

VS.

written by
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Black screen, silence.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a SLOW-MOTION, BLACK BASEBALL BAT swinging through the darkness, arcing toward the camera. We can see the Louisville Slugger logo burned into the wood. As it swings closer, filling the screen, we see it is smeared with FLECKS OF BLOOD, and what might be a TOOTH.

The SOUND OF A BAT HITTING A FACE brings us out of silence and into full-speed.

FIGHTER 1 falls onto a BLOOD-STREAKED WHITE CANVAS that is illuminated by a large OVERHEAD SPOTLIGHT. All around the canvas is darkness. Fighter 1 is wearing surgical scrubs, and bleeding badly from the head and mouth. When he falls, he scrambles clumsily to one knee, lifting a BASEBALL BAT of his own. His is natural wood color, clearly different from the black bat we saw in the open.

Fighter 1 stumbles to his feet and swings wildly.

FIGHTER 2 steps back, avoids the clumsy swing. Fighter 2 is bleeding from a broken nose. He limps badly on his right leg. He's dressed in a blood-streaked, button-down shirt & tie.

FIGHTER 1
Stay away from me!

FIGHTER 2
I'm ending this.

Fighter 1 tries to rush in and swing, but he's groggy from the blow to the head. Fighter 2 flinches and ducks away -- he is clearly not a professional combatant.

Fighter 1 swings again, but Fighter 2 ducks away, then swings back at just the right moment, knocking the bat from Fighter 1's hands. Fighter 2 steps forward and jabs the end of the bat into Fighter 1's mouth.

Fighter 1 hits the canvas, spitting blood and teeth. His limbs fail him. He rolls to his back.

Fighter 2 steps forward, hands tightly clutching the handle of his bat. He raises the bat, then pauses.

FIGHTER 1
Please, no... I have kids.

FIGHTER 2
So did I.

SHOT FROM THE GROUND: Fighter 1's hand is extended into the frame, palm up, fingers out, the defensive posture of a man pleading for his life. Fighter 2 is looking down. He seems so tall from down here. Slow motion, Fighter 2 swings high. As the bat descends, the shot reaches normal speed just as it fills the screen, giving us a split-second view of the Louisville Slugger logo once again, just before a SQUELCHING SOUND.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN - SOCIAL MEDIA PAGES

Music plays over a series of images: Facebook status updates, Tweets and texted pictures of two young people, RANDALL MURPHY and DANA JOHNSON partying with friends. Randall is 31, dressed in "Nerd Chic" clothes: button-down white shirt, slacks, a computer bag usually over his shoulder. Dana is short and stocky with close-cropped hair. Her style is butch lesbian with a touch of goth. The pictures show them getting progressively drunker as the night continues.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

A dark room. A CELL PHONE lights up as it rings, providing the only illumination. One, two, three rings before a hand reaches out and picks it up. RANDALL looks at the caller ID.

INSERT: Cell phone reads "APARTMENT FRONT DOOR"

RANDALL
(mumbling)
Ohmygod, my head ...

He answers.

RANDALL (cont'd)
Yeah?

A series of angles between Randall's bedroom and Dana, who is at the apartment building's front door.

EXT. APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - MORNING

DANA
Yo! Playa! Buzz me in.

INTERCUT RANDALL/DANA

RANDALL
Dana? Are you kidding me? I just
got back three hours ago.

DANA
I brought coffee and Dunkins.

RANDALL (V.O.)
How can you be awake? You dropped
me off at three in the morning.

DANA
All in the genes, baby. Dunkins!
Buzz me in!

RANDALL
I think I'm dead. Go away.

DANA
No can do. I need your help.

RANDALL
Dana, I love ya, but fuck off.

DANA
Seriously, buzz me in.

Randall hangs up, falls back in to bed.

DANA (cont'd)
Randall!

Dana starts to dial again, but WOMAN 1 exits the apartment
building. Dana smiles, holds the door for her, then enters.

INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Randall in bed. Several beats. Then, Randall jumps as Dana
pounds on the apartment door.

DANA (O.S.)
Dunkins!

RANDALL
(quietly)
Dammit.

Pounding on door continues. Randall puts the pillow over his
head, trying to ignore the noise, hoping Dana will go away.

Rhythmic pounding continues through ...

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Empty living room. Dana's pounding continues, a non-stop, steady *bam, bam, bam*. Dressed in sweatpants and a T-shirt, Randall enters, shuffling across the living room. He opens the door. A smiling Dana is there with coffee and donuts.

DANA

Good morning, sunshine!

Dana pushes a coffee into Randall's hand, then walks in. Randall stares at her as he shuts the door.

RANDALL

I don't want coffee, Dana. Know why I don't want coffee? Because it will keep me awake. And I'm going to bed as soon as I say "no" to whatever it is you want.

DANA

Come on, bro. You're a pushover. I'll ask, you'll say "no," I'll say "please," and you'll cave.

RANDALL

Just tell me what you want.

DANA

I've got a line on a new job. I need you to work for me today.

RANDALL

No way. It's Sunday, this is my only day off.

DANA

Come on! This job is the perfect culmination of my life's goals!

RANDALL

Which means it pays more than we're making now, right?

DANA

Exactly. It pays 120K!

RANDALL

One-twenty? Wow, that's ... thirty-seven percent more than we make now.

DANA

Nice math, Rain Man.

RANDALL

Why are you springing this on me now? When did you find out?

Dana walks to RANDALL'S LAPTOP, which is on his small kitchen table. He is annoyed she would touch his computer, but she ignores him -- they've clearly been through this before. Dana sits, calls up a website.

DANA

About an hour ago. I was prepping for work. Mister Cameronelli has me installing a little server farm in a warehouse, right? I Googled the address of where I'm supposed to go, and it brings up a shitload of jobs listings. Security, marketing, receptionist, and ... wait for it ... wait for it ...

RANDALL

A programmer?

DANA

Aw, you didn't wait for it. A programmer, dude. I called and talked to them.

RANDALL

You called *when*?

DANA

About an hour ago.

RANDALL

On Sunday? At five in the morning?

DANA

I have to interview *this morning* or they'll fill the job with someone else.

RANDALL

A company wants to pay you one-twenty, you called at five am, they *answered*, and want you to interview on a Sunday?

DANA

Good to know you're getting all of this. So, I need you to work for me today so I can do the interview.

Randall reaches for the mouse/track pad.

RANDALL

Just let me see the job posting ...

Dana slaps his hand.

DANA

No way, dude. You and I both know they'd hire you for any programming job over me, no question.

RANDALL

Yeah, right, with my record? No one wants to hire a convict.

DANA

Whatever. It's not like you did armed robbery or anything, just a little bank hacking.

RANDALL

Taking money electronically is, oddly enough, something many companies frown upon.

DANA

Mister Cameronelli hired you.

RANDALL

Yeah, and he made it clear that no one else would. I only got this job because I'm the bomb with banking software. I'm not going to screw it up by looking for another gig.

DANA

So why do you want to see the job posting, then?

RANDALL

(sheepishly)

You said they want marketing people?

Dana rolls her eyes.

DANA

For Samantha? Serious? Randall, come on. She dumped you, man.

RANDALL

She didn't *dump* me. We're trying to work things out.

DANA

You're trying to work things out.
She's riding the disco stick of
anything that moves.

RANDALL

Dana, you—

DANA

(interrupting)

Okay, I'll show you if you promise
to cover for me today.

Randall sighs and nods.

DANA (cont'd)

TOLD YA YOU WERE A PUSHOVER. LET ME CALL THEM AND TELL THEM
I'M COMING.

RANDALL

But what if Cameronelli is at the
job site? He'll see you.

DANA

Our company has two hundred
employees. I've never even met
Cameronelli in person. And I used a
different name in case.

Dana dials on her CELL PHONE.

DANA (cont'd)

Yeah, Mister Smith? This is
Danielle Johnson, is that 8 a.m.
Interview slot open? Great! I'll be
there bright and shiny, sir.

Dana hangs up.

RANDALL

"Danielle" instead of "Dana?" Wow,
you're like a freakin' super spy.

DANA

That's me. Let me show you those
job postings, then you go shower.
You smell like twice-baked tequila.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. RANDALL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Randall is now dressed and cleaned up. He's wearing a button-down white shirt and a tie, and actually has a pocket protector. He's at the kitchen table, typing on his laptop.

ANGLE ON: his screen, showing several Craigslist.com ads for various jobs. He clicks one that says "Marketing Director."

ANGLE ON: Randall. He looks at his cell phone, wondering if he should call. He checks his WRISTWATCH, which has a picture of Megatron from the Transformers on the face. It's 7:45 am.

He rubs his eyes. It hurts to even think about her. He dials.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Hello?

RANDALL

Uh, hi. It's me.

Beat.

SAMANTHA

Randall. I thought we agreed we weren't going to talk for a while.

RANDALL

I know, but—

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

It's 7:45 in the morning.

RANDALL

I know, sorry to bother you, but I found a job that you might like.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

A job? It couldn't wait until later today?

RANDALL

No, actually, or I wouldn't have called. They're interviewing this morning and it's a marketing director job. Pays one-twenty.

A beat.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

One-twenty? Really? Where is it?

RANDALL

Right here in the city. I read the posting for it, sounds perfect for you, but I think you need to contact them right away.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Oh. Well, thanks. That's ... it's sweet of you to think of me after ... after we ...

Randall smiles, this went better than he thought it might.

RANDALL

Don't worry about it.

A thin, tired voice comes over the phone.

JAKE (V.O.)

Babe, hang the fuck up already.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Just a minute.

Randall is crushed.

RANDALL

Oh. Oh, sorry, I didn't know you had company.

A beat.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

Randall, look, I—

RANDALL

I already emailed you the job posting. I gotta go.

Randall hangs up, stares at the phone. He knew she was seeing other people, but didn't think it would hurt this much. He closes his laptop and puts it in his computer bag.

He reaches for his KEYCHAIN.

INSERT: KEYCHAIN - Four or five keys, with a silver USB flash-memory drive attached to the ring.

Randall leaves the apartment.

FADE OUT.

RANDALL IN CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

He's got one hand on the wheel, another on a sheet of paper with an address. He pulls up to the closed loading dock garage of an old building. People are walking by on the sidewalk -- the neighborhood isn't great, but isn't all that bad, either. The garage door is dented, scratched. A sign on it says "Versus Incorporated: Job Interviews Today. Honk for access."

RANDALL
I guess this is it.

He HONKS. A few seconds later, the garage door rolls up. MISTER JONES comes out, holding a clipboard.

MISTER JONES
You here for a job interview?

RANDALL
No, I'm Randall Parker from IDG Computing? I'm here to fix the banking software.

Beat.

MISTER JONES
I was told to expect a woman?
(checks clipboard) A Dana Johnson?

RANDALL
Yes, she's sick. I'm covering.

Mister Jones looks from the clipboard, out to the street, then at Randall. He points into the concrete parking area at an open slot.

MISTER JONES
Pull up there, follow me in. I have to talk to Mister Cameronelli.

RANDALL
He's here?

MISTER JONES
He's been here all morning. Drive.

Randall nods, pulls ahead. Mister Jones rolls the garage door shut behind him. The place is poorly lit, looks mostly vacant -- not uncommon for a company taking over an unoccupied building, but it's still a little spooky.

RANDALL
(to himself)
Keep your head down, Dana. I hope
you know what you're doing.

Randall notices TWO MEDIUM CARGO TRUCKS. No markings, no plates. Some graffiti on them, they look very used and nondescript. Kind of out-of-place for a corporate setting.

CUT TO:

INT. - LOBBY

Mister Jones enters, followed by Randall. Randall looks around: the lobby is full of job candidates. OLD LADY, GANGSTA, BODYBUILDER, SINGLE MOM and ACTOR are all sitting, waiting their turn, resumes in hand. Dana is also there. She and Randall try not to look like they see each other.

MISTER JONES
Have a seat, dude.

RANDALL
(helpfully)
My name is Randall.

MISTER JONES
Whatever. Park it.

From another door, INTERVIEWEE #1 enters, followed by MISTER SMITH, who holds an iPad.

MISTER SMITH
Thanks for coming in.

INTERVIEWEE #1
I still don't get it. The interview was going fine until I said my wife was coming to pick me up. Why is that a problem?

MISTER JONES
Life is a mysterious thing, sir.
Let's go.

Mister Jones heads back to the garage. Interviewee #1 sighs, then follows.

Mister Smith looks at his iPad.

MISTER SMITH
Danielle Johnson?

Dana raises her hand.

DANA
That's me.

MISTER JONES
You're up. Let's go.

Mister Jones walks to another door. Dana follows. She stops, turns and winks at Randall, then she's gone.

Randall looks around, finds an open seat next to the Actor, across from the Old Lady. Randall sits.

OLD LADY
(to Randall)
I hope you understand that I'm next, dear.

GANGSTA
Hell no. I was here before you.

OLD LADY
(offended)
Well, I never!

BODYBUILDER
Watch how you talk to the lady.

GANGSTA
I didn't say nothing. I have to let her go first because she's white?

BODYBUILDER
Don't play the race card, asshole.

GANGSTA
Mind your own business, meathead.

BODYBUILDER
Maybe I'm making it my business.

GANGSTA
You better step the fuck off and leave me be. I'm not gonna tell you a second time.

The Bodybuilder stands. He is a thickly-built man dressed in slacks and a sweater.

BODYBUILDER
I've had enough of your mouth.

Gangsta also stands. He is medium height, mid-40s but in excellent shape, wearing hip-hop clothes covered with 49ers logos.

Randall is shocked, he has no idea what's going on. Mister Jones is still nowhere to be seen.

Actor jumps up and stands between the Gangsta and the Bodybuilder. Actor is a classic leading-man type, tall and handsome with a disarming smile.

ACTOR

Hey, hey now, let's take it easy.

GANGSTA

Who fucking asked you, Clooney?

BODYBUILDER

What the fuck man?

ACTOR

All I know is I don't get calls for six-figure jobs every day, and I'm guessing you guys don't either?

Bodybuilder and Gangster keep staring each other down, but they both shake their heads.

ACTOR (cont'd)

If you two get into it, maybe the company clears the lobby, maybe no one gets a gig, right?

BODYBUILDER

Right, yeah.

GANGSTA

Yeah, okay.

ACTOR

So, just call it even and relax?

The Bodybuilder and Gangsta look at each other, nod, and sit down. The mention of the money and the job seems to have calmed them down. Actor sits, then turns to Randall.

ACTOR (cont'd)

(offering hand)

Name is Harvey Heartley.

RANDALL

Randall Parker.

ACTOR

Nice to meet you Randall. What are you here to interview for?

RANDALL

Oh, no, I'm here to work on the computer system.

ACTOR

Nice. I'm interviewing as a company spokesman. So what do these guys make, or do, anyway?

RANDALL

I don't really know. Some kind of gambling website, I think.

ACTOR

Is that legal?

RANDALL

(shrugs)

Beats me. I probably won't even find out. I fix some software code, test it, and that's it.

ACTOR

Whatever they do, they need a good-looking lead man to be the face of the company. At least that's what they said when they called me.

RANDALL

(surprised)

They called you?

ACTOR

Yeah. They found my resume on Craigslist.

Something about this bothers Randall. He looks around the room again. These people don't look like corporate material.

RANDALL

What does the spokesmodel gig pay?

ACTOR

Spokesperson. I don't do swimwear.

RANDALL

Spokesperson, right. Did they say?

Actor leans in to whisper. He and Randall's exchange is quiet, as private as it can be in the crowded room.

ACTOR
One-twenty.

A beat. That's the same amount they offered to Dana.

RANDALL
What are the others here to
interview for?

Actor sits up straight again, his volume returns to normal.

ACTOR
So far everyone is here for
something different. (He points to
Gangsta and Bodybuilder) Those two
are here for security gigs, (points
to Old Lady) she's here for a
secretary position. (Points to
Single Mom) And she's here for some
work-from-home thing.

SINGLE MOM
I'm a book-keeper. They said I can
do their accounting from my house,
just be in the office one day a
week. Got three kids, five days a
week in the office is hard. This
would be a dream job.

RANDALL
Isn't one-twenty a lot for a work-
from-home book-keeper?

SINGLE MOM
It is, but it would be a life-
changer for my kids and I.

JOSEPH CAMERONELLI enters. He looks haggard and hurried. He
is carrying some crumpled printouts.

CAMERONELLI
Which one of you is the programmer?

RANDALL
That's me, sir.

Cameronelli checks the printouts.

CAMERONELLI
Your name is Dana?

RANDALL
Dana is sick, asked me to fill in.

CAMERONELLI
Why didn't anyone call me?

RANDALL
Uh ... I guess she didn't expect
you'd be on-site, sir. I've never
seen you on-site.

Cameronelli stares at Randall, a faint glimmer of
recognition.

CAMERONELLI
Wait a minute, do I know you?

RANDALL
You interviewed me, sir.

CAMERONELLI
I don't do interviews, except for
the ... you said your name was
Randall?

RANDALL
Randall Parker, sir.

CAMERONELLI
You're the hacker guy.

RANDALL
Former, sir. I'm still very
grateful you gave me a chance.

CAMERONELLI
Whatever. *Fuck*.

Cameronelli checks his watch. He's starting to sweat.

RANDALL
If it's banking software, I assure
you I'm your best employee.

CAMERONELLI
You're also the best at looking at
shit you're not supposed to see.

RANDALL
Sir, I assure you, I—

CAMERONELLI
Shut up.

Cameronelli checks his watch again.

CAMERONELLI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Fuck. I don't have time to get
anyone else. This client is ...

Cameronelli looks around the lobby, sees the other candidates
are looking.

CAMERONELLI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(quietly)
The client is not someone you want
to screw with. I need you to get
this software issue fixed and not
fuck around, you got me?

RANDALL
Yes, sir.

CAMERONELLI
Good. Leave your computer here, you
can't bring it to the server room.

RANDALL
How come?

CAMERONELLI
Because you're a convict, and I
don't trust you.

Randall hands Mister Jones the computer. Mister Jones puts it
behind the desk. Randall follows Cameronelli through the
door, which leads to a stairwell. The stairwell looks dirty,
dusty, abandoned.

CAMERONELLI (cont'd)
It's in the second basement.

RANDALL
This place has more than one
basement?

CAMERONELLI
Has three, actually.

RANDALL
What's in the bottom one?

CAMERONELLI
None of your fucking business. Now
let's go.

Cameronelli heads down the steps. Randall follows.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY (DANA INTERVIEW SCENE)

Sparsely decorated office - a table with two chairs, a laptop on the table. Dana sits with THE ENFORCER. He holds her resume. He is a burly man, dressed in a button-down shirt, slacks and a poorly fitting tie.

The back of the laptop is to Dana. She can't see the screen. A CAMERA is mounted on the laptop, pointed at Dana.

ENFORCER

Well, it looks like you're the perfect candidate for the position. We want you.

Dana breaks into a huge, surprised smile.

DANA

That's it? That's the shortest interview I've ever had!

ENFORCER

Well, you got here fast. It's kind of a pre-screening policy, you might say, to find real go-getters. Are you due back at your current job?

DANA

No, I called in sick.

ENFORCER

Awesome. That's just perfect. And you drove here?

DANA

I took the Muni.

ENFORCER

Someone coming to pick you up?

DANA

Nope, taking the Muni right back.

ENFORCER

Huh. You didn't tell anyone at work?

DANA

Hell no. Think I want people to know I'm job hunting?

ENFORCER
Sweet. I have to start your HR
file. Smile for the camera?

ANGLE ONE: Enforcer's laptop. The screen shows a file with
some information from the interview. It is titled "The Dyke."

Enforcer adjusts the angle on his computer cam, centering it
on Dana's face. Dana smiles. Enforcer clicks the keyboard. A
SNAPSHOT SOUND is heard, then Dana's smiling face appears on
the screen in the computer file.

ENFORCER (cont'd)
Fantastic. Just one more question.
Can you fight?

DANA
What?

ENFORCER
Karate? Tae Kwon Do? Bar brawls?

DANA
What is that supposed to mean?

ENFORCER
Can you fight or not? It's a simple
question, you stupid bitch.

DANA
Hey, what the hell is this?

ENFORCER
I'm going to slap you now.

DANA
What?

ENFORCER
Here it comes. Three, two, one.

Enforcer slaps Dana hard across the face. She is shocked,
doesn't know what to say.

ENFORCER (cont'd)
Come on, hit me back. Here comes
another one. Ready? Three, two ...

DANA	ENFORCER (cont'd)
Don't hit me again!	One.

Enforcer slaps her again, even harder. Dana covers up, but
makes no offensive moves.

ENFORCER (cont'd)
Yes, you're perfect.

Dana grabs her PORTFOLIO, stuffs her resume back inside.

DANA
I'm getting the hell out of here.

ENFORCER
You can leave in four hours, if
you've got what it takes.

Enforcer pulls out a TASER and shocks Dana. She falls in a lump on the floor, groggy and stunned. Her portfolio falls, her resume scatters onto the floor. Enforcer pulls out CHLOROFORM, pours some into a handkerchief, and puts it over Dana's mouth and nose. Her eyes go wide with fear. She kicks and struggles, but she is too weak. She passes out.

Enforcer pulls out a CELL PHONE and hits the two-way button.

ENFORCER (cont'd)
She's bagged.

A beat. Mister Jones walks in.

MISTER JONES
Awesome. We're almost back on
schedule. Let's get her in place.

Enforcer effortlessly throws Dana over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER ROOM

Several RACKS OF BLADE SERVERS. Messy cables, the install looks hasty and sloppy, just enough to get the job done.

Cameronelli and Randall enter, already talking.

RANDALL
So the international transactions
are gumming up the works?

CAMERONELLI
Yeah, seems like it. Bets are
coming in, but not hitting the
client's accounts.

RANDALL
This a credit-card thing?

CAMERONELLI
No credit cards. Direct transfers
into a Cayman Island's account.

RANDALL
(laughing)
Wow, you doing some work for the
mob, Mister Cameronelli?

Cameronelli stares. Stares hard.

RANDALL (cont'd)
Uh, sorry, sir.

CAMERONELLI
Less talky-talky, more fixey-fixey,
got it?

Randall nods.

Cameronelli points to a small, beat-up desk with a computer
on it. Like the server set-up, everything seems sloppy,
temporary.

CAMERONELLI (cont'd)
Fix this problem in the next thirty
minutes, and there's a big bonus in
it for you.

RANDALL
I'll see what I can do.

CAMERONELLI
No, you will *fix it*, and *fix it* in
the next *thirty minutes*, you got
that, programmer?

RANDALL
(intimidated)
Yes. I got it.

Cameronelli checks his watch. He looks nervous.

CAMERONELLI
Listen, I have a plane to catch and
I have to get out of here. Tell me
that you understand what I'm saying
when I say, fix it and do not fuck
around.

RANDALL
I understand.

CAMERONELLI

These are serious people, buddy.

RANDALL

My name is Randall, sir. And I understand.

CAMERONELLI

Good. I'm heading to the airport. I'll check in with you when I land in Topeka. You won't let me down?

RANDALL

No sir. All fixey-fixey.

CAMERONELLI

I'll tell Mister Smith to come get you in thirty minutes, then.

Cameronelli smacks Randall on the shoulder, then turns and leaves.

Randall starts typing. His fingers fly, screens appear and vanish on the screen almost faster than we can track -- he's very good at what he does.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVER ROOM

Randall is still at the desk.

RANDALL

Ah, I think I see it ...

He types some more, corrects a line of code. A beat, then a loud BEEP from the computer.

RANDALL (cont'd)

Got ya!

He starts packing up his stuff, trying to ignore the screen, but it keeps beeping. The beeps correspond with new line-item transactions. Randall doesn't want to look, but he has to. Each line shows a name, a bank account number, the word "TRANSACTION VERIFIED," and then a sum -- "\$1,000,000."

RANDALL (cont'd)

Holy shit.

Beep after beep, line after line, the transactions come in. They finally stop, showing a total of \$58 million dollars.

Randall looks behind him, no one is there. He looks for a camera, but sees none.

The temptation is too strong.

He pulls out his key chain and puts his FLASH DRIVE in the computer. Randall types a few commands. A progress bar says "saving to Keymaster." The bar fills up, Randall puts the keys and flash drive back in his pocket.

MISTER SMITH
Are you finished?

Randall turns around suddenly. Mister Smith is standing in the door. Did he see the copy process?

RANDALL
You scared the crap out of me.

MISTER SMITH
(checks watch)
I said, are you finished?

RANDALL
Yes sir, it's all set.

Mister Smith looks at the computer screen and seems to relax.

MISTER SMITH
Awesome. Let's get you out of here.

Mister Smith looks at Randall, who has sweat on his forehead.

MISTER SMITH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You feeling all right, programmer?

Randall wipes his forehead, sees the sweat.

RANDALL
Just a little warm down here.

MISTER SMITH
It's fifty fucking degrees.

RANDALL
Oh. Well, I don't know, maybe I am feeling a little under the weather.

MISTER SMITH
Great, so bring your cold in here to share. Idiot. Seriously, we're on a schedule. Back up the stairs, Mister Jones is waiting for you.

Randall starts to leave. Mister Smith looks at the screen.

INSERT: screen still reads "\$58 million."

Randall leaves. Mister Smith sits, types in a few commands.

INSERT: Computer window that reads "Log-line report, running ..." and a progress bar.

ANGLE ON: Mister Smith, waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING

Randall walks quickly. He knows he did something stupid and wants out fast. He climbs the stairs and re-enters the lobby. Only Mister Jones and the Enforcer are there. Mister Jones is by the exit door, The Enforcer is at his desk.

Randall looks at them both. Do they know?

MISTER JONES
Ready to go?

RANDALL
Yeah, all set.

Mister Jones nods, walks toward the door to the garage.
Randall follows.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

Mister Jones walks toward the outer garage door as Randall walks quickly to his car.

Randall starts his car.

In his rearview mirror, he sees the Enforcer walk out of the interior door.

ENFORCER
Hey, wait.

Randall thinks he's been caught! He pretends not to hear and drives quickly toward the opening garage door.

ENFORCER (cont'd)
Wait!

Enforcer runs after the car.

Randall pulls up to the garage door. He's almost out, but has to stop and wait for the garage door to open wide enough.

Mister Jones' cell phone rings. Randall watches him answer it. The garage door is opening so slow ...

ENFORCER (cont'd)

Hey!

Randall jumps, the Enforcer is right at his passenger window. Enforcer holds up Randall's computer bag.

ENFORCER (cont'd)

Forget something?

Randall blinks. He hasn't been caught. It's okay.

RANDALL

(relieved)

Oh, man, thanks. I'd have probably remembered a block from here.

ENFORCER

Well, you'd have been shit out of luck. We're shutting down for the day. No one gets in, man.

Enforcer holds the bag inside the passenger window. Randall leans out, grabs it, sets it down. When he leans back, we see Mister Jones standing right outside the driver's side window.

Mister Jones is holding a cell phone to his ear. In his other hand, a TASER. He calmly zaps Randall. Randall is out.

MISTER JONES

(to Enforcer). Knock this dumb-ass out. (into phone) Yeah, I got him. What? Keymaster? (beat) I'll check.

Enforcer chloroforms Randall, who struggles briefly.

MISTER JONES (cont'd)

(to Enforcer). Search this guy for a flash drive or something.

ENFORCER

A what?

MISTER JONES

Just search him.

Mister Jones looks into the car.

ANGLE ON: Keychain hanging from ignition.

Mister Jones reaches in, takes keys. He finds the flash drive.

MISTER JONES (cont'd)
(talking into phone)
I think I got it. Yeah, sure, I'll
give the keys to the Promoter.
Enjoy your trip, sir.

He hangs up, talks to Enforcer.

MISTER JONES (cont'd)
That Cameronelli guy is a retard.

ENFORCER
You said it, I didn't.

MISTER JONES
Call the CEO guy and tell him not
to bother coming after all.
(gestures to Randall). Looks like
we have our sixteenth.

TIGHT SHOT: Randall's unconscious face. He slides out of frame as the Enforcer pulls him out of the car.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN: EXPENSIVE TV SET

The TV SET is in an elegant ENTERTAINMENT CENTER, clearly a possession of a rich person. The VS. logo spins on the screen.

A countdown timer clicks from 10:31, to 10:30, to 10:29 (countdown matches exactly with actual movie running time from now until the first fight).

The screen flashes to the white-masked face of THE PROMOTER. The mask has a SPEAKER in the mouth which makes his voice sound mechanical, almost Darth Vader-ish.

PROMOTER
Hello, fight fans, and welcome to
Versus! We apologize for the delay
in updating you on our final
fighter. We will update information
and give you time to place final
first-round bets.
(MORE)

PROMOTER (cont'd)
 We'll let you monitor behind the
 scenes cameras, but sound off for
 now. See you real soon.

The screen shrinks to half-size, sound stops. VS logo
 continues to spin. On screen, Promoter turns to talk to The
 Enforcer, now clad in an ALL-GREY SUIT with a GREY MASK, and
 THE ENGINEER, dressed in an ALL-GREEN SUIT and a GREEN MASK.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - BACK ROOM

Same scene from new angle. Masks remain on. The Promoter is
 dressed in an ALL-WHITE SUIT. The Enforcer is sitting there,
 very calm, playing with a HANDHELD ELECTRONICS PANEL WITH
 MANY BUTTONS. He wears a fancy REVOLVER in a gray holster.
 The Engineer sits in front of an array of computer screens.
 There are several WEB CAMERAS pointed at them.

Promoter checks his watch. He looks at Engineer.

PROMOTER
 Sound off?

ENGINEER
 Yes, sir.

PROMOTER
 Don't like this. Paulie's late.

ENFORCER
 Don't worry about it.

PROMOTER
 We're behind schedule.

ENFORCER
 I'm sure everything is coolio, man.

PROMOTER
 (gestures to Engineer)
 How are they?

Engineer works a keyboard, calls up images of PEOPLE IN
 CHAIN-LINK CELLS on the computer screens. Most of the cages
 show someone standing near the door. One shows a prone person
 in a white shirt -- it's Randall.

ENGINEER
 Programmer is still out.

PROMOTER
How long till he's up?

ENFORCER
Any second now. We didn't give him
much.

EXECUTIONER enters the room. He is dressed in an ALL-BLACK SUIT, BLACK MASK and BLACK GLOVES. The outfit matches Promoter and Enforcer, but they were clearly expecting someone else. Executioner's chin is always slightly raised, he moves slowly and with perfect posture.

PROMOTER
Who are you?

Executioner looks at his own outfit, as if to say: *Are you kidding me with this question?*

EXECUTIONER
I'll give you one guess.

ENFORCER
(beat) But Paulie is always our
Executioner. Where's Paulie?

EXECUTIONER
Paulie's services are no longer
required by our common employer.

Promoter and Enforcer exchange looks. They know that means Paulie is dead. But why?

Enforcer's hand twitches, moves closer to his pistol. Executioner sees it, smiles at Enforcer almost as if he's saying: *Do you really think you're fast enough? How quaint.* Enforcer hesitates, then moves his hand away - he is clearly intimidated.

PROMOTER
Are you here to kill us?

EXECUTIONER
Are you still breathing?

PROMOTER
Uh, yeah.

EXECUTIONER
Then, no, I'm not here to kill you.

PROMOTER
Uh ... so, what do we do now?

EXECUTIONER

I would imagine that you do your
job and get on with the show.
Please, don't let me bother you.

Executioner finds a chair. He reaches into his jacket pocket -- Promoter and Enforcer freeze up -- but he just pulls out a LARGE HANDKERCHIEF. He sets it on the chair, positions it so no part of the chair will touch him, then he sits.

EXECUTIONER (cont'd)

(smiling)

I'll just be a fly on the wall
until my service are required.

Promoter is still very nervous. He was not expecting anything like this.

PROMOTER

You know how we do things here?

EXECUTIONER

There are parts of the show that
require my particular skills. I
think I can handle such demands.
Our employers showed me the earlier
tournaments. They said I should
watch very carefully. I have to
say, I was very impressed. You are
a clever man, Promoter. My favorite
fighter by far was the Plumber.

The flattery makes Promoter relax somewhat -- the Executioner does seem to know what's going on.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

MEDIUM SHOT of Randall in a chain-link cage, just like the one we saw Dana in. He is in a fetal position, but slowly stirring.

BACK TO SCENE

ENFORCER

(looking at screen)

Hey, looks like Nosey Noserson is
waking up.

EXECUTIONER

Nosey? Is there a problem?

Promoter glares at the Enforcer, a clear message to shut the fuck up.

PROMOTER

No, no problem. Uh, we're not calling him "nosey," we're calling him ... The Programmer.

EXECUTIONER

A programmer? I wonder if he ever worked in a customer-support call center. If so, I'd love to kill him. But then again, who wouldn't?

PROMOTER

(to Enforcer) Let Programmer get his wits about him, then cue the Announcers to get started. (checks his watch) We're twelve minutes behind schedule. (to Engineer) Get programmer's picture on the site, fast. People want the sixteenth contestant so they can place their bets.

::: END OF EPISODE ONE :::

::: EPISODE TWO :::

CUT TO:

INT. - WAREHOUSE FLOOR

RANDALL'S POV

CAMERA BLURRY. Randall awakens slowly. As CAMERA COMES HALF INTO FOCUS, he sees he is on a concrete floor, in a chain-link cage. A blurry woman is in the next cage, her fingers clutched in the chain link fence, her face right up against the wire. CAMERA COMES INTO FOCUS on Dana.

DANA

Randall! You okay?

She and Randall wear the same clothes from earlier in the day, but both now have a THICK LEATHER COLLAR. Randall doesn't seem to notice his yet.

RANDALL

I think so. What the hell is going on?

DANA

I don't know. I was in an interview, then that big guy started asking me if I could fight, started slapping me around. I think he tased me, bro.

RANDALL

I think I got tased, too.

DANA

The same with all of us, then.

RANDALL

All of us?

DANA

Take a look around.

A SERIES OF ANGLES:

They are in an abandoned warehouse. There is no sunlight, just glaring overhead lights. A 20'x20' white canvas platform sits in the middle of the floor. There are 15 other cages surrounding the canvas.

The cages are filled with people looking out: Old Lady, Gangsta, Bodybuilder, OLD MAN, CHEERLEADER, THE BUM, Single Mom, HOOKER, SALES GUY, SAMANTHA, BOSS LADY, THE NAZI and HUSBAND.

All of the characters are looking at Randall -- he is the last to wake up. Actor is in the cage on Randall's right, Dana on his left.

SAMANTHA

Randall! Randall honey, get me out of here!

RANDALL

Samantha?

SAMANTHA

I came for that interview like you said. Why did you do this to me?

DANA

He was just trying to help you, this isn't his fault.

RANDALL

Sam, I'll get you out of here.

Randall looks up to the rafters. There are four WHITE CANVASES hanging down.

All are splotched and streaked with brown paint, like a modern art exhibit. The bottom right corner of each canvas is marked with artistic, logo-like Roman numerals I, II, III and IV. Each has a weapon on it. I has a black baseball bat, II has a shovel, III a hatchet, and IV a brick.

THE BUM

I didn't have no job interview, I just woke up here.

The Old Man is in the cage next to the bum.

OLD MAN

When is the last time you bathed?

THE BUM

Jesus tells me I ain't gotta bathe. I gotta piss.

Bum walks to the back of his cage and starts peeing through the chain-link fence onto the concrete behind it.

OLD MAN

Could this possibly get any worse?

RANDALL
What the hell is going on here?

ACTOR
Nobody knows. The interviewer
either slapped us around, or just
Tased us.

GANGSTA
Motherfucker dropped a pen at my
feet. I went to pick it up, then he
hit me with that thing. I want
another shot at his bitch-ass.

ACTOR
We all woke up in these cages.

CHEERLEADER
(to Randall)
Mister, they grabbed me on the
street on my way home from
practice. Please, get us out of
here!

GANGSTA
Come on, girl, calm down. You need
to keep it together.

ACTOR
(to Randall)
She's not handling this too well.

CHEERLEADER
Please, mister! Get us out of here!

Randall looks around. Sixteen cages, all have the electronic
locks. These people expect *him* to save the day?

RANDALL
(to Cheerleader)
How?

GANGSTA
You look like a nerd, figure
something out!

OLD LADY
You geeks are smart, help us.

Randall realizes something is on his neck. He reaches for it.

ACTOR
Don't touch—

Randall grabs it and gets a SMALL SHOCK.

RANDALL
Ouch! What the fuck?

SAMANTHA
Randall, be careful!

ACTOR
It's electrical, like a souped-up
dog training collar or something.

RANDALL
Why am I wearing a collar?

OLD MAN
We all have one.

SINGLE MOM
It goes off if you grab it, so
don't—

Randall, frightened and enraged, grabs it again and receives
a MEDIUM SHOCK.

OLD MAN
Stay calm, young man. Panicking
won't help any of us.

CHEERLEADER
Someone please get me out of here!

HOOVER
(shaking)
Jesus, will you shut up you little
bitch? Stop whining.

BOSS LADY
She's just a scared girl.

HOOVER
She's driving me crazy.

BOSS LADY
The shakes are what's driving you
crazy. You can get a fix when we
get out of here, you filthy whore,
until then just be quiet.

HOOVER
What did you say, you stupid bitch?

BOSS LADY
You heard me.

ACTOR

Everyone, just stop it! We need to stay calm and figure out what's going on.

THE NAZI

I am just a tourist. I came here to see Haight Ashbury, the city of love. Now I am locked in cage and wear collar like animal, that is what is going on.

SALES GUY

Thanks for filling us in, Fritz.

THE NAZI

My name is not Fritz.

GANGSTA

Just take it easy, man. We're gonna get out of here.

BOSS LADY

Hey, Tupac, if we have to sacrifice the Nazi, that's fine with me.

THE NAZI

I am no Nazi. (screaming to rafters) I am a German citizen! I demand to see my consulate!

There is no response.

THE NAZI (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(quieter)

I wish I had never come to this country.

SALES GUY

That makes two of us.

ACTOR

Come on everyone, just calm down. We're in this together right?

There is a brief pause as everyone stops to listen to Actor.

ACTOR (cont'd)

Okay, now let's take care of the obvious. Has everyone tried their collars and got a shock?

Everyone nods.

ACTOR (cont'd)
Has everyone tried their door?
Maybe the locks don't work on some
of the cages.

Everyone nods, except Randall. He moves to the door of his cage.

INSERT - ELECTRONIC LOCK

On the front of the door is an ELECTRONIC LOCK, with a small light glowing red.

Randall shakes the door, tentatively at first, then violently, but it does not open.

He grabs at the lock and receives another SMALL SHOCK.

RANDALL
Dangit!

DANA
Sorry, I should have told you that.

ACTOR
(to Randall) All the doors do that.
(to everyone) Okay, so we all have
the collars, we're all stuck in the
cages. Anyone recognize this place?

BOSS LADY
Ask the whore, I'm sure she knows
abandoned buildings very well.

HOOGER
Shut up, you Tea Bagging cunt!

BOSS LADY
You shut up, you Welfare-taking
piece of garbage. (to Gangsta)
How about you, Tupac? How do we get
out of here?

GANGSTA
How the hell would I know?

BOSS LADY
Oh come on, like you've never been
in a cage before?

GANGSTA
Why, 'cause I'm black?

BOSS LADY

No, because you look like a drug dealer. You have been in jail before, haven't you.

Gangsta is trying to be a calming force, but he's frustrated that he's stereotyped, and that he *has* been in jail.

GANGSTA

Lady, I am trying to help.

BOSS LADY

Try harder, nigger.

HUSBAND

We don't need racism!

Gangsta rattles his cage. This woman is pushing his buttons.

ACTOR

Dammit, stop it! (to Boss Lady):
Just leave everyone alone, okay?
When we get out of here you can track us down and be as insulting as you like.

SINGLE MOM

Listen, all of you, I know everyone needs to get out of here, but I have kids at home, I really need to find a way out.

BODYBUILDER

Oh give me a break, don't play the parent card here, lady.

HUSBAND

I've got to get to my kids, too.

BODYBUILDER

So you guys should get to escape before anyone else? Is that it?

ACTOR

(interrupting)

I'm a father, too, and it doesn't matter. No one gets special treatment. We're all equal, we all work together, right?

The sixteen exchange looks, then nod. Even Boss Lady. Samantha isn't nodding -- she's looking up to the rafters.

SAMANTHA

Hey, is that a camera up there?

She points to the rafters.

INSERT - EXPENSIVE CAMERA

The camera is mounted to a girder.

BACK TO SCENE

THE BUM

Yeah! And look, there's another up there on the other side.

All look up at the cameras.

INSERT - A SECOND CAMERA

The camera moves, training the lenses on the various cages.

BACK TO SCENE

HUSBAND

What, someone is *watching* us?

HEROIC MUSIC blares from unseen speakers. None of the 16 have any idea what's going on.

Off to one side of the canvas platform, a big, flat board drops, revealing Mister Jones and Mister Smith sitting at an ANNOUNCERS TABLE. Both wear HEADPHONES, BLUE EYE MASKS and MATCHING BLUE BLAZERS. A GREEN-SCREEN is hung behind them, each has a mounted microphone.

To the side of them is a large screen showing the bracket, positioned so that the contestants can see it.

The announcers talk to each other, or to a camera mounted on their table. This camera shows BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER.

From above, this angle it looks like an establishing shot from an ESPN broadcast with swirling and flashing graphics.

MISTER JONES

(mic broadcasts him on PA)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to
Versus ... Number ... *Five!*

ANNOUNCER CAMERA POV

This angle looks like Sports Center: polished announcers with the screen behind them showing high-quality motion graphics.

MISTER JONES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'm Mister Jones, and with me once again is my announcing partner, Mister Smith. Mister Smith, so good to see you again.

MISTER SMITH

Good to be back at Club Carnage, Mister Jones, with our sixteen stereotypes ready to leave it all on the canvas.

ANGLE ON RANDALL AND DANA

RANDALL

What the heck is all this?

DANA

I don't know. Is this a TV show?

ANGLE ON ANNOUNCERS

MISTER JONES

Fifteen future losers and a soon-to-be champ, Mister Smith. We'll look 'em up one side and down the other when they head out to get it on.

This is the Versus Tournament, where the Real World gets Real Deadly, where 'Survivor' isn't just a word. We're almost ready for the Promoter to get this party started.

BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS.

MISTER SMITH

Win or go home is for pussies, Mister Jones! Here, you win or die. This is the Versus Tournament, where every match is sudden death.

MISTER JONES

First-round bets are in, Mister Smith. If you're watching this, it means received your one million smackeros. You may now bet on the fighters in blocks of a hundred grand. Bet it all on one fighter, or spread it around like buttah.

MISTER SMITH

All bets *must* be placed before the start of round one. If you don't bet all of it, we cut the signal.

MISTER JONES

After eight of these bitches go down to Chinatown, we'll post new odds for the second round. You can bet another million then if you like, and also for the semis and for the finals. Now, let's look at the bracket!

INSERT - TOURNAMENT BRACKET

A 16-slot tournament bracket pops up, eight lines on a side. THE VS. LOGO is in the upper right-hand corner. Logo appears in all bracket shots and pairing shots.

When each pairing is announced, it shows a blow-up of that bracket along with the face pictures that were taken in the interviews.

Each person's face has information next to it: their stereotype name, their seed number, and their odds (see Appendix A for seeds and odds).

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

We open in the East bracket with Old man against Cheerleader. Winner of that faces the victor of Dyke versus Bum.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Bottom half of the East gives us Old Lady battling it out against Husband. Maybe she can gum him to death! The Gangsta and Bodybuilder both looked like potential first-seeds, so in true Versus Tournament style we let them open up against each other. No easy path to the finals, Mister Smith, but the winner of that one is the odds-on favorite to take it all.

THIS INTERCUT

With reaction shots of the 16, some disbelieving, some horrified by what they are hearing.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Right you are, Mister Jones. And in the West bracket, we've got the top-seeded Actor up against Hooker. The victor of that big-tittied tilt tackles the winner of Marketing Hack versus Programmer.

MISTER JONES

Finally, in the bottom half of the West, a classic stereotype duel between Sales Guy and Single Mom, as well as one we're really looking forward to, Boss Lady and The Nazi.

NORMAL ANGLE ON ANNOUNCERS.

MISTER SMITH

Well, Mister Jones, it's time to meet our host, the Prince of Pageantry, *the Promoter!*

HOUSE LIGHTS DIM and SPOTLIGHTS COME ON, pointing to a doorway that leads to a back room. At the side of that door, Enforcer sits in an ORNATE THRONE. Through the door comes the Promoter. In addition to his white suit and mask, he now has a white TOP HAT and a white PIMP CANE.

Promoter is followed by Executioner, dressed in his all-black suit and mask. He carries a LUGER WITH A SILENCER.

Enforcer stands and falls in alongside Executioner.

Promoter walks onto the white canvas, spotlights tracking him all the way.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

Promoter stands in the middle of the canvas platform, surveying the 16.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

He always does this, Mister Smith. He likes to take one last look before he tells them the rules.

SINGLE MOM

(screaming)

What the hell is going here?

PROMOTER produces a WHITE MICROPHONE.

PROMOTER

Welcome ... to ... Versus!

He raises his hand and drops it with a flourish. The music cuts out, filling the warehouse with chilling, fading echo.

GANGSTA

You're in charge of all this?
Listen, man, these people ain't
done nothing to you.

Promoter gestures to the Enforcer

INSERT - KEYBOARD

Enforcer's gray-gloved hand hits a button marked "Gangsta." The hand reaches for a slider as Gangsta keeps talking. When the slider is all the way to the left, the shock is mild. When it moves to the right, it is nearly lethal.

GANGSTA (V.O.)

You let us out or I'm gonna-

Enforcer moves slider halfway to the right.

ANGLE ON: Gangsta jumping in shock, twitching, his hands flying to his neck. Promoter gestures again, and the shocks cease.

PROMOTER

(to people in cages)

You are here to compete in a
tournament. A tournament like no
other. No professional fighters, no
trained warriors, just normal
people fighting for survival.
Today, each of you will find out
how badly you want to live. When
your cage door opens, you have
fifteen seconds to get on this
platform, or *this* will happen to
you.

The Enforcer hits the button. The fighters convulse in agony. The shock lasts for five seconds, then stops.

PROMOTER (cont'd)

You have two choices: kill or die.
A fight ends only when you or your
opponent is dead. Versus is about
action. If there is no action, we
start an overtime clock.

Promoter gestures to a large digital clock on the wall.

INSERT - DIGITAL CLOCK

It is the same size as a basketball shot clock. The numbers
":30" flash up in red.

BACK TO SCENE

PROMOTER (cont'd)
When those thirty seconds pass, I
will decide who wins, and who dies.

CHEERLEADER
Please! Stop it! *I can't take this!*

A quick gesture from Promoter. Enforcer hits the button. The
girl screams, falls to the floor and writhes.

HUSBAND
You stop it goddamit!

Another gesture from the Promoter, and Husband suffers
shocks. Promoter gestures again, shocks stop. The warehouse
is totally silent save for the Cheerleader's sobbing.

PROMOTER
Win three fights, kill three times,
and not only are you free, you win
one million dollars. Have no doubt
-- this is real. For those about to
die, we salute you! First up, the
Old Man, versus the Cheerleader.

Promoter and Executioner go back through their door.

The Enforcer walks to the announcer's table. He reaches into
a WEAPONS BIN and pulls out two BOWIE KNIVES. He walks to the
center of the platform and sets the knives on either end. He
then walks back to his throne and sits.

ANGLE ON: TEENAGE GIRL'S CAGE LOCK

The light turns from red to green. The cage swings open.

ANGLE ON: OLD MAN'S CAGE LOCK

His lock does the same.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

INSERT: Pictures of the Old Man and the Cheerleader. Hers is
a senior picture. His is a smiling photo from the same kind
of interview Dana went through. Below the pictures, a list of
their physical stats, a-la a UFC "Tale of the Tape."

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Cheerleader is 5-foot-6, 115
pounds. She's athletic, but can't
seem to handle the situation so
they seeded her at number seven.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
The pre-fight interview revealed
that the Old Man served in Viet
Nam. He may be old and out of
shape, but unlike the other
fighters he has combat experience.
That nabbed him the number-two
seed.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
And as we've seen in previous
tournaments, that kind of
experience is a huge factor.

ANGLE ON: WAREHOUSE FLOOR

The Old Man and the Cheerleader won't leave their cages.

INSERT: ENFORCER'S GREY GLOVED HAND ON THE SLIDER

ENFORCER
Get on the mat.

CHEERLEADER
No! No way!

OLD MAN
This is insanity.

INSERT - ENFORCER'S GREY GLOVED HAND ON THE SLIDER

The Enforcer slowly moving the slider to the left.

THIS INTERCUT WITH

After a few seconds, the Cheerleader screams and runs out
onto the platform. A few seconds more and the Old Man runs
out, hands clutching at his collar. The Enforcer slides the
switch all the way to the left, turning off the shock.

All PROMOTER (V.O.) dialogue is over a PA SYSTEM.

PROMOTER (P.A.)
Pick up the knives.

CHEERLEADER
(in hysterics)
I can't, I can't!(to the Old Man)
Mister, please don't stab me!

OLD MAN
Take it easy. I won't hurt you.

PROMOTER (P.A.)
You will do more than hurt her, Old
Man. Kill her, or die.

OLD MAN
Then I will die!

CUT TO:

INT. - BACK ROOM

Promoter is seated at the table in front of the microphone.
Engineer is at his computer station, Executioner is standing.
They are all still wearing their masks.

Promoter signals to Engineer to cut the room mics, so
spectators at home can't hear the conversation.

PROMOTER
They're not going to fight.

EXECUTIONER
Ah, just like in Versus Number Two.
It appears my services may be
needed sooner than I expected.

PROMOTER
Welcome to the big-time, pal. The
overtime clock is your cue.

EXECUTIONER
Interesting. I wonder what would
happen if things didn't go as
planned this early in the game.

PROMOTER
(looks at computer) We've got 58
people who each bet a million bucks
on this round. This thing is timed
so we can start and finish before
the cops even know it's happening.
If we get shut down before the
finals, you want to be the one to
tell our bosses they have to give
back \$58 million?

EXECUTIONER

I'm sure they would be less than pleased if the tournament did not give us a championship bout.

PROMOTER

Good, then go take care of this.

Executioner stands. He lifts his foot and slides his handkerchief off the chair and onto the floor. He smooths down his outfit, making sure everything is in its place.

ANGLE ON: WAREHOUSE FLOOR

There is a tense moment of silence as neither the Old Man nor the Cheerleader make a move. Then, without warning, a BASKETBALL AIR HORN sounds and the OVERTIME CLOCK starts to tick down from :30.

PROMOTER (P.A.) (cont'd)

When that clock hits zero, one of you will die.

CHEERLEADER

Please stop this!

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

The two top-mounted cameras cut back and forth between the fighters. The Overtime Clock is superimposed in the upper right-hand corner, it reads 26 seconds and counting.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Well, it looks like this one starts the same way Versus One, Two and Four started.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Correct, Mister Jones. Our audience has to remember that while perhaps they have seen previous tournaments, the fighters have not. The Old Man and the Cheerleader just don't believe that they have to fight to the death.

GOTHIC MUSIC plays. Executioner walks out of the door, strides slowly toward the canvas platform.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Awww snap! Here come da judge!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
If the overtime clock runs out, the
Executioner will do his thing.

The Overtime Clock reads 12 seconds and counting.

Cheerleader is still crying. Executioner moves with confident ease. He steps onto the platform. He draws the silenced Luger and holds it at his side. He stands there, unmoving.

ANGLE ON: Old man, looking at the knife. He's killed before. It would be so easy to slit the girl's throat. He shakes his head, chasing away the thought.

OLD MAN
I won't be part of this madness!

Old Man sits down on the canvas and crosses his arms.

Cheerleader picks up the knife, points it at Old Man, then screams in near-insanity and drops it.

The Overtime Clock ticks down to zero and the BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS again.

ANGLE ON: ANNOUNCERS

MISTER JONES
Time is up! They just wouldn't
listen, Mister Smith.

MISTER SMITH
Executioner looks ready to go,
let's see what the judge decides.

ANGLE ON: WAREHOUSE FLOOR.

PROMOTER (P.A.)
The Old Man could have easily
defeated the Cheerleader. He had
the advantage and did not use it.
Therefore, Cheerleader wins.

Executioner raises the Luger and SHOOTS the Old Man twice in the chest. Blood splatters onto the white canvas. The Old Man falls to his side, gasping.

CHEERLEADER
Nooooooooo!

Executioner walks over to the Old Man, points the gun at his head, and pulls the trigger. Executioner lifts the gun, blows away the smoke filtering out of the barrel. He puts the weapon away, then turns and walks off the canvas.

THIS INTERCUT WITH

A SERIES OF ANGLES

The 14 other fighters react differently.

Some stare blindly, others are enraged, others hide their head in their hands.

OLD LADY
Oh sweet Jesus.

BODYBUILDER
You fucking bastards!

BUM
That's the wrath of The Lord!

The Enforcer walks onto the mat and drags away the Old Man's body, leaving a streak of red and chunks of wet brain.

BUM (O.S.) (cont'd)
You've *all* sinned. And that's what happens to sinners!

PROMOTER (P.A.)
Cheerleader, get back in your cage.

The Cheerleader sprints to her cage. The door swings shut and the lock light turns from green to red.

The Enforcer collects the Bowie Knives and puts them in the bin. He grabs two SHOVELS, walks and places them on the mat.

PROMOTER (P.A.) (cont'd)
Now you all see what the stakes are. Let the next fight begin.

ANGLE ON: DANA'S CAGE

Lock turns from red to green, door swings open.

ANGLE ON: BUM'S CAGE

Lock turns from red to green, door swings open.

BROADCAST ANGLE

The upper East bracket: Teenage Girl's name moves to the next round. Underneath the Old Man and Cheerleader bracket is Dana and Bum.

INSERT: The "Tale of the Tape." Dana's photo is from her interview with the Enforcer. The Bum's is of him passed out on some city street.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

A five versus three match-up,
probably the day's first real
fight.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Bum is six-foot-two, 210 pounds.
He's got a size and reach
advantage, but he's in bad shape.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

I'll tell you right now, The Dyke
is my sleeper pick. She's a girl,
sure, but look at the physique on
this one. When it comes to lesbo-
lovin' we know which one wears the
strapon. I think she'll beat the
Bum, then kill the Cheerleader to
reach the final four.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

That's a bold-but-logical
assessment Mister Jones. We'll see
soon enough.

ANGLE ON: Warehouse floor. Dana has not left her cage. Bum is already on the mat, clumsily swinging his shovel.

ANGLE ON: DANA

DANA

I can't do this.

RANDALL

Get out there or he'll shock you.

BUM is standing on the canvas, holding his shovel, smiling.

BUM

Come out of that cage, sinner!

DANA

(to Randall)

If I go out there, I'll die. I
can't do it!

Dana lurches as her collar starts to shock her.

DANA (cont'd)

No! No, please.

The shock increases. She screams, runs onto the mat and grabs the shovel just to make the shocks stop.

BUM

You look like a snatch-licker.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

Bum walks around arrogantly. He is stumbling a bit, but very confident, like a drunken man ready to pick a fight.

Dana clutches her shovel and keeps the point towards Bum. She is wide-eyed and terrified.

BUM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You are a snatch-licker, ain't ya?
Dirty gay sinner!

DANA

Shut up!

BUM

Leviticus, twenty-thirteen. *If there is a woman who lies with a female as those who lie with a man, both of them have committed a detestable act; they shall surely be put to death. Their bloodguiltiness is upon them!*

Bum advances with righteous fury. He swings his shovel. Dana parries the blow, an instinctive reaction.

DANA

Stop it!

BUM

Sinner!

Bum swings again, hits Dana on the shoulder. She cries out in pain. Reacting on adrenaline and instinct, she swings the shovel and hits Bum on the knee. He drops to one knee. Dana immediately hits him in the face with the flat of the shovel. Bum falls to his back, bleeding from the nose and mouth. He is groggy and can't get up.

DANA

There! I won! Now let me go?

PROMOTER (P.A.)

Finish him.

DANA

No! No way!

The BASKETBALL HORN blares. Overtime Clock starts ticking.

DANA (cont'd)
No! I won't kill him, I can't!

PROMOTER (O.S.)
Dana has the advantage.

Bum starts to rise. Panicking, Dana whacks him in the back of the head. Bum falls flat again. Clock ticks past 20.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

A close-up of Dana. She's having a nervous breakdown. She has to kill to live.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Wow, this is drama, this is
tension, do you think she'll do it?

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
She's got to do it unless she wants
to eat a bullet, and bullets aren't
all that tasty, Mister Jones.

INSERT - OVERTIME CLOCK ticks past 12 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Gothic music plays. Executioner comes out of the door and starts walking towards the platform.

DANA
No! No don't do it!

ANGLE ON: Gangsta

GANGSTA
You won, do it! It's you or him!

ANGLE ON: Boss Lady

BOSS LADY
Kill him already!

INSERT - OVERTIME CLOCK ticks past 6 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

Executioner slowly raises his gun.

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT of Executioner in f.g., Dana standing over Bum in m.g., and Overtime Clock ticking down in b.g.

As the clock ticks down to three seconds, then two, Dana screams and raises the shovel.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

Waist-up shot of Dana as she drives the shovel-point into the Bum's throat. Blood splashes up onto her, although we don't see the shovel go in. The amount of blood leaves no question that the Bum is dead.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

And we have a winnah!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

You called it! The Dyke wins.

The bracket appears. The Dyke's name flashes on the winner's line, showing she will next face Cheerleader.

ANGLE ON: Warehouse floor.

Dana throws down the shovel and sprints to her cage. The door swings shut behind her.

DANA

Oh my God, oh my god ...

She has blood all over her hands, face and chest. She tries to wipe it off her face, but just smears it around.

RANDALL

You had no choice! They would have killed you!

INSERT - RANDALL'S CAGE LOCK

The light turns from red to green, and his door swings open. Randall hears this, but ignores it.

RANDALL (cont'd)

Dana, you had to!

DANA

Oh my god, why? Why?

RANDALL

We'll get out of this. We will!

He is interrupted by a voice from the canvas.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Don't come out here, Randall. Don't make me do it.

Samantha's voice makes him forget all about Dana. This can't be happening to him -- not Samantha.

ANNOUNCER ANGLE

MISTER SMITH

And for the first time ever, we
have a love interest, Mister Jones!

MISTER JONES

That's right, Mister Smith. The
Marketing Hack and the Programmer
were an item!

A SERIES OF INSERTS: Facebook profile pages. Pictures clearly show it's Randall and Samantha, but names have been fuzzed out. Facebook photos of Randall and Samantha together, then Samantha partying with and kissing other men.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Randall's status says "in a
relationship," with Marketing Hack!

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

But hers? Single!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Ohhh, that burns.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

And it will take more than a shot
of penicillin to make that burn go
away, Mister Smith.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

How about a pair of hedge shears,
Mister Jones? Would that stop the
burning sensation?

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

I think it would. Let's find out!

MOVING SHOT - RANDALL'S POV

He slowly walks out of the cage.

Samantha is already waiting for him. She's holding a pair of hedge shears with two-foot-long blades. The shears tremble her hands, but she is pointing them towards Randall. She is determined to live.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
 Mister Jones, your thoughts on
 Marketing Hack.

INSERT: The "Tale of the Tape." Samantha's picture is the same as Dana's, clearly from an interview with Enforcer. Randall's is his Facebook profile pic.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 My thoughts? Five-six, a buck-ten
 at most and would you look at that
 ass? What a spinner!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
 How about *athletic* skills?

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 In her interview she said she works
 out five times a week *and* takes a
 kick-boxing class at her gym. I say
 watch out for the Marketing Hack.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
 Well she's going to have to whip up
 a big batch of whoop-ass if she
 going to get past Programmer. He's
 a computer nerd, so will he fight
 smart? He's five-foot-eight. Short
 for a guy, but looks like he has a
 slight reach advantage.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 And with those hedge trimmer
 blades, a reach advantage is
critical. Let's go to the action.

ANGLE ON: Warehouse floor. Randall is freaking out.

He picks up the shears with trembling hands.

SAMANTHA
 Randall, do something!

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

RANDALL
 I ... I don't know what to do.

SAMANTHA
 They have guns! You got me into
 this! Do something or I have to
 kill you.

RANDALL
But, but I love you.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER SMITH
What a story, what ... a ... story!

MISTER JONES
Mister Smith, we're looking at
serious heartbreak here.

ANGLE ON: Warehouse floor. Crying, Samantha steps forward.

RANDALL
Sam, don't! We can't do this!

SAMANTHA
They'll kill us anyway! If you
really love me, just put down the
trimmers. You know you won't make
it through, you're too weak, but I
can make it, just put down the
trimmers!

RANDALL
I ...

ANGLE ON: Randall, crying. He holds the trimmers in his left
hand, wiping away tears with his right. As he does, he hears
FOOTSTEPS coming toward him.

He looks up to see Samantha rushing him, a wide-eyed,
mascarra-streaked snarl on her face. Randall backs away so
fast he runs right off the platform and onto the warehouse
floor. He only takes three steps before he is shocked.

His hands fly to his neck and the shears drop.

Samantha tries to press the advantage, but as soon as she
steps off the platform, she, too, is shocked.

Both fighters scramble back up onto the platform. Randall
grabs his shears on the way back. They square off.

RANDALL (cont'd)
(shouting at the
announcers)
I don't want to do this!

PROMOTER (P.A.)
You have no choice, Programmer.

RANDALL

My name is Randall! I'm a human
being, *not* some *character*, you sick
bastard!

As Randall yells, Samantha sees an opportunity and rushes in,
shoving the shears at Randall's face.

Randall flinches back, Samantha's blades barely missing his
eyes. As he flinches, his own shears drop to waist-level.

Samantha's momentum carries her in, too fast. Randall's
shears punch into her stomach, then up in into her body,
through her heart.

She stops when she is face-to-face with Randall, their lips
almost touching in a kiss.

RANDALL (cont'd)

Oh my God, no!

She starts to fall, but Randall catches her.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

Randall is holding Samantha. Were it not for the tournament,
they might be lovers in a tender embrace.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Helloooooo! Welcome to the land of
kill-shot, population one!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Where did *that* come from? Wow, we'd
better keep an eye on this
Programmer! He's as cool as the
other side of the pillow.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Randall holds Samantha in his arms.

Blood is spreading across her shirt.

RANDALL

I'm so sorry, I didn't ... I ...

Samantha tries to speak, but COUGHS, splattering blood on
Randall's face. Samantha seizes, then dies in Randall's arms.

Randall gently sets her down on the canvas.

The Enforcer, still carrying his controller, steps onto the
platform, ready to drag Samantha's body away.

Randall stands and looks at his hands -- covered in blood.

Rage washes across his face. We haven't seen him like this yet. Fear is gone, only hate remains.

Randall grabs the shears and rushes at Enforcer.

Enforcer pushes a button, giving Randall a LARGE SHOCK.

Randall collapses, convulsing.

INSERT - ENFORCER'S HANDS

moving the slider higher and higher.

ACTOR

Stop it! You're killing him!

Enforcer moves the slider back.

He drags Randall to his cage and throws him inside.

CLOSE SHOT of Randall, coughing, still twitching, feeling the effects of the deep shock.

BROADCAST ANGLE

INSERT: "Tale of the Tape." Actor's photo is his head-and-shoulders shot, Hooker's is from an Eros-SF.com Ad.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Woo-hoo, quite a looker here. Five-foot-ten and check out those gams!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Those legs might do her some good if there was anywhere to run, but she's up against a number-one seed.

Picture changes to Actor.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Actor is six-foot-two, 190 pounds. He's in great shape. He's had theater combat training, so he knows how to handle the utensils.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

MEDIUM SHOT of Actor, looking down at something in his hands.

He raises his hands slowly, we see he's holding a pick-axe.

The Hooker is also holding a pick-axe, but it's obviously heavy in her hands. She's shaking, badly in withdrawal.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

ACTOR

I'm sorry. I have to.

HOOKER

(crying and nodding)

Just another man that can't help
himself, right? I'm not going to
just let you hurt me, I'm not going
to be your victim.

BOSS LADY

(encouraging)

Right on, sister! Cut that asshole!

The Hooker attacks.

Her attacks are clumsy. Actor parries them easily. He is
clearly familiar with hand-to-hand weapons.

The fight continues for a few seconds, then Actor buries the
pick axe in the Hooker's leg. She screams and falls. Her
hands clutch the leg, blood squirting through her fingers.

Actor pulls the pick axe free and mentally readies himself
for the final blow. He lifts the axe.

HOOKER

Oh please God, no, don't kill me!

Actor is tortured. He lowers the axe, then raises it again.

HOOKER (cont'd)

No! Please, I don't want to die!

ACTOR

(screaming at Announcers)

You can't make me do this!

The BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS.

WIDE SHOT of Actor and Hooker, with Overtime Clock framed
between them. The clock starts ticking down from 30. Actor
looks at it once, then raises the pick-axe.

HOOKER

Oh please no—

The Hooker's words are cut off as Actor's pick-axe punches
through her head.

BROADCAST ANGLE

Picture shows Actor's name appearing in the winner's slot, right above Programmer -- they fight next round.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

And that one is outta here! Actor really let it rip on that swing!

BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

MISTER SMITH

I know that Hooker has taken a lot of shots to the face in her career, but that's the last one unless her tricks are necrophiliacs.

MISTER JONES

Oh, that's cold, Mister Smith.

ANGLE ON: Randall and Dana, huddled together, fingers entwined through the chain-link fence that separates them. Randall is shaking, his eyes are wide in shock. Both are bloody, stunned. Dana has recovered somewhat, her friend needs her to be strong.

DANA

You had to do it. We all have to.

RANDALL

I killed her.

DANA

You had no choice, Randall. She would have killed you.

RANDALL

Doesn't matter. I *killed* her. What are we going to do?

DANA

(realizing)

Do? We fight. Or we die.

BROADCAST ANGLE

INSERT: "Tale of the Tape." Photos of Sales Guy and Single Mom are both from interviews with Enforcer.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

It's revenge of the used car salesmen. Six-foot even, 210 pounds, he's a fighting nightmare in a plaid jacket with zero-percent financing through September.

Switches to picture of Secretary.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

But can he get it up against the Single Mom? She's five-seven, 130, a little junk in the trunk but she's still got spunk. She's a single mother of three with a five, six and eight-year-old at home. She's also apparently a great cook, Mister Jones, and makes a mean batch of brownies.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Then the Sales Guy will have to kick the Duncan Heinz out of her. She chases those little brats around all day, so maybe she'll have the endurance advantage if this fight goes the distance.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Only one way to find out, Mister Jones, let's go to the action.

ANGLE ON: Canvas -- Sales Guy and Single Mom are circling. They hold butcher knives.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

ANGLE ON: Randall and Dana.

DANA

You better watch this. You might have to fight one of them.

Randall nods, and walks to the front of the cage. He is still stunned by what he had to do.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

There is no talk this time; all the competitors know the deal. Single Mom is scared, but she's not crying. She moves with speed and grace. Sales Guy looks clumsy.

DANA (cont'd)

I think she's gonna beat him.

Randall watches Sales Guy. Something about the way the man moves bothers him.

Single Mom makes two quick stabs. The Sales Guy shuffles back, very fast, very athletic.

As soon as he's out of range, he acts clumsy again.

ANGLE ON: Randall and Dana.

RANDALL
(whispering)
Hey, he's playing possum.

DANA
Why would he do that?

RANDALL
I don't know.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Single Mom fakes a thrust, then tries a lunging swipe aimed at the Sales Guy's jugular.

He sidesteps and catches her arm under his, pinning it, then stabs her five times in the chest, rapid-fire style.

Single Mom barely has time to realize what's happening before Sales Guy drops her to the canvas.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
That must be a homer, Simpson,
because she just said d'oh!

MISTER JONES
Say hello to his little friend!

ANGLE ON: Randall and Dana

DANA
Jesus, he moves fast.

Randall looks at the brackets.

INSERT - BRACKETS

Randall sees that if he lives through his fight with Actor, he would face Sales Guy in the semi-finals.

RANDALL
How am I going to beat this guy?
I'm going to die here.

Dana wants to console him, but she doesn't know what to say. She knows she will probably die, too.

::: END OF EPISODE TWO :::

::: EPISODE THREE :::

BROADCAST ANGLE

INSERT: "Tale of the Tape." Boss Lady's picture is from an interview with the Enforcer. Even her snapshot is a scowl. The Nazi's photo is clearly from his passport.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

This poor German bastard was just out for a vacation, but now he's knee-deep in the bracket. He's six-foot-one, but carrying a few extra pounds at 245 pounds, and at 47 he's no spring chicken.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

And he probably won't reach forty-eight by the looks of this ball-breaker. Boss Lady owns her own business, and look at this Facebook profile quote!

INSERT: Boss Lady's Facebook page, showing the quote below.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.) (cont'd)

She has, and I quote, "fought her way to the top as a woman amongst an endless army of back-stabbing men."

ANNOUNCER ANGLE

MISTER JONES

(laughs)

That can't bode well for Fritz.

MISTER SMITH

Certainly not. She's a tall one at five-foot-ten, runs two hours every morning, and said she can bench-press 180. This cupcake is no cupcake, if you know what I mean.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. The two fighters hold FIRE AXES.

The Boss Lady looks pissed. The Nazi tries to look intimidating.

THE NAZI

You don't come near me, woman, or I will hurt you.

Boss Lady says nothing.

The Nazi shouts to the rafters, turning as he talks.

THE NAZI (cont'd)
Please, let me out! I only came to
America to see your country, I
don't want to fight.

He faces the announcers table, turning his back to the Boss Lady. She starts to walk toward him.

THE NAZI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I am a German citizen!

Boss Lady starts to wind up.

THE NAZI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
This is not possible. Enough with
the joke. I demand to see my—

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

The Boss Lady is already swinging. The instant the Basketball Horn ends, her axe drives into The Nazi's head.

The Nazi drops, twitching and bleeding.

BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Ho-lee cow! Did you see that?

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Dunk you very much! *One second?*
That's a new Versus Tournament
record!

INSERT: the bracket.

Boss Lady moves forward. The West bracket is now set: Boss Lady vs. Sales Guy, Actor vs. Programmer.

Bracket image switches over to Old Lady vs Husband, then

INSERT: "Tale of the Tape." Old Lady and Husband's photos are both from interviews with Enforcer.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.) (cont'd)
And now we go to the bottom-half of
the East bracket. Coming up is this
round's main event of Gangsta vs.
Bodybuilder. But first, we'll do
Old Lady vs. Husband.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 Husband is five-foot-nine, 170
 pounds, and he played college
 football as a wide receiver for
 Bemidji State University.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
 Ba-hoo-ji?

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 Ba-MID-ji. He's up against a little
 dynamo, or at least she was back in
 the day.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
 She must have been something before
 electricity, Mister Jones.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 Old Lady is thirty pounds over
 weight and stands at five-five.
 She's like a potato with legs.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
 That spud is going to get French-
 fried, Mister Jones.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
 (laughing)
 Let's go to the mat.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Old Lady is on her knees, crying and
 praying.

A pair of gleaming, SIX-INCH-LONG POULTRY SHEARS sits in
 front of her.

She's crying so hard she can barely stay upright.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

Husband is crestfallen. He can't believe what he has to do.

He slowly walks towards Old Lady.

OLD LADY
 Lord, please forgive me for all the
 sins I've done in my life. I wasn't
 nice enough to my kids, I know
 that.

Husband stands over her. He is holding the scissors as if
 they were a poisonous spider.

OLD LADY (cont'd)
I want to see my grandchildren grow
up, be a part of their lives.

HUSBAND
I'm so sorry.

OLD LADY
(falling forward)
Oh Lord! Please give me strength!
My time is at hand.

Husband kneels down behind Old Lady.

He puts his left arm around her. He's not sure how to do it,
how to kill her quickly. He holds the scissors in his right
hand, prepares to stab her in the neck.

Old Lady flops forward weakly. The emotional Husband doesn't
see her grab the scissors.

HUSBAND
I'll try to make it quick.

She sits up, calmly jabs the scissors into Husband's throat.

OLD LADY
How's *that* for quick, fuck-tard?

She yanks the scissors free. Blood sprays all over her face.

Husband's hands clutch at his neck, trying to stem the
squirting blood, but it's too late. He falls back.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
That! Was! Shock! King!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Do you believe in miracles? Yes!

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
She! *Is!* Kaiser Soze! What an
upset! Old Lady gives Husband a
throat full of chicken scissors to
advance to the next round.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Old Lady walks off as Enforcer drags away
Husband's body. She seems unfazed by the whole thing.

BROADCAST ANGLE

INSERT: "Tale of the Tape." Both Gangsta and Bodybuilder's photos are from an interview with Enforcer.

MISTER JONES (V.O.) (cont'd)

And now for the fight we've been waiting for. Versus tournaments always wind up with a couple of odds-on favorites that can really fight, and this tournament is no exception. Gangsta certainly talks a good game, but can he back it up? He's six-foot-even, 180 pounds, and is supposedly trying to 'go legit' and get a real job.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

He better too legit to quit, Mister Jones, because look at the monster he's up against. Bodybuilder is six-two, 260 pounds. He reportedly can bench press 225 fifteen times, so he is strong like bull.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

And if you mess with the bull, you get the horns, right Mister Smith?

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Right you are, Mister Jones.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Let's go to the action.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Gangsta and the Bodybuilders are slowly circling, light on their feet like professional boxers.

They are holding FIREPLACE POKERS.

They are no longer hateful toward each other. There is mutual respect, sadness, and understanding at what must be done.

GANGSTA

Before, in the lobby, that wasn't real. This is. This ain't my choice, man, but I ain't going out like this.

BODYBUILDER

I know. None of us have a choice.

GANGSTA

I'm sorry, man.

BODYBUILDER

Me too.

This is a fight between two athletic men who know how to move. They are not afraid of each other.

They dance for a bit, then Bodybuilder lands a blow, ripping a huge gash in Gangsta's shoulder.

Blood flies everywhere.

Gangsta falls, but doesn't cry out.

Bodybuilder moves in for the kill with a big overhead swing, but Gangsta rolls out of the way just in time.

Bodybuilder's poker point sticks in the canvas platform.

From his prone position, Gangsta sweeps out with his poker and buries the point in Bodybuilder's foot.

Bodybuilder falls. He is now unarmed.

Gangsta hops up and starts swinging his poker, over and over, at Bodybuilder's head.

Bodybuilder tries to fend off the blows, but after a couple of partial blocks the poker-point drives through his hand. He screams in pain -- he knows he's done for.

Gangsta swings again and buries the point in Bodybuilder's head. The point sticks. Bodybuilder twitches as Gangsta puts a foot on his head to pry the poker free.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Hear the drummer get wicked!

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

I ain't sayin' nothing, but that ain't right!

Gangsta keeps swinging, crushing the Bodybuilder's skull even though the man is clearly dead.

MISTER SMITH

He'd cry 'no mas,' but I think being dead qualifies as a speech impediment.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Enforcer runs onto the warehouse floor. He has to shock Gangsta to get him to stop. Gangsta stumbles to his cage.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Wow, that was everything we thought it would be. Gangsta is definitely the guy to beat now.

Picture changes to close-up of Gangsta in his cage, holding his right shoulder with his left hand. There is a lot of blood. Gangsta is in pain.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Not so fast, Mister Jones. Just take a look at that wound. Gangsta is losing blood, fast.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

You can't hold your mud, Louden.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Well folks, that's the end of round one. As you know, all bets you placed at the beginning are still valid, but we'll re-calibrate the odds for round two. Feel free to put even more money on the line! We'll post the new odds right after Promoter says a few words.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Promoter is standing on the platform, which is now badly stained with blood, bits of bone and clumps of brains. The Enforcer and Executioner stand with him.

PROMOTER

Congratulations. You have made it to the Round of Eight. You have shown you have what it takes to survive. Now you fight again, to make it to the Final Four. The rules are the same -- win, or die.

ANGLE ON: Randal and Dana. They are clinging to the doors of their cages, fingers locked in the chain link.

RANDALL

Let us go!

DANA

(hissing)

Randall, shut up!

RANDALL

Let us go you motherfucker!

PROMOTER

I'll let you go, Programmer. All you have to do is kill three more people. Win, and you go free. Good luck to you all.

BROADCAST ANGLE

The bracket, with the victors filled in.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Well, Mister Smith, Vegas has chimed in with the new odds. The loss of Old Man and Bodybuilder really shook things up. Actor has jumped into the favorite roll, he's at 5-to-1 odds to win it. Gangsta is 8-to-1, which is surprising.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Like your mamma, Gangsta gots one ugly gash, Mister Jones.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

The rest of the odds are listed on your screen, from the Sales Guy at 10-to-one all the way down to Old Lady at 350-to-one.

INSERT: "Tale of the Tape" Randall vs. Actor.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

Actor remains a number-one seed. He should dust the Programmer and move into the Final Four.

Picture switches to Enforcer pushing a cart, tossing cans of SUDDEN CORONARY ENERGY DRINK and to the survivors.

MISTER JONES

And look at that. The survivors get to fuel up with Sudden Coronary Energy Drinks, which does not endorse this tournament in any way, shape, or fashion. That's Sudden Coronary Energy Drinks, for those that don't really care about living past the age of thirty.

INSERT - RANDALL'S CAGE

Lock turns from red to green. Cage door slowly swings open.

DANA

Get out there. Do what you have to.

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Randall as he stumbles out of the cage in a daze.

He walks to the platform. On the platform sits new weapons -- HEAVY CHAINS.

He picks up the chain with a shaking hand.

ANGLE ON: Actor. He won't come out of his cage.

ACTOR

I won't do it! I won't kill another human being.

Actor grabs his neck as he's SHOCKED.

He clutches the chain-link cage with his fingers -- he's fighting it, taking the shock.

The shock grows more and more intense, but his will cannot be broken.

Finally, the Enforcer stops. Actor slides to the ground.

Actor extends one hand, and gives the bird.

ACTOR (cont'd)

Go ahead, kill me, I won't do it.

CUT TO:

INT. - MONITOR ROOM

EXECUTIONER

I believe he is serious.

PROMOTER

So am I.

EXECUTIONER

I have to wonder if he has some other motive, don't you?

PROMOTER

(confused)

Other motive? Doesn't matter if he does, he's the favorite now.

(MORE)

PROMOTER (cont'd)
People want to see him fight. Don't
worry, this ain't my first rodeo.

CUT TO:

INT. - WAREHOUSE

ANGLE ON: Actor, lying limp.

PROMOTER (P.A.)
Actor, you need to fight.

ACTOR
I won't play this sick game. Just
shoot me.

PROMOTER
It's not you that we'll shoot.
Kindly turn your attention to the
announcer's screen.

Actor looks up, seems worried.

ANGLE ON: The screen beside the Announcers. The bracket fades
away, replaced by a series of Facebook photos: a little boy
on a swing set, same boy with a birthday cake, same boy
laughing, being lifted and held by Actor.

Actor is stunned -- it's his son.

PROMOTER (cont'd)
I believe you know this handsome
young lad?

ACTOR
How did you ...

PROMOTER (P.A.)
You idiots put your entire lives
online for the whole world to see.
We know so much about you.

ACTOR
He's just a little kid. You
wouldn't ...

Beat

PROMOTER (P.A.)
The show must go on.

ACTOR
But he's just a little child.

Announcers screen splits, showing both the SERIES OF SON PHOTOS, and Promoter's white-masked face.

PROMOTER (P.A.)

Important people paid their money to watch this tournament. If I don't put on a show, those people will be angry with me. If they get angry with me, I get angry with you. You wouldn't like me when I'm angry, Actor.

ACTOR

I ... I can't. I can't kill again.

PROMOTER

If you kill the Programmer, your child lives. If you die, either by the Executioner's bullet or the Programmer's hand, then we kill your son.

Actor nods. He has no choice and he knows it.

RANDALL

Oh come on! If I win I don't just kill him, I kill his son?

PROMOTER

Actor is a quitter. If his son's life isn't on the line, he'd just walk onto the platform and let you bash his brains in with that chain. The audience paid to see *fighting*, not suicide.

Actor stands, takes a deep breath, strides out to the canvas. He picks up the heavy chain. It dangles as he talks.

ACTOR

Programmer, I got no choice.

RANDALL

My name is Randall.

ACTOR

Yes. Randall. I ... my son.

RANDALL

(to Promoter on screen)

This is bullshit! So if I win, I'm actually killing two people? That's not fair!

PROMOTER

Play the hand you've been dealt,
Programmer.

RANDALL

My name is Randall, motherfucker!

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

Actor wastes no time, he rushes to attack.

Randall ducks Actor's first swing and the following backhand.

Actor presses the attack. He times a swing that smashes into Randall's neck. Randall's collar saves him from a broken wind-pipe.

Actor swings the chain, wraps it around Randall's left foot and yanks. Randall falls.

Actor jumps on Randall, punches him in the face three times.

Blood pours from Randall's nose and mouth.

Randall jabs his thumb into Actor's eye -- these men are fighting for their lives. Actor screams and rears back. Randall wraps his chain around Actor's neck, pulls as hard as he can. Randall is primitive, panicked, fighting on pure instinct and desperate will to live.

Actor gasps, chokes. He claws at the chain, but his fingers can't move the metal.

Actor struggles, weakens. Randall keeps pulling. Actor's eyes bulge out -- he is dead.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

And that's why they play the games!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

If it bleeds, we can kill it!

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Does Marcellus Wallace look like a bitch, Mister Smith? Well he must, because the Programmer just treated him like a bitch. What a shocker!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

The Programmer is the first member of the Final Four.

(MORE)

MISTER SMITH (V.O.) (cont'd)
Keep in mind this guy was a last-
second addition, and he was at
ninety-to-one odds to win.

INSERT - the bracket. Randall's name moves into the Final
Four slot.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Randall stumbles back to his cage.

He is going insane. He has brutally killed two people in the
last half-hour.

Dana has no words to offer him this time, she sits with her
arms around her knees, rocking back and forth, mumbling to
herself.

INSERT - OLD LADY'S CAGE

Lock turns from red to green. Door swings open.

INSERT - GANGSTA'S CAGE

Lock turns from red to green. Door swings open.

Gangsta stumbles out of his cage. His arm is a sheet of
blood. Where he once looked cocky and angry, he now looks
like he can barely stay conscious.

He falls onto the platform, smearing his blood on the canvas.

He stands, and picks up his weapon -- a LEAD PIPE.

A shaking Gangsta slowly looks up to face his opponent: Old
Lady is also holding a lead pipe.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Gangsta stumbles forward, swings.

Old Lady shows she's surprisingly nimble, moves out of the
way fast. Gangsta falls.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.) (cont'd)
She moves fast for an old lady!

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
There's more to this girl than
meets the eye, Mister Smith.

Old Lady winds up and hits Gangsta in the head.

Her swings aren't strong, but are steady, efficient, methodical. Repeated strikes take their toll. After repeated blows, Gangsta's skull caves in.

OLD LADY
Respect your elders, asshole.

Old Lady stops, drops the pipe, then spits on Gangsta.

She walks off the canvas, holding both hands high in the number-one symbol.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Break her off a little sumpin-
sumpin, Mister Jones!

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
You say potato, I say that's one
bad grand-mother-fucker.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Two upsets in a row! This could be
the Versus tournament of all time.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Anyone who bet she could make it
into the Final Four just raked in
the dough.

ANGLE ON: Randall.

He falls into a fetal position, then reaches for his collar.

He pauses, knowing a shock will come, but he has to try again.

He grabs it, preparing to take the shock and try to rip off the collar -- but no shock comes. He quickly lets go, as if he's been caught doing something wrong.

He grabs it again, slowly this time, still no shock.

RANDALL
(whispering to Dana)
Hey. Hey, listen.

DANA
(whispering back)
What? Leave me alone.

RANDALL
My collar is broken. No shocks.

DANA
What?

RANDALL
Try yours.

Dana reaches up and grabs her collar -- it shocks her.

DANA
Goddamit.

RANDALL
It must have happened when the
Actor hit me in the throat.

DANA
Keep quiet about it. Maybe it will
give us a chance.

A BUZZ sounds as Dana's lock switches from red to green.

She stands, head hung low. She starts to cry. She walks onto
the platform.

The weapons are CROWBARS. Dana picks hers up, and waits.

After a pause, Cheerleader comes running out of her cage,
hands clutching at her collar.

CHEERLEADER
Stop it! Stop it!

Cheerleader gets on the platform. Her eyes are bloodshot from
crying. Mascara streaks her face.

CHEERLEADER (cont'd)
(to Dana)
Please, lady, I don't want to die.

DANA
(crying)
Then fight.

CHEERLEADER
I don't want to fight! *Please!*

DANA
I can't help you.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

CHEERLEADER
No! Jesus Christ *please help me no!*

Dana looks to Randall. He is in his cage, fingers clutched in the chain-link fence door. He can't help -- no one can.

CHEERLEADER (cont'd)
Somebody please help me!

Dana is almost hyperventilating.

She lets out a primal roar and rushes forward.

Cheerleader screams in terror, then does a cartwheel away.

Dana stops, surprised. She rushes Cheerleader again. Cheerleader does flips across the canvas -- she is going to stay away, and is faster than Dana. Cheerleader's moves look oddly normal in her uniform.

Dana's expression changes from sadness, fear and surprise to anger. She's not going to die because this girl won't fight.

Dana rushes forward again. The Cheerleader flips away. As she finishes her flip, Dana throws the crowbar -- it hits the Cheerleader in the face.

Cheerleader falls.

Dana picks up her crowbar, then swings twice more with sharp, strong strokes, the crowbar's claw-head punching into the Teenage Girl's face.

Dana tries to pull it free, but it is stuck -- the effort lifts the Teenage Girls' head off the mat. The girl's eyes are still blinking, then they close.

Dana lets go. The girl falls to the canvas, dead.

Dana runs back to her cage.

BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

MISTER SMITH
Doin' it and doin' it and doin' it
well. The Dyke is in the Final
Four.

MISTER JONES
You have to think she's a lock for
the finals, Mister Smith. Old Lady
is a plucky broad, but come on, The
Dyke looks unstoppable!

MISTER SMITH
Who knows, Mister Jones? Maybe Old
Lady Luck will win through again.

Picture switches to photos of Boss Lady and Sales Guy.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
We're down to our final second-
round match.

Picture switches to shot of Boss Lady striding out to the platform.

INSERT: the "Tale of the Tape" between Boss Lady and Sales Guy.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Let's go down to the action.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Boss Lady and Sales Guy prepare to fight. They are holding
BRANCH CUTTERS: five-foot long wooden shafts with jagged 12-
inch saws on the end.

BOSS LADY
You ready to die, asshole?

SALES GUY
I don't want to hurt you.

BOSS LADY
Well, that works for me, because I
certainly want to hurt you.

She lunges at him, thrusting and stepping forward repeatedly.

The Sales Guy back-pedals quickly, he was unprepared for such
a fast assault.

ANGLE ON: Randall and Dana.

RANDALL
(hissing whisper)
Look how he moves! I'm telling you
this guy is good.

DANA
What do you want me to do about it?

RANDALL
You better watch him, you could be
facing him in the finals.

DANA
Him ... or you.

Randall says nothing; he hadn't thought that far ahead.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Sales Guy circles around the outside edge of the platform.

The Boss Lady attacks constantly.

Sales Guy slips on the edge and briefly loses his balance.

Boss Lady reaches out and cuts Sales Guy's ankle.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

CLOSE SHOT of Boss Lady's snarling face.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Oh, she drew first blood!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
She's a bitch, Mister Jones, and we
wouldn't want it any other way.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Sales Guy recovers, limping. His expression changes. He spins the branch-cutter like a martial arts staff: this guy has combat skills.

ANGLE ON: Randall, nodding.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

PROMOTER
(quietly)
Knock it off, you idiot.

ENFORCER
Is there a problem?

PROMOTER
Uh, no, no problem.

CUT TO:

INT. - WAREHOUSE FLOOR

BOSS LADY ATTACKS AGAIN, BUT SALES GUY PARRIES AND GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE.

He stabs a couple of times, then swings an overhand attack.

Boss Lady lifts her trimmer to block. Sale Guy's trimmer snaps hers in half. The blow cuts her face. The lower half of her trimmer skids to a halt in front of Randall's cage.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

CLOSE SHOT on Boss Lady. Half of her face dangles from exposed skin and muscle. One hand tries to push her bloody face back into place, the other weakly brandishes a half-length of trimmer. She's hurt, terrified.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
I guess you could say Sales Guy
trimmed her lead.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Oh, that's bad.

Broadcast picture switches to WIDE SHOT of the fight.

Sales Guy fakes low, drawing down Boss Lady's guard, then he quickly goes up, his saw blade slicing her throat.

She falls, hands clutching her gushing throat.

MISTER JONES (V.O.) (cont'd)
Boo-Yah!

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Bye-bye baseball, this one is over.

Sales Guy throws down the branch-trimmer, limps back to his cage. He seems like a completely different person.

ANGLE ON: Randall's cage. Randall is looking down at the broken piece of trimmer shaft.

INSERT - TRIMMER SHAFT

Randall can see that the shaft is broken, but there are several neat drill-holes in addition to the splintered wood.

RANDALL
What the hell?

Randall looks up, sees that the Sales Guy is looking right at him with a cold, chilling stare. Their eyes meet. Randall knows the fights are fixed for the Sales Guy, and the Sales Guy knows that Randall knows.

Enforcer hustles out and picks up the broken shaft, then drags away Boss Lady's body.

BROADCAST ANGLE

The bracket again, only four names left: Programmer, Sales Guy, Dana and Old Lady.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
And then there were four.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
Upset Central, Mister Jones. Not a
one-seed left in the tourney.

ANGLE ON: Randall's Cage.

Announcer's voices continue to rattle on about the big matchups, background noise.

RANDALL
(whispering to Dana)
Hey!

DANA
What?

RANDALL
I think Sales Guy is a plant.

DANA
A plant? What do you mean?

RANDALL
Boss Lady's broken trimmer handle,
there were drill-holes in it.

DANA
What does that mean?

RANDALL
It means her weapon was sabotaged.
It was going to break the first
time she used it to block.

DANA
But why? Sales Guy is in this the
same as us.

RANDALL
It's got to be the betting. Sales
Guy is a ringer. They have this
fixed so he wins, maybe.

DANA
So what are you going to do?

Randall thinks. He has to get his mind around going on the offensive instead of just fighting to stay alive.

RANDALL

I'm not going to be their pawn. If I make a move, get you out of this cage, will you fight with me?

DANA

You can get us out of here?

RANDALL

I don't know. I'm done waiting here to die. If I pull it off, you're going to have to kill, you can't hesitate. Can you do that?

DANA

(pauses)

Make it happen, playa.

Randall puts his hand, palm-up, on the cage, as if he's pressing it against a window pane.

Dana puts her hand up, matching his. Their hands touch through the chain-link fence. It's not a love moment, but a bond forged through combat. They are in this together.

INSERT - RANDALL'S LOCK

The light switches from green to red.

MEDIUM SHOT, SLOW MOTION on Randall. He turns to walk out of the cage. He's not the same terrified man he was a few hours ago. He's a warrior now, ready to fight and die.

BROADCAST ANGLE - GIRDER

Mean-faced Randall stepping out of his cage and striding to the platform.

MISTER JONES (V.O.)

Wow, just look at the Programmer. Looks as mean as a hungry werewolf with a cattle-prod suppository.

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)

He's not the same diary of a wimpy man we saw in the beginning, fo' shizzle, but he's still got to beat Sales Guy to reach the finals.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Randall steps onto the platform.

Sales Guy is standing there, holding a SWORD. Sales Guy is barefoot. His bloody socks are tied tight around his ankle, where Boss Lady cut him.

Randall looks down, reaches, comes up with his own sword.

INSERT - SWORD BLADE

There are several tiny pin-holes in Randall's blade. It will break the first time Randall blocks a really strong hit.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Executioner is again seated, a new handkerchief on his chair. The old handkerchief sits on the floor. Promoter is watching the monitors, which shows Randall closely examining the blade.

PROMOTER
(to self, surprised,
talking out loud)
Oh shit.

EXECUTIONER
Is there something wrong with his
weapon?

Promoter realizes he almost let it slip again.

PROMOTER
No, it's fine, don't worry about
it.

EXECUTIONER
(more firm)
Is there anything you'd like to
share with me.

PROMOTER
Uh ... no. Let's just watch the
fight.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Sales Guy is trying to look afraid, but it's a bad acting job.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

Randall turns, runs off the mat and sprints at the Enforcer.

Enforcer is surprised. He pushes Randall's button, but nothing happens. Momentarily confused, the Enforcer pushes the button again and again as Randall closes in.

The Enforcer drops the panel and reaches for his pistol, but it's too late -- Randall swings. The Enforcer dives back, trips over his throne, turning the throne over and landing on the other side. Randall runs around behind the throne, drives the sword through the Enforcer's heart.

BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

MISTER JONES (V.O.)
Uh ... what the hell is this?

MISTER SMITH (V.O.)
That's not supposed to happen.

ANGLE ON: Warehouse floor.

Sales Guy sees what happened, runs toward Randall.

Randall picks up the CONTROL PANEL and starts hitting buttons.

INSERT - DANA'S CAGE

Her lock turns from red to green. She comes rushing out.

INSERT - OLD LADY'S CAGE

Her lock turns from red to green, the door swings open.

An evil smile creeps across her face.

OLD LADY
That's my good little geek.

ANGLE ON: Canvas. Dana rushes onto the canvas and grabs Randall's sword. Sales Guy sees her, slows down, trying to keep his eye on the double-threat of Randall and Dana.

Randall finds the Sales Guy's shock button. He hits it. Sales Guy just winces.

RANDALL
(moving slider)
Come on, come on!

SALES GUY
Mine's just low enough so I know
when I'm being shocked, you idiot.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Promoter in m.g., Enforcer in b.g., Enforcer heard what Sales Guy just said. He slowly reaches for his Luger.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR

BROADCAST ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

They don't know what to do.

MISTER JONES
What the fuck?

MISTER SMITH
This ain't in the script, man.

As they stare, we see Old Lady's hand reach into the WEAPONS BIN.

NORMAL ANGLE - Sales Guy rushes at Randall. Randall realizes Enforcer has a gun. He tries to pull it out of the holster, but it sticks.

Sales Guy closes in, swings, Randall ducks behind the throne that is between him and the Sales Guy. Sales Guy's swing cuts into the throne. It sticks a little. He tries to pull it free as Randall again tries for Enforcer's gun.

ANGLE ON - Announcers

MISTER JONES
Let's get the fuck out of here.

MISTER SMITH
I heard that.

A SHOVEL swings down, hits Mister Jones on the back of the head. He falls, clutching the now-bleeding spot.

Surprised, Mister Smith turns to face the attacker -- Old Lady is there with a BOWIE KNIFE. Smith hesitates a moment, that's all she needs. Old Lady stabs him in the stomach.

Mister Smith falls backward, on top of Mister Jones's legs.

Old Lady dives on Mister Jones, stabs him in the shoulder. She pulls the knife out to strike again, but this time he gets his hands up and grabs her wrists.

Old Lady snarls. The knife point hovers just inches from Mister Jones' face, and it's getting closer.

ANGLE ON - Randall

Sales Guy pulls the sword free and swings again. Randall falls back to his ass, barely avoiding the blow, which cuts into Enforcer's corpse.

Sales Guy pulls the blade free, raises it to strike -- he's got Randall cold. Randall raises his arm. Just as Sales Guy starts to swing down, a bloody sword point juts out of his chest -- Dana stabbed him from behind.

Sales Guy falls.

RANDALL

Thank god.

DANA

(shouting at Randall)

Get that gun, playa, let's fly.

Randall kneels down and tries to yank the gun free from the holster. It's buttoned, he didn't notice. As he undoes the flap, Promoter runs out of the control room.

Dana smiles, she wants payback. She starts to move toward Promoter, but stops when there is A GUNSHOT. The back of her head blows out in an exit wound.

RANDALL

No!

ANGLE ON: Executioner was a few feet behind Promoter. Executioner's Luger is pointed, a curl of smoke trailing out of the barrel.

The Executioner turns to fire, but Randall pulls the Enforcer's gun free and fires off three hurried shots.

Executioner dives for cover. Two of Randall's shots miss, the third grazes Promoter in the arm. Promoter spins, goes down.

A SERIES OF ANGLES:

EXECUTIONER finds cover at the edge of the canvas. He rises up and starts shooting. Now Randall has to stay ducked behind the throne.

ANNOUNCER'S PLATFORM

Old Lady is on top of Mister Jones, trying to drive the Bowie Knife into his face.

Trapped by both her weight and the weight of Mister Smith's body, he is barely holding her off. He kicks, knocking over the Weapons Bin. A shovel bounces across the floor, stopping near the Executioner's feet.

Executioner pops up and fires THREE SHOTS, barely missing Randall who hides behind the throne, terrified, looking for a chance to shoot. Promoter dives in front of the Announcer's Platform. In the f.g. we see Executioner, aiming. In the m.g. we see Old Lady struggling with Mister Jones. In the b.g., we see Randall trying to overcome his fear and get off a shot.

PROMOTER

Promoter crawls to Dana, pulls the sword out of her hand.

ANGLE ON - RANDALL

Terrified, panicking, Randall pops up and FIRES THREE SHOTS as he moves to hide behind the announcer's platform.

OLD LADY

MISTER JONES

Get off me ... you old bitch.

OLD LADY

Granny's got a treat for you, punk.

She lets go of the knife with her right hand, reaches down, and punches Mister Jones in the nuts.

He gasps in pain, and his arm loses strength.

Old Lady grabs the BOWIE KNIFE with both hands and puts her chest on top of the hilt, driving the knife point slowly into Mister Jones's heart.

MISTER JONES

No, wait! Oh God, no!

Mister Jones twitches once, then dies.

PROMOTER

Stands with the sword, looking for somewhere to run.

EXECUTIONER

Sees Promoter. Calmly stands, aims at the white-suited man.

EXECUTIONER

Put the weapon down.

RANDALL

He comes around far side of announcer's table, he has a clean shot on the Executioner who is looking at the Promoter.

Randall stands, has the drop on Executioner.

RANDALL

Die motherfucker!

Randall pulls the trigger, but his revolver CLICKS ON EMPTY.

OLD LADY

Ain't that a pisser.

Executioner pauses for only a second, then turns and SHOOTS OLD LADY. She falls on top of Mister Smith and Mister Jones.

Before Randall can react, Executioner aims the Luger at him.

EXECUTIONER

Come out of there, Programmer. Now.

Randall pauses, then walks out. It's over.

RANDALL

Go ahead. Get it over with.

EXECUTIONER

No. I believe your services are still needed.

Promoter's left arm is pressed against his left leg. Bright red blood stains his all-white suit. He still holds a bloody sword in his left hand.

PROMOTER

What are you going to do?

EXECUTIONER

I'm not going to do anything.
(gestures to Randall) He's going to finish the tournament.

PROMOTER

You fucking moron! Who is he going to fight, huh? Everyone is dead!

Executioner slowly moves his aim from Randall to Promoter.

EXECUTIONER

Not everyone.

Promoter realizes what's happening.

PROMOTER

What?

EXECUTIONER

In a way, Plumber, you're a defending champion. I think the audience would love to watch you defend your title.

PROMOTER

Are you out of your mind? I'm not in the show, I run the show!

EXECUTIONER

Our customers paid to see a championship match. They're going to see a championship match.

PROMOTER

This is ridiculous.

EXECUTIONER

(shouting to the room)
Kill the sound feed for a moment.

Beat.

ENGINEER (P.A.)

It's cut. We're quiet, but still have visual.

EXECUTIONER

(to Promoter)
Our employers suspected you were fixing the fights. That's why they sent me, to make sure you were acting in a proper fashion, and to take care of things if you were not.

PROMOTER

Fix the ... that's ridiculous!

RANDALL
He did fix it! Sales Guy was a
plant! Look at my sword.

Executioner keeps his aim on both of them as he walks over to
the Enforcer and pulls Randall's sword out of the dead body.
Executioner looks carefully.

INSERT: The tiny pin-holes in the sword.

Executioner tosses the sword at Randall's feet.

EXECUTIONER
You are correct, Programmer.

PROMOTER
I didn't know anything about—

Executioner fires a round at Promoter's feet, interrupting
the man's protest.

EXECUTIONER
Enough talk.

PROMOTER
But ... but I'm wounded!

EXECUTIONER
I won't bother with the shock
collar. Get on that platform, pick
up your weapon or I'll shoot you.
You too, Programmer.

RANDALL
My name is Randall.

EXECUTIONER
(nods)
I think you have more important
things to worry about at the
moment. Pick up your weapon.

Randall picks up the sword.

RANDALL
But it's going to break!

EXECUTIONER
I am starting to get bored with all
of this. You can either get on that
platform and have a chance to live,
or stay off of it and simply be
dead. No more warnings.

Randall and Promoter get onto the platform.

EXECUTIONER (cont'd)
(shouting)
Turn on the sound, let them hear
all of this.

ENGINEER (P.A.)
Sound back on, we're live with
audio and visual.

BROADCAST ANGLE:

Randall and Promoter on the canvas.

NORMAL FOOTAGE

ANGLE ON: Randall.

Despite everything, he wants this fight. Maybe he'll die, but it's a chance to avenge Dana's death, Samantha's death, the death of all these innocent people.

Executioner walks to the Announcer's Table. He reaches up to the control panel and hits a button.

BASKETBALL HORN SOUNDS

The Promoter moves instantly, swinging his sword in a long, reaching stroke that catches Randall in the right shoulder. Randall howls in pain. Blood pours down his arm.

PROMOTER
You like that?

Randall swings faster than we would ever expect. The point of his sword cuts across the Promoter's mask, sending it flying in two pieces. Promoter's hand covers his bleeding face. He pulls the hand away ... it's Cameronelli Cameronelli.

RANDALL
You?

Cameronelli reaches into his pocket and pulls out Randall's keys.

INSERT: Keys and the silver flash drive.

CAMERONELLI
I told you not to fuck around.

Randall knows that as messed up as this is, Promoter is at least a little correct. Randall could have walked out had he not copied the information.

RANDALL
And what about Dana?

CAMERONELLI
The Dyke? She wanted to sneak off
and try to get another job, that's
not my problem.

Randall screams, rushes in. Cameronelli easily parries the thrust, cuts Randall in the leg.

Randall is hurt, bleeding bad, he's in pain.

Cameronelli puts the keys back in his pocket. He is stalking Randall. Cameronelli looks very confident, despite his wounded arm.

CAMERONELLI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
What, you thought I couldn't fight?
Take a look up there, asshole!

Cameronelli gestures to the canvases hanging up above, pointing at the one marked with the Roman numeral I.

CAMERONELLI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Who do you think won the first
Bracket Tournament? It was me!

Cameronelli is stalking back and forth. Randall keeps his sword point up, but he's hurt pretty bad and he's getting weaker.

RANDALL
You fought in one of these. How
could you make other people go
through it?

CAMERONELLI
At first I wouldn't fight, so they
killed my son. My son. You think I
give a shit about anyone else? I
fought and I won. I took that
million dollars and started IDG.

RANDALL
And you use that as a front for
more tournaments?

CAMERONELLI
It wasn't like I could just go back
to a normal life, now could I?
Someone did it to me, so I can do
it to someone else. That's Karma.

Cameronelli rushes in fast, cuts Randall across the thigh.

Cameronelli dances away. He's enjoying this. He talks to the cameras.

BROADCAST ANGLE

ANGLE ON: Cameronelli. He's disturbingly gleeful, excited to fight, almost on the verge of insanity.

CAMERONELLI (cont'd)
How's this for drama, folks! Did
you miss the Champ? What a fight!
What a *finish*!

Randall is weak. He staggers, barely able to raise his sword.

CAMERONELLI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And now, it's time to end this
bullshit. Now, you die, Programmer.

ANGLE ON: Canvas.

Randall watches. He holds the sword horizontally, near his waist.

SLOW MOTION:

Cameronelli starts to run in.

Randall has a hand on the sword hilt, another near the tip. He brings the flat of the sword down hard on his knee. The metal breaks at the pinholes.

As Cameronelli rushes in, Randall throws the top part of the sword at Cameronelli. The sharp, flying object makes Cameronelli flinch. Coming in fast, the flinch throws him off-balance, makes him stumble.

Randall steps to the side as Cameronelli comes in. With both hands on the hilt, Randall swings his shortened sword hard, slicing through Cameronelli's neck and decapitating him.

NORMAL SPEED:

Cameronelli's severed head bounces, then rolls to a stop on top of the bottom half of his white mask.

Randall stands over Cameronelli's corpse, victorious. He knees, screams at the corpse.

RANDALL
My name is *Randall*, you asshole.

The SOUND OF ONE MAN CLAPPING echoes through the warehouse. Executioner gently claps, still holding his Luger.

EXECUTIONER

Nicely done, Programmer. You won.

Randall stands, faces the Executioner.

RANDALL

(weakly)

So ... so now are you going to kill me?

EXECUTIONER

Are you still breathing?

RANDALL

Uh ... yeah?

EXECUTIONER

Then no, I'm not going to kill you. People ask such stupid questions.

Randall falls onto his ass.

CLOSE SHOT. Randall cut on the arm, the leg, the forehead. His eye is blackened. He's covered in blood.

RANDALL

I'm not going to let this sit. I'm calling the cops.

EXECUTIONER

The same law enforcement officials that would watch a video of you murdering four people?

The words shock Randall. He never considered that.

RANDALL

But ... it was self-defense!

EXECUTIONER

Not when my employers are finished editing the video. The bodies of your victims will be spread around the city. If you talk, if you say anything, the police will see you killing those people. You'll be on death row.

Randall is screwed. Life as he knew it is over.

RANDALL
(rhetorically)
What do I do now?

EXECUTIONER
It would seem that the Promoter
position is suddenly available. Are
you seeking gainful employment?

Executioner hands Randall a card.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD

The card has a phone number, nothing else.

EXECUTIONER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Call that if you want the position.

Executioner reaches under the wreckage of the announcer's
table and pulls out a METAL BRIEFCASE. He opens it, sets it
at Randall's feet.

PROMOTER (CONT'D)
The winner's purse. One million
dollars. Enjoy.

ANGLE ON - briefcase from Randall's POV. Stacks of hundreds.
Randall caresses the money, leaving blood streaks on some of
it. He wipes his hands, then stuffs a stack into his pocket.

RANDALL
(nodding at Promoter)
Is it okay if I get my car keys?

EXECUTIONER
Yes, but I wouldn't recommend
driving in your condition. You need
a doctor, and I'd advise against
calling an ambulance.

RANDALL
You think a cab is going to pick me
up looking like this?

Randall gestures to himself, soaked in blood.

Executioner points to the money in the suitcase.

EXECUTIONER
Wave one of those stacks around. I
don't think there will be an issue.

Randall reaches into Promoter's pocket.

INSERT: Key chain with FLASH DRIVE.

Randall pockets the keys, slowly, as if he's waiting for Executioner to figure out he has secret information, but Executioner just stares.

RANDALL
(under his breath)
Someone's gonna pay.

EXECUTIONER
What's that?

RANDALL
I'm really in pain.

Executioner walks to the production room, stops at the door.

EXECUTIONER
On the back of my card is a number
for a doctor. He will take care of
you, no questions asked.

INSERT: Randall flips the card over: a hand-written address.

EXECUTIONER (V.O.)
He takes cash.

Randall looks up at Executioner.

RANDALL
What about the actor's son? Are you
going to kill him?

EXECUTIONER
Why is everyone so obsessed with
death around here? The Actor did
what we asked. His boy will not be
touched.

RANDALL
But what if he doesn't have a
mother, he—

EXECUTIONER
I'll see to the boy's welfare. You
should worry about bleeding to
death. Farewell ... Randall.

Executioner walks into the production room, and he is gone.

Randall hears a MOAN from the broadcast table. He closes the
briefcase, runs to the table. Old Lady trying to sit up.
Randall has seen her in action, knows she's dangerous.

OLD LADY
Where's the douchebag that shot me?

RANDALL
He's gone. We get to live.

OLD LADY
Well, you just gonna stand there
pulling your pud, or are you gonna
get me to a god-damned hospital?

The Old Lady's dress is covered in blood. Randall moves to help her, then sees something, backs away quickly.

OLD LADY (cont'd)
What's your problem?

RANDALL
Put down the chicken scissors.

Old Lady glares, then smiles. She pulls her hand out from behind her back. She's holding the same scissors she had from her first fight. She slides them inside her collar, grunts as she cuts the collar free. She tosses the scissors at Randall's feet. He carefully starts cutting his own collar.

OLD LADY
Good thing for you the fucker left.

RANDALL
(still cutting)
Why's that?

OLD LADY
Because that championship was mine,
you skinny fuck. You got lucky.

Randall's collar falls free. He tosses the shears away. Should he help her? He gets under her shoulder and helps her to her feet.

CREDITS ROLL OVER

Together, Randall and Old Lady walk to the production room. We see the equipment used by Promoter and the others. Randall finds another door.

They find stairs, climb a flight. We start to hear TRAFFIC SOUNDS filtering in. They climb a second flight, pass by the SERVER ROOM DOOR. Traffic gets louder as they go up.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, DAY

Randall and Old Lady walk through lobby toward INTERIOR GARAGE DOOR.

Randall's hands on the garage door controller.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE DOOR - DAY

Door slowly rolls up, dramatic reveal of bloody Randall and Old Lady. They step out into bright sunlight. Garage door stays open. They blink, adjusting their eyes. People stop and stare. Traffic goes by.

Randall raises a hand for a cab. Two cabs ignore him. He pulls the stack of hundreds out of his pocket, waves it.

Cab SCREECHES to a halt.

Randall helps the Old Lady in, hands the driver three \$100 bills. The cab drives off.

CAMERA STAYS FIXED ON GARAGE DOOR THROUGHOUT:

Randall limps back into the garage, disappearing from sight.

Beat.

Randall's car drives out of the garage, drives down the street.

Garage door starts to slowly close. It stops. It goes back up.

Beat.

Engineer drives out. He stops, shades his eyes to look after Randall's direction. Engineer nods, smiles, then drives the other way.

Garage door slowly closes.

FADE TO BLACK: