

GAMERS

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Scrapped
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REVISION 367
August 1, 2010
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FADE IN:

VIDEO GRAPHICS

An animated network logo moves onscreen. The words "WQWE News at Six" appear. Upbeat music plays over.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
WQWE News at Six. You heard it
here first.

INT. WQWE NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

A well groomed anchor, JIM GRANT looks into the camera.

GRANT
And finally tonight, our bright
spot shines on 9-year-old Trudy
Malone. Trudy took on the task of
saving the lives of ten baby
ducklings when they were separated
from their mother.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

News director RICK MASON watches the bank of monitors intensely. He stops chewing on his pen, pulls it from his mouth and taps the shoulder of 20 something JESS HARPER, the board engineer sitting directly in front of him.

MASON
Cue the ducks.

Jess responds by hitting appropriate switch.

ON THE MAIN MONITOR

The image of Grant is swapped for incoming video footage of a little girl holding a box of ducklings.

TRUDY
I saw they had tried to cross the
road, but fell down the sewer
grate.

GRANT (V.O.)
Little Trudy went and got her mom,
who helped her stop traffic on
Route 13.

BACK TO MASON

As he taps Jess with his chewed-up pen once more.

MASON

Cue the mom.

ON THE MONITOR

A middle-aged woman stands by the side of the road.

MOM

Trudy has always loved nature, so when she said she wanted to save some ducklings, I couldn't argue. I held up traffic while she climbed into the sewer.

ON JESS

As the pen hits her shoulder once more

MASON (O.S.)

Cue the street.

JESS

(to herself)

I know, I know.

She switches the next piece of footage.

ON THE MONITOR

The image is not what you'd expect. Three cars are piled up in a heap of twisted metal. Firemen work to put out a blazing fire. The duck story audio continues.

MOM (V.O.)

Drivers didn't want to stop at first, but once they saw Trudy come out with the baby ducks, they understood.

BACK TO JESS

Jess stabs at the board quickly. She can't find the correct street scene.

MASON

Harper!

JESS

Just a second!

She ejects a tape from the console. We see the monitor go black. The voice over continues.

TRUDY (V.O.)

I helped the mommy duck get her babies home. My mom says I'm a hero.

Jess gets the right tape in.

ON THE MONITOR

The image on the screen is of ducks crossing the street, but it's in fast forward, looping over and over.

TRUDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I wanted to keep one, but Mom says BLEEARRRUUUUUGGGGGHHHH--

The audio winds to an awkward halt. There is dead air. The duck footage runs out and we see blue screen.

BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM

Jess is frozen.

MASON

Dammit! Just go back to one!

He stabs at the board. We see a confused Grant back on the screen.

IN THE STUDIO

Grant regains composure.

GRANT

Looks like we'll have to get back to little Trudy and her ducks some other time. Rest assured, they all got home safely. Thanks for watching. Stay tuned for the world news.

The on-air light goes off. The on set monitor shows a commercial begin to play.

GRANT (CONT'D)

That's one for the record books.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

JESS

I don't know. I thought I had the right tape. If Chris hadn't distracted me earlier...

MASON

I don't need excuses! I need someone who can run the board. This station needs to run right, and if it doesn't, it's my job on the line. And let me tell you -- I'm not gonna lose MY job.

JESS

I'm sorry.

MASON

The writing was on the wall, Jess. It's just one screw-up too many. I have to get someone in here I can rely on.

Mason puts his hand on Jess' shoulder.

MASON (CONT'D)

Clear out your desk.

INT. WQWE NEWS OFFICES - CUBICLE - NIGHT

Jess sweeps her few pathetic possessions into a WQWE tote-bag. This includes a day planner, a couple notebooks, and a coffee mug full of pens and paperclips.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Wow, I am so sorry, Jess.

Jess looks to the opening of her cubicle. SUSAN, in her 30s, is a well dressed news segment producer.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You all right?

JESS

Yes. No. I will be.

She looks around, vacant.

JESS (CONT'D)

I don't think it's hit me yet. You know I've never been fired from anything before?

SUSAN

C'mon. How about a drink? Let's get out of here.

JESS

Yeah.

INT. PADDY O'KILTY'S PUB - NIGHT

Jess and Susan are at the bar, each with a beer.

SUSAN

You know I never should have answered that call this morning. Something told me that a story about cute little baby ducks would be nothing but trouble.

Jess smiles.

JESS

Shut up.

SUSAN

No, really. I ignored my instincts. I went out on the road with a camera crew and shot a hell of a segment, but it was cursed from the start. Don't work with animals and children. And now it cost you your job.

JESS

If it wasn't that, it would have been something else. Mason has wanted me gone for a while.

SUSAN

Yeah, but that doesn't change the fact that Mason is a prick.

JESS

You're right about that.

SUSAN

And I'm the one who has to go on looking at his face every day. So maybe you're the lucky one.

Just then a man, TREVOR, steps up to the bar. He signals the bartender.

TREVOR

Barkeep! Another round, please.

He nods to Susan and Jess.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ladies.

Trevor is tall, good-looking, and athletic. His clothes are smart, but have a slightly foreign look.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
How might you be this evening?

JESS
Fine, thanks.

TREVOR
My boys and I are celebrating a
victory of sorts.

He gestures to a table across the room. Four friends are
toasting with the last of their previous drinks.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I was hoping you might join us.

Susan looks at Jess, her eyes wide. She nods her head "yes."

JESS
Well...

TREVOR
Trevor.

JESS
Well, Trevor, that's a nice offer,
but it's been a tough day and...

SUSAN
And another beer would be a fine
way to forget all about it.

Trevor smiles. He's got a great smile.

VICTOR
Excellent. What are you drinking?

JESS
Guinness.

TREVOR
You don't say? Not bad at all.
(to bartender)
Two more pints here.

INT. PADDY O'KILTY'S PUB - NIGHT - LATER

Susan and Jess are seated with Trevor and his friends. The
table is littered with the debris of a long evening: torn
napkins, half-empty baskets of fries, bottles, and glasses.

TREVOR
I'm telling you, it's "foolish
man."

Jess smiles and shakes her head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I saw her today at the reception.
A glass of wine in her hand. I
knew she would make her
connection. At her feet was a
foolish man.

JESS

"Footloose man." Don't doubt the
lyric queen.

SUSAN

Enough! Who cares? I want a truce.

JESS AND TREVOR

(in unison)

You can't always get what you
want!

Jess and Trevor laugh. Everyone else groans. Susan leans in
to one of Trevor's friends, LIAM.

SUSAN

(quietly)

I'm not sure who's in more
trouble, my friend or yours.

LIAM

Who says it has to be trouble?

JESS

All right, I've got another one.
See if you can keep up.

She sits up straight, prepared to recite.

JESS (CONT'D)

Sitting on a cornflake, waiting
for the van to come.

Trevor shakes his head. He's got nothing.

JESS (CONT'D)

Corporation t-shirts, stupid
bloody Tuesday. Man, you've been a
naughty boy, you let your face
grow long.

Trevor takes a sip of beer.

JESS (CONT'D)

(puzzled)

I am the egg man? They are the egg
men? C'mon!

TREVOR
Sorry, don't know it.

JESS
I am the walrus!

TREVOR
Not from where I'm sitting, you're not.

JESS
Where'd you say you're from again?

TREVOR
Look, I'll go toe to toe with you on the Stones, but the, ah...

JESS
The Beatles.

TREVOR
The Beatles just aren't my thing, you know? Never heard 'em growing up.

JESS
But, they're THE BEATLES!

Susan leans in to Liam again.

SUSAN
Hope this isn't a deal breaker.

EXT. PADDY O'KILTY'S PUB - NIGHT - EVEN LATER

The group piles out of the bar onto the sidewalk.

LIAM
Gah! Cold air.

SUSAN
Suck it up, it'll put hair on your chest. You fellas know your way back to your hotel from here?

LIAM
Of course, it's this way.

Liam and the others all point in different directions.

SUSAN
Lovely.

LIAM
 Maybe you could show us the way?

TREVOR
 (to Jess)
 What do you say?

JESS
 Oh, no. It's way too late for me
 anyway.

TREVOR
 You know, Jessica, we've got
 another match tomorrow. I don't
 know when we'll be back this way
 again.

JESS
 Mmm hmmm. I'm heading home. It's
 only a few blocks to walk.

TREVOR
 At least let me walk you. It's a
 dark night.

Jess looks into his eyes.

JESS
 All right.

The two walk off.

SUSAN
 Good night, Jess. Don't do
 anything I wouldn't do.

JESS
 (not angry at
 all)
 Shut up, Susan!

Susan turns back to Liam and company.

SUSAN
 Right, does this hotel room of
 yours have a mini-bar?

EXT. JESS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

JESS
 Well, this is it. You're really
 leaving tomorrow?

Trevor nods.

JESS (CONT'D)
And your game... what is it you
play again?

Trevor moves in and kisses her.

JESS (CONT'D)
This doesn't happen to me
everyday.

TREVOR
No excuses offered anyway...

They kiss again.

INT. JESS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevor and Jess make love. It's wonderful.

INT. JESS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun is up. Jess lies asleep in bed. Trevor's arm is
draped around her.

Trevor sits up carefully. He kisses Jess' forehead and moves
to the edge of the bed.

JESS
(eyes closed)
Going somewhere?

TREVOR
Well, good morning Sunshine.

JESS
Already?

TREVOR
Mmm hmm. Can you reach my pants?

Jess reluctantly opens her eyes and looks at Trevor. She
smiles and reaches to the floor on her side of the bed.

As she hands Trevor his pants, something falls out of the
pocket.

JESS
What's this? Goggles?

TREVOR
My specs. Can't play without 'em.

The goggles are unusual but stylish, like a cross between
the kinds used for swimming and skiing.

Jess pulls Trevor back down on the bed. She raises herself

up and sits astride him.

JESS
What do you think, do I have what
it takes?

She tries on the goggles and looks down at him through her cascading hair.

TREVOR
You look like a bug.

She digs her knees into his sides.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
A sexy bug!

JESS' POINT OF VIEW - SPEC VISION

The room has an unreal look, as if lit in ultraviolet. The color spectrum is off. Trevor's eyes and teeth glow an eerie green.

JESS
Well, things look pretty good from
here.

She leans in to kiss him.

BACK TO NORMAL VISION

TREVOR
My mates will be wondering where I
am.

JESS
Let them wonder.

She shakes her head.

JESS (CONT'D)
Ah! I'm getting a headache. How do
you stand wearing these?

She pulls the goggles off.

TREVOR
You get used to them.

Trevor's mobile phone rings. Jess doesn't move.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It's my mobile. You gonna let me
up?

She shake her head, grinning.

Trevor smiles and flips her over with surprising speed. Jess yelps in surprise.

Still smiling, Trevor grabs his phone and answers it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Yeah... What?

His smile vanishes.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
What?... When?... You're joking.
Okay, right.

Trevor hangs up. He quickly buckles his pants and grabs his shirt. No more joking around.

JESS
What is it?

TREVOR
Darling, it's been lovely, but
I've got to run.

JESS
Is everything all right? Are your
friends okay?

TREVOR
Everything's fine. I just have to
go now. Our schedule has changed.

He slides his shoes on and picks up his jacket. Jess looks worried.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I hope we meet again someday.

Trevor takes the goggles from her hand and gives her a long kiss.

Trevor leaves the frame. We hear him walk through the apartment, then open and close the door. He's gone.

Jess walks to the window and looks down to the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY - JESS' POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

Trevor has just hailed a cab. As he steps in, his goggles fall to the sidewalk.

Trevor doesn't notice. The cab pulls away.

INT. JESS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jess bangs on the window.

JESS

Hey, Trevor! Your goggles! Hey!

But the taxi continues down the street.

Jess pauses.

JESS

How desperate would it look if I
ran after him?

She doesn't care. Jess quickly pulls on some clothes and runs out.

EXT. JESS' APARTMENT - DAY

She picks up the goggles from the sidewalk and runs to her car.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The hotel is located on a busy downtown street. There is a turnaround for unloading vehicles, but no parking lot. Instead, there is a multilevel parking garage connected to the building.

Jess pulls her car to the curb. She sees several taxis, but no Trevor. She peers into the nearby garage and spots him.

Trevor and his friends are talking heatedly. It's not an argument, but clearly something is up.

Jess grabs the goggles jogs toward them.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

JESS

Trevor! Trevor, your goggles!

She waves them in the air. Trevor looks up, puzzled. Before he can respond, a panel van races between them and screeches to a halt.

The van's door slides open. Four men leap out, carrying what appear to be nightsticks. They come at Trevor and his friends, weapons raised.

LIAM

At the ready!

Trevor pulls a small cylinder from his pocket. With a flick of the wrist, it extends into a baton-like weapon. His

teammates follow suit.

ATTACKER #1

You boys gonna give it up? Or do
we have to take it from you?

TREVOR

Try it.

Jess is standing about thirty feet away, stunned.

Attacker #1 lets out a war whoop and swings his baton at Trevor. The other attackers follow suit, and the melee has begun.

Trevor blocks and fights back.