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.)
It’s 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 Consrip, Consrip
Consrip...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 the 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 looks at the score.

It reads, "000,000,0000".

POE
She flipped the score? She flipped the score!

Poe SQUEALS and drop 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 cross.

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


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 graciously bows before her audience.

**Conscription**

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

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. VERDURIOUS – POE’S BEDROOM – DAY**

Poe cringes and turns away in disgust from the picture.

**INT. VERDURIOUS – KITCHEN – DAY**

MORTY (ON PHONE)

She must know we have no defenses. She’s trying to scare us into submission.
INT. VERDURIOUS - 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, Sweety.

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 sweety.

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.
This is it. We can beat these guys. Let’s keep it tight, slow, and safe. Nat-4ce on three. One, two, 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
It’s 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 stead. 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. VERDURIOUS - 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.
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 disappears 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 simulation.

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. VERDUOUS - 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. VERDURIOUS, 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. VERDURIOUS, 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
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. VERDوروUS, 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. VERDURIOUS, 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. VERDROUS, 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. VERDROUS, 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 move 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 comradery in disaster. Anything else would prove divisive.

INT. VERDUREOUS, 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. VERDUREOUS, 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.

Maurice 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 Thistle?

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. VERDÜRÖUS, CONSCRIPTION’S SHIP - SPACE

Conscription’s enormous zephyr looms in the distance.

INT. VERDÜRÖUS, 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.
ADIMIRAL SWEED
Conscription, my Lady?

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

ADIMIRAL 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?

ADIMIRAL SWEED
Yes, my Liege.

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

ADIMIRAL 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. VERDUREOUS, 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. VERDURIOUS – 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 see 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 think 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.
Here we go, Sparrow. Now, push!

Push! Push!

Sparrow pushes hard but the stack rocks back against her.

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 crusher 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.

How is this funny?

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

We do it to everybody! Kills us!

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

You guys! Funny!

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

Coronaries are funny here?!

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

Let’s go, Ladies. Suit up!

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

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. VERDouroS, 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. VERDURIOUS, 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. VERDURIOUS, 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. VERDROUS, 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. VERDROUS, 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 rolls 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. VERDUREOUS, 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. VERDUREOUS, 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. VERDUIROS, 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. VERDouroS, SPARROW’S ROSY LIFT - SPACE
Sparrow spins to find Conscription standing over her.
Conscription thrusts her trident at the pod.

INT. VERDouroS, SPARROW’S ROSY LIFT - SPACE

SPARROW
Big Lady! Guys! Big scary lady
looks like she wants to hurt little
Sparrow here, guys! Guys!

EXT. VERDouroS, SPARROW’S ROSY LIFT - SPACE
Conscription pries open the windshield with her Trident.

INT. VERDouroS, 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. VERDouroS, 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. VERDouroS, 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 Generals 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 rolls 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 reins in her hands approaching the ship.
EXT. VERDouroUS, 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. VERDouroUS, CONSCRIPTION’S VIEWING DECK – SPACE

Row’s jaw drops.

EXT. VERDouroUS, 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. VERDouroUS, 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. VERDouroUS, CONSCRIPTION’S VIEWING DECK – SPACE

Out of the flames, Sparrow and Fisher, jettison, holding one another, to Ruby’s waiting Lift.

INT. VERDouroUS, 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. VERDouroS, 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