

PASSWORDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RURAL HOME - NIGHT

Nothing fancy. Knick knacks here and there. More female touches than male.

The well-worn, semi-matched furniture is all pushed to the side, creating an open space in the middle of the room where JESSE, male, 12, fights an enemy only he can see in his virtual reality headset.

JESSE

Call Of Duty. Modern Warfare.
Nothing comes close. Weapons
choices alone makes it the best.

His words type on the screen of a nearby laptop.

JESSE

Post.

His Call Of Duty message posts onto an internet message board as he continues gaming.

A CHIME sounds from the computer.

JESSE

Read.

Computerized, male, very close to a human voice...

COMPUTER (O.S.)

You're an absolute moron. Only a
pinko lefty fascist would think
Modern Warfare beats the original
Ghost Recon. Get off the internet,
you friggin' disgrace of a human.

JESSE

Chill, asshole. We're talking video
games. And, by the way, "pinko
lefty fascist" makes no sense.
Post.

CHIME.

COMPUTER (O.S.)

You calling me stupid?

JESSE

You basically called yourself
stupid. Post.

The message posts.

Jesse lifts his headset, looks at the laptop...

JESSE
Goodnight --

Reading...

JESSE
-- Leonard55.

He closes out of the message board, puts the laptop to sleep, resumes gaming.

Almost immediately, the lights snap off, as well as the TV.

Jesse slips off the headset.

JESSE
Aw, man. I was coming up on a
checkpoint.

The laptop wakes. A message appears: "How do you like the dark?" Jesse leans forward as a second message quickly follows: "Who's stupid now?"

The lights snap back on. Music suddenly blasts from a nearby device. Jesse scrambles to unplug the speaker.

Jesse types on the computer: "Knock it off."

A quick response: "Make me."

Jesse types: "You're an ignorant coward. You can kiss my -- "

He leans back, deletes the message without sending.

A message pops up: "ass?"

Another quickly follows: "Put on the headset."

Jesse does. Reluctantly.

INT. VIRTUAL WORLD - WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

VIRTUAL JESSE, 30s, hulking muscles, face full of stubble, gun in hand, looks around the empty, grey space.

The space instantly transforms into...

INT. VIRTUAL WORLD - ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Just as quickly, Virtual Jesse suddenly switches to a YOUNG GIRL, 13, scared and frail. The Young Girl's lips move, but still, it's Jesse's voice...

JESSE

Switching my avatar -- not cool.

Jesse, the Young Girl, looks around. The house is dark and dusty. The only light comes from moonlight pouring through broken windows.

JESSE

Switch me back.

A deep, dark voice responds...

LEONARD55 (V.O.)

Make me. I'm downstairs. Or, are you too afraid -- Jesse?

The Young Girl spies an open door. It leads outside.

JESSE

How do you know my name?

The Young Girl sprints for the open front door. It quickly slams shut.

Blood runs down the door.

LEONARD55

Security is so important. Don't you think?

Jesse turns back.

LEONARD55

The basement. Now.

Down the hall, a door slowly swings open.

The Young Girl steps cautiously toward it.

INT. VIRTUAL WORLD - ABANDONED HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Young Girl stands at the top of a long, dark set of stairs. She steps onto the first step.

A light flickers in the otherwise pitch-black basement.

The Young Girl continues down the stairs.

On the far end, under the glow of the flickering bulb:
LEONARD55, hulking, demonic, video game male, stands tall and powerful -- playfully taunting the Young Girl with his long, sharp nails.

LEONARD55
Choose a weapon, Jesse.

A light snaps on, illuminating a table full of various weaponry. Swords. Mace. Guns.

JESSE
Switch my avatar. I'll fight you.

LEONARD55
This is my game.

The Young Girl slinks to the table, picks up a large gun.

LEONARD55
Excellent choice. But,
unfortunately for you, not good
enough.

Leonard55 charges.

The Young Girl points the gun, but she can barely hold it steady. Before she can pull the trigger... Leonard55 stops, mid-charge. Looks up.

LEONARD55
Can't it wait? I wanna finish my
game.

He slumps. Looks at Jesse...

LEONARD55
I gotta go.

The voice is still deep and ominous, but -- he shifts his hips, talks with his hands. To the sky...

LEONARD55
I'm coming, okay. Just let me shut
it down. I swear --

The Young Girl suddenly switches back to the manly Virtual Jesse character.

Leonard55 looks at Jesse.

LEONARD55
Hope you didn't mind me having some
fun with you, Jesse.

JESSE

What's your name -- your real one?

Leonard55's voice switches. No longer manly, it's now... distinctly female. Young.

LEONARD55

Amanda.

Leonard55, the demonic character, disappears, replaced with AMANDA, 13, a bit goth.

LEONARD55

Hang on. I'm switching you to personal mode, too.

Virtual Jesse disappears, replaced with an avatar that looks exactly like the real Jesse.

LEONARD55/AMANDA

You jumping on tomorrow?

JESSE

I guess. My mom works nights.

LEONARD55/AMANDA

I know.

JESSE

That's creepy.

LEONARD55/AMANDA

Passwords. Strong ones. They're your friend.

Leonard55/Amanda looks up.

LEONARD55/AMANDA

I said I'll be there in a minute!
(to Jesse)
See ya around eleven? We can run some C-O-D.

Jesse nods and Leonard55/Amanda disappears.

INT. SMALL RURAL HOME - NIGHT

Jesse takes off his VR headset. He smiles.

FADE OUT.

