

C.R.A.K.

Pilot - "Conquerors, Rebels, and Kings"

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FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A bedraggled elf sits handcuffed in the interrogation room. Early 20s, in a rumpled tunic and cape, she doesn't look like much of a threat. The arcane symbols on her cheeks are smeared by tears and blood and one of her ears is crooked.

CONSTABLE HIGGINS (50s, balding and dour) sits opposite her. He SLAMS a file on the desk and she jumps.

HIGGINS
I'm Constable Higgins.

He looks at her expectantly.

KITT
I - I'm Kitt. With two T's.

HIGGINS
Like Eartha.

KITT
Like Knight Rider.
(off his blank look)
You know, the car?

She HUMS the theme song. And stops abruptly under his stare.

LUKE
Well, Kitt. Tell me why you assaulted
Constable Kinross.

KITT
C- constable? I assaulted a - cop?

INT. BOOM'S BEDROOM - DAY - 12 HOURS BEFORE

TITLES: 12 hours earlier.

Black eye makeup. Multi-colour hair. Meet BOOM, 20s, Polish, her tattooed hand rock steady as she holds a brush poised over her subject's cheek.

BOOM
Kitt. Stop fidget.

Kitt sits in an over-sized shirt and yoga pants in the makeup chair. She shrugs under Boom's glare.

KITT

It tickles.

Boom's bedroom is one long makeup counter, with neat drawers stacked with supplies. She flips expertly between tools.

BOOM

Suck it up, buttercup.

Boom shifts back and eyes her handiwork. One expert glittering swirl trails from Kitt's eye down her cheek, forming the arcane symbol doomed to later be smudged by blood. Similar symbols decorate her arms.

LUCKY (O.S.)

I can't find them.

KITT

(To Lucky)

In the top drawer.

LUCKY, an Irish Jack Sparrow, swaggers in sporting a pleather deep V vest, codpiece, and cowboy chaps with faux-fur knickers peeking through. On him it's sexy as hell.

LUCKY

I've checked the top drawer, bottom drawer, the naughty drawer - speaking of, when did you get that -

KITT

Lucky! The ears!

Lucky steps in to pinch her ears.

LUCKY

Yes, a lovely shade of red they are.

Boom holds Kitt's jaw and squeezes, making her lips puff out like a fish so she can apply lipstick.

KEYS enters, mid-20s, his body still even as his eyes shift rapidly, taking in the scene while avoiding any direct contact. He channels "roaring 20s Americana" when he speaks.

KITT

(muffled by fish lips)

Keys! Did I leave my ears at yours?

Lucky OOOHS. Keys waves him away.

KEYS

Quit the razzin Lucky and let me help
this doll.

Keys reaches in his bag and pulls out a pair of ELF EARS.
Kitt lights up. Lucky intercepts, dangling them above her.

Kitt's phone BUZZES, along with everyone else's. Lucky
checks his first - and WOOPS.

LUCKY

WormFodder dropped out of the
competition! The 5th tournament slot
is up for grabs!

KITTT

Roguerunners. Gear up. Now!

Kitt grabs her phone and rings "Gwen."

INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

GWEN - 20s, tough, tramp stamps hugging every curve she
has - pauses in the middle of tightening her corset to
DECLINE Kitt's call. A text pops up: *Gwen! EMERGENCY!
CRAKOFF IS ON! GET ONLINE!*

She scowls and grabs a VR headset off her bedside table.

INT. KITTT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kitt, Boom, Keys, and Lucky stand in a semicircle wearing VR
headsets and green-fingertipped gloves. Green motion sensor
discs are velcroed to their arms, legs, and waists.

The shabby sofa, TV, and coffee table have been pushed to
the walls. It looks like their permanent location.

The figures stare upwards - and suddenly duck in unison.

INT. THE GAME

Five avatars duck in the middle of a lava-ringed cave. A
DRAGON ROARS above them, spewing flame over their heads.

A GIANT TIMER counts down: 20 seconds left.

The group consists of an elf druid healer, (KITTT), troll
sorcerer (BOOM), fox-like archer (LUCKY), black knight
(KEYS), and gladiator guardian (Gwen).

Kitt's druid is dressed in the same autumnal tunic and orange cape as she was in the interrogation room.

KITT (O.S.)
It's coming back! Three, two, one -

The avatars duck. Except Lucky's fox - his hand waves near his crotch and he catches on fire.

INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The players stand again. Kitt smacks Lucky upside the head.

LUCKY
Ow! Sorry. This fur is itchy.

KITT
You owe me that "I can't heal stupid" shirt.

She raises her arms and chants:

KITT (cont'd)
Remedium aquar!

INT. THE GAME

Kitt's Elf avatar mimics her motion and sends a stream of blue light at Lucky's fox, dousing the flame.

KITT (O.S.)
Wait for it...

The dragon ROARS and doubles in size. Timer: 5 seconds.

INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

KITT
Now! 5 seconds! Kill him!

The players erupt into a cacophony of chanted spells, gestures, and mimed swordplay.

INT. THE GAME

The dragon focuses on the gladiator. The avatars stab, slash, hurl fireballs, lightning - a barrage of colour.

The dragon suddenly changes targets and fixates on Kitt.

KITT (O.S.)
Gwen! Get him off me! You're the
guardian, guard me!

INT. GWEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gwen scowls.

GWEN
If you spent less time on top of your
boyfriend and more on top of your
training, you wouldn't be fucking
this up!

INT. THE GAME

Kitt's health plummets. She dies.

KITT
Shit! I'm dead! Someone interrupt the
flame or you're all joining me!

The dragon sucks in a breath for a final flame.

INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Timer: 2 seconds to go. Lucky smacks his butt near a green
sensor and yells:

LUCKY
Melliferazum!

INT. THE GAME

Lucky's fox avatar smacks his butt and a cloud of bees swarm
his arrow. He aims - and releases as the dragon opens his
mouth to flame. Timer: 1 second. The dragon collapses, dead.

Lucky's fox avatar bows.

LUCKY (O.S.)
You're welcome.

A scroll unrolls on-screen. It reads: *Congratulations
heroes! Defeating EddieLizard was but step 1. Now, you must
prove yourself against the greatest heroes the realms have
ever seen. CRAK-Off Tournament Teams: 1. Juggernauts 2.
Blighted Knights. 3. Phalanx. 4. YoMamma. 5. Roguerunners.*

Digital fireworks EXPLODE all around them.

INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

They all strip off their headsets and stand in shock. Then they ERUPT with joy, hugging and high-fiving.

KITT
We're in the tournament!

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

BRIAN - late 20s, a vain wannabe prince of the gaming world - studies his leather Blighted Knights guild jacket in the full-length mirror.

His phone RINGS - Kitt.

BRIAN
Kitt. What, can't wait til this afternoon? I might be able to squeeze you in -

KITT (V.O.)
Brian! We got in to the tournament!

This is definitely not good news.

BRIAN
What? How?

KITT (V.O.)
What's the matter, afraid of a little competition?

BRIAN
(forced)
I heard it's going to be stiff.

KITT (V.O.)
Nothing I can't handle... Gotta go.
See you soon!

BRIAN
(hangs up)
Shit!

He flips to Gwen's contact profile and hesitates above her sexy photo. He CALLS.

INT. KITT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Kitt's Roguerunners are ready to go, all dressed identically to their avatars.

Keys sports spray-painted metallic body armour. Lucky's fox-human hybrid is now complete with ears, tail, bow and quiver, and exotic guyliner.

Boom rocks her flowing red robes, staff, and alluring troll makeup. Kitt's fall-coloured tunic and cape are pristine.

KITT
(worried)
Has anyone heard from Gwen?

KEYS
Her jingle jangle said she'll catch up at the CRAKoff.

LUCKY
Hashtag 50 shades of jealous.

Keys gets out his phone to take a group photo.

KITT
Wait! Before the pic, I have something for us.

LUCKY
Please tell me it involves alcohol. Or nudity. Or both.

Kitt opens her bag and takes out a flag. It reads: *Roguerunners*. Five baby dragons with ridiculously long legs run in all directions. Her friends are touched.

BOOM
We are official!

KEYS
That is one darb doodad Kitten! It must've set you back some serious kale.

KITT
Keys, fear not, my checks won't bounce just yet. Besides, I'm paying myself back from the guild coffers. When we have coffers.

LUCKY
To coffers!

Keys props his phone on the dining table and starts the timer, dashing into the pic as they all hug each other. Lucky puts his hands on Keys' and Kitt's bums.

KEYS AND KITT

Lucky...

EXT. KITT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Keys, Boom, and Lucky set off from the house.

LUCKY

(to Kitt)

Last chance to ride with this for two hours -

He gestures at his torso.

LUCKY (cont'd)

- instead of that weasely boy toy of yours.

BOOM

Aka the enemy.

KITT

Hmmm, to be chauffeured or not to be chauffeured, that is the question...

KEYS

Pay no mind to the jawing Juliet. Just don't give Romeo our game plan!

BOOM

We have game plan?

INT. LUKE'S FLAT - DAY

LUKE KINROSS, 30s, sits on his sagging sofa swigging whiskey from the bottle and massaging his damaged leg. The dim, dirty apartment is empty apart from the sofa, his crutches, and a few moving boxes serving as a coffee table.

In front of the sofa, where a TV should be, sits his obsession: a giant pinboard with the Polish mob boss ANATOLY VAUSCHENKO (40s) at the centre, surrounded by images of scared, beaten young women. Some of them are dead.

We recognise one of them - a teen with spiked red hair and a defiant expression on her swollen face. A YOUNG BOOM.

Luke takes a newspaper clipping out of a box. It reads:
Constable Fiona Douglas killed in dockyard explosion. He hauls himself up and pins it viciously to the board.

His phone DINGS - appointment alert: *Meet Alex 7pm.*

LUKE

Damnit!

He takes a last swig of whiskey, emptying the bottle, grabs his other crutch and staggers out.

INT. PUB - EVENING

Kitt nurses a nearly-empty cola and thumbs through the news on her phone at a quiet table in the pub. An article reads: *The Robbin' Hoodlums strike again* - followed by a photo of costumed robbers holding up a convenience store.

She opens her text messages. Brian's name and face pop up beside one: "Running late, be there at 6." It's 6:45.

Luke beelines unsteadily for the pub and trips over Kitt's chair, making her spill her drink. She rescues her phone.

KITT

Hey! Watch it!

He glances dismissively at her.

LUKE

Costumed crazies coming out of the
woodwork.

Kitt's retort is interrupted by her phone RINGING: video call from Boom. She answers, as Luke bellies up to the pub.

INT. CRAKOFF STAGE - EVENING

Boom, Lucky, and Keys wade through a packed crowd of costumed convention-goers waiting near a large stage.

BOOM

Kitt, you are here soon? The costume competition starts.

KITT

(in phone video)
Haven't left yet. Brian is way late.

Keys moves in front of the camera and takes it.

KEYS

Then buckle up Kitten, this shindig is the cat's meow and you've got a front row seat. Come on.

EXT. PUB - EVENING

Outside the pub, two young men and a woman converge - and duck down the alley behind the pub. They pull masks and feathered caps from their bags. Meet the Robbin' Hoodlums.

INT. PUB - EVENING

At the bar, Luke sits next to a shifty hooded figure - ALEX. They face away from each other as they speak in low voices.

ALEX

I don't have much. They're laying low. That explosion took a chunk out of their supply.

Luke grabs Alex's hand and CRUSHES it. Alex whimpers.

LUKE

Get to the point. Where are they?

ALEX

Right. Sorry. One thing. Maybe just a rumour, but... they're using CRAK.

LUKE

Your intel is the bad guys do drugs?

ALEX

CRAK is a game. They're using it to move product at some convention this weekend. That's all I know. I swear!

Alex skulks off. At the table, Kitt smiles, watching CRAKoff unfold on her phone. Lucky darts into frame, panicking.

LUCKY

Kitt! Where did you say Brian was?!

INT. CRAKOFF STAGE - EVENING

Lucky points at Brian. He's dressed as an undead assassin in his Blighted Knight guild jacket, his arm around a sexy blonde. They turn at Lucky's approach. It's Gwen.