

The League of Massively Awesome Oddballs

"Crak-Off"  
Pilot Episode

Written by  
Savannah Morgan

Copyright (c) 2018

madawriter@gmail.com

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Five figures wearing black gloves, VR headsets, and geek chic clothes stand in a loose semicircle. Small motion capture discs are velcroed on 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 towers above them, ROARING and spewing flame over their heads. A TIMER counts down: 20 seconds left.

The group consists of an elf druid healer, (KITTY), troll sorcerer (BOOM), fox-like archer (LUCKY), a knight (KEYS), and a gladiator tank (JANE).

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

The avatars duck again. Except the fox - his hand waves near his crotch and he catches on fire.

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

The avatars stand again. KITTY, early 30s, a petite commander wrapped in girl-next-door charm, smacks LUCKY (30s, Irish) on the back of the head.

LUCKY  
(Irish accent)  
Ow! Sorry. I had an itch.

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

She raises her arms and chants:

KITTY (cont'd)  
Remedium aquar!

**INT. THE GAME**

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

KITT  
Wait for it...

The dragon ROARS again and grows twice the size it was. The timer reads: 5 seconds.

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

KITT  
Now! 5 seconds to beat the record!

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

**INT. THE GAME**

The dragon focuses on attacking the gladiator. The avatars hurl fireballs, lightning, arrows, a barrage of colour. The knight and gladiator wade in and slice it.

The dragon suddenly changes targets and fixates on Kitt.

KITT (O.S.)  
Jane! Get him off me! You're the tank, keep keep him focused on you!

Kitt's health plummets. She dies. The dragon sucks in a breath.

KITT  
I'm dead! Someone interrupt the flame! This is our only shot!

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Two seconds to go. Lucky smacks his butt and yells:

LUCKY  
Melliferazum!

**INT. THE GAME**

Lucky's fox avatar smacks his butt. A cloud of bees rise up from his avatar and swarm the dragon, stopping the flame. The timer displays 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 Lizslitha was but step 1. Now, you must prove yourself against the greatest heroes the realms have ever seen. Crakoff teams: 1. Roguerunners. 2. League of Massively Awesome Oddballs. 3. Phalanx. 4. YoMamma.*

Digital fireworks explode all around them.

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

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

KITT  
We're going to the Crakoff!

JANE, 20s, buxom, stands apart from the rest, jostled by the celebration but not joining in. She glares at Kitt.

**INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kitt lays on the bed next to BRIAN, 20s, hot prince of the gaming world and all too aware of it. A RogueRunners guild pirate flag decorates the wall next to a giant poster of his pirate avatar.

BRIAN  
The Crakoff huh? That's a lot of time off work. You sure your group is ready to go pro?

KITT  
What's the matter Brian, afraid we'll win?

He pulls her against him, spooning, kissing the back of her neck.

BRIAN  
I hear the competition is going to be... stiff.

She smiles and flips around, pushing him flat on his back.

KITT  
The competition isn't going to get off easy. I intend to beat you fair and square.

He flips her over, pinning her.

BRIAN  
All's fair in love and gaming.

As they make out, his Apple Watch flashes an image of Jane. Her incoming text reads: *I'm in.*

**INT. BOOM'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Black eye makeup. Multi-color hair. Meet BOOM, late twenties, eastern European, her tattooed hand rock steady as she holds a brush poised over her subject's cheek.

BOOM  
(Polish accent)  
Kitt. Stop fidgets.

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 an arcane symbol. Similar symbols decorate her arms.

LUCKY (O.S.)  
I can't find them.

KITT  
(To Lucky)  
In the top drawer.

Lucky swaggers in sporting a garish tunic and codpiece. His shirt gapes open "I'm too sexy" style. He's sex on a stick.

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.

Kitt kicks out playfully and he dances back. Boom grabs him by the shoulder to stop him bumping her makeup station.

BOOM  
Bump me, I remove your codpiece.

Lucky rolls his hips.

LUCKY  
If you want that, all you have to do  
is ask love.

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

KEYS enters, an old soul with an earbud permanently resting in one ear. He takes in the scene with a smile.

KITT  
(muffled by fish lips)  
Keys! Did I leave my ears at your  
house?

KEYS  
Mmm, that's the sound of normal  
conversation.

Keys reaches in his bag and pulls out a pair of Elf Ears. She lights up. Lucky intercepts, dangling them above her.

LUCKY  
What'd that slimy RogueRunner say  
about us being in the Crakoff too?

KITT  
Aka my boyfriend.

LUCKY  
Aka the enemy.

Lucky wiggles them above her. She sighs.

KITT  
(blushing)  
We didn't do much talking.

LUCKY  
That's my girl.

Lucky relents and kisses her cheek. Boom scowls, checking for damage. Satisfied, she grabs Lucky one-handed before he can escape.

BOOM  
You. Sit. Stay.

Kitt grins, eyeing herself in the mirror. Lucky takes her place in the makeup chair.

LUCKY  
Ooh. Still warm.

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Keys is now dressed in his knight's spray-painted metallic body armour. Lucky is some sort of rogue fox human hybrid, complete with ears, tail, and exotic guyliner.

Boom is a sorceress with flowing red robes, a staff, and alluring troll makeup. They're identical to their avatars.

Keys scrolls through the news on his phone.

KEYS  
Aww man. Kylie and Jeremy broke up, climate change is gonna eliminate chocolate by 2040, and there's been another #endlessSleep suicide.

LUCKY  
No chocolate? No wonder people are offing themselves. Poor bastards.

Kitt enters in a stunning, shimmering, fall-coloured tunic complete with a cape and mystical red necklace.

LUCKY (cont'd)  
Here Kitty Kitty, mrreow!

KITT  
(worried)  
Has anyone heard from Jane?

KEYS  
She texted me. She'll meet us there.

LUCKY  
Hashtag 50 shades of jealous.

Keys gets out his phone.

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 League of Massively Awesome Oddballs (L.M.A.O.) with a stylized dragon swallowing the letters. They're touched.

BOOM

We are official!

KEYS

You shouldn't have.

KITT

Don't worry, I'm paying myself back from the guild coffers. When we have coffers.

LUCKY

To coffers!

They all hug each other. Keys holds his phone up to take a group selfie. Lucky puts his hand on Keys' and Kitt's bums.

KEYS AND KITT

Lucky...

**EXT. KITT'S HOUSE / INT. KEYS' CAR - DAY - INTERCUT**

Keys, Boom, and Lucky sit in Keys' car out front.

LUCKY

(to Kitt)

Last chance to ride with this for two hours -

He gestures at his torso.

LUCKY (cont'd)

- instead of that weasely RogueRunner.

KEYS

Don't listen to him. Do your thing Juliet. Just don't give Romeo our game plan.

BOOM  
We have game plan?

They drive away.

**INT. KITT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Kitt double-checks her overnight backpack. She texts Brian:  
*On my way.*

KITT  
Here goes everything.

She takes a deep breath, shoulders her bag, and walks out.

**INT. POLICE STATION - LUKE'S CUBICLE - DAY**

LUKE KINROSS, mid thirties, sits coiled at his desk - a wolf in a world of sheep. A pair of crutches lean beside his desk. He's got a full-length brace on his right leg.

He flips through an open folder labeled VAUSHCHENKO, turns past photos of abused young women. BOOM, then a scared teen with a black eye, is one of them.

Luke doesn't pause until he reaches a photo of a blown up door. His fingers shake. He moves to a sheet of paper with mugshot photos and descriptions of IVAN and ANATOLY VAUSCHENKO. Wanted for drugs, human trafficking, murder.

His fingers grip the page so hard they turn white.

JAMES  
(called out)  
Luke! I've got something.

CONSTABLE JAMES JAMESON, mid 20s, timid, glasses, moves rapidly down the hall toward him. Luke shoves the Vaushchenko folder under another: IDENTITY THEFT.

James accidentally knocks Luke's crutch over. Luke lunges up and snatches it from the air before it can hit his coffee.

JAMES (cont'd)  
Ah, geez, sorry Luke.

James tries not to look at Luke's leg as Luke settles himself awkwardly back in the wheeled desk chair. James leaps forward to hold the chair, colliding with Luke.

JAMES (cont'd)  
 Sorry! So sorry -

Luke channels his anger into enunciating.

LUKE  
 James. The lead.

JAMES  
 Um. The identity theft ring. I got a hit on O'Malley's bug and I think I know how they're going to move the IDs.

(Off Luke's look)  
 MMOs.

Luke crosses his arms. Well?

JAMES (cont'd)  
 Massively Multiplayer Online Games. Specifically one. Conquerors, Rebels, and Kings. It has a sort of in-game ebay where people buy and sell game items like pets and mounts.

LUKE  
 You're telling me people buy fake things for real money.

JAMES  
 Define "real money."

LUKE  
 Don't matrix me.

JAMES  
 Clients buy worthless items in-game for very high amounts. In reality they're buying the stolen IDs. I suspect they'll cash out in bitcoins. Bitcoins are -

LUKE  
 I know what bitcoins are.

JAMES  
 Right. Of course. Who doesn't.

Sergeant Fields calls for James down the hall.

FIELDS (O.S.)  
 Jameson!

James jumps. He looks between the hall and Luke. Luke nods.

LUKE

Thanks.

James hurries off. Luke glances at the Identity Theft folder, spins around in his chair, sighs. He Googles "bitcoin."

**INT. CAFE - EVENING**

Kitt nurses a giant, nearly-empty cup of coffee and thumbs through the news on her phone in a small cafe.

An article reads: #EndlessSleep suicides now number 14.

She opens her text messages. Brian's name and face pop up beside several: "You did say 4pm, right?" and the reply "Running late." It's now 5:45pm. She types, "Are you okay?"

Kitt's phone rings. It's Boom on video. She answers.

**INT. CRAKOFF STAGE - EVENING**

Boom, Lucky, and Keys wade through a packed crowd of costumed convention goers. A gorgeous demon vampire stands on a stage at the front.

BOOM

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

KITT

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

Keys moves in front of the camera and smiles.

KEYS

Then we'll take you with us.

Boom tours the crowd of costumed people with the phone.

**INT. CAFE - EVENING**

Kitt smiles, watching the event unfold on her phone. VIDEO POV: Lucky darts into frame.

LUCKY

Kitt! Where did you say Brian was?