription removes the jet pack and Trident. As she walks off her Viewing Deck into space, a button on her collar provides a transparent force field.

INT. VERDUROUS, SPARROW'S ROSY LIFT - SPACE

Sparrow smiles as Victoria's Rosy Lift jets toward her.

VICTORIA
 Sparrow, behind you!

Sparrow is thrown forward, hit from behind.

EXT. VERDUROUS, SPARROW'S ROSY LIFT - SPACE

Sparrow spins to find Conscription standing over her.

Conscription thrusts her trident at the pod.

INT. VERDUROUS, SPARROW'S ROSY LIFT - SPACE

SPARROW

Big Lady! Guys! Big scary lady
looks like she wants to hurt little
Sparrow here, guys! Guys!

EXT. VERDUROUS, SPARROW'S ROSY LIFT - SPACE

Conscription pries open the windshield with her Trident.

INT. VERDUROUS, ROSY LIFT - SPACE

Sparrow tries to pull the windshield back down.

SPARROW

Nope! Nope! Nope!

Sparrow begins to undo her seat belt to escape from the pod.

EXT. VERDUROUS, SPARROW'S ROSY LIFT - SPACE

CONSCRIPTION

Not so fast, squirmy little
creature!

Conscription reaches down and lifts Sparrow to her face.

CONSCRIPTION

Why you're just a little blue
girl?! You're coming with me, you
little blue devil.

Conscription avoids the Battering Ram and floats back through the force field on to her Viewing Deck.

INT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Conscription tosses Sparrow to the floor.

CONSCRIPTION

What is the meaning of this
insolence! No other female of any
species has defined my will?

Sparrow lays on her side, sore from the toss to the floor.

SPARROW

They have been sending their men to
try to kick your giant ass out of
their Galaxy!

Conscription returns the trident and removes a bullwhip.

CONSCRIPTION

The insolence. It rolls from your
lips like water from a faucet.

Conscription slices Sparrow's lips with her bullwhip.

CONSCRIPTION

Shh child. Let Mother speak.

SPARROW

(scream in pain)

Ahh!

Sparrow licks her bloody lips in pain.

CONSCRIPTION

Little blue ones? What do we call
those? Oh, yes, Oceanagens.

Conscription works her whip in the air.

Sparrow cowers at the site.

The lashes separate from the whip's hilt and wrap around
Sparrow's body, restraining her.

Sparrow writhes, unable to scream, a bind across her mouth.

CONSCRIPTION

The General's purpose is
never appreciated by the foot
soldier. They have an equal yet
opposing purpose. One to stay alive
and the other to doll out death.

Conscription walks around Sparrow's hog-tied body.

CONSCRIPTION

Progress with purpose means blood
on the boots, I believe they say.

You must break a few eggs to make a
proper omelet.

Sparrow stops struggling and closes her eyes. The binds
loosen, she spits out the leather strap.

SPARROW

Depends who you're cooking for.

CONSCRIPTION

What did you say? I thought I had silenced you?

SPARROW

My baby sister can't eat eggs.
Something to do with digesting
cholesterol, can't drink milk or
eat cheese either.

Sparrow struggles to speak and the straps begin to loosen.

CONSCRIPTION

Well, I don't know what those
things are but they sound nice.

Conscription is thrown off her game.

SPARROW

So, your egg analogy is kind of
misleading.

The straps loosen which releases some pain but not all.

SPARROW

You're determining what an entire
planet of women are going to eat
and you don't even know any of
their dietary needs.

The straps loosen so her hands and feet hit the ground flat.

SPARROW

Hell, you would have killed my baby
sister, if I didn't give you a
head's up.

The straps wrap up her legs and torso and down her arms.

Sparrow stands and roles her neck.

Sparrow approaches, Conscription raises her hands.

CONSCRIPTION

I beg your pardon! I have only
brought death upon Males, for the
most part!

SPARROW
 Whatever, Connie.

Conscription's arms drop and eyes narrow down at Sparrow.

CONSCRIPTION
 What did you just...

Conscription's eyes mellow and she smiles down on Sparrow.

CONSCRIPTION
 At last. A worthy opponent. I've
 been looking for you little one.

Conscription pours liquor into two glasses, offers one to Sparrow. Sparrow smells, sips, and spits it on the floor.

SPARROW
 Whatever you're offering, I'm not
 interested.

CONSCRIPTION
 Don't always be so sure you're
 taking to the head of the snake.
 They are identical at either ends.

Conscription finishes the liquid and pours herself another.

CONSCRIPTION
 I could use a girl like you to give
 the ladies a shoulder to cry on.
 Maybe use your image to urge them
 through these difficult times.
 Wouldn't that be a hoot!

Sparrow's eyes grow large as she turns her face away.

SPARROW
 (under her breath)
 Norman!

CONSCRIPTION
 After seeing how quickly you fold
 under pressure of confrontation,
 Norman knew a society of women
 would be much easier to control
 than a society of men.

The leather straps fall slack around Sparrow's legs and torso.

CONSCRIPTION

So, engage the men in some noble
cause, leaving the hapless women
behind to fend for themselves.

Three planets and not a whisper.

Until you.

Conscription finishes her drink and pours another.

CONSCRIPTION

Appearing so meek while
systematically removing any real
competition from the battlefield.
Brilliant really.

Conscription pours the drink down her throat.

CONSCRIPTION

I wanted to thank you, actually. If
not for you, none of this would be
possible. Your weakness allowed for
Norman's growth to power.

Sparrow turns back to Conscription.

SPARROW

Don't you mean your growth to
power?

CONSCRIPTION

Norman still serves his purpose.
How else will I be able to traverse
our worlds?

SPARROW

Huh?

CONSCRIPTION

Oh, yes, I am aware of your
dimension!

Sparrow backs away in terror, falls back on her butt.

SPARROW

Who the hell am I talking to right
now?

CONSCRIPTION

Tell me then little Sparrow, what
would you have done differently.

SPARROW

Norman, you took advantage of the fact that I looked up to you and assumed that just because I was a girl I wouldn't be back for your sorry butt?

Sparrow raises her eyebrows to Norman's short-sightedness.

SPARROW

You really don't know anything about women. Hell hath no furry Norman. This is both of our problems now.

Conscription stares at Sparrow motionless.

CONSCRIPTION

You know, little Sparrow, you may have a point.

Conscription removes the double-sided blade from the wall and holds it against her chest.

CONSCRIPTION

The Chinese have a saying about disaster and opportunity. Something to the extent of...

Conscription throws her glass at Sparrow's head.

Sparrow crouches to avoid the glass.

Conscription raises the blade and rushes at Sparrow.

Behind Conscription, a Rosy Lift piloted by Victoria rockets toward Conscription's Viewing Deck

Victoria braces herself for the blow of the Battering Ram.

SPARROW

No!

The Battering Ram careens into Victoria's Lift, as Conscription turns with the blade above her head.

CONSCRIPTION

Oh, yes!

Above the extended Battering Ram, Sparrow can see Fisher standing with reigns in her hands approaching the ship.

EXT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Fisher pulls back on the reins and the needle-nose of the rocket from the disabled ship rises above the Battering Ram.

INT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Row's jaw drops.

EXT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

The needle-nose rises above the Battering Ram.

Fisher steps down hard, directing the rocket through the force field and into Conscription's back.

INT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Fisher leaps from the rocket before it hits Conscription.

The needle penetrates through Conscription's chest.

Sparrow activates her collar's force field, runs and leaps from the Viewing Deck.

Sparrow flies into Fisher's chest, as Conscription's ship explodes.

EXT. VERDUROUS, CONSCRIPTION'S VIEWING DECK - SPACE

Out of the flames, Sparrow and Fisher, jettison, holding one another, to Ruby's waiting Lift.

INT. VERDUROUS, RUBY'S ROXY LIFT - SPACE

RUBY

Are you two okay?

Both out of breath.

SPARROW

That was the plan! Everyone I know has the crappiest plans!

Seriously, Fisher, that was freakin' amazing thank you.

FISHER

Me? We have been fighting Conscription for five years! You just showed us we were using the wrong weapons.

SPARROW
Where's Victoria?

RUBY
I'm heading to her location now.

Ruby's Rosy Lift flies through the debris of Conscription's ship but the battle rages on.

SPARROW
Why haven't they stopped fighting?
Something isn't right.

FISHER
There she is!

Fisher points to Victoria who floats unconscious.

They lift the windshield and bring Victoria's inside.

RUBY
She doesn't look so good. We need
to get her to ground.

Ruby's Rosy Lift begins to descend.

EXT. VERDUROUS, BEACH - DAY

Ruby's Rosy Lift stands on the ground, the windshield open.

Victoria has her head on Ruby's lap.

VICTORIA
Did it work?

RUBY
We have to get her to a hospital.
Where is Maurice when you need him?

Maurice emerges over the hill with his keys in his hand.

MAURICE
Right where he's supposed to be.

Fisher leans over, picks up Victoria and carries her away.

RUBY
Thank you, Maurice.

MAURICE
Don't thank me so quickly. There is
a way for Sparrow to get back but
you're not going to like it.

RUBY

Why?

Sparrow grabs Maurice by her shoulder.

SPARROW

Hey! I'm right here. What do I have to do?

Maurice removes the Rosy Lift's arm from the unit. Maurice pushes the arm into Sparrow's chest and points to the ocean.

MAURICE

Poe said your answer lies out there.

Sparrow looks down at the arm of the Rosy Lift.

MAURICE

Tried to keep you alive for this long now I'm sending you into the middle of the ocean.

Maurice looks at Sparrow with love.

MAURICE

I'm gonna miss you, little Lady.

SPARROW

Me too.

Maurice and Sparrow and Ruby hug and shed tears.

RUBY

Take care of my girl will ya'.

Sparrow nods and grabs both their hands.

SPARROW

Thank you both.

Sparrow kicks out into the ocean. She turns to the shore but the shore is empty, not even the Rosy Lift remains.

SPARROW

Hello? Hey guys? How much fur...

A wave crashes over her and spins her in its wake.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER, SPARROW'S V.R. BOOTH - DAY

Sparrow's face appears through the flat black surface of the water and begins to breathe, unconscious.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The power in the room goes down. Emergency lights go up.

TOURNAMENT M.C.

Folks we do apologize. We should be able to get things up and running real soon.

The Finch family sit before the stage dressed as superheroes. Roxy begins to cry due to the dark.

MRS. FINCH

There, there baby, Momma's gotcha'.

Mr. Finch looks for his son.

MR. FINCH

Honey, have you seen Tyrone?

She gives him an impatient look.

MR. FINCH

Tyrone! Damn it!

He crouches down, looks for Tyrone.

MR. FINCH

Tye?

He spots Tyrone who holds a loose power cord in his hand.

MR. FINCH

Tye!

He runs to the wall and re-plugs it back in.

INT. SPARROW'S V.R. BOOTH - FULL WITH WATER - DARK

Sparrow awakens and hits the eject button. Gallons of water wash over the stage as she drops on the stage with a THUD.

INT. DENVER CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

A wave crashes against the back wall. Mr. Finch picks up Tyrone and stands on a chair as sparks fly.

Poe puts Sparrow's head on her lap.

POE

I'm sorry Sparrow! It was the only way!

Mrs. Finch runs on to the stage with Roxy in her arms.

MRS. FINCH

Oh, my baby!

The emergency lights change from solid to strobe.

Conscription emerges from the Booth before the M.C.

CONSCRIPTION

Out of my way shiny, little man.

Conscription pushes him down and marches across the stage.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Awesome costume!

Mrs. Finch steps in front of Conscription holding Roxy.

MRS. FINCH

Hey! What the hell is wrong with you. That's my little girl you circus freak!

Conscription steps back and looks down at Mrs. Finch.

CONSCRIPTION

More of her! Planet of insolent women and shiny little men!

Conscription raises her broadsword above her head.

CONSCRIPTION

Remove yourself or I'll strike you down where you stand!

MRS. FINCH

She ain't that big baby, she's just tall that's just about all.

Conscription brings the blade down hard next to Mrs. Finch.

She screams in frustration.

CONSCRIPTION

Ahh!

Conscription pulls the blade from the stage and knocks Mrs. Finch unconscious. Roxy sits helplessly on the stage.

Conscription raises the blade strike.

POE

Hey, Connie!

Poe holds the Rosy Lift's arm like a rifle, the weapon recoils and a wave sends Conscription flying back into the Booth.

Conscription rises back out.

CONSCRIPTION

All of you shall pay!

Conscription's eyes glow as she marches for Roxy.

CONSCRIPTION

If it is a lesson you need! The
dispatching of the young always
seems to send the right message!

From stage left, Norman launches himself at Conscription.

NORMAN

Ahh!

Norman hits Conscription in the mid-section and drives them both into the Booth.

The door to the unit SLAMS shut.

The Tournament M.C. tries the handle, locked. The Booth opens on its own, empty.

Poe drops the arm and runs to Sparrow's mom and Roxy.

SIMON

Buck, what the hell just happened?

BUCK

I have no idea.

FADE OUT.

INT. DOWNTOWN DENVER GALLERY - NIGHT

A poster for the gallery show reads 'Artism'.

Sparrow wears a sleeveless shirt. On her shoulder are three red bars disguising three laser scars.

JORDAN GANYO(22) approaches Sparrow.

JORDAN

Nice piece. Do you play?

SPARROW

Hum? No, but something so familiar about it.

Sparrow turns to Jordan and extends her hand.

SPARROW

I'm sorry, Sparrow Finch.

JORDAN

Jordan Ganyo. You know, I knew a Finch once called herself Sparrow.

SPARROW

Funny, I used to know a Jordan who went by Raven.

JORDAN

That so?

Jordan puts his jacket half over his shoulders and spins.

JORDAN

Hey, Sparrow, give me a hug.

Jordan and Sparrow embrace.

SPARROW

It's good to finally meet you!

JORDAN

I had to congratulate you! Well done. Amazing really!

SPARROW

Thanks, but I never got the chance to win the tournament. They never found Norman, so he was disqualified.

Jordan takes a step back and puts his hand on his chest.

JORDAN
But you won, right?

SPARROW
Hell, yes, I won! Got the
scholarship to boot, thanks to you.

Sparrow throws back the contents of her cup.

JORDAN
I wasn't talking about the
Tournament.

Sparrow turns her head to the side in question.

JORDAN
I told you I need a Grand Champion.
Video game tournaments at
Comic-Cons don't breed Grand
Champions, Verdurous does.

Sparrow drops her empty cup.

JORDAN (CONT.)
And we're not done yet. You up for
another game Player One?

Sparrow picks up her cup and comes up with a smile.

INT. VERDUROUS, POE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Poe lays against Sparrow's chest, playing a video game and
wearing headphones. Sparrow reads a fashion magazine.

SPARROW
Oh, man, I love this dress.

Sparrow holds the magazine in front of Poe.

Poe pushes the magazine away.

POE
Later! I'm crushing this!

Sparrow smiles and kisses Sparrow on the head. Poe stares at
the screen and smiles.

SPARROW
I love you, too.

THE END