

ACT ONE

INT./ESTAB. - NIGHT

The opening credits are done in the style of the opening screens of a video game. At the bottom of each screen blink the words **Press Start to Play**. A pair of hands holding a game controller comes into view at the bottom of each screen and presses the Start button to bring up the next screen.

The final screen reads **Level 1: DFL But Proud**. The hands press Start again, and the screen fades to:

EXT. FUTURISTIC BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A blasted alien landscape. Weird, twisted plants and ruined city walls. Rubble, ruins, and the burning shells of futuristic vehicles. The air is filled with the sound of EXPLOSIONS and the METALLIC SCREAMS of futuristic fighter craft streaking overhead.

[The colors, the textures--it all looks like a video game. Which it is. The in-game sequences are done *machinima*-style using a video game as a virtual soundstage. This draft assumes that the game is "Gears of War," a popular sci-fi first-person shooter that uses the Unreal engine, a commonly used *machinima* platform. But other games can be used.]

An onscreen message appears over this view:

SCREEN MESSAGE

TEH NOOBS HAVE ENTERED THE GAME

FOUR WARRIORS run into view. As they pass, each of their gamertags is displayed briefly over them. Cradling a long sniper rifle is WEASEL. The one lugging a mini-gun and huge ammo belt is BOOMSTICK. WURYOR jogs alongside, a laser-sighted rifle in his arms. And in the lead is B055, carrying a wide-barreled shotgun.

EXT. ALIEN PLAZA - DAY

They approach a clearing in the wasteland. B055 drops to cover behind some rubble. Wuryor and Weasel quickly get behind other piles of debris. Boomstick heads for his own cover, but then swings in an arc, and slams into Weasel.

WEASEL

Boomstick! Dude! What is wrong with you?

Weasel's voice, in contrast to his tough, hardened look, is that of an ordinary guy, late teens. Boomstick replies in a similar voice.

BOOMSTICK

Sorry, man. It my carpal tunnel. I keep pressing the thumbstick left.

ON B055

B055 carefully looks over the rubble, scanning the empty space ahead.

BACK ON THE OTHERS

Weasel turns to Boomstick.

WEASEL

So anyway, I was thinking about taking her to the cart track. Do a few laps.

BOOMSTICK

On a first date? Bad idea man. Girls want to do something...girly. They aren't into competition like us guys.

WURYOR

No, no, that's a good idea. A little competition, a little sweat. Just take her somewhere nice after. While her heart rate's still up.

WEASEL

I was thinking Burgermeister.

WURYOR

Okay, we need to talk.

WEASEL

How come you know so much about
womens, man?

BOOMSTICK

He's been on more dates than any
of us.

WEASEL

More first dates.

WURYOR

What's that supposed to mean?

WEASEL

Calm down, Worrier.

WURYOR

My tag's "Warrior!"

B055

Would you guys shut up?

WEASEL

(pronounces it "Boss")

B055, chill.

BOOMSTICK

Yeah, man, we're already down zero
- sixteen. I don't think we're
going to win this round.

WURYOR

As per usual.

B055

Doesn't it bother you guys, being
DFL in the league?

WEASEL

DFL?

BOOMSTICK

Dead --

(an explosion drowns him
out)

--king Last.

WEASEL

Oh.

WURYOR

Give it up, B055. J-4's one of the toughest guilds in the league. We haven't touched them all night.

B055

Exactly. How 'bout we frag at least one of these dookies before they take us down? Show a little pride? Huh?

WURYOR

Yeah. Yeah, let's do it!

BOOMSTICK

What the hey.

WEASEL

It could be our new slogan: "DFL but proud."

They stand up from their cover positions and gather around B055.

B055

All right, listen up. Weasel, find a good sniping spot--

An ENERGY BEAM lances down, taking out Weasel with a headshot. His body falls to the ground. Before the others can react, his body dematerializes.

SCREEN MESSAGE

WEASEL HAS BEEN TERMINATED

BOOMSTICK

(points in the direction of the shot)

Hey, there's one!

B055

Scatter!

EXT. BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

They all crowd behind the same wall of a destroyed building.

B055

Nice scattering.

BOOMSTICK

These guys are good. We never saw them.

WURYOR

We never see them.

B055

Boomstick, break right. I'll cover you!

BOOMSTICK

Got it!

B055

Go!

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Boomstick stick darts out into the plaza--and promptly turns left, heading out into the open.

EXT. BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

B055 points frantically in the right direction.

B055

Right!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bookstick keeps heading into the open.

BOOMSTICK

I know! I'm trying! Stupid repetitive strain injury!

He is quickly picked off. His body dematerializes, just like Weasel.

SCREEN MESSAGE

BOOMSTICK HAS BEEN TERMINATED

EXT. BOMBED-OUT BUILDING - DAY

B055 turns to Wuryur.

B055

Okay, time to take the offensive.
Throw a grenade, then cover me.
I'm going in!

WURYOR

You got it!

Wuryor stands up and reaches back to throw his grenade. Before he can throw it, an enemy grenade clatters down and lands at his feet.

B055

(diving away)
GRENADE!

WURYOR

I know! I've got it right--
(looks down)
Oh. Look. Another one.

BOOM! Wuryor is gone.

CONTINUED IN FULL VERSION