

THE BLADESMASHER

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Dark haired MIKE (26), comes down the stairs. Blonde glass-wearing LARRY (26), sits only inches away from the TV.

MIKE

(sighs)

What's he selling this time?

On TV; a glimpse of an tall, awkward HAROLD BLADESMASHER (44). He presents a infomercial called Sweet Hills. Next to him a table displaying the product.

LARRY

It seems to be some kind of ointment in a little bottle.

MIKE

Probably a bottle of his distilled lameness.

LARRY

You'll see one day.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LIVE

HAROLD

It doesn't just rejuvenate the outside. It also gives you that **feeling** of rejuvenation. Pulsing through your body, giving you strength, energy, passion and more.

Harold grabs a photo from the table.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Here we have this photo of a woman. Now remember, this is the "before picture" ha-ha.

Harold grabs another photo, with seemingly the same image.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Still the same but better... right?! You can just see it in her eyes.

A closer look at the eyes, displaying a slight twinkle.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

It's like there's a little man, holding a star. And that man is dancing!

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

While carrying a burning hot star,
ha-ha. Sure, his hands are burning
but he's happy. Why? Because he's
in this woman's eyes. A woman who
has experienced Rejuvo!!

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - MORNING

Mike stands behind Larry.

MIKE

C'mon, you have to agree that this
is so sadly lame.

LARRY

I know.

MIKE

Then what's the problem? Just
accept and let it go.

Larry pauses the show and stands up.

LARRY

The theory holds truth. I know it!

The guys look up, startled at hearing the VOICE of the
British narrator GILES, (42).

GILES (V.O.)

For the last week now, the lads are
having a stupendously stubborn
problem. For years--

LARRY

Hey! What do you think you're
doing?

(beat)

GILES (V.O.)

It all began--

LARRY

First you interrupt our
conversation and now you're
ignoring me? British politeness at
its finest, I suppose.

GILES (V.O.)

I.. Beg you're pardon, are these
inquiries addressed to me?

LARRY

(British accent)

Quite right, my good fellow. Now if you would be so kind as to answer my question;

(loses accent)

What the fuck do you think you're doing?!

GILES (V.O.)

I'm... Narrating the story, providing some background information on certain subjects or events. Here and there I might--

LARRY

Not gonna happen, dude! If anyone will do any narrating, it will be me. Not some British Gaylord. Who do you think you are, narrating this American story?

MIKE

I think you're being just a tad linguistically racist here.

GILES (V.O.)

I would have to concur with that particular observation. But above all, I do like to point out that a contract has been signed. Where it has been established by **law** that I shall narrate this story.

LARRY

Okay fancy contract law British man... accent British... man.

GILES (V.O.)

Giles would be easier and also quite correct for that matter.

LARRY

(childish imitation)

Quite correct for that matter.

(talking normal)

Look Giles, you do what you have to and I'll will do what you'll force me to do.

GILES (V.O.)

Sounds simply smashing, sir.

(beat)

MIKE

We're waiting for you Giles, it seems you've got something on you're chest.

GILES (V.O.)

Yes indeed. For many years now the fellows use a rating system based on the Lawesomeness-line.

A large paper presentation board, standing in the living room. It displays a long horizontal line. On the line are many dots, ejecting vertical lines with names attached.

GILES (V.O.)

On this line, people are placed on their level of lameness or awesomeness. The more we go to left on the line, the lamer someone gets. More to right and the more awesome someone becomes. It was a beautiful working system. Until the guys had to judge Harold Bladesmasher.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING (PAST)

The guys are having an argument in front of the board.

GILES (V.O.)

With Mike firmly believing Harold should be placed on the far left side of the Lawesomeness-line. While Larry wasn't sure and requested more time.

MIKE

Nope. We've created these rules to bring order in a well designed rating system. If chaos, what this extra time represents, enters the system, we'll all be doomed. A network a shattered disbelieves colliding with one another all over the world.

LARRY

A bit overdramatic there.

MIKE

I highly doubt it, they were your words.

LARRY
C'mon, we can make an exception.

MIKE
How much time are we even talking
about here?

LARRY
Until I can proof or disproof my
circle barrier breaking theory.

MIKE
Come again?

LARRY
Be ready and keep an eye out for
your socks.

MIKE
My socks?

LARRY
Cause this theory is going to knock
them right off!

MIKE
All right, I'll indulge you.

Larry walks over to the board, grabs a marker. Mike follows.

LARRY
If you would please join me Mike,
as we have a look at the board.

The horizontal line on the board consists of three big dots.
One at the very left, middle and very right.

LARRY (CONT'D)
We see the long **horizontal**
Lawesomeness-line. At the very left
The lame. The king or queen of the
lameness. Master of all that is
lame, conquering lameness on a
daily basis, breathing it, feeling
it, seeing it, it is the essence of
pure lameness.

MIKE
Have you been practicing this
speech?

Larry traces the line, left to right, past the middle dot.

LARRY

As we move further down to the right. It decreases in lameness, passing the neutral centre point. The perfect balance between the two. And finally ending all the way to the right where sheer, pure unbridled awesomeness can be attained. That person will be king or que--

MIKE

Yeah okay. I get all that.

LARRY

As you may have noticed this all happens on a horizontal line. But what if... that line... is actually-

Larry draws a big circle on the board.

LARRY (CONT'D)

A circle!

Larry looks at Mike with full expectation, he's not moving a muscle until he slowly starts to look down towards his feet.

MIKE

Nope. Socks still there.

LARRY

I'm telling you, the theory makes sense! The circle makes sense! It fits based on the things I've seen. Ever so subtle things at first. But the way where Mr. Bladesmasher is--

MIKE

Ow it's Mr. Bladesmasher now. This lame-trocious man. As far as I know his name is Harold. It's the name his parents choose. When they first laid eyes on that baby, they **knew** it was a Harold.

Mike imitates a sad parent, holding a baby.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Awww. We got ourselves a Harold, honey.

LARRY

Okay. Fuck the name.

MIKE
Yeah, let's fuck it up... and put
that name to the left. You know;-

Mike starts dancing and singing.

MIKE (CONT'D)
To the left, to the left. It's a
great song.

LARRY
Okay.

Larry grabs the marker and turns to the board.

MIKE
Yeah! And such a compelling song!
(singing again)
To the left, to the left. Every
lame name, put it to the left.

LARRY
That's not gonna happen...
Now if the line is actually a
circle, we will find that the two
extremes; Super Lame and Amazing
Awesomeness, will meet!

MIKE
So?

LARRY
He's so lame that he's bordering
pure awesomeness. If this-

Larry draws a short vertical line at the bottom line of the
circle, exactly in the middle.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Represents the barrier. Harold
would be right here.

He marks a dot just left of the vertical line.

LARRY (CONT'D)
The barrier separating the lame and
the awesome. He's gonna break it.
Within fragments of time he has
already broken it! Landing him
right here.

He marks a dot just right of the vertical line.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Pure awesomeness.

Mike looks puzzled but slowly begins to nod.

MIKE
Well... that at least explains the name.

LARRY
(nods proudly)
The barrier-breaking circle theory.

MIKE
That's also the only thing that makes any sense to me. It's a line. You can't just turn it into a circle, it doesn't work like that.

LARRY
I can show you things you wouldn't believe.

MIKE
You're just saying that because it sounds cool.

LARRY
Just wait and see.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Larry, one again, closely monitors Harold on TV.

GILES (V.O.)
And so Larry became determined to find out the truth about Harold Bladesmasher.

MIKE
A complete waste of time.

Larry pauses again and gets right up into Mike's face.

LARRY
I'm gonna prove it to you!

MIKE
Wow, put some heavy snow tires around that wheel of hostility.

LARRY
I haven't taken a crap in 5 days!

MIKE

You poor man.

GILES (V.O.)

As Larry did experience some bowel problems in the past, it was actually--

LARRY

Don't you dare Giles!

MIKE

Just calm down, man. Have you tried anything?

LARRY

Besides trying to push the crap out of my ass? What do you mean tried anything?

MIKE

Okay, try to tune down the cranky hanky level.

LARRY

Have you ever had a rock-hard turd stuck in your underbelly? It's not what fun times are made of... it's what shitty times are made of.

MIKE

I'll get you something from the pharmacy.

LARRY

(grabs stomach)
Arggg!

MIKE

Is that a grumpy, pirate-way of agreeing there?

LARRY

Yeah, yeah.

MIKE

You know it's ironic.

LARRY

What?

MIKE

Well, not only is your theory full of shit but it appears you...

LARRY
Just fuck off, Mike.

MIKE
Will do.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - MORNING

Mike enters the store and starts to look around.

MIKE
(sings softly)
All right, I wanna poo poo
medicine... give me some poo poo.

TRACY (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Mike turns around, sees the beautiful brunette TRACY 25, with a slightly bruised cheek.

MIKE
Wow! Sneaking up on me like some
kind of ninja. Congratulations on
your diploma, cause obviously you
just graduated from ninja school.

TRACY
What are you looking for?

MIKE
(blabs out)
Poo. Uhm... I have a friend... I
really have this friend and he's
having a problem with some overly
attached... poo.

TRACY
How long has it been?

MIKE
I believe he said 5 days.

TRACY
(grabs medicine)
You might want to try this.

MIKE
Thank you. I poo a lot.

TRACY
Excuse me?

MIKE

I mean not all the time of course,
just normal amounts of time and
quantity. Like a normal healthy
person. Like you for example, I'm
not saying you.. Well.. you
obviously, not that I'm thinking
about it. I'm sure you do it
lovely, with a gentle smile on your
face.

(Tracy looks annoyed)
Or not.

TRACY

(hands over medicine)
Okay, when you're ready to pay for
this I'll be at the counter.

MIKE

Got it.
(Tracy walks away)
I'm more normal normally!

TRACY

Good for you!

GILES (V.O.)

Mike wasn't always the luckiest man
when it came to woman.

MIKE

Really? Do we have to do this now?
You know, I'm starting to side with
Larry more and more. Especially
since--

INT. LOCAL BAR - EVENING (PAST)

Mike's talking to a nice looking GIRL #1 (20's), at the bar.

GILES (V.O.)

In fact, acquiring true love in
life seemed to be an almost
insurmountable task.

MIKE

Oh? Are those you're thoughts on
the subject now?

GIRL #1

(laughing)
Just my humble opinion I guess.

GILES (V.O.)
 It wasn't that there was a lack of
 a love-life, it's just that the
 girl Mike truly wanted-

Mike glances over to a BEAUTIFUL GIRL across the bar.

GILES (V.O.)
 Was always unobtainable.

MIKE
 Well my darling, I'm fascinating
 beyond extend by your humble
 thoughts.

GIRL #1
 I bet you say that to all the
 girls.

MIKE
 That sounds an awful lot like I'm
 picking you up.

GIRL #1
 Well, that wouldn't be a bad thing.

MIKE
 Let's get out of here.

Exiting the bar, Mike has a last look at the beautiful girl.

GILES (V.O.)
 The unattainability of these woman
 was formed throughout the
 experiences life has taught him. As
 most of the first impressions on
 these women wasn't quite... the
 correct one.

INT. LOCAL BAR - EVENING (PAST)

Mike sits down next to beautiful GIRL #2, (20's).

MIKE
 Hi, I'm Mike. As in Tyson, ha-ha.

He starts flexing his biceps.

GIRL #2
 I'm sorry?

MIKE

Not that I'm gonna hit you. Unless
you like that of course.

GIRL #2

Okay.. I'm going to be over there
to.. Be there.

MIKE

(girl's leaving)
It was a joke!

INT. LOCAL DISCO - NIGHT (PAST)

Loud MUSIC plays, Mike's dancing on the dance-floor. He
approaches beautiful GIRL #3 (20's) and leans in.

MIKE

You know, I have balls to see... I
mean I'm the only guy that have the
balls that see--

GIRL #3

What?!

MIKE

I don't have balls that can see!
That doesn't make any sense. I'm
wearing pants so they wouldn't even
see anything!

Girl dances away from Mike. Seemingly upset he quickly picks
himself up and pulls out frantic dance moves.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah! Let's dance the night away!

GILES (V.O.)

And there are much more... missed
opportunities. My personal favorite
would--

INT. PHARMACY STORE - MORNING

MIKE

Okay! Thank you very much, Giles.
But let's not presume anyone gives
a shit about your favorite.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - COUNTER - MORNING

TRACY
This all, sir?

MIKE
Yeah. You know, I think we got off
on the wrong foot.

TRACY
Nah. I think is was the right foot.

MIKE
It was?

TRACY
As in the right foot being the
wrong.

MIKE
Ow... snap!

TRACY
You just snapped yourself.

MIKE
Yeah, it was a good snap. Like my
mother always said; you should
never let a good snap go to waste.

TRACY
That will be \$5,95 please.

MIKE
(hands over money)
You know it's kind of ironic. You
working in a pharmacy that exists
to heal people and you got bruised
yourself there.

TRACY
(intense)
I'm in a very hard-core abusive
relationship and I'm loving it.
(hands back medicine)
Good luck with your crap.

Mike only manages to pull out an awkward "thumbs up" as he
makes his way out of the store.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

GILES (V.O.)

And so the evidence kept piling up,
proving time and time again that
true love appears nothing but a
myth, a distant foreign folklore.
It was also at this point that
Giles realized he had a new
favorite.

MIKE

Seriously? You're starting to
narrate your own thoughts now?
Can't you bother Larry for a few...
days?

GILES (V.O.)

A good narrator is always up-to-
date with any situation at any
given time.

MIKE

All seeing, huh. So what's Larry up
to?

GILES

Actually Larry has just purchased
two tickets to join tomorrow's show
of Mr. Bladesmasher.

MIKE

Did he now?

INT. APPARTMENT - MORNING

Mike enters the appartment. A relaxed Larry on the couch.

LARRY

It is done.

MIKE

No shit!?

LARRY

Yes shit. Muchos shitos.

MIKE

And I just got you this.

Pulls out medicine from his pocket pants. Larry stands up.

LARRY
You should check it out.

MIKE
Check it out?

INT. APPARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Mike and Larry standing over the toilet.

MIKE
Sweet mini-skirt wearing Moses on a
trampoline!

LARRY
My little Moses.

MIKE
That size is not normal.

LARRY
It hurt like hell.

MIKE
I can imagine... look at it.

LARRY
You should especially take notice
of how wide it is.

MIKE
Yeah, it's some really thick shit.

LARRY
Can you imagine how far my tender
star had to stretch to produce
this.

MIKE
I have a immense respect for your
asshole.

LARRY
Thank you. You noticed anything
else?

MIKE
(looks around)
Not really.

LARRY
Just take a deep breath.

MIKE
The smell!?

LARRY
Exactly.

MIKE
What happened to the smell?

LARRY
Well, as I was pushing this unusual wide piece of crap through my surprisingly stretchy asshole, I too noticed the lack of smelliness.

MIKE
That has to be sentence no one ever said before.

LARRY
I don't know, I wouldn't surprised if every sentence has been said before. Think about it, with billions of people throughout thousands of years.

(beat)
What were we talking about again?

MIKE
You know, all though your shit doesn't stink, I did pick up a faint weed smell.

LARRY
Yeah, still had some lying around from last week's party. It really helped me to relax my bowels. But yeah, the lack of smelliness. I actually developed a theory about it.

MIKE
That does not surprise me.

LARRY
Do you remember those extraordinary smelly farts I've been having these last few days?

MIKE
Remember? Smells that induce a gag-reflex are more than just a memory.

LARRY

Now those farts exiting my body they had to get past my monster-turd and in that process each time a fart would pass this amazing piece of art, it would absorb some of its smelliness. Resulting in these gag-farts and eventually in the odorless poo we see here lying today.

MIKE

That actually makes sense.

LARRY

I know. I love crappy theories.

MIKE

Should we pay him his last respect or something before we flush him?

LARRY

Well, as we parted earlier I did say some words but they weren't very nice. But now that we're going to flush him I would like to say some last words.

(sits down next to toilet)

For many days you were a big part of me. We had our ups, and thank God we had our downs. The bond we had was something special, I mean you were inside of me. But now it's time to say farewell.

(reaches to flush)

I can't. You flush him.

MIKE

Sure. You might want to look away. It's not gonna be pretty.

Larry's looking away, Mike FLUSHES the toilet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wow!

LARRY

What? Is he gone?

MIKE

He really is Moses.

Larry turns around, with disbelief he looks into the toilet.

LARRY
As he splits the sea in half.

MIKE
He's still holding on.

LARRY
He has the tendency to that.

The flushing stops.

MIKE
I guess we go for round two.

LARRY
No wait. We can't flush little
Moses. He has earned his place and
gained my respect.

MIKE
You're kidding, right?

LARRY
No, his courage and determination
has inspired me.

MIKE
So clingy and sticky have become
courageous and determined?

LARRY
Indeed. And now Moses has earned
the right to choose his moment of
departure.

MIKE
I can see you really care and
admire Moses.

LARRY
I do.

MIKE
Then you should know I have to pee
like a mad-man and my beam of urine
will seriously cut him up.

LARRY
You better make use of the toilet
upstairs.

MIKE
(reluctantly)
Fine.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - MORNING

Mike makes his way to the stairs.

MIKE

We'll have a monster turd pet called Moses, why not. Oh, and I know about the show.

LARRY

What? How do you know?

Mike stops halfway on the stairs.

MIKE

Giles told me.

LARRY

Giles told you?

MIKE

Yeah, turns out he's all knowing, all seeing. Pretty much God.

LARRY

I was on the toilet when I ordered those tickets.

Mike shrugs and disappears upstairs.

GILES (V.O.)

Do believe me when I say, I wish I didn't had to see certain things.

LARRY

You're a disgusting man, Giles.

GILES

Although I believe you to be an expert on this matter seeing your latest endeavours, I do have to politely disagree.

The upstairs toilet FLUSHES.

LARRY

No amount of smooth fancy talk is going to get you out of this one.

Larry sits down to watch the show again.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Peeping pervert Giles, who would've thought?

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LIVE

Harold's showcasing a knife set.

HAROLD

Slicing your way with ultimate
great ease. Through delicacies,
meat, corn. Legend even has it;
diamonds.

(beat)

That last part might be false
people, ha-ha.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

LARRY

This is going to be a long show.

MIKE (O.S.)

You're doing it to yourself.

Mike's coming down the stairs.

LARRY

I know, I know. To the left. What's
your day looking like?

MIKE

I'm actually gonna head off to do
some training.

LARRY

I thought you said you weren't
going anymore.

MIKE

Did I? I don't recall.

LARRY

If I may quote your last rant about
this man; Fuck Roger, I'm not going
anymore. That delusional, know-it-
all, condescending, slow-talking
mother-fucker. If he ever existed
in my game I would head-shot drop
that sack of monkey-puke in a flat
second and piss down on his gutless
spine.

MIKE

Nah, I got nothing.

LARRY

A little help here perhaps, Giles?

GILES (V.O.)

The referred event happened last Friday, when a quite upsetting--

MIKE

Okay, okay! So he isn't my favorite person in the world but I have to win this tournament and he's the best trainer out there.

(beat)

He's really not that bad.

INT. GAME-STUDIO - MORNING

Mike in a professional gaming seat, facing a huge black screen. Next to him in squatted position ROGER (58), wearing full army gear.

ROGER

Do you... know what... you're doing?

MIKE

I think so.

ROGER

Any... fucking clue? So much... crap... in my eyes! Befouling... the scene... of a battle-field.

MIKE

Come on, I pretty much owned everyone.

ROGER

This is a... galactic god-damn war... private!

(beat)

Tell me... Mike. Have you... some how gained... eternal life?

MIKE

No.

ROGER

By maybe... locating some... magic token... of some sorts?

MIKE

No.

ROGER
Tell me... Mike. Do you... not
bleed... like every man... out
there?

MIKE
Yes.

ROGER
Perhaps you... developed a top-
secret... super bandage... healing
all wounds... instantly!?

MIKE
So I died three times.

ROGER
Like a... baby! Crying... on that
battlefield.

Roger imitates a CRYING baby, crawling on all fours.

ROGER (CONT'D)
With your... grenades in your...
little diaper.

MIKE
This is ridiculous!

ROGER
Barely holding... the gun with...
your tiny... baby hands. Pew, pew.

MIKE
What's the point to all of this!?

Roger stands up and gets right up into Mike's face.

ROGER
You need to... exit that... candy
ass world... you live in.

Both men, staring each other down. Roger GROWLS like a dog,
showing his teeth. Mike slowly joins him.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Kill... Kill... Kill them all!

MIKE
Yesss!!! Kill them all!

ROGER
Kill!

MIKE
Kill, kill, kill! I will destroy
them all!!

The huge screen displaying; Next online battle in; 20.. 19.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Exterminate!!

A loud BEEP coming from the screen.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Ow. A player left. We have to wait
2 minutes.

Roger goes into a head-shaking face-palm. Rises his head up,
looking even more determined.

ROGER
Kill them!!

MIKE
Kill!!

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Larry's painfully watching the show.

LARRY
Ow no, don't go there. Don't.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - LIVE

HAROLD
If you want do it right and be
sure; It's Kawasoka knives. The
last thing you want is the
disappointment of a dull blade when
you're slashing into your wrist. So
for **literally** every job, I highly
recommend these knives, ha-ha.

(beat)
Ah. It seems we have come to an end
of today's episode. Thank you for
your time.

Close-up of Harold. He has a different look, more confident.
His voice changes, deep and calm.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 Take care of yourselves today.
 Every single one there, you are
 worth it.

He picks up one of the largest knives and throws it 10 feet up in the air in a high spinning motion.

Crowd's GASPING, the knife comes down and lands exactly in a tightly fitted knife-pocket, attached to his belt.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 You gotta love these knives.

Crowd's CHEERING.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Camera pans out, credits appear. Larry's absolutely baffled.

LARRY
 What... in the fuckers was that?!!
 (starts smiling)
 I'm on to you! You awesome bastard!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - MORNING

Harold's heading for his dressing room. He's approached by his stocky personal assistant, BILLY (30).

BILLY
 Mr. Bladesmasher! Fantastic
 conclusion to today's show, sir!

Harold's changed to the old, less confident version.

HAROLD
 Sweet Billy boy. You're too kind.

BILLY
 What you did with that knife. It
 was... spectacular!

HAROLD
 Your compliments are well received,
 I assure you, ha-ha.

BILLY
 But how did you? It seems almost
 impossible.

Harold opens his dressing room door.

HAROLD
(deep, calm voice)
It seems to be all in the wrist,
Bill.

He closes the door in front of Billy.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry's beautiful blonde girlfriend, JENNIFER (28), enters the apartment. Larry pauses the taped Sweet Hills show.

JENNIFER
I've been calling you.

LARRY
Sorry, it's been a crazy morning.

They kiss and hug.

JENNIFER
Love to hear all about it but first
I really have to go to the toilet.

LARRY
Yeah, sure.

Jennifer heads into the bathroom. Larry's face suddenly turns to pure panic.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
My god! What!?

Jennifer runs into the livingroom.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
What the fuck is in there?

LARRY
It's little Moses.

JENNIFER
Little what?

LARRY
You know I had some... problems
with going to the bathroom.

JENNIFER
Yeah, you mentioned it.

LARRY
Today was the day... the water
broke.

JENNIFER
That thing is yours?

Jennifer checks out Larry's ass with a puzzled look.

LARRY
It's mine. Could you stop looking
at my ass.

JENNIFER
How did it even... Never mind,
you're a disgusting man, Larry!

She walks back into the bathroom.

LARRY
What are you doing?

The toilet FLUSHES, Larry rushes over.

INT. APPARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Larry watches over Jennifer's shoulder into the toilet bowl.

LARRY
Yeah, that doesn't really work.

JENNIFER
What is this shit?!

LARRY
Just let him be. And accept him
into your heart.

Larry wants to put an arm around Jennifer, she pulls away.

JENNIFER
I really don't have the time or the
energy to deal with this shit.

She turns and exits the bathroom. Larry follows her.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

LARRY
C'mon Jennifer, lighten up.

She stops and turns to Larry.

JENNIFER

No, Larry! You need to let go of
shit!

(Larry starts laughing)
And stop laughing!

LARRY

Stop saying shit in funny ways.

JENNIFER

I'm serious! It's been a month
since I ask to move in with each
other but it seems you rather live
your life right here with Mike,
never becoming quite serious. Well,
maybe you should let that life go.
Or maybe, you should let me go.

LARRY

Well, excuse me princes, for not
quite stepping into your ivory
tower yet. How about you cry about
it with Jason.

JENNIFER

That same story again? Maybe I
should go and pay him a visit, he
probably has some different stories
to tell.

Jennifer walks to the front door.

LARRY

Fine, you go and do that!

Jennifer leaves and slams the front door shut.

LARRY (CONT'D)

They'll never take you away from
me, Moses! It's you and me.

The front door opens, Jennifer walks back in.

JENNIFER

Still have to pee.

She disappears upstairs. Larry's pondering.

GILES (V.O.)

At this point Larry started to
doubt himself in this situation. He
wondered if maybe Jennifer was
right.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Is there some one else with you?

LARRY
No. No one's with me.

JENNIFER
Why were you talking with an
English accent?

LARRY
It was Moses. I ate a lot of fish
and chips last week.

Upstairs toilet FLUSHES. Jennifer comes down the stairs.

JENNIFER
Fine, if you want to keep joking
around. Have a blast with Moses.

Jennifer exits once again.

INT. GAME STUDIO - AFTERNOON

A sweaty and hostile Mike, sitting in the game-chair, playing intensely. Roger's standing next to him.

MIKE
Yeah! Kill!

A deep COMPUTER VOICE begins to count down from 10.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)
10...9...

Mike's becoming more franticly and shouts on of his lungs.
SHOTS AND SCREAMS coming from the screen.

MIKE
Ahhh! Bring it! Come on!

The countdown reaches zero, a screen pops up displaying; 22
kill(s) and 1 death(s). Pumped with rage and adrenaline he
looks up to Roger.

ROGER
Tell me... Mike. Are you... Jesus?
Can you... in fact... be
resurrected?

MIKE
 What the fuck man! Can't you be
 satisfied or proud for one second?
 I'm out of here.

Before Mike can get up, Roger puts his hand on his shoulder
 and comes closer.

ROGER
 Cherish the rage... if you want to
 live.

A long intense stare between the two. Roger slowly begins to
 tilt his head back, eyes becoming bigger. He executes a
 painfully slow head-butt.

Mike leans back, the head-butt lands on his mouth. Mike
 quickly stands up, some blood on his lips.

MIKE
 You head-butt me on the lip!! On
 the lip! You crazy old man!

ROGER
 That's it... feel that rage! Feel
 it!.. Use it!.. Shoot me!

MIKE
 What are you even talking about?
 I'm out of here!

INT. GAME STUDIO - HALL WAY - AFTERNOON

Mike's walking through a long hall. Behind him, Roger's in
 pursuit crawling and crying like a baby.

Mike looks behind and runs to the front door. He frantically
 tries to open it while looking behind him.

Roger's crawling towards him, now acting more like a demonic
 baby. Mike finally manages to open the door and exits.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Mike's standing with his back against Roger's front door.

ROGER (O.S.)
 I see you...

Mike turns around. Rogers eyes are looking through the
 mailbox.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Next week?.. Same time?

MIKE
I might just have something
already. I'll let you know.

Mike quickly walks away, putting his hands in his pocket pants, he pulls out Larry's medicine.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Behind the counter, well groomed JASON (22), co-worker of Tracy. Mike approaches the counter.

MIKE
Hi there.

JASON
Good day, sir.

MIKE
I was wondering if Tracy was here?

JASON
I'm afraid she's out for the
moment. Maybe I can be of
assistance?

Mike's placing the medicine on the counter.

MIKE
Yeah... I bought this for a friend
of mine earlier this morning. Turns
out he doesn't need it anymore.

JASON
I see. This is..
(looks at medicine)
Good news.

MIKE
Yeah... So where's she at?

JASON
Who?

MIKE
Tracy!

INT. PHARMACY STORE - STORAGE - AFTERNOON

Tracy reacts to her name. She moves over to the door adjacent to the store and listens in on the conversation.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - COUNTER - AFTERNOON

JASON

Right... You seem to be quite fascinated by her.

MIKE

Ha. Have you seen here?

JASON

She's okay.

MIKE

She's okay? You're working with the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. She might look a bit rough around the edges but when I looked into her eyes, I saw the pure beauty of her soul. And when she does let her guard down, she reveals the most magical, warm smile. Unknowingly, that if she would only give you one chance, just one chance! You would keep this girl happy and smiling for the rest of her life.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - STORAGE - AFTERNOON

Tracy smiles and is seemingly impressed.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - COUNTER - AFTERNOON

JASON

Can I help you with anything else, sir? Maybe you have some prescription drug you require?

MIKE

Yeah... no I just came to return this medicine.

JASON

(scans medicine)
Let's see. That's \$ 5,95.

Jason hands over the cash from the register.

MIKE
Is she seeing anyone?

JASON
Honestly, I doubt you're her type.

MIKE
Are we gonna have a cock-blocking
problem here?

JASON
Relax. The only cocks I've been
blocking involve my ass.

MIKE
Ah, c'mon. You cannot implant such
a visual without any warning.

JASON
Look as long as you're straight, I
don't care whether you get the girl
or not. But I'm not about to reveal
personal information involving a co-
worker of mine. So if you wanna
know anything about her, go talk to
her yourself.

MIKE
All right... I might just do that.

Mike slowly turns around and heads for the exit.

JASON
You go get her, tiger! She'll be
here all week!
(speaks softly)
God... those cute straight guys in
love are the worst.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry's working at his desk. Front door opens, Mike enters.

LARRY
I'm glad you're back! You have to
check this out.

Larry stands up, grabs the remote-control and presses "play".
Mike sits down to watch, Larry keeps a close eye on him.

HAROLD (O.S.)
 (deep, calm voice)
 Take care of yourselves today.
 Every single one there, you are
 worth it.

Mike has a slightly puzzled look on his face. The GASPING of the crowd, Mike's in pure amazement.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 You gotta love these knives.

Mike grabs the remote and pauses.

MIKE
 What... did I just see?

LARRY
 If I'm not mistaken, I believe we saw a man throwing a "Kawasoka" knife high up in the air. And not just throwing I might add, but giving it a ridiculous fast spin as well. I mean, as that knife is coming down it could've sliced his face off in a split-second rotation.
 (beat)
 But to make it land where it did.

MIKE
 This had to be edited somehow.

LARRY
 It's a live-show, Mike!

MIKE
 Or maybe a magnet in his belt or something.

LARRY
 Let's be realistic.

Mike's looking confused at the TV, displaying Harold.

MIKE (O.S.)
 Who is this man?

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - EVENING

A dark room, a barely visible Harold sits in a grand old wooden chair. To his left; a bottle of water, to his right; whiskey and a cigar.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NEXT MORNING

The audience, including Mike and Larry on the front row, wait in anticipation for Harold to appear on stage. Suddenly his voice sounds through a microphone.

HAROLD (O.S.)
Check, check.

Harold appears on stage, the audience APPLAUDS.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Double check, ha-ha. I seem to be fully turned on and ready to go. Glad you could make it all and welcome to today's show. We have about 30 seconds before we begin. So if you have to go to the bathroom, now's your last chance, ha-ha. No, I'm only joking of course, we'll have plenty of commercials in between so no need to worry. All right so... I can see the producer waiving in the countdown so here we go.

The opening tune starts and the crowd begins to APPLAUD.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Welcome! Welcome! This is great! It's a great day, a great morning! And we have a great show. I will feature some fantastic products today. We will start with an amazingly powerful vacuum-cleaner. I heard when you turn on one of those babies, not even a black hole can escape it's sucking power, ha-ha. The next item, which is truly something revolutionary. Perhaps some of you may already heard of it or maybe you already got one at home. In that case you won't be too happy as we have a nice discount on this item. On what you item you might ask? It's the... LAB! That's right. Legs, Arms and Body. Fully fit. Every inch. Trained to perfection. Exciting discount so definitely stay tuned, folks. And lastly we will meet a very special woman with a mind-blowing invention.
(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Resulting in a product that will forever change your life. Don't miss it.

MIKE

(whispers to Larry)

I might made a mistake coming here.

LARRY

C'mon, it doesn't sound all bad.

HAROLD

So let's not wait any longer. And move on to the only vacuum-cleaner you will ever need. Except for the one we had a few weeks ago. That was also... the only one you would ever need... so who knew, you only need two vacuum-cleaners in your life, ha-ha. But this vacuum-cleaner is such a great device, that I'm simply forced to describe it in every single tiny detail humanly possible. Now I know what you might be thinking?

MIKE

(whispers)

Please don't?

HAROLD

That would take an entire show, Mr. Harold Bladesmasher! Luckily it should only take about 12 minutes. So let us begin with the engine.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - 12 MINUTES LATER - MORNING

Harold's standing next to a taken apart vacuum-cleaner.

HAROLD

And that... would be all I could possibly come up with about this vacuum-cleaner. Who knew when you open one up it actually has 216 little rotors. Thank god we counted them all, so now we know.

An extremely frustrated and annoyed Mike. Larry wearing a painfully forced smile.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Does anybody hear that? I hear there are more products that demand our attention and shockingly not always on this show, ha-ha. See you after the commercials!

MIKE

(softly shouting)

I can't take it anymore!

LARRY

I know. Just relax.

MIKE

I'm dying here. He's robbing me of my very soul. Not even little piece by piece. They're entire chunks Larry! Chunks of my soul lost forever, with every passing second. I'm rapidly losing the very thing that make me, me. I'm not even Mike anymore. I'm Ike.

LARRY

Ike?

MIKE

I'm serious Larry. Unless you want to see more letters disappear, until nothing's left, we should just leave and put him to the left.

LARRY

All right, all right. I get it. Look I can make you a deal. If nothing special happens this show, we put him to the left.

MIKE

I don't know. Define special.

LARRY

C'mon. I think we'll know when we see it.

MIKE

It has to be bigger than what we saw yesterday.

LARRY

Yeah.

MIKE
And if this doesn't happen, he goes
to the left?

LARRY
Yeah.

MIKE
Okay. You got a deal.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

HAROLD
Welcome back everyone! It's time to
get more serious at this point. Do
you ever have tired legs? Your arms
feeling heavy and you're whole body
feels out of shape? It might just
be time for the LAB.

A complex fitness machine, moving on wheels, is brought on
stage by GUY #1 (30's).

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Legs! Arms! Body! LAB. And didn't I
mention a little thing called
discount? How does a nice 20%
sound?

LARRY
(whispers to Mike)
Nice deal, huh.

HAROLD
This offer even comes with a free
membership for one whole year to
gain access to the ultimate online
stock market, only \$9,99 a month.

MIKE
Such a... great deal.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

HAROLD
And that's pretty much how I would
describe this fitness machine in
full visual detail to a blind
person. So now it's time to move on
to our final product.
(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I would like to introduce my guest for today's show. Please welcome to the show, Miss Kate Bloom and her dog Berry!

Stocky blonde KATE (28), and a big dog BERRY wearing dog-pants, appear on stage.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Great to have you here, Kate.

KATE

Thank you. It's great to be here.

HAROLD

And this must be Berry. Wearing pants if I'm not mistaken. A doggy-pants you could say, ha-ha

KATE

Yes, although this isn't your normal doggy-pants. This is actually my own creation and what it does is; whenever your dog has to go number two, it catches and seals it into a plastic bag before it hits the ground.

HAROLD

Wait, it automatically seals it in a plastic bag? That is simply fascinating! I would love to hear more about that, Kate!

MIKE

(whispers)

Chunks, Larry. Entire chunks.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

HAROLD

Well, it seems we have come to a conclusion for today's show. And I think you would agree that we've seen some pretty amazing things. But fear not, we have an equally brilliant show tomorrow. I can already reveal we'll be featuring a truly fantastic stereo-system. Including a free album of a well-known musical artist.

Harold's composure once again changes, more confident in every possible way.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 (deep, calm voice)
 Let me give you a hint.

Harold SNAPS his fingers and BILLIE JEAN begins to play. He takes the stage and perfectly executes, the famously known dance move, the "Moon-walk".

Pure amazement on Mike and Larry's faces.

He stops turns and slowly leans forward until he reaches an angle of 45 degrees, a signature move in "Smooth Criminal".

In this position Harold once again performs the Moon-walk. With tilted heads and continued amazement, Mike and Larry follow Harold's every move.

Harold finishes his Moon-walk and reverts to a normal standing angle. He SNAPS his fingers and the music stops.

MIKE
 (speaks softly)
 Sweet monkey-lord on a pogo stick.

HAROLD
 (deep, calm voice)
 I think you get the message. Thank you for watching and enjoy the rest of the day, like no other. Goodbye.

The audience is CLAPPING AND CHEERING.

LARRY
 We got to try and meet this man!

MIKE
 Yeah, what? Where... did that come from?

LARRY
 Do you know what this means? If this theory pans out, it's going to be huge! We got to get back-stage.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Larry approaches the balding PRODUCER, (46).

LARRY

Hi, my friend and I we're wondering if it might be possible to visit Mr. Bladesmasher backstage?

PRODUCER

Visit Mr. Bladesmasher. That seems to be become a more and more popular request nowadays. Big fan of the show?

LARRY

In the making you could say.

The producer's looking over Larry shoulder, Billy talking to a CO-WORKER.

PRODUCER

Yo Billy! You got a second?!

Billy looks up, nods his head and walks over to the two.

PRODUCER (CONT'D)

We got ourselves another Bladesmasher fan here.

LARRY

Yeah, it's just that my friend and I we're maybe hoping--

BILLY

You guys want to meet him? I know for a fact Mr. Bladesmasher loves to meet his fans.

LARRY

Yes! That would be great.

BILLY

All right, just follow me.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - MORNING

Mike and Larry follow Billy through the corridors.

BILLY

So as soon as I finished Harvard Business school I applied to become Harolds personal assistant. Which is over a year ago now.

MIKE

That is... something else indeed.

BILLY
When I got that job, I realized;
dreams do come true!

They arrive at Harold's dressing room. Billy knocks.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Mr. Bladesmasher?!

HAROLD (O.S.)
Come on in, Billy!

Billy opens the door and enters.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HAROLDS DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

BILLY
I brought two fans with me.

HAROLD
Excellent! Come on in, you guys.

Mike and Larry enter the dressing room.

LARRY
Mr. Bladesmasher.

MIKE
Mr. Bladesmasher.

HAROLD
Please. Call me; Harold.

LARRY
Yes. I'm Larry.

MIKE
Hi, I'm Mike.

BILLY
If you guys need anything, just let
me know.

Billy exits the room and closes the door.

HAROLD
Such a great kid. Did you know he
went to Harvard?

MIKE
He actually mentioned something
like that.

HAROLD

Very bright. Billions upon billions synapses firing per micro square centimeter, ha-ha. Can you imagine the fireworks inside his little skull?

MIKE

I'm imagining quite a show.

LARRY

Look, Harold. We've been watching you.

HAROLD

And I thank you for that.

LARRY

No, yeah... we've been playing close attention. Studying you.

HAROLD

Is this about the knife incident?

LARRY

For example, yeah. What happened there?

HAROLD

I guess... it felt like the thing to do next, at that point.

MIKE

So you've had some extensive training with knives in the past I'm betting?

HAROLD

Honestly. Slicing up my food is the only experience I had with them. If you would ask me to do it again I wouldn't dare, ha-ha.

MIKE

So you just blacked out or something?

HAROLD

No, I was completely aware of what I was doing. I choose to do it, it felt... natural.

LARRY

I believe I know what's going on.

MIKE
C'mon, I think it might be wise to
take a step back from the weirdness
here, Larry.

LARRY
I have this theory.

MIKE
And there we go.

LARRY
This theory suggests that you're
breaking through some kind of
barrier.

HAROLD
A barrier?

LARRY
Between two extremes. It's almost
as if you found some kind of worm-
hole, a shortcut.

HAROLD
I'm sorry. I... ha-ha, I'm not sure
what you want from me. Perhaps some
autographs, so you boys can be on
your way again.

MIKE
Yeah, that--

LARRY
Are these extraordinary events
happening more and more often, Mr.
Bladesmasher?

HAROLD
I... I'm sorry, but--

LARRY
Like today's show! Did you ever
dance like that before?

HAROLD
I have actually. I.. I really don't
want to talk about. Please leave.

MIKE
C'mon, let's go Larry!

Mike gently drags Larry by his arm and they begin to exit.

LARRY

Okay, okay. We'll go. But if you ever want to talk, I'll leave my number with Billy.

HAROLD

(deep, calm voice)
Thank you, Larry.

Larry looks puzzled, Mike closes the dressing room door.

INT. MOVING CAR - MORNING

Larry's driving. Mike's in the passenger seat.

LARRY

This guy is either fucking with us and playing the part brilliantly I might add, or he's the real deal.

MIKE

Maybe we should just let it go. You know at this point I don't even care if we never place him on the board at all. He could be our mythical yeti. We know he's out there but that's about all we know.

LARRY

So we need to find out more.

MIKE

We really don't have to.

LARRY

I'm not giving up. For now let's just keep an eye on him. I wouldn't be surprised if he calls me.

MIKE

Really? I would be a little surprised.

LARRY

Did you hear the guy? He doesn't know what's going on. Well, he's probably suspecting something's wrong by now.

MIKE

You're just secretly loving this aren't you?

LARRY

What?

MIKE

You're just doing this so you can be right. In fact, if you're wrong and this guy turns out to be some mental patient with a split personality, I believe you would even kidnap the guy, train him for 10 years to be uber awesome, come back and rub my face in it about how you were right all along.

LARRY

That's ridiculous. I'll have him ready within three years. And I know you Mike, you want the truth about this guy maybe even more than I do. Just because we got a busy week, doesn't mean the stuff that's been going on doesn't exist.

MIKE

I'm just saying, I have to focus on the tournament and deal with the war psychopath who's training me.

(beat)

And handling the most amazing girl I've ever met. So I might not have time for Mr. Bladesmasher.

LARRY

A girl? How high on the Laura-meter!?

INT. BAR - EVENING - PAST

Stunning LAURA (24), sits at a table talking to a GIRLFRIEND.

GILES (V.O.)

The Laura-meter. There was one girl Mike remembered the most. One that topped any imagination. Not only pure perfection in beauty but the short experience of her personality set Mike's very soul on fire.

Laura stands up and walks to the bar. Mike approaches her.

MIKE

So...

Upon eye contact Mike becomes increasingly nervous.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're thirsty? I'm Mike.

LAURA
Laura, and yeah--

MIKE
Yeah of course you're thirsty,
other wise you wouldn't be standing
at a bar. Or maybe to ask some
directions. Do you need some
directions?

LAURA
No. I'm okay.

MIKE
Ha-ha. Just thirsty of course. I
don't know what you're ordering but
if you want I can pay for it. I was
just about to get myself a drink so
it wouldn't be a problem at all.

LAURA
That's fine, really.

MIKE
No really, it wouldn't be a
problem.

LAURA
I really don't--

MIKE
I guess we'll just see who can get
their order in first.

Laura sighs, Mike tries to get the attention of the bartender. The hansom BARTENDER 30, walks over to them and takes in Laura's order.

BARTENDER
What do you want?

LAURA
Two beers please.

MIKE
Excuse me, can I-

The bartender ignores Mike and walks away.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Well, it seems you won. I couldn't even get my drink in, ha-ha. I actually wanted to get a beer myself. But hey, you win some and you lose some. I mean, I created the game. So I shouldn't complain. It's all about reaction speed in the end of course.

BARTENDER

(puts down three beers)
There you go. That's four bucks.

Laura quickly hands over the money and grabs the beers.

MIKE

You should have let me pay for it.
Do you need a hand with the drinks?

LAURA

I'm okay, thanks.

MIKE

Maybe you want to talk some more?

LAURA

I'm sorry. I'm married.

Laura raises her hands, holding the two beers and displaying 7 rings, including both ring fingers.

MIKE

Yeah... of course.

LAURA

Maybe in another life-time, Romeo.

Laura winks at Mike and walks off to her friend.

MIKE

God, she's amazing.

GILES (V.O.)

Quickly after that event Mike began to compare every girl to Laura. Which eventually led for Larry to create the Laura-meter. With a 10 representing an actual Laura and a 1 the exact opposite.

INT. MOVING CAR - MORNING

MIKE

This is... something else.

LARRY

What do you mean? She's a nine?

MIKE

No man, this is... I don't know, I don't even know her.

LARRY

That pretty much your thing, dude.

MIKE

I need to know more about her. And I'm gonna need your help.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - AFTERNOON

Larry enters the store, casually looking around. Behind the counter, Tracy and her stern boss, MR. CLAPSKI (45).

MR. CLAPSKI

I've been going over the numbers from last week.

(beat)

Cough medicine.

TRACY

I'm sorry?

MR. CLAPSKI

Did you know cough medicine is like toothpaste. It's something you never regret buying, cause you know you're going to use it sooner or later. Wouldn't you agree?

TRACY

I think so.

MR. CLAPSKI

Then start treating it as such! Every customer in here that doesn't have at least one cough medicine lying around at home, has to leave our store with...

TRACY

Cough medicine.

MR. CLAPSKI

I need you to pick up the pace,
Tracy. I need you to shove more
products down their throats and
when their throats start to hurt,
you sell them sore throat medicine!

TRACY

(holds back anger)

I... get it.

Mr. Clapski walks into the storage room. Larry walks up to the counter holding some aspirins.

LARRY

Boss giving you a hard time?

TRACY

You could say that. How can I help you?

LARRY

Just these aspirins. Unless you got some cough medicine lying around I might need.

(beat)

I mean, what a dick! Right?

TRACY

It's not what I had in mind when I started working here two months ago.

LARRY

I wouldn't last five seconds here, working for some drug pushing demon lord.

(Tracy laughs)

So are you just job hopping or did you move here recently?

TRACY

Both actually. Came here to get some better training.

LARRY

To become better at?

TRACY

Becoming a evil demon lord, of course. No, the training is more of a physical one.

LARRY

That explains the bruise, you're a boxer.

TRACY

With some kicks to it.

LARRY

Impressive. For a moment I thought the boss might even beat his own employers for failing to reach some quota. And of course billing you for the bandages you need from this store.

TRACY

I doubt Mr. Clapski would walk around quite the same way as he does right now, if that happened.

LARRY

I believe you.

MR. CLAPSKI (O.S.)

Oh, and Tracy.

Mr. Clapski enters the store again and sees Larry.

MR. CLAPSKI (CONT'D)

Oh. Good day, sir. How are you today?

LARRY

Yeah, fine. Although I'm not sure that's the answer you want to hear.

MR. CLAPSKI

Ha-ha, it's the best answer. But one never knows what might happen in the future. One day you're feeling fine and the next you're as sick as a dog. Everybody's been there. I was just pointing out for example that everyone should have some cough medicine at home. It's like bandages, you're hoping you won't need them but looking at it from a realistic point of view, you know you're going to need them. And better safe than sorry, right?

LARRY

You know... We we're just talking about it.

MR. CLAPSKI

Oh really? You know, miss Berkley
is an excellent employe.

LARRY

That's something we can agree on.
(hands over money to her)
Keep the change and good luck.

TRACY

Thanks.

INT. PARKED CAR - AFTERNOON

Mike's behind the wheel, Larry gets in the passenger seat.

MIKE

What do you got?

LARRY

Some really interesting stuff.

MIKE

Let's hear it.

LARRY

I could tell you all about it.

MIKE

But?

LARRY

I need to know if I can count on
you with the whole Mr. Bladesmasher
thing.

MIKE

What kind of information are we
talking about?

LARRY

I don't know... perhaps you would
like to know her last name?

MIKE

Fine, I'm aboard.

LARRY

Excellent! Now, I found out a few
interesting things. First of all,
she recently moved here and works
at the pharmacy for two months now.
Secondly she's a boxer.

MIKE

A boxer?!

LARRY

A kick-boxer even. To be correct.

MIKE

That's so bad ass.

LARRY

She's quite something. And her last name is...

MIKE

Yes?

LARRY

Berkley.

MIKE

Tracy Berkley.

(quickly starts the car)

Let's go home, buddy!

LARRY

You're gonna Google the shit out of her, aren't you?

MIKE

Oh, you better believe it.

INT. APPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Mike and Larry, sitting behind their desk computers. Larry's phone go off, displaying the name; Jennifer. He picks up.

LARRY

Hi.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I was hoping to hear at least something from you.

LARRY

I would've. It's just, besides finishing the game, I have more stuff going on and just been really busy.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
 That's the best answer you have?
 How much effort would it take to
 send me one text, with just one
 word.

LARRY
 Let me guess; sorry?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
 Thank you.

LARRY
 Oh, I'm not apologizing. You were
 the one that lost it about some
 turd.

Larry covers his hand over the phone.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that, Moses!

JENNIFER (O.S.)
 You know that's not the real
 reason. I just want to spend some
 time with you. Talk and maybe have
 some fun, if that's okay.

LARRY
 Sorry. There's a lot going on.
 What time did you had in mind?

JENNIFER (O.S.)
 I could swing by, around one
 o'clock.

LARRY
 Sounds great. See you then.

Larry hangs up.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Are you sure you want to go for
 that girl?

MIKE
 I believe I have what it takes to
 handle her.

LARRY
 Physically I doubt it. Verbally you
 might, if you manage to talk to her
 for more than 5 minutes.

MIKE
You just focus on your game. How's
the end boss looking anyway?

Mike gets up and walks over to Larry.

LARRY
Better?

MIKE
That doesn't sound--

Mike is shocked when he sees the screen and points at it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What is that?

LARRY
That's his weapon, it has fused to
his head.

MIKE
Yes, better? So what did the
previous one look like?

LARRY
Oh, that's...
(clicks on mouse)
This one.

MIKE
Ai, where... does it even begin.

LARRY
Yeah, he's all over the place.
Sprouting dozens of mutated
tentacles and within his suction-
cups smaller tentacles.

MIKE
Yeah... I see.

LARRY
It's absolute lameness, isn't it?

MIKE
I... I don't know what you're going
for, of course. So it--

LARRY
Yeah, it's crap on a stick. I knew
it. I'm never going to finish this
before this Friday.

MIKE

Relax, it's going to fine.

LARRY

I've got to spend more time with Jennifer, take care of little Moses and finish this game. Where I'm I supposed to find the time!

MIKE

So you got to spend some time with your girlfriend. I know her and that's not really a punishment.

LARRY

You should have heard what she said today about our life here.

MIKE

What?

LARRY

Basically that it's shit.

MIKE

She said that?

LARRY

We should let go of our shitty lives. I believe were her exact words. As if she wanted us to kill our selves.

MIKE

You know, I'm really not that hungry.

LARRY

Why's that?

MIKE

Well, you're feeding me a lot baloney here.

(Larry laughs)

So that confirms the lovely girlfriend you have, leaving us with one real problem. Finishing the final detail on a game you already finished for 99%. I think you can manage.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Larry and Mike, waiting in anticipation in front of the TV.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Harold appears, the audience is CHEERING.

HAROLD

Welcome to once again a spectacular show. The items we have today are simply exhilarating. We start off with a stereo system that will blow you away, ha-ha. Even coming with a free album, as I mentioned yesterday.

(audience cheers)

Thank you, ha-ha. Let me ask you; how many times did you want to do something about that tree in your backyard?

(beat)

I know. Many, many times. With the chain-saw 4000 plus. You'll rip that tree to shreds. Splinters will be flying at high velocity, cutting through bone like butter. Luckily, it comes with a white plastic protection mask covering your entire face. You'll keep that gorgeous smile, you. Or is it that gorgeous? Or might we want to consider switching toothpaste? We'll find out, in the last part of the show. But for now it's time to get our groove on. Bring it in, guys.

Guy #1 brings out a huge stereo system, placing it in the centre of the stage.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Excellent!

Guy #1, almost off the stage. A light EARTHQUAKE takes place.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

With the EARTHQUAKE, Larry runs over to the television to hold it in its place.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

The audience PANICS, a part of the set COLLAPSES. A steel construction is heading to hit guy #1. With incredible speed, Harold reacts.

He uses the stereo system as a step-up to perform a triple front-flip. He continues with a two-foot mid-air karate kick, HITS the construction, out of harms way, and pushes off into a back-flip and lands safely in front of guy #1.

The earthquake stops. The remaining audience APPLAUD.

HAROLD
(deep, calm voice)
You're safe.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - MORNING

Larry's still holding on to the TV, Mike standing behind him.

MIKE
Is he turning into some kind of
superhero?!

LARRY
I don't know. But I doubt this
earthquake is as random as we
think!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

Harold helps the boys up. He addresses the remaining people.

HAROLD
It think it might be best if
everyone gets to safety. There
might be a aftershock.

A heavy AFTERSHOCK ensues.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The TV screen turns black, quickly followed with the message;
We are experiencing some technical difficulties.

LARRY
Not now!!

Larry grabs the TV more firmly with two hands at each side and begins to shake it violently. Multiple items falling because of the EARTHQUAKE.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Show yourself!!

Mike starts to shake Larry by the shoulders.

MIKE
Just calm down, man!

The aftershock ends. Larry's still violently shaking the TV.

LARRY
Ahhh!!

Mike slowly stops shaking Larry.

MIKE
It looks a bit silly now, without the earthquake.

Larry stops shaking the TV.

LARRY
Yeah.
(sets TV back down)
You lose a lot of dramatic effect.

MIKE
Now, what did you say about the earthquake?

LARRY
Let's just say I'm not surprised something like this is happening.

MIKE
What are you talking about, he generates earthquakes now?

LARRY
(sarcastic)
Yes. He's a earthquake generating superhero, with the agility of Spider-man and the blade handling of Dead Pool. And if he can't defeat anyone in a battle, he will simply dazzle them to death by performing a 45 degree Moon-walk.

MIKE
Hmm, what would his name be?

LARRY

That's not it. The earthquake could have been anything.

MIKE

Spider Pool... man.

LARRY

Listen to me. What the guy is doing is not suppose to be possible. There are laws of nature, of the freaking galaxy! Being broken here. And the universe doesn't agree with this and is speeding up the process.

MIKE

Speeding up the process?

LARRY

Like the earthquake. Which could have been a heavy lightning storm or a tornado. Things like this will continue to happen more frequent, pushing him to step up his game.

MIKE

With the universe now putting him in mortal situations?

LARRY

By now the cracks have become too big. This entity travelling through space and time, which can't really do what it's doing, has to either shut up or put up.

MIKE

What? Be awesome or die?

LARRY

Exactly.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - MORNING

A confident deep-voiced Harold, calms people down.

HAROLD

It's going to be okay everyone.

People start to calm down, Billy runs up.

BILLY
Are you okay, Mr. Bladesmasher?

HAROLD
I'm okay. How about yourself?

BILLY
That was amazing what you did back there! You saved those guys lives!

HAROLD
Can you do something for me, Bill?

BILLY
Everything, sir!

HAROLD
Can you call Larry and tell them to get over here as fast as they can.

BILLY
Absolutely, sir.

HAROLD
Thank you, Bill.
(walks away)
I'll be in my dressing room!

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MIKE
I kind of liked the super hero thing, sounds much simpler.

LARRY
I guess he could still become one, if he makes it out alive.

MIKE
Okay, let's say you're right. With these apparently inevitable deadly events waiting to happen, it might be wise to take an step back.

RINGING of Larry's phone, displaying Billy PA. He picks up.

LARRY
Billy! Everything okay over there?

BILLY
Yeah, we're okay. Thanks to Mr. Bladesmasher nobody's injured.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

He ask me to call you, with the request if you can come to studio as fast as possible.

LARRY

We're on our way.

Hangs up phone.

MIKE

Did you hear what I just said?

LARRY

You and I both know we can't miss this for anything in the world.

MIKE

Really? I'd like to hear you when a super-volcano erupts here in the city and Harold's awesomeness only manages to put himself in safety, while we scream for his help as we are turned into Pompeii statues!

LARRY

That's not going happen, have a little faith in the man. C'mon let's go.

The guys walk over to the front door.

MIKE

This is going to end badly. I can already picture how me and a cow are being picked up by some tornado. The next image is me fighting the wind that pushes me closer towards that cow. As my head comes closer and closer near the cows rectum.

LARRY

Okay, I get it.

MIKE

Let's just say it isn't the fall that eventually kills me. It's me suffocating in the entrails of a cow.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - MORNING

Mike and Larry enter, Billy runs up.

BILLY
Hi guys, follow me.
(following Billy)
Did you see what Mr. Bladesmasher
did this morning?

LARRY
We did.

BILLY
Amazing how he saved those people.

MIKE
You could say it's a **super heroic**
thing he did?

BILLY
Oh, no doubt about it. Have you
seen the replay?

LARRY
No Billy, we haven't.

BILLY
Well, you really should, it's out
of this world!

LARRY
Yes Billy. Next time you call us
with something urgent, I'll be sure
check the replay instead of rushing
over.

BILLY
Right, sorry. Been a hectic day.

Billy knocks on Harold's dressing room door.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Mr. Bladesmasher! Mike and Larry
have arrived!

HAROLD (O.S.)
Oh yes! Send them in!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HAROLD'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

Billy opens the door, Mike and Larry enter. Harold's looking
stressed and nervous. Billy closes the door.

LARRY

Mr. Bladesmasher, I'm glad you called. And quite the performance once again.

HAROLD

Yes, a startling start of a day, I must admit. I'm still shaking.

LARRY

Hmm, yes.

HAROLD

I'm glad you guys could come.

LARRY

It's strange though, you were so calm and collective during the earthquake. The things you did, you were in complete control. Yet now.

MIKE

You might be in shock. It's not that uncommon.

HAROLD

It's not that. I know I'm heading for something, or becoming something. As you've probably seen, ha-ha.

LARRY

What happens to you in those moments?

HAROLD

I see everything so obviously clear. No doubt or hesitation, without fear or any form of uncertainty. I'm more sure of myself in thought and movement, then ever before. I feel one with all, yet stand alone.

LARRY

Pure awesomeness.

MIKE

Pure awesomeness.

HAROLD

It's not that great. Lately I feel I've crossed the line too many times and the universe is punishing me for it.

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Ha-ha, I know it sounds ridiculous.
But there are... things happening
around me.

LARRY

I believe I know exactly what's
going on here. If you would hear me
out, Mr. Bladesmasher.

MIKE

I have to agree with Larry here.
He's knows what he's talking about.
But please remember you can **always**
become a super hero after all is
said and done.

HAROLD

I'm sorry?

LARRY

Just ignore him. Many years ago we
developed a system--

The events suddenly happen in HIGH SPEED.

GILES (V.O.)

We can just skip through this part.
It's the part where the fellows
begin to tell Mr. Bladesmasher the
whole story about the Lawsomeness-
line, the circle barrier breaking
theory and little Moses.

(beat)

Not sure why the last one was
needed but Larry insisted.

Reverting to NORMAL SPEED.

HAROLD

(disgusted look)

That's just horrible. You should
really flush it.

MIKE

What do you think about the theory?

HAROLD

To be honest, it makes complete
sense in the given situations.

LARRY

Tell me, when was the first time
one of these events happen to you?

HAROLD

I... I remember it, like it was only a few days ago. It was the worst and the most amazing night of my life.

INT. SCHOOL - EVENING (PAST)

A young, nerdy looking Harold, attending the prom, sitting by himself. Everyone is on the dance floor.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I was 16 years old, attending that years prom. And there was--

GILES (V.O.)

As a mere lad of 16 years old Harold experienced--

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HAROLD'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

HAROLD

(looks around confused)
Hello? Who's there?

MIKE

It's... really nobody.

LARRY

Yeah, just continue the story.

HAROLD

Uhm, yes.

INT. SCHOOL - EVENING (PAST)

HAROLD (V.O.)

So, there I am. Sitting on the side line, looking at everyone having fun.

GILES (V.O.)

Harold's experience in life has--

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HAROLD'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

LARRY

For crying out loud!! Can the man maybe tell his **own** story, Giles?

GILES (V.O.)
I do beg your pardon, but this is
perfect narrator material.

HAROLD
I'm not sure, I--

MIKE
Please, just let the man talk here,
Giles.

GILES (V.O.)
Very well. I will just sit here
quietly, sipping some tea. Do
continue, gentlemen.

LARRY
Sorry about that. Go ahead, Mr.
Bladesmasher.

INT. SCHOOL - EVENING (PAST)

HAROLD (V.O.)
So, uhm. At the prom. No date. I
was, well I was awkward and clumsy.
And not much to look at either. I
wasn't really shy. It's just that I
became that way because I always
managed to say the most...
unfortunate thing. But call it hope
or desperation, I still tried to
connect with people or try to be
more like everyone else, I guess.

Harold unknowingly pours himself some spiked punch. He takes
a gulp and spits it back in his cup. Kids are looking.

HAROLD (V.O.)
Although the spiked punch did
exactly the opposite. With the cool
kids giving me the; "better don't
tell anything" look, I didn't had a
choice.

HAROLD
It... went into the wrong windpipe,
ha-ha.

Reluctantly he begins to down his cup.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 (sour face)
 Ah, that's better. I think I'll get
 some more. So good.

He begins to fill his cup again.

INT. SCHOOL - EVENING (PAST)

Harold's dancing awkwardly, trying to make eye contact with
 some GIRLS.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 It wasn't until I finished my third
 cup, I went on the dance floor.

Soon everyone is looking and LAUGHING at Harold.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 The very things I tried to hide,
 were evidently revealed by the
 alcohol.

His dancing becoming even more unusual.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 Painfully so.

Harold jumps on stage and grabs the microphone.

HAROLD
 Hello! My name is Harold. Ha-ha.
 And I come in peace.

A CHAPERONE (40), appears on stage to intervene Harold.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 I love you guys! I've been a bed
 wetter for so long I've forget what
 love was all about.

CHAPERONE
 (grabs microphone)
 All right, that's it for Harold
 tonight.

The chaperone takes him off the podium, a STUDENT (16), makes
 a comment.

STUDENT (O.S.)
 I wouldn't send him to bed, sir!

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - EVENING (PAST)

A janitor closet opens up. Harold, wearing dark sunglasses and a drawn mustache, comes crawling out.

HAROLD (V.O.)
At the end of the night, I was
broken. In every sense of the word.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HAROLD'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

LARRY
That's when it happened! You broke
the barrier when you were at your
lowest.

Giles SLURPS his tea.

HAROLD
No.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - EVENING (PAST)

Harold's walking towards the back door of the school.

HAROLD (V.O.)
There was nothing left in me. I was
numb. I knew I would never fit in.
You could say I gave up at that
point. Nothing magical happened,
just... emptiness.

Harold opens the back door and is confronted with heavy rain.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - EVENING (PAST)

Harold steps outside and sees a parked van. With open back-
doors, 2 COLLEGE GUYS (18), and a lovely COLLEGE GIRL (18),
sit inside, listening to loud music coming from the cars
radio.

HAROLD (V.O.)
No, the magic happened when I saw
the girl. As I stepped outside I
was drawn by her voice.

COLLEGE GIRL
Oh, I really love this song.

BILLIE JEAN begins to play. The college girl notices Harold.

HAROLD (V.O.)

As she looked my way, she awoke something within me. Such energy came into my hearth, as if I was born again.

COLLEGE GIRL

Hi-ya stranger! How about a moon-walk?!

HAROLD

How about you crank that volume up and I'll show you something that will take you to the moon.

COLLEGE GIRL

Wow! Show me your moves, Mr. Stash!

The college guys are laughing as they increase the volume.

Harold makes a back flip and lands on the trunk of a parked car. He then performs the perfect Moon-walk over the car, passing the roof and stopping at the hood.

HAROLD (V.O.)

The exact opposite was born. As natural as it was to always say and do the wrong thing my entire life. From that point it was impossible **not** to say and do the right thing.

Harold proceeds to make a 180 degree spin and Moon-walks to the roof, stops and begins to break-dance.

COLLEGE GUY

Oh my god, this is crazy! Who is this guy?

He finishes by pushing himself off the car and using his legs to lunge himself into the air. Performing multiple corkscrews and ending with a perfect landing.

The college kids are CHEERING and hailing him in.

COLLEGE GUY (CONT'D)

Come on! Take some shelter with us!

COLLEGE GIRL

We got a cold beer with your name on it!

HAROLD (V.O.)

Performing a flawless moon-walk on top of a car and then break dancing on its roof, tends to make friends, ha-ha. We spend the next two hours talking and just having a great time. I almost got my first kiss that night.

Harold's standing next to the passenger seat with the college girl sitting in it. They're about to kiss, the van takes off. HONKING. The college girl waives goodbye.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I really thought my life would never be the same and I couldn't wait to start with the rest of it.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HAROLD'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

HAROLD

But the next morning, I knew it was gone. It would be seven years, before it happened again.

LARRY

So, love eventually pushed you through the barrier. At least for a certain amount of time.

KNOCKING on the door.

BILLY (O.S.)

Mr. Bladesmasher, I have multiple people waiting in the studio wanting to interview you about today's events!

LARRY

We really don't have time for this.

HAROLD

I'm sorry, Billy. Please tell them I have an appointment!

BILLY (O.S.)

No problem, sir. I will take care of it immediately!

LARRY

I think we should head over to our place.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

With no distractions over there we could try to come up with some kind of plan.

HAROLD

Sounds like a plan, ha-ha.

INT. APPARTMENT - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry and Harold are looking down the toilet bowl.

HAROLD

(covering mouth)
My god! What is that?

LARRY

Ow, it's okay. There's no smell.

HAROLD

I'm just, trying not to throw up.

Harold runs out of the bathroom.

LARRY

It's okay, Moses. He's just being lame at the moment.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM

Mike sees Harold come out the bathroom, followed by Larry.

MIKE

All right, now that we have that out of the way, we might want to come up with some kind of plan.

HAROLD

I just want to thank you guys for helping me, I know I'm putting you in danger as we speak.

LARRY

We're not there yet. I did some calculations in the car and--

The front doorbell RINGS.

MIKE

Who can that be?

LARRY

Crap! What time is it?

MIKE
(checks watch)
Almost one thirty.

LARRY
I forgot all about Jennifer. We
were suppose to spend the day
together.

MIKE
This would be the "no distraction
part", in our plan to form a plan.

Larry opens the front door half way.

JENNIFER
Are you ready to go?

LARRY
Uhm well, what if I told you I had
something really important I have
to do, how mad would you be from 1
to 10. Or would you transcend
beyond yourself and become very
understanding and forgiving.

JENNIFER
You're unbelievable.

As Jennifer wants to walk away.

LARRY
Wait, for all you know my
grandfather could be in the
hospital or something.

JENNIFER
Well then, let's go. We should
visit him.

LARRY
Look I--

JENNIFER
No Larry, you look! If you think
there's something more important
you have to do now, there's really
no point for me to stick around.

Jennifer walks away towards the elevator down the hall.

LARRY
 You should know, in any other
 situation I would've chased you
 down!

Jennifer keeps walking. Larry turns around, shaking his head,
 pondering what to do.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 (sighs)
 I'll be right back.

He runs out of the door.

HAROLD
 Women, right? Ha-ha.

MIKE
 Hmm. I can understand where she's
 coming from.

Mike walks over to the kitchen, opens a big window and
 prepares some coffee.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Do you want some coffee or
 something else to drink?

Harold walks over to the kitchen.

HAROLD
 A glass of water would be great.

As Mike prepares the glass of water, a seagull comes flying
 through the window at high velocity. Like a spear it's
 heading right for Mike's left eyeball.

Only inches away from his eye, a hand grabs it by the neck.
 Mike sees a confident and calm Harold, holding the seagull,
 as looks are exchanged between the three. The seagull CAWS.

INT. APPARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON

Larry catches up with Jennifer, waiting for the elevator.

LARRY
 C'mon you have to believe me.

JENNIFER
 Oh, I do. I always do. And in your
 head this choice makes sense.
 (MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I just know that your emergency has probably the same level of importance as the preservation of little Moses.

LARRY

It's more complicated.

JENNIFER

I'm tired of taking a backseat, to what ever comes into your life. I already had to miss you because of the game you're working on.

The elevator opens up, Jennifer gets in.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Just know, I was willing to put you first no matter what happened. I reached that point from the very day I saw you. But if someone can't do the same for you, you just end up feeling like a fool.

The elevator doors begin to close, Larry holds them back. He tries to find the right words say.

MIKE (O.S.)

Larry!! Something's happening!

JENNIFER

Just go.

After some doubt, Larry lets go of the elevator doors.

LARRY

This isn't over.

The elevator doors close, Larry runs back over to the apartment.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry runs back in. Harold releases the seagull out of the window.

HAROLD

(deep, calm voice)

Let's get you outside again.

(closes window)

I think it would be best if it stays closed.

LARRY

Was that a seagull?

MIKE

You wouldn't believe what just happened. Some kamikaze seagull came flying at me through the window! If it wasn't for Mr. Bladesmasher I would've had a seagull's head lodged in my skull. I mean, it was... thanks man.

HAROLD

No problem.

Harold walks over to the fridge.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I grab a beer?

MIKE

Yeah, sure. Go ahead.

HAROLD

Thank you. You guys want one?

MIKE

Yeah, why not.

HAROLD

You Larry?

LARRY

Sure.

Harold opens the fridge and grabs three beers. Places them on the kitchen counter, grabs a knife nearby and with one quick sweep opens all bottles. Harold grabs one beer in each hand.

HAROLD

Catch!

He throws the beers in the air, giving them a perfect spin, traveling through the air without any form of wobbling.

Larry and Mike catch them without a drop being spilt.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Cheers.

Harold takes a gulp of his beer, Mike and Larry are still standing there in disbelief.

MIKE

So it's you... it's the first time we see you in real life. I'm Mike.

HAROLD

I know who you guys are. Believe me, it's still me.

LARRY

That's very unbelievable, to be honest.

HAROLD

I can understand that. So far, we've been trying to come up with a plan.

With suspicion, Mike and Larry look at him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

There are also events happening that are putting us in danger and it's accelerating. Something we should really talk about.

LARRY

(still suspicious)
Yes.

HAROLD

I've also seen... little Moses.

LARRY

Ah, all right. We believe you.

HAROLD

Okay. Now about the danger we're in, I've been thinking--

LARRY

So what do you **really** think of him?

HAROLD

Sorry?

LARRY

About little Moses.

HAROLD

Well, there's no denying, he's very impressive.

LARRY
(looks at Mike)
That's what I thought.

HAROLD
But so is the atom-bomb.

MIKE
(looks at Larry)
That's what I thought.

HAROLD
Look, these events like the seagull
or the earthquake, they're going to
happen more and more. As you
predicted Larry. It's like a zone
of mathematical improbabilities
happening around me. Yet, it's also
the fine line I walk myself.

LARRY
Is that the reason you slowed it
down?

HAROLD
I.. just felt it just became to
dangerous.

MIKE
What are you guys talking about?!

LARRY
I did some calculations in the car.
According to the timed events of
his life, he should've broken the
barrier over a decade ago.

MIKE
But is it safe?

LARRY
The mathematical improbabilities
should be absorbed by the entity
breaking the barrier. Giving it
full control over them.

MIKE
Sounds like a good thing, right?
Might even call it a plan. Just let
go ahead and smash that barrier.

HAROLD
For so long, I've been holding
back. I'm not sure... I can...

Harold's composure changes, back to an insecure, nervous version.

LARRY

He's gone.

HAROLD

No, it's still me. Just the thoughts are fading so fast. Guess I lost my train of thought, ha-ha.

MIKE

Look man, just become awesome for ever. It's okay!

HAROLD

I really wouldn't know where to begin, I have no control over it. Believe me, I wish I had.

MIKE

So we have a plan we can't execute.

LARRY

It will come. By now the universe has an itch which it can't stop scratching.

MIKE

So we just wait?

LARRY

Actually, we should do as many activities as possible and hopefully trigger something.

MIKE

Activities? Like bull riding or parachute jumping?

HAROLD

I really wouldn't think--

LARRY

Could work, maybe a bit extreme. But that might just be what is needed.

HAROLD

Really, guys. I wouldn't be comfortable.

MIKE

I got a great idea. How about I take Harold with me to some shops around the corner. We'll be outside, have some things going on.

HAROLD

I like that more.

LARRY

You want to see the girl at the pharmacy.

MIKE

That might happen. Although it's brilliant, really. I would still be helping you out. While taking care of some business. Maybe you can even spend some time with Jennifer.

LARRY

Yeah, that's not going to be easy. I doubt she'll be picking up her phone when she sees me calling. But you guys go, I might get some work done in meantime.

MIKE

All right. If anything happens I'll give you a call.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Mike and Harold walk down the street, nearing the pharmacy.

MIKE

It would be best, if you just wait outside while I enter the pharmacy.

HAROLD

No problem, you don't want to feel embarrassed, ha-ha.

MIKE

No, it's not that. It's just that I don't want to mess up with this girl. It's already very delicate between us.

HAROLD

I understand.

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF PHARMACY - MORNING

Mike has a quick look through the pharmacy's window.

MIKE
She's there. All right, I'll be
right back. Wish me luck.

HAROLD
Good luck, Mike.

INT. PHARMACY STORE - MORNING

Mike enters and sees Tracy behind the counter. She looks up
and spots Mike. He freezes.

GILES (V.O.)
At this moment Mike realized the
absence of a plan. He knew he
couldn't simply walk up to her and
start a casual conversation. Not
after their first encounter. The
only reason any normal person would
be in this store, is to purchase a
healthcare product.

Mike remains frozen, in a distance Tracy looks at him
questionably.

GILES (V.O.)
Buy something, you bloody idiot!

Mike snaps out of it and quickly begins to browse.

TRACY
Did you say something?!

MIKE
No! Just browsing!

Tracy begins to walk over to Mike. He meets her halfway.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh hi! Didn't see you there. You're
working today?

TRACY
We just... saw each other.

MIKE
Really? I'm not wearing my
contacts. So yeah, I was like
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

(squints eyes)

Is that... I can't really tell.

TRACY

And then you decided to yell something in a British accent and dive in between the isles?

MIKE

It's very frustrating, poor vision. Every man.. reacts different to it.

TRACY

You're really are full of shit, aren't you?

MIKE

That **really** was a friend of mine.

TRACY

So what brings you here, again?

MIKE

Uhm... eye-drops. There's been some irritation in my eyes when I wear my contacts.

Tracy isn't believing any of it and seems a bit annoyed.

TRACY

Fine. Eye-drops it is.

Tracy turns around and begins walking. Mike follows.

MIKE

So... how you like working here?

TRACY

It's super fun fluffy times. Like 24/7. I know what you're thinking, that's not possible but it's true.

Tracy stops to grab some eye-drops and throws it over to Mike, who's standing 10 feet away. He barely catches it.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Should work.

MIKE

Uhm, thanks.

Tracy walks back over to the counter, Mike follows.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You like the new neighborhood?

TRACY
(turns around)
How'd you know I moved?!

MIKE
Uhm... I talked to your co-worker.

TRACY
Jason?
(Mike nods)
I know for a fact, Jason didn't tell you anything! So that's not true. The eye-drops? That's bullshit as well. You haven't been real or honest with me since you saw me.

HAROLD (O.S.)
(deep, calm voice)
Just tell her the truth Mike.

Behind Mike, a deep-voiced, confident Harold. Mike turns to him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Everything you told me before. You know she's worth it.

MIKE
You're right. I send a friend in here to get some information about you and I--

Harold grabs Mike by the shoulders.

HAROLD
No! Although that's part of the truth, but why are you here?

MIKE
I'm here to find more--

HAROLD
Be real. What are you here for?

An intense stare between the two, Mike's troubled face slowly changes, Harold starts smiling.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
You got this.

Harold walks out of the store. Mike turns to Tracy.

MIKE

I came here for you. You want me to be real, to be honest? The first time I saw you, I was lost. I was blown away by everything about you.

TRACY

Yeah, well--

MIKE

And I was worried. I wanted to ask you; are you okay?

Mike slowly reaches for Tracy's bruised cheek, caressing it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Is someone hurting you?

Tracy allows it for a second then pushes Mike's hand away.

TRACY

I would probably answer; nothing I can't handle.

MIKE

You're so amazingly sexy-licious.

TRACY

Ha-ha. Okay, slow down there.

MIKE

Would you like to go out with me?

TRACY

That's not slowing down.

MIKE

Is that really what you want? Are you being real?

TRACY

Fine.

MIKE

I knew it.

TRACY

Don't get cocky now.

EXT. STREET - NEAR PHARMACY - DAY

Harold's relaxing against a wall, Mike walks up. Harold holds his hand up, they high-five each other.

MIKE
Thanks, Bladesmasher.

HAROLD
It was all you.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mike and Harold enter, Larry's working behind his computer.

MIKE
Yo, yo, yo. Our man! Larry boy.

LARRY
You look mighty happy. I assume it went well with the girl.

MIKE
Ow, it went like your classic root canal. Until this man showed up.

Mike points at an awkward Harold, he waives "hello".

MIKE (CONT'D)
When he saw I was blowing it again with Tracy, he stepped in. Showing me the truth and saving the day.

HAROLD
You did most of the work, ha-ha.

MIKE
She wants to go out with me.

LARRY
Nice one!

MIKE
How's the boss looking?

LARRY
Horrible. But not enough.

Mike walks over and looks at the screen, his face cringes.

MIKE
Or maybe too much?

LARRY
I... don't know, man.

MIKE

Maybe Mr. Bladesmasher can help out.

HAROLD

I can't promise anything.

Harold walks over, sees the screen and is startled.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I'm... not sure, what...

LARRY

It's hopeless, I know.

HAROLD

I just don't... really see. I'm sorry.

LARRY

I'm so dropping the soap in prison right now. I'm never gonna finish this in time.

HAROLD

I'm sure you can do it, Larry.

LARRY

I got nothing... I don't even have a basis to work on. Look at these previous ones.

Larry CLICKS his mouse, Harold's disgusted with what he sees.

HAROLD

Ow, that's not... suppose to...

LARRY

(clicks mouse)
Or this one.

HAROLD

(still disgusted)
Ow, yeah... that is kind of interesting. How you managed to...

Harold notices Larry's looking at him with hope and anticipation.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Uhm... if you just and just do... I really have nothing, ha-ha. Sorry.

Larry shakes his head in disappointment and despair.

The front door gets KICKED IN. Roger's standing in the door opening with a sniper rifle aimed at Mike.

ROGER
You're... playing without... me
there, Mike?

The guys, obviously frightened, put their hands up.

MIKE
What are you doing, Roger?

ROGER
Are you... an immortal man?

Roger walks up to Mike, aiming at his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)
I need... to know... if you're
ready.

A calm and confident Harold takes a step towards, Roger switches target over to him.

HAROLD
(deep, calm voice)
He will be ready.

A long stare off ensues, Roger's getting more angry. Harold stays perfectly calm.

Roger goes for a rifle-butt hit, Harold dodges and in a quick motion, knocks the rifle out of Roger's hands.

ROGER
Ow, I... will gut you!

Roger grabs a bowie knife behind his back, holding it near Harold's face. He lashes out, a quick dash of Harold evades the knife. A lightning fast jab on Roger's liver follows.

Roger's expression slowly becomes more and more painful, he nearly drops to his knees. Biting through the pain.

ROGER (CONT'D)
So... gutted!

MIKE
What's the matter there, Roger?
Liver punch catch your tongue
there?

Roger rises, performs an unexpected spinning back fist holding the knife. Harold leans back just in time, with the knife inches away from his throat.

Mike looks behind him, spots and grabs a large kitchen knife.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Bladesmasher! Catch!

He throws the knife, Harold catches it and the two assume their knife battle position against one another.

ROGER
I'll cut... your dick off... And
feed it... to you, cock-sucker!

Roger latches out, Harold blocks the strike with the kitchen knife, blow after blow.

With every blow a dent is created on exactly the same spot on Roger's bowie knife, until finally the knife shatters.

Roger looks in amazement at his cut in half knife. Harold punches him right on the nose. An instant knockout, Roger falls back wards and starts SNORING.

MIKE
Well, that ended quite peaceful.

LARRY
He really is the Bladesmasher.

HAROLD
This is becoming too dangerous.

MIKE
No, it's okay. Or well, obviously
it isn't, but I know the man. He's
my trainer.

HAROLD
You don't understand. The last time
I went for the barrier... I was
robbed at my home, found myself in
a shoot out at a convenient store
and experienced a car jacking.

LARRY
That's part of it.

HAROLD
All in one day!

LARRY
 So we're close again! We should
 push on. Trust us, Bladesmasher!

Roger wakes up and reaches for his broken knife. Harold spots it and furiously puts his foot down, CRUSHING the hand.

ROGER
 Ahh!! That broke so many bones,
 just so many! You god-damn idiot!

Roger, with a mangled hand, gets up and sits on the couch.

ROGER (CONT'D)
 I'm just trying to help here. It's
 my job, you dumbass!

MIKE
 Wait a minute. What happened to
 your annoyingly slow talking ways?

ROGER
 That was just an act. God, it must
 have annoyed you to no end. Being
 talked to like some degenerate
 moron.

MIKE
 That was an act?!

ROGER
 To feed that anger. That will make
 you a winner.

MIKE
 You're a crazy madman! You almost
 cut Bladesmasher's throat!

Mike and Larry look behind them, Harold's gone.

ROGER (O.S.)
 I knew what I was doing.

LARRY
 Bladesmasher! Wait here. And you
 might want to call the cops for
 your... trainer.

Larry runs out the kicked in front door.

INT. APPARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAYS - MORNING

Larry chases down Harold, waiting for the elevator.

LARRY

I know it's difficult. But you can't give up now, once you break that barrier--

HAROLD

When I break it, I will have no one. Who I'm I suppose to connect with then? I'll be further detached from people than ever before!

LARRY

I knew something else was going on. Something holding you back.

HAROLD

I made a lot of progress with my life. Having my own show, having friends like you and Mike. Even fans nowadays. I can't risk it all. It's not worth it. Not now that I'm beginning to find my place in this world.

LARRY

Yes, you would be standing alone in your sheer awesomeness, your true place. And maybe that's the sacrifice you need to make! Think of all the good you can do!

HAROLD

If that's what it takes, I'm not interested.

The elevator doors close. Larry's slamming his head and fists against the doors.

LARRY

I'm really starting hate this elevator! Do you hear me!

The doors open up, with Harold standing there.

HAROLD

I hear you. Now hear this, what if you would take the weapon of the first boss combine it with four tentacles of the second boss and keep the face of the last one.

(beat)

Can you see it?

LARRY
 (watery eyes)
 I can see it.

The elevator doors close again.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry enters the apartment again. Mike's sitting on the couch, no sign of Roger.

MIKE
 Where's Bladesmasher?

LARRY
 He left. I couldn't stop him.
 Where's Roger?

MIKE
 Toilet. He really is harmless, the
 gun isn't even loaded.

LARRY
 What about--

The toilet FLUSHES.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Little Moses?

The bathroom door opens up and Roger steps outside.

ROGER
 Poo-wee. That was one hell of a
 skid mark. A real stickler.

Larry rushes over to Roger and grabs him by the collar.

LARRY
 What have you done?!

Roger pushes his mangled hand into Larry's face.

ROGER
 You know, my hand hurt so much I
 couldn't even wash it.

Larry lets him go and rushes over to the bathroom.

INT. APPARTMENT - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry's looking down into the toilet bowl, it's empty.

LARRY

No!!

Larry collapses down to his knees, shouting in the bowl.

LARRY (CONT'D)

My little Moses!!

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - AFTERNOON

ROGER

What's going on here?

MIKE

He was our... poo pet, little Moses. Had him for a few days.

ROGER

That's horrible. I knew a guy from the war who hold on to a dead buddy for 6 days.

Larry comes out of the bathroom.

ROGER (CONT'D)

But when you reach a point where you hold on to your own shit.

Pointing his horrible mangled index finger at Larry.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I did you a favor, you sick man!

LARRY

Get that mangled ass finger out of my face!

MIKE

You really should have doctor look at that.

LARRY

You need to leave, right now.

ROGER

I'll go, I'll go.

Roger grabs his gun and heads for the door.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I will... see you... grasshopper.

Roger walks out and tries to close the door he kicked in before. The door is damaged and doesn't close completely.

ROGER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I'll pay for that.

Still SLAMMING the door, in an effort to close it.

ROGER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I'm an honorable man, Mike! Just going to take it out of my pay check!

He keeps SLAMMING the door until it finally closes.

LARRY
(sighs)
He's right. Jennifer was right.
I've been a fool.

Mike gives Larry a pad on the shoulder for support.

MIKE
Yeah... I was right as well.

LARRY
Now I lost Jennifer and
Bladesmasher left.

MIKE
Did you talk to him before he left?

LARRY
It turns out to be more complicated
than we thought.

MIKE
What do you mean?

LARRY
He feels when he permanently
crosses the barrier, he will be all
alone. Losing touch with people
completely. And he's right, he
would have no one to connect with
on his level.

MIKE
He could... Maybe if.
(shakes his head)
No. He would simply be too awesome.

LARRY

I know. How do you not worship a God that walks among you.

LARRY (CONT'D)

The last thing he said was how to finish the boss.

MIKE

And?

LARRY

It's going to be beautiful.

(beat)

I'm just not sure if we'll ever see Harold Bladesmasher again.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

A desperate Harold walks along an almost empty beach, he sits down and looks out onto the sea.

GILES (V.O.)

At this moment Harold was at a complete loss. Causing danger for the people around him and heading for perfect solitude.

HAROLD

(begins to cry)

That's so sad.

(beat)

I'm so sad.

Through the tears he spots a small rowboat and runs over. Boards it and begins rowing away from the beach.

GILES (V.O.)

An emotional decision followed, one surely to be regretted.

Harold's rowing further into sea.

HAROLD

Just leave me alone! I'm a danger to society and... and it doesn't even matter anymore.

GILES (V.O.)

And so Harold set off into the Atlantic with a small rowboat. Rowing to ensure peoples safety. Rowing towards his destiny.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Larry's working behind his computer. Mike's sitting on the couch, watching the news on TV.

MIKE
I really think we should go out and
look for him.

LARRY
(focused on screen)
Hmm.

MIKE
He could be passing through that
barrier by now.

LARRY
Hmm.

MIKE
I know you don't want to miss that.

LARRY
(looks up at Mike)
It's up to him now. I believe he
has all the information to make the
right decision.

MIKE
So that's it?

LARRY
That, and no man can escape his
ultimate destiny.

MIKE
That really helps and doesn't sound
vague at all.

LARRY
What do you want to hear? There's
nothing more we can do!

A disappointment Mike nods. Larry focuses on his computer screen again.

LARRY (CONT'D)
So, when's the date?

MIKE
Tomorrow. Picking her up after
work. She gets off at one. I was
thinking of having lunch with her.

Larry stands up in excitement as he looks at his screen.

LARRY
It's done.

MIKE
It's done?

Mike rushes over to see the boss and the screen. He's in awe as soon as he sees the screen.

MIKE (CONT'D)
That is... an amazing, terrifyingly beautiful piece of art, man.

LARRY
It's good, right?

MIKE
It's crazy good. It's stunning, how you combined those abominations to create one perfect creature.

LARRY
I couldn't have done it without...

The guys look down in sadness.

EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - NIGHT

In the moonlight, Harold's battling rough weather.

HAROLD
Is that all you got?!!

Rain and LIGHTNING. The waves grow in size. Harold stands up.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Just bring it!!

A huge wave comes down, SMASHING the boat and engulfing Harold into the dark ocean.

On the rough surface, no sign of Harold can be seen.

A hand is holding an emerging shark fin. Harold pulls himself up as he mounts the shark and begins to ride the waves.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Just do it then! Come on!

The wind is picking up, tornado's are being formed. Caught by one of them, he twirls around, seeing the shark and a cow.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

A cow?

Harold's ejected out of the tornado, flying high in the air. He gets hit by LIGHTNING. An unconscious Harold tumbles down, falling into the water sinking deeper and deeper.

GILES (V.O.)

And so it seemed that the difficult life of Harold Bladesmasher was heading for its destiny. Facing a barrier that perhaps could have never been broken. Lost from start to finish.

Harold sinks deeper into the dark sea. For a second, a small distant light far beneath him.

INT. APPARTMENT - LARRY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An ALARM CLOCK goes off at 8 am. A sweaty Larry sits up in bed. Checks his phone and shakes his head in disappointment.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mike is coming down the stairs. Looking freshly showered and dressed sharp. Larry stands up and is clearly impressed.

LARRY

Looking mighty fine, good sir.
Mighty fine.

MIKE

Thank you, thank you.

LARRY

I finished the game, you're going on a date. We should celebrate.
(opens fridge)
You want a beer?

MIKE

I don't know. It's not even noon, on a Thursday.

LARRY

C'mon relax a little. I think we deserved that.

MIKE

You're right.

Larry grabs two beers, opens them and gives one to Mike.

LARRY
Here's to love.

MIKE
To love.

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mike and Larry holding a beer and sitting on the couch, with six empty bottles on the table.

LARRY
You think I should just call her?

MIKE
Or send a text, asking if she would please pick up when you call. If you say things are that bad, it's the safest thing. At least to know where you're standing.

LARRY
And then work up to a phone conversation and finally meeting up. It makes sense. I think you're going to be okay on the date.

MIKE
The date! What time is it?

LARRY
Checks his watch. You still got 10 minutes, it's right around the corner here.

MIKE
Ten minutes. Shit, I'm already drinking my fourth beer.

Mike puts down his beer and stands up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh, hello there Tracy. I'm Mike the alcoholic. I'm here to pick you up, for a
(hiccup)
Drink.

LARRY
Just relax. You're exaggerating.

Mike panics. Larry stands up and grabs him by the shoulders.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Stop it. You're a cool guy. If had to place you on the board you better believe it's going to be on the far right side, hugging pure awesomeness.

MIKE

Thanks buddy.

The guys hug each other.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I feel the same way about you.

LARRY

Just be yourself and she will see what I saw in you for years.

MIKE

Oh, Larry.

LARRY

Nothing can ever change my feelings for you, Mike. Even if I would move in with Jennifer.

Mike looks surprised and pushes Larry away.

MIKE

You're leaving me and moving in with Jennifer?

The guys start laughing.

LARRY

If she would still want me.

MIKE

I'm proud of you, man. Seems like you're growing up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

All right, I better get going.

LARRY

Good luck, man.

Mike exits the apartment. Larry grabs his phone out of his pocket, sits on the couch and starts texting Jennifer.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(text)

I would love to talk to you...
would you pick up if I call?

Larry doubts for a moment and then presses send.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Mike's walking towards the pharmacy. Slapping himself in the face repeatedly, motivating himself.

MIKE

You can do this. Just have to be my
cool half drunk self.

Tracy exits the pharmacy and spots Mike.

TRACY

Hey Mike!

Mike sees Tracy in the distance, they walk toward each other. He's getting increasingly nervous and an awkward hug ensues.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You okay there?

MIKE

Sure. So, you look hungry.

TRACY

Thank you?

MIKE

No I just meant, you want to eat
something?

TRACY

I could go for--

MIKE

And you look great of course. Not
just... hungry?

TRACY

Uhm, yeah. We could grab a
milkshake near the beach.

MIKE

Ha-ha. Sounds great.

They walk towards the beach.

Suddenly a cloud-like image appears in front of them at eye-level. In the centre Harold's head appears. Mike stops.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Harold?!

HAROLD
Mike.

Mike slowly reaches his hand out to touch the floating image.

MIKE
What? What... are you real?

HAROLD
Absolutely. I will explain but first things first. I need you to stop talking to me and act normal!

MIKE
Why?

HAROLD
You're the only one that can see or hear me right now.

Mike freezes, turns his head and sees a confused Tracy.

MIKE
Why? Did you had to die last summer, my dear friend Harold!? He actually lived in this area.

TRACY
Oh. Oh, so sorry to hear that.

MIKE
Yeah. Horrifying flashback as well. Are you real? You know.

TRACY
Wow, yeah.

They continue to walk towards the beach.

HAROLD
Nice save. Now, I'm tapping into your unique electronic brainwave frequency, so Tracy can't see or hear anything.

MIKE
You broke the barrier!

TRACY

Sorry?

MIKE

Reef. Went snorkeling with Harold one day, he broke the barrier... reef.

TRACY

Wow. Quite the rebel.

MIKE

Yeah.

HAROLD

I want to let you know that I'm okay and I'm on my way to the beach. There's something coming.

MIKE

What? A beautiful day for the beach.

TRACY

It is.

HAROLD

There's no need to panic but it appears to be space-ship.

MIKE

Aliens?!

HAROLD

Remain calm. I doubt they mean us any harm. I have to go now, call Larry and I'll see you guys at the beach. And remember Mike, she's the one, don't hide from it. You got this.

TRACY

Are you sure you're okay? Maybe we should do this another time?

MIKE

No, I'm okay. You're simple amazingly adorable.

TRACY

Ha-ha, well that proves it. You're crazy.

MIKE
Are you ready for some crazy
adventures?

INT. APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry's phone BEEPS. He opens a new message from Jennifer.

JENNIFER
(text)
I have a break in about 20 min. You
can stop by... If you want.

LARRY
Hmm. That was easy, not sure if
it's a good thing though.

Larry's phone RINGS, Mike's calling. He picks up.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Yo Mike, good news I think.

EXT. NEAR BEACH - AFTERNOON

Mike's on the phone, in the background Tracy's getting
milkshakes.

MIKE
Yeah, great. I need you to get over
to the beach **now!**

LARRY (V.O.)
What's wrong?

MIKE
Let's just say Harold called me and
wants to meet at the beach.

LARRY (V.O.)
Yeah right, he called you and just
said; let's hang out at the beach.

MIKE
He used my brainwaves to tell me
aliens are coming.

LARRY (V.O.)
I'm on my way!

Larry hangs up. Mike puts phone away, looks up to the sky.

MIKE
I don't think you want to miss
what's coming, buddy.

TRACY (O.S.)
You're thinking about your friend?

Tracy walks up with the milkshakes.

Suddenly a COMMOTION OF PEOPLE near the pier, draws their
attention.

MIKE
Let's go.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - AFTERNOON

A group of people have gathered as Mike and Tracy arrive.

They see a giant submarine has emerged, docked at the pier. A
hatch opens and Harold appears, he sees a smiling Mike.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Larry's running towards the beach, phone against his ear.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
This is the voice-mail of Jennifer
please leave a message after the
beep.

BEEP.

LARRY
Jennifer, please meet me at the
beach during your break. It will
help to explain a lot. I love you!

He hangs up and arrives at the beach, seeing the commotion.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - AFTERNOON

Mike and Harold are hugging.

MIKE
Good to see you again.

HAROLD
You too, Mike.

LARRY (O.S.)
You had us worried there for a
moment!

Larry appears from behind the crowd.

HAROLD
Larry!

LARRY
Bladesmasher.

They walk up to each other and begin to hug. Larry stops and looks him deep in the eyes.

LARRY (CONT'D)
You did it.

HAROLD
I did it.

MIKE
How did it happen?

HAROLD
I couldn't have done it without you
guys nor the very special woman I
recently met.

A gorgeous, classy woman, HELGA SOULCHARGER 38, wearing a big silver watch, exits the submarine.

HAROLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She also has a sweet ride. Build it
herself.

She hits the button on her key chain.

BEEP-BEEP. The hatch closes and locks.

HELGA
Hi guys!

Every man on the pier, mesmerized by Helga, greets her.

LARRY
So what happened when you left?

Harold looks up in the sky.

HAROLD
 We don't have much time. But after
 I left yesterday, I ended up in the
 North Pacific. Battling the
 elements, battling myself.

EXT. NORTH PACIFIC - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Harold, unconscious, sinking deeper into the violent ocean.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 As all seemed lost and I was
 sinking to a cold and certain
 death, my destiny unfolded.

A dim light emerges from the depths, coming closer becoming
 brighter. A shape becomes visible, it's Helga's submarine.

The submarine gently pushes Harold up and emerges to the
 stormy surface. An unconscious Harold lies on top.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 I was ready, I was gone. But
 something got me through and pulled
 me back.

Harold awakes, coughs water, and slowly gets up. A hatch
 opens up next to him and Helga appears.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 I swear. When I saw her, time stood
 still.

TIME STANDS STILL, with the exception of Harold and Helga,
 walking towards each other.

HAROLD
 Hi.

HELGA
 Hi.

HAROLD
 I'm Harold. Harold Bladesmasher.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 I'm Helga. Helga Soulcharger.

They stare deep into each others eyes. Small electrical
 strings appear around their heads, becoming brighter, merging
 and spreading throughout and around their bodies.

HAROLD (V.O.)
Such infinite energy. Completing
me, setting everything free.

They hug and kiss each other. All the strings form a thick white vertical beam, shooting into the sky.

Time continues, the storm is gone and sunrise sets in, as they continue to kiss.

EXT. BEACH - BOARDWALK - AFTERNOON (PRESENT)

We see the group walking down the boardwalk.

MIKE
So in the end it was love giving
the final push. Which also started
it, if I'm not mistaken.

LARRY
Much like a circle. The ultimate
connection was recreated and your
true form broke through.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Larry!

Jennifer waives in a distance, Larry waives back.

A loud ZOOMING coming from above. People are PANICKING,
running away as a spaceship is descending down on the beach.

HELGA
They're here.

Larry and Jennifer reunite.

JENNIFER
What's going on?

LARRY
It's going to all right, trust me.
I've been such a failing fool in
our relationship.

JENNIFER
That's okay. A spaceship just
landed.

LARRY
The whole taking you for granted
thing. It totally happened. I want
to move in with you.

JENNIFER

Oh my god! We're going to die,
aren't we?

The spaceship's doors are DECOMPRESSING, producing steam and opening up. The group's standing about 20 feet away.

HAROLD

Stay back for now.

TRACY

You weren't kidding about the crazy
adventure.

MIKE

I trust Bladesmasher on this one.

TRACY

I trust you.

The steam clears and a human shaped alien named BARF, wearing a high tech suit, is revealed. He removes his mask and a reptile like, evil and cunning face is revealed.

He starts speaking in a FOREIGN language.

BARF

(translated)

I mean you no harm. I am--

Another alien voice, named TURT, sounds from within the dark spaceship.

TURT (O.S.)

(translated)

It's not on yet, sir.

Helga checks her high-tech watch, which seems to be analyzing the aliens voice.

BARF

(translated)

Oh c'mon. Hurry up here.

TURT (O.S.)

(translated)

It's on.

BARF

It's on? Do you understand me?

HAROLD

We can understand you.

BARF
 Excellent! And I you. As I was
 saying, I mean you no harm. I'm
 just a short time visitor.

HAROLD
 What brings you by?

BARF
 Bring out the equipment!

A futuristic scanning device is being pulled out by the
 smaller Turt, wearing a less advanced suit.

Harold and Helga go into a defensive position to shield the
 other four from possible harm.

BARF (CONT'D)
 Please! Remain calm. The equipment
 is purely to record my show.

HAROLD
 Your show?

BARF
 I have a galactic show in which we
 explore the extraordinary. And you
 two caught our attention.

Helga and Harold look at each other, doubting the story.

BARF (CONT'D)
 I simply want to document what
 happened here. And hopefully get an
 interview with you guys.

TURT
 (translated)
 It's analyzing, sir. We should know
 within a minute.

Helga checks her watch again, it's still calculating. Harold
 looks at her, she looks up and shakes her head.

BARF
 Am I holding you up? It would only
 take but a minute.

HAROLD
 I'm certainly flattered, mister?

BARF
 Captain Barf.

HAROLD
I'm sorry?

LARRY
Wait, your name is Barf?

BARF
It's translated, of course.

MIKE
Don't you mean Bart?

LARRY
No, Bart is no name for an alien like him. Wearing the high tech gear and rocking that lizard look. More like an Bar-fro-kan.

MIKE
Bar-fro-kan?

LARRY
Bar-ra-zun... Bar-lil-kal.

BARF
My name is of no importance!

LARRY
Well it is, if you're calling it the Barf show.

MIKE
Yeah, that's gonna bring people to your show for all the wrong reasons.

TURT
(translated)
The results are coming in.

Helga's watch BEEPS, it has cracked the voice translation. The alien language gets translated by a COMPUTER VOICE into Helga and Harold's earpieces.

COMPUTER VOICE
The results are coming in.

Harold looks over to Helga, she nods and smiles.

TURT
(translated)
It has happened and it's off the chart, sir.

Barf's rushing over to see the results.

TURT (CONT'D)

(translated)

We should report back to the Ruler immediately. With all that power, he will certainly want to deal with them personally.

Hearing the translation, Harold and Helga look at each other, with one nod they signal to make their move.

Helga operates her watch, it's projecting and materializing as millions of tiny white parts begin to form a long blade.

BARF

Or I'll deal with them, right now.

Harold grabs the fully materialized blade out of the air.

HAROLD

What are your intentions? Who's the Ruler?

BARF

I'm impressed! Cracking our language so fast and having developed a high density atom 3-D printer. Maybe I've underestimated you from the start.

HAROLD

That would explain the silly galactic show you supposedly have.

BARF

Yes. But you're such a silly species. I feel like I'm imitating a pig and I got caught rolling in the mud too long. Where does your silliness end?

LARRY

Wow, such a condescending pretentious prick all of a sudden.

MIKE

I liked him better when he was hosting the Barf show.

BARF

You two seem to be lacking the appropriate fear in this situation.

LARRY
We trust in Bladesmasher.

MIKE
We've seen things you wouldn't
believe.

BARF
Quite-

Barf pulls out a laser gun behind his back, aiming at Harold.

BARF (CONT'D)
The hero already, it seems.

TURT
(translated)
We cannot kill him, sir.

BARF
I understand, Turt.

At hearing the name, Mike and Larry look at each other
confused.

BARF (CONT'D)
It will only be a mere flesh wound,
at best.

Barf fires the laser gun, Harold easily deflects the shot
with his blade. He fires again, two shots in quick
concession, same result.

BARF (CONT'D)
(smiles)
That's what I thought.

TURT
(translated)
We should go, sir.

BARF
Yes, Turt. Load the scanner back
into the ship.

LARRY
Is he really calling him Turt?

MIKE
He must mean Kurt.

LARRY
Hmm, I guess.

BARF

It's a name! They translate freely!
I can guarantee you right now that
some where in the entire galaxy,
some one is called Cunt
McCunterson at this very moment!

LARRY

Wow, take it easy.

MIKE

No need for name calling here.

LARRY

You guys should host a show
together.

MIKE

Oh yeah, the Barf & Turt show.

The two start laughing. Barf's taking aim at Larry's head.

BARF

Try blocking this in time,
Bladesmasher.

Bladesmasher runs but can never reach Larry in time. Helga's eyes start to fill with tiny electrical strings.

Barf FIRES. With a gentle hand movement Helga guides a cloud of strings out of her eyes, it's SLOWING down time. She quickly pulls the cloud down, time STOPS completely.

She runs over to Larry and pushes him out of harms way. A sleigh smile appears on Barf's face, unaffected by the time freeze, yet keeping completely still.

HELGA

Now to take care of that gun.

She runs over to Barf, with a spinning kick she knocks the gun out of his hands, his eyes move.

Barf grabs her by the throat in mid-air and SLAMS her back against the space ship.

BARF

Even controlling time! I've
definitely underestimated you.

Time CONTINUES, Harold sees the position Helga's in.

Barf walks back into the ship. The doors close and the spaceship is readying for take off.

Mike takes his last breath, Harold's infuriated. Electrical strings form in his eyes. His sword charging with a powerful electrical current.

The space ship is taking off, Harold keeps charging.

HELGA
Don't! Bladesmasher!

HAROLD
I can't let them go, not anymore!

As he thrusts the sword into the air, he's pushed on the ground by Helga. The giant electrical beam SHOOTING from the sword barely misses the ship.

Helga lies on top of a frustrated Harold, they look each other in the eyes.

HELGA
Trust me.

She kisses him. The same electrical force charges Helga.

Helga quickly runs over to Mike. She places her hands on the wound and uses the electrical force to heal him.

TRACY
Come on, Mike!

LARRY
Come back, buddy.

Mike suddenly opens his eyes and takes a deep breath. Tracy hugs and begins to kiss him.

MIKE
You know you're really are taking advantage of me in this situation.

TRACY
I was just giving you mouth to mouth.

MIKE
After I woke up?

TRACY
Just shut up and go back to sleep again.

Mike smiles and closes his eyes. She kisses him again.

Larry and Jennifer face each other.

JENNIFER

I want you know you're still very
much welcome in my home. My life,
my everything.

Larry smiles and goes in for the kiss.

MIKE

I think we're just one kiss away
from having an orgy right now.

The group's LAUGHING. People gathering around them and the
police is arriving.

INT. GAME-CENTRE - TOURNAMENT - AFTERNOON

A large seated audience are viewing the events on stage,
where the COMMENTATOR (35), is getting ready. He holds a
microphone with a huge screen hanging behind him.

In the back, two gaming seats including screens, separated by
a thin wall.

COMMENTATOR

We're getting ready for the semi
finals, folks! Will we see the same
final as last year with... Gunther?

The commentator points to GUNTHER (23), he stands to the
right behind the red curtains. He appears, crowd's CHEERING.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

Or will we see a new finalist? Mike
come up here!

Mike, Larry and Harold standing to the left, behind the red
curtain.

HAROLD

Play it smart, Mike.

LARRY

You go and get that lame-brain!

The guys high-five and Mike appears on stage. The crowd's
cheering with Jennifer, Tracy and Helga on the first row.

ROGER (O.S.)

Gut that filthy nazi-boy!

Roger in the back, dressed in full war gear, standing and holding his fist up.

Mike stays calm and shakes Gunther's hand. Roger sits down.

COMMENTATOR

Take your seats gentlemen.

They walk over to the back and sit down in their seats.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

To the left and the top half of the big screen; Mike "Madness" Bowman and to the right Gunther "Eagle Eye" Muller. The rules are simple in the semi finals, you have one life and one chance. Good luck, gentlemen!

The players putt their headsets on and start up the game.

Images of the game appear split screen, on the huge screen. Graphics from the 80's displaying small square marines running through a jungle.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, we can see where this is going. With Eagle Eye already having gathered wood and iron; he's going for the sniper. Both guys of course knowing exactly where to find everything. Though I'm not sure where Mike is heading.

On Mike's screen, a small marine running up a mountain.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

He's only picked up a stone so far. Oh no, he's picking up some wood, I guess he could make a dagger now. As we take a look at Gunther; he's already finished the sniper rifle and is on the hunt for some bullets. Mike's now in an area without any resources.

LARRY

Where's he going?

HAROLD

Just wait.

COMMENTATOR

Gunther has found the gunpowder and can now make some bullets as he's heading for a good sniper spot. He seems to be going... Now I see! He's going to get ambushed by Mike if he's heading for that spot!

Mike and Harold smile.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

Although Mike has to be careful not to be seen on that ridge. He has to hurry now, look at those little legs go. Gunther is coming in position. He made it in time and Gunther is arriving, he won't know what hit him.

The audience is sitting on the edge of their seats.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

This is it, his back is turned. He goes in...

A STABBING, followed with a horrible in-game SCREAM.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

He did it! He stabbed Gunther to death!

Crowd's CHEERING. Mike stands up, smiling and nodding.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

What a smart and cunning play by Mike! We will take a short break now and we'll be back with the final between Bryan "Beast" Jenkins and Mike "Madness" Bowman!!

INT. GAME-CENTRE - TOURNAMENT - AFTERNOON

Mike, Larry and Harold behind the red curtain.

LARRY

So who this Bryan beast guy?

MIKE

He's good.

HAROLD

You can handle him.

ROGER (O.S.)
He's an aggressive little bastard!

Roger joins the group and gets in Mike's face.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You have to go full out and bury
the bastard!

LARRY
(pulls Roger away)
Okay, just relax.

HAROLD
Keep your focus, Mike.

MIKE
He's right though. He's aggressive
and... it's going to be difficult.

HAROLD
Use that hate **against** him and he
will destroy himself.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
Are we ready?!!

The commentator's back on the stage.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
Let's just bring them out, the best
of the best! Come on stage, you
guys!

He waives the guys in. They appear, audience is CHEERING.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
On our right we have our last years
champion; Bryan "Beast" Jenkins and
on our left a first time finalist,
the challenger; Mike "Madness"
Bowman. Same rules apply as in the
semi-finals but we have a smaller
map yet more resources. Please take
your seats, gentlemen.

The guys head for their seats and put on their headset.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
And the final battle is under way.
We see Bryan gathering like crazy.

A marine in some bushes, snowy environment.

(MORE)

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

He plays very aggressive and fast, this map would be in his advantage. Now Mike is just running ahead, not gathering any thing so far. He's probably going for some more distant resources, but he's also closing the gap between them.

LARRY

He's heading right for him.

COMMENTATOR

Bryan has already finished a handgun. He seems to be going for a machine gun now. Mike has reached the diamond resource spot now... he's walking past it!

The little marine plows through the snow.

ROGER

You sissy-ass idiot!! What are you doing?!

COMMENTATOR

Mike is heading straight for Bryan, who has just finished his machine gun and has a grenade now as well.

LARRY

He's walking right into it.

HAROLD

Trust him.

COMMENTATOR

It's going to be a matter of time before they see each other. Bryan has about 30 bullets so far, against none of Mike. Heck, the man doesn't even have a fire weapon. Oh, he's--

A MACHINE GUN goes off.

The little marine is standing behind a tree.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

He's spotted!! Still alive, taking cover. But Bryan is on the move. He's moving fast and he's going to flank him.

More SHOTS from the machine gun.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
He's hit in the leg!

More SHOTS sound, followed by a CLICKING.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
Bryan just ran out of bullets as
Mike is moving positions, he's not
making a lot of progress.

The little marine is limping with a bloody leg.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
He's trying to reach that stone
wall for some cover. But Bryan
seems to have found the blood trail
in the snow. He's on to him!

TRACY
C'mon Mike.

COMMENTATOR
He made it to the wall but he still
hasn't made any weapon.

The little marine stands behind a small wall.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
Bryan is nearing him. He sees the
blood trail going behind that small
wall. He's getting his grenades
ready.

LARRY
I can't watch this.

COMMENTATOR
He's throwing one to the right side
of the wall!! He's probably going
for a quick second on the left now!
Mike sees the grenade, moving to
the other side!

LARRY
Move buddy!

COMMENTATOR
As expected Bryan is going for the
second grenade, it's going right
for the spot Mike's is heading for!
He sees the grenade coming!!

The little marine jump forward into the air on one leg. The
grenade bounces off his head, back to Bryan.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
Owww! He just headed the grenade
back to Bryan!!

A loud in-game EXPLOSION. Blood all over the snowy landscape.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
It's over!! Bryan just saw his own
grenade explode in his face!!

The crowd is going crazy. An angry Roger heads for the stage.

ROGER
You lucky, stupid coward!!

Tracy steps in front of him.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Get out of the way, woman!

Roger wants to push Tracy, she quickly lands a ferocious low kick on Roger's thigh, followed with a sharp right hook on his nose, knocking him out cold.

TRACY
You're such big bag of lame-ass!

The audience is shocked. Mike heads over to Tracy and sees Roger on the floor, he seems angry.

MIKE
Stacy!

TRACY
What?

MIKE
When do these kind of things... you
seriously turn me on.

Crowd begins cheering again. The two hug and kiss.

COMMENTATOR
We got a new champion today! Some
one give this man a medal! I think
we have a gold one lying around
some where. Ha-ha.

TRACY
You were amazing.

MIKE
We make a good team.

GILES (V.O.)
 And so we almost come to a close in
 this story. This life-changing week
 for Mike and Larry. Not only
 finding and helping Bladesmasher.

Harold and Helga, hand in hand. Small electric sparks around
 their hands.

GILES (V.O.)
 But finding love.

Mike and Tracy on stage, celebrating.

GILES (V.O.)
 Or rediscover love.

Larry and Jennifer are kissing behind the red curtain.

GILES (V.O.)
 And believing in your self. With
 Mike finally winning the tournament
 and Larry's creation of his first
 game.

EXT. GAME-CENTRE - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The whole group is heading for their cars.

GILES (V.O.)
 Which turned out to be quite the
 popular game. After the tournament
 was over, Larry checked his phone
 for the first time that day.

LARRY
 More than 100,000!?

JENNIFER
 What's wrong?

LARRY
 In just six hours the game has been
 downloaded more than 100,000 times!

JENNIFER
 Wow, that's a lot!

TRACY
 A lot of money as well.

LARRY

Yeah. But that means they really like the game.

MIKE

Of course they do, man. It's a great game.

GILES (V.O.)

And so they all lived happily ever after. Well, until the aliens showed up of course. I would like to thank you for your time and--

MIKE

Ho, ho. What **about** the aliens?

LARRY

Yeah.

GILES

That's another story, I'm afraid.

LARRY

So? Another story?

GILES

The adventures of Bladesmasher and Soulcharger, I do believe.

LARRY

Really? Already fishing for a sequel? Have some dignity, man.

GILES

It's called; job insurance. Maybe you should think about it.

MIKE

Okay relax, you guys.

(beat)

You have to admit it sounds pretty awesome.

THE END

