

Memory Card

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EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A perfectly packaged box sits in front of an apartment door. It's a beautiful day, but the porch outshines the surroundings with a faint, almost heavenly glow.

The door opens and JACK, a man in his late 20's, quickly grabs the box with excitement. The door slams shut and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - DAY

INSIDE THE BOX

Still dark, muffled movement and shuffling is heard. Then a soft THUD.

Jack opens the package as we watch from inside as a soft neon glow, even more heavenly casts onto him as he looks down on us. He smiles with passion, reaches into the box and takes the Playstation One out from within.

THE APARTMENT

With the same passionate grin, Jack pulls the power and VGA cables out and walks to his TV, beginning to plug in the power cable.

JACK (V.O.)

They never understood the
importance of all the time you
spend alone - the time with
yourself and your gaming console--
your imagination that ran wild
within the artificial worlds.

The system is plugged in. Jack reaches behind his CRT TV that's currently displaying a black screen. The number 3 displays in the top left corner, a slight static hits as he jiggles the yellow cable into the port.

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

Less real than the one around us,
but more captivating and ever more
immersive.

He comes back to the front and sits looking at his masterpiece. Playstation One on the ground, everything plugged in.

He reaches for the Playstation power button and presses it.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This piece of junk ruined my life.

The TV cuts from a black screen to the Playstation Intro.
The Sony logo displays on the screen. Jack stares in awe.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But ironically, it might just save
it.

Jack watches the Sony logo change to the Playstation One in a
modern glitch fashion. This isn't the same 1990's timeline
we all know and remember.

The door to his apartment flies open in the background.
FREDDY, a man in his late 20's, enters and throws his jacket
down on the side table.

FREDDY
Yo, yo. What's going on.

JACK
(eyes on screen excited)
Get over here.

Freddy walks fast to the couch, hopping it and landing on the
seat looking at the TV, setting his eyes on the setup.

FREDDY
No way dude, you finally got it.
This looks sick.

A beat.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I might need to skip a few shifts
for this.

Jack turns to face Freddy with a disappointed look.

JACK
What the hell Fred, you're either
in or out. I've told you how much
money we can make with this.

FREDDY
If we win, Jack. You think we'll
get to the Memory Card first? Do
you know how many people are vying
for this? Might as well go to the
casino with those odds.

We zoom into Jack's eye on cue of those words. His iris
turns to PS1 abstractions.

Crash Bandicoot, Tekken, Need For Speed fly through the air.
Controllers. Old generation consoles.

JACK (V.O.)
I really believed I could do it.
I'm the one. I spent half my life
developing video games. I'll be the
first to crack those numbers.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. MR. MONKEY'S STUDIO SET

Through the lens of a camera, Mr. Monkey, a middle aged
streamer with crazy hair and eccentric stands in his studio.
Retro posters and gaming lights in the background.

MR. MONKEY
Hey there, fellow gamers! It's
your favorite digital simian, Mr.
Monkey, swinging in with an
announcement that's going to blow
your gaming minds!

He holds up the LEGENDARY MEMORY CARD, a PlayStation One
Memory Card with collector patina.

MR. MONKEY (CONT'D)
I know what you're thinking. No,
this isn't just a normal memory
card.

PULL OUT OF TV SCREEN TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A gaming bar where Mr. Monkey's monologue plays to all the
patrons on an old TV. Atari 2600, NES, Sega Genesis gaming
stations sit idle, games paused, while the patron's eyes are
glued to the tv screen.

MR. MONKEY (V.O.)
This is the memory card of your
dreams. A relic of the gamer gods
that the community will cherish
forever.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A MIDDLE AGED MAN sits alone in his car in a work parking lot, staring at a phone screen as Mr. Monkey's dialogue plays, the screen glow illuminating him while he downs a McDonald's cheeseburger.

MR. MONKEY (V.O.)
The single coolest piece of plastic
and electronics to ever be
assembled on Earth.

CUT TO:

INT. TEENAGER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A TEENAGER in a room filled with memorabilia stares at his computer screen with wonder, holding a Gameboy idle in his hand.

MR. MONKEY (V.O.)
A one of a kind item handcrafted by
me in this very studio to
commemorate the launch of the
greatest console ever made. The
PlayStation One.

We see Mr. Monkey on the computer screen pointing at the console. He looks back at the camera and the feed zooms on his face.

MR. MONKEY
And if that wasn't enough to pique
your interest, there's a \$500,000
cash prize to accompany it.

We zoom back out to full Mr. Monkey in his studio.

MR. MONKEY (CONT'D)
And only one of you can have it.

INT. MR. MONKEY'S STUDIO SET

Mr. Monkey pulls up a 3D display with coordinates on it that are randomly oscillating.

MR. MONKEY
I've scattered coordinates
throughout some of the most iconic
PlayStation One games of all time.

The coordinates blend into PlayStation 1 game cases.

MR. MONKEY (CONT'D)
We're talking Resident Evil 2,
Crash Bandicoot 3, Tekken, Need for
Speed 4, and even Tomb Raider.

The floating game cases disappear and we focus back on Mr. Monkey alone.

MR. MONKEY (CONT'D)
Yes, you heard me right! Your
favorite games hold the key to this
epic quest. Get those controllers
ready, set your sights on the
prize, and let the quest begin!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The gaming bar where everyone sits silent in the wake of Mr. Monkey's last words. An OLD MAN sits still and remains silent, annoyed at his surroundings as everyone converses amongst themselves. Some people leave in haste. The old man takes a swig of his beer, while spinning his head around at his fellow patrons.

OLD MAN
(lonely)
Eh, what a jerk.

The old man burps and sulks his head.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JACK'S GAME

Black screen, fade into Crash Bandicoot. Crates crash, music plays and Aku Aku goes Ugadabugada. Crash spins. Crash collects an extra life and it plays CHACHI-BEEP-BEEP.

INT. JACK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

We're inside a microwave watching Freddy open the door and pull his cooked frozen mac and cheese dinner out. He looks tired.

He pulls off the plastic. The dishes in the sink are overflowing. There's a small grime to the place that wasn't there last time we saw it. Freddy looks in the silverware drawer for a fork. He doesn't find it, then grabs one from the sink. He rinses it quick and places it in his food.

Freddy walks to the living room door and Crash Bandicoot noises come back into earshot faintly. We float through the door opening like Resident Evil.

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's odd that Freddy didn't have to touch the door, but maybe that's the alternate reality we're slipping into?

Freddy walks around the couch and takes a seat next to Jack who's leaned in over the console, eyes bloodshot and face unwavering. The coffee table and floor are filled with takeout boxes and dirty dishes. The room is a mess.

FREDDY
(concerned)
Wumpa fruit doesn't have real life
effects ya know. Eat something.

Freddy holds the food out to Jack.

Jack tilts the controller back and forth. His arms energetic, his face dead tired.

JACK
(focused)
I'm good thanks.

Freddy takes a moment to think while watching him play on, irritated. He angrily takes a seat next to Jack.

FREDDY
I'm sure we can afford to pause it
for 10 minutes. We're so far ahead.

JACK
Every second this game is paused,
our chances get lower. We can't.

FREDDY
But every second you play instead
of sleeping, you get worse at the
game. We haven't found a
coordinate in what, 30 hours?

Freddy puts a scoop of food into his mouth.

Jack smiles.

JACK
Well I think that's about to
change.

Jack leans even further over the console, thumbing O □ △ X and every direction on the D-Pad. Freddy averts his vision from Jack to the TV screen. An angelic theme song plays. The TV glows onto their faces.

A number floats on the tv in the remnants of a destroyed crate. Aku Aku and Crash stand in the background staring at it.

Freddy takes a large swallow, rushing the barely chewed food down his throat. He leans forward and sets his food tray down.

FREDDY

No way. How did you find it?

JACK

That crate at the beginning of Level 2, you know how it had that weird vibe to it?

Crash flips between staring at the number and tornado spinning.

FREDDY

You said that yes, I don't know if I could really tell.

The screen morphs to words.

ON THE SCREEN:

Congrats on being the first to the last coordinate.

Look at the people you're ahead of now!

{Kickstarter Names}

+ Lee Armand

JACK

Well I knew there was something about it.

(and)

You had to destroy all the other ones and then come back to it.

FREDDY

At least one of us can find these things. I still don't see any sort of rhyme or reason.

JACK
I can't quite explain it, maybe
it's just a gift.

Freddy watches Jack stand up.

FREDDY
(reluctant)
Yeah, I guess.

Jack walks towards the console and pops the tray. He is very tired, on the verge of collapse. Freddy changes from excitement to confusion.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
What are you doing dude?

JACK
I think Tekken has it. Everything
points in that direction. Now I'm
not entirely sure wh--

FREDDY
No dude you're going to take a
break. You look like you're about
to die of exhaustion.

Freddy moves from the couch in the direction of the games. He grabs Tekken and pulls away from the console and Jack.

JACK
Don't do this man, we're so close.

FREDDY
I have to, you're literally about
to fall over. Just take an hour to
sleep, I'll eat my food, and then
we play.

Jack stares at Freddy with a compassionate guilt trip. He takes a step towards Freddy in an aggressive manner.

Freddy gestures to stop with his free hand raised.

Jack stares, desperate.

JACK
Give me the game please.

FREDDY
No.

Jack reaches a boiling point and lunges for the game. Freddy reacts defensively and tries to pull his hand in, but Jack makes contact with the case knocking it out of his hands into the corner of the coffee table.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Dude!

Jack comes back to some sort of reasonability.

JACK

Oh my god. I'm sorry.

FREDDY

You're losing your mind. What the hell has gotten into you?

JACK

I don't know.

Jack slowly sits back down on the couch. His eyes are pinned open at the thought of the monster he was becoming.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll take a quick nap and we can get back into it when I wake up. I'm sorry.

Jack lays on the couch and begins to pull a small food stained blanket over his feet up to his torso. He rolls to face the inside of the couch.

FREDDY

(to himself)

What the hell man...

Freddy bends over and pick up the case, standing up with it. The familiar sound of the case opening echoes through the room.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Well, hold on just a bit longer.

JACK

(groggy)

What's up?

FREDDY

Tekken's broken.

The disk is cracked down the center in the case.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Jack and Freddy sit in the parking lot of a game store.

The old store hours sign shows they close at midnight. We pan down to the digital clock on the dashboard. 11:53 p.m.

EXT. PARKING LOT GAME STORE - NIGHT

The camera sits in an unnatural position, stationary in the corner. A Resident Evil 2 poster is in the window in the background, giving a hint as to what's going on. Fixed in place, we have an eerie sense of the environment.

The car sits in a parking spot directly in front of the store. There is only one other car parked a few spots down. The lights from the storefront shine through the front windows and onto the car. A nostalgic haven awaits inside.

Jack and Freddy exit.

JACK

This has to be the luckiest day of
our lives.

FREDDY

They might not have a copy, don't
get your hopes up yet.

They look at each other then walk to the door and enter with a door fade.

INT. GAME STORE - NIGHT

The camera sits in the corner static. They are just inside the front store door, the entrance bell ending it's ring. The fluorescent lights are vibrant. The shelves are nostalgic and 90's.

Freddy walks off behind the shelves towards the fighting game section. Jack stays behind for a moment looking confused at the door with a concerned face sensing something. What's going on?

FREDDY (O.S.)

Oh my god they have one copy.

Jack takes one last look back at the door and then seemingly into the camera. He then disappears behind the same shelves, and we leave the Resident Evil point of view.

Jack meets Freddy as he is grabbing the last copy of Tekken off of the display shelf, cautiously looking around on entrance.

A LURKING CUSTOMER, sloppy clothes and bags under his eyes is looking through games in the background. He briefly notices Jack and Freddy as they walk up to Tekken specifically.

JACK
Luckiest day of our lives.

FREDDY
Yeah.

JACK
The universe wants us to win dude.
First it was Crash, and now this
store having a single copy of
Tekken. Tell me that isn't
destiny.

Jack looks at Tekken understanding the assignment. Freddy watches on with concern.

Freddy and Jack walk out of the aisle to the front desk with the game. The Lurking Customer watches them leave the aisle.

They plop the game on the table.

The SHOP ATTENDANT, a man in his 20's, bored seated playing some games, stands up and walks to the register.

Shop Attendant looks at Jack and Freddy, then to the clock on the wall, then to the game they plopped on the table.

SHOP ATTENDANT
You guys in that competition?

The Shop Attendant grabs the game and types it into the register.

JACK
Yeah, we've been playing.

SHOP ATTENDANT
Me too man, me too. I thought I was
good at games, but this is the
first time I've ever been stopped
in my tracks. Haven't gotten a
single coordinate yet. I sit here
all day and night playing this
game. Nothing. Just nothing.

Shop Attendant gestures to the TV in the back. Pizza boxes and energy drinks galore.

SHOP ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
This is the biggest sign to quit gaming in my life, but I can't stop. It's got a hold of me and I'm failing so hard.

He leans on the counter.

SHOP ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Get this. I've played through Crash Bandicoot exactly 13 times since this challenge started and I haven't the slightest clue of what's going on.

JACK
Well, where have you been looking?

SHOP ATTENDANT
Looking? What do you mean looking?

JACK
Like around. Looking for the coordinates.

FREDDY
Hidden corners? Glitched walls? Doing things out of order?

SHOP ATTENDANT
I just thought I wasn't getting the completion achievements. This isn't some sort of speedrun competition?

Shop Keeper becomes way more animated.

SHOP ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Ahhh man, this makes so much sense. My friends, they looked at me so weird when I told them I wasn't wasting time with any of the side quests. My god I'm an idiot.

Jack and Freddy look at each other judging Shop Keeper internally. Shop Keeper continues to process their sale angry with himself.

SHOP ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Three weeks of my life gone. Thank you so much for letting me know.
(MORE)

SHOP ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Most people just let me vent it
out. I should have known something
was up.

Jack contemplates for a moment, then leans in.

JACK
Yeah, of course.
(and)
Hey, and a little hint.

Freddy looks on confused. Shop Keeper listens in focused.

JACK (CONT'D)
Those coordinates for Crash are
pretty far in the game. Maybe even
the last level.

Freddy is noticeably shocked but keeps it to himself.

The shop attendant smiles endearingly, hope in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. GAME STORE - NIGHT

Freddy and Jack are walking towards the exit, talking
quietly.

FREDDY
I can't believe you did that.

JACK
Did what?

FREDDY
Lied to him. He's going to be
stuck there all night now looking
in the wrong place.

Lurking Customer is in the background still looking at copies
of games. He perks up at the sound of that phrase.

They reach the door and walk through it.

EXT. PARKING LOT GAME STORE - NIGHT

JACK
Yeah Freddy. He may have been
clueless but now that he knows
what's up he's just as much
competition as everyone else.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

We shouldn't have even told him how
the challenge worked.

They reach the car doors.

FREDDY

It's just slimy. That guy just
gave us a discount that we don't
deserve, and all we did in return
was fuck over the fair chance he
had of winning.

JACK

I didn't see you stepping in to
stop me?

Freddy wants to speak but can't find the words.

Jack reaches for the door handle but it's covered by a real
life game popup. ☐ to enter floats above it. He presses it
and the door opens for him, entering in confusion and an
ongoing state of exhaustion.

Freddy is still standing in the parking lot just outside the
drivers door as the lights in the store turn off. He watches
inside confused. Where did that other customer go?

The shop keeper's tube tv is the only light source from
inside now but out of view. Freddy watches the faint light
flicker for a few moments, then solemnly gets in the car. The
door slamming transitions to...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY STREET - NIGHT

City lights glisten onto the highway as the Honda Civic makes
its way down the boulevard. A techno Need For Speed song
plays.

The lights beneath the car flick on to reveal a vibrant red
that now accompanies the underside. The Honda Civic revs.
It's suped up.

The camera flicks to an overhead 3rd person view like in a
racing game. A Ferrari pulls alongside them on the highway,
and the numbers count down. A red light floats in the center
of frame.

3... 2... 1... Race! The red light turns to a bright green.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OLD HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Jack jolts awake and stares at the traffic light that just turned green. The tail end of a car horn is heard and winds down.

Freddy is pulling away from the light, looking in the rearview.

FREDDY

What the hell man. Everyone on edge tonight.

Freddy notices Jack's state of alarm.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

You too.

They share a peaceful moment.

JACK

I honestly didn't think we'd get this close.

FREDDY

Me neither.

(and)

I hope we find it soon though. This has become too serious.

JACK

Yeah, but do you understand how life changing this will be. We'll start our own streaming channels. Sell our own merch with the fame and money.

FREDDY

Even if that's the case, it's not what I want. I don't want my free time hobbies deduced to a job. I just want that money and to be done with this.

Jack is sad, staring at Freddy while he watches the road. They won't share the glory.

JACK

I don't want you to feel like this was all for nothing.

FREDDY

It wasn't all for nothing. At the beginning, I felt just like you did. That prize was ours. It just took a week of straight video games to learn that the prize wouldn't be a cure all.

Freddy looks over at Jack seeing that he's sad.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong, I'm not giving up. We can win this thing. I just don't know if we'll get the same feeling from it.

Jack nods his head.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Jack and Freddy come through the door. They meander their way to the living room where Jack opens the tray and opens his new Tekken case. The old case with disk lies on the ground nearby, broken in half.

FREDDY

You sure you don't want to rest up a little bit?

JACK

Nah I'm good. I think I slept a little in the car.

Jack's eyes are determined as he snaps the disk into the tray and closes the lid. The TV comes back to life.

A notification pops up in the right corner of the tv.

ON THE NOTIFICATION:

1:30 PM: Two finalists!

MR. MONKEY (O.S.)

(from the TV)

There are now TWO players on the final coordinate! You better hope one of them is you!

Jack turns around and looks at Freddy, both with a worried solemn look in their eyes.

JACK
Half an hour ago.

JACK (CONT'D)
(confused)
How long did it take us to get
home?

FREDDY
Maybe an hour, hour and a half. We
stopped for gas and there was that
wrong turn.

JACK
I wonder if it was that guy in the
store. I think I said something
about Crash. Or maybe he also got
a copy of Tekken and beat us to it.

FREDDY
That other player could be anyone
in the country. I doubt it's some
random dude we brushed by in a game
store.

JACK
I hope they're just as clueless as
I am when it comes to this last
coordinate.

Jack grabs the controller and the PS1 intro plays. The
Tekken main menu pops onto screen. Jack presses X on the
Play Story option, and the doorbell rings as he enters the
playing field.

FREDDY
You heard that?

JACK
Yes.

Jack begins to stand up and walk to the door.

Jack reaches the door and slowly opens it. The Lurking
Customer is there.

LURKING CUSTOMER
You lied to the store clerk.

JACK
How the fuck did you find where I
live?

LURKING CUSTOMER
He was understandably very upset.

A beat. Jack is awestruck.

LURKING CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
You paid with card by the way. Very
easy to find you from that.

FREDDY
(yelling from living room)
Who is it?

JACK
Why are you here?

LURKING CUSTOMER
I think we can work together.

Lurking Customer smiles confidently. Jack is scared.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

Tekken sits paused.

Jack, Freddy, and Lurking Customer sit on the couch and
lounge chair in deep discussion.

LURKING CUSTOMER
She's given me the life I've had.
I've played games in her basement
since the age of 10.

Lurking Customer reaches into his pocket and pulls a photo
out of his wallet. It's a selfie of him and his mother at a
table. She is on oxygen. They're happy for the circumstances.

LURKING CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
I just want to take her places,
give her experiences she's never
had in her life. It's the least I
can do, and I could never
accomplish it without winning this
competition.

Jack and Freddy both look pitiful.

JACK
And you have the Tekken coordinate?

LURKING CUSTOMER

It was the first one I found. I was a huge tournament player back in the day. Now the only one I have left is Resident Evil, which I'm assuming you have.

Jack and Freddy look at each other, then at the pile of completed games they have to the right of their Playstation.

Resident Evil is in the center of them.

LURKING CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

I don't even want my name involved with this. I just want to split whatever monetary prize down the middle. You can call it a draw where you take all the glory and half the money. Everyone's happy.

FREDDY

Give us a minute.

Freddy grabs Jack and pulls him to the kitchen and closes the door.

KITCHEN

In the darkness they discuss.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I don't know if we can afford to let him do this alone. That Resident Evil coordinate was the easiest one to find. He leaves here, I bet he'd have it done within an hour or two of getting home. I have no idea where to even start in Tekken.

Jack cracks the door and looks out at the man. He looks worried and desperate, just staring at the paused menu.

JACK

This is just everything I didn't want to happen. This was our challenge. We were going to win this.

FREDDY

Things change Jack. Sometimes you need to cut your losses. This isn't just for the sake of being nice. We will lose if he leaves here.

JACK
I think I can find it in Tekken
quick.

FREDDY
You said it yourself. You don't
know where the last coordinate--

JACK
I can find it.

FREDDY
I've let you make the decisions and
call the shots this far. Will you
please just listen to me when I say
that working with him is the best
decision we have.

Jack looks back out the crack. He's near tears.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
The Memory Card is all yours. We
just need to share some money.

Jack looks back at Freddy. Jack nods his head as water
streams down his cheeks.

Freddy nods back, compassionate.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHTY

The three of them are exiting the apartment to go to Freddy's
car. Lurking Customer walks with a slight hobble.

JACK
This whole time, this Memory Card's
been sitting 45 minutes away. You
can't say that's a coincidence.

FREDDY
You'd think if we were meant to
have it, this whole thing would be
a lot easier.

A beat.

They reach the car.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
45 minutes is plenty of time to get
some sleep.

JACK

We'll see.

Freddy enters the drivers seat. Lurking Customer enters the front passenger seat. Jack opens the rear left door by hitting □, and in a tired daze gently nose dives into it sideways facing the front...

INT. OLD HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT (CONT.D)

Jack is fading in and out. We watch the car pull out from his point of view, sideways in the backseat.

Jack blinks and on open, the world is slightly different. The radio is playing Silent Hill soundtrack through static. Crash crates fly at the windscreen as they drive down the quiet suburban street.

Lurking Customer looks back directly at Jack, then back front.

Jack blinks again.

The Need For Speed soundtrack plays through static. The outside of the car is Need For Speed's universe, a wilderness low poly track lit by an unreal amount of moonlight, while the inside of the car is still very real.

Freddy is driving aggressively through the track. Lurking Customer is calm in his seat, oblivious to the craziness transpiring in front of him.

Jack blinks again.

Lurking Customer is staring at him. The edges of the screen are bloody and injured. The player POV is injured. Health dwindling. Freddy yells to the party as he speeds in excess of 150mph down the highway.

FREDDY

How's he doing George?

GEORGE

I think he'll make it, just need to get him to that Memory Card. Serious health packs there.

Freddy is laser focused on the road.

A blink.

FREDDY

Are we losing him?

Critically low health.

Freddy turns to look at Jack. Both him and George look over their shoulders at Freddy.

George notices that Freddy's left hand is lazily holding the wheel. He takes the opportunity to grab it and push them into the oncoming lane without alerting Freddy, then he opens the door and dives out.

A truck appears head on.

CRACK

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OLD HONDA CIVIC - EARLY MORNING

The car is parked in a parking lot with access to a forest and trails. It is the crack of dawn, they've been up all night.

Freddy and George look over their shoulders as they did in the dreamscape, but everything is calm. The birds are beginning to chirp and the Sun is just barely giving a light orange tinge to the ground.

FREDDY

We're here.

Jack stares ahead, eyes now open, 1000 mile stare. He looks from side to side at the both of them in review of reality.

A beat.

JACK

Well let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILHEAD - EARLY MORNING

Jack, Freddy and George walk from the car into a trail that takes them in the woods.

Jack and Freddy let Lurking Customer slightly creep ahead so they can have a private conversation.

FREDDY

You almost look worse dude, did that nap help at all?

JACK
It didn't feel like any sleep I've
ever had before.

FREDDY
Well you *looked* out.

JACK
I was out, but I don't know if it
was any sort of rest. I felt like
I was in another world.

FREDDY
Vivid dreams?

JACK
Not exactly.

Jack gestures to the man.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is his name George?

FREDDY
I have no idea.

JACK
I thought I heard it while we were
on our way here.

Freddy stops and stares at Jack concerned. Jack takes a bit
to notice he's stopped then turns back to face him on the
trail.

FREDDY
We didn't say a single word the
entire car ride. He just sat there
staring forward the entire time.

JACK
I could definitely understand him
being nervous under these
circumstances.

FREDDY
What other things did you see?

JACK
Too crazy to take seriously. We
were in games, I was dying.

FREDDY
Ha, a metaphor for life.

JACK
He betrayed us.

FREDDY
It's your subconscious surfacing
some worries.

JACK
I know it is, but it's all I can
think about. Him bringing us out
here, killing us and taking off
with that Memory Card.

FREDDY
I think we're fine. He had plenty
of opportunities to try something
while in the car.

They begin walking again. George is pretty far ahead.

JACK
How far into the woods was this
thing?

FREDDY
We'll just see where he takes us.
Says he has a pretty good idea of
where it is.

JACK
Guess this is the first time where
I'm out of the loop.

George stops on the trail and turns to the right looking off
into the woods. He turns his head back towards Jack and
Freddy.

He takes off sprinting into the woods.

	JACK (CONT'D)	FREDDY
Shit		Shit

Jack and Freddy take off running at the point where George
entered.

At the entrance to the forest, Jack notices an ominous Tekken
soundtrack coming from the woods. The world is warped
slightly to him. Filters applied make him feel like he's in
the game. Freddy's perspective is normal. Panic and worry
set in for the both of them.

EXT. FOREST - EARLY MORNING

They sprint in the direction George ran. They run and run and Jack slips further into the game world. Everything is a blur. Wumpa fruit fly past him. The camera flips back to Resident Evil showing their sprint in snippets. Silent Hill fog and particles whisk through the air.

Jack and Freddy are barely gaining on him, he is so far ahead.

They fight branch after branch. Jack is pelted by crates and Wumpa Fruit.

Through the game fog and items, Jack spots George.

TEKKEN ANNOUNCER

Final round.

Dolly zoom on Jack as he stops still in the woods, confused. Lost in the sauce. A mental breakdown?

George falls. Freddy notices and rushes to his side. Jack stands and stares for a bit.

They get near him. George is laying on the ground, blood on his head as well as the rock it made contact with. Freddy gets to him first.

Freddy grabs the man's wrist to check for a pulse.

Jack walks up behind Freddy, a stoic expression on his face.

FREDDY

Come on let's get him out of here.

Freddy rushes to pick him up by the arms.

Jack stands by the side and stares.

Freddy panics, he can't get a good grip. He cries.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What are you doing man? Please help.

Freddy stares at Jack defeated and tired. He still hasn't caught his breath.

Jack looks at Freddy, a slight evil tint in his eyes. Then back to George.

An overhead zoom shot.

TEKKEN ANNOUNCER
GAME OVER

JACK
He's gone.

Freddy pauses trying to grab him for a moment to look at Jack with more panic, then back to George. He fingers the pulse again.

It's gone.

FREDDY
No dude, this isn't what was
supposed to happen.

JACK
Maybe we should have just tried to
find it ourselves.

FREDDY
You want to blame this on me? Maybe
you should have taken a break
earlier. Maybe you shouldn't have
lied to the shop keeper. Maybe we
should have never even been a part
of this challenge.

Jack leans over the body and feels up his pockets. He finds a wallet and opens to look at the ID.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
But we did, and that all culminated
to this. We killed him.

The name Lee Armand and an address is listed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
You killed him.

Jack is not listening.

Freddy sits back on the ground and begins crying, disheveled.

Jack follows the direction of George's body past the rock. There is a small black box placed on the ground a few feet away. The forest floor glows in its presence, much like the day that PS1 glowed on Jack's porch.

Freddy is in full meltdown sitting on the ground looking at George's body.

Jack is determined. He walks to the box, picks it up and opens it, looking in to confirm the contents.

A beautiful PS1 Memory Card looks back at him.

The glow once again shines on his face much like the day he opened the PS1 box. A slight smile shows through the dirt and the sweat. Freddy is in the background not participating in the joy.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FREDDY'S CAR - MORNING

Jack's face in the car. They're outside Jack's apartment.

JACK

You going to come in and try this
out?

He gestures at the Memory Card.

Freddy stares back, death and despair in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jack's apartment is still as they left it, except the TV is playing news. Jack walks in and stares at the TV, not changing expression. He is slightly dirty, exhausted. The room is still a mess from the weeklong binge.

ON THE TV:

A REPORTER sits at a broadcast desk.

REPORTER

We have reached out to Mr. Monkey
in regards to the body found near
the purported location of the
Memory Card, but he only had a few
words to say.

The screen cuts to Mr. Monkey talking to a news camera outside his studio.

MR. MONKEY

It's a really sad situation. We
could have never imagined that the
ending to such a happy and fun
challenge would end in such a
tragedy. I hope we can find the
identities...

Jack grabs the PS1 controller and turns it off.

He opens the box and pulls the Memory Card out. He methodically replaces the card in slot 1.

The PlayStation One fires up.

On the screen are two options:

Money?

Play some more?

The cursor blinks after money. Jack moves it down to "Play some more?" and presses X.

There's a knock on the door.

Jack slowly walks to the front of his apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT JACK'S APARTMENT - FRONT PORCH

Like the day we started with, it's nice out. The porch glows with a package sat on top of it.

Jack opens the door and looks down. From his perspective, we see the logo on the box.

A PlayStation Two.

FADE TO BLACK.