

LEGION OF PLANETS:
AGGRESSORS OF PEACE

Written by

Jeff Crowe

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

People of all ages, mostly families, fill every chair and empty space outside of the terminal gate, impatiently waiting the boarding call over the intercom from the gate attendant.

PETE -- early 40s, dark hair interspersed with sporadic strands of grey seeps out from a baseball cap, a body built on fast-food and insomnia hides poorly beneath a blazer, untucked button-down, loose jeans, and sneakers -- stands amidst the crowd just outside the jetway entrance. A messenger bag is draped over one shoulder. One hand is holding a boarding pass and rests on the extended handle of a small, wheeled carry-on. The other holds the phone he is looking down at.

INSERT -- PHONE

Pete scrolls through the facebook feed of KIM MCNALLY -- late 30s, traditionally pretty -- who has a lot of recent posts that feature pictures of her and a man that is not Pete. Further down the page are pictures of Kim and a young girl with dark hair.

BACK TO SCENE

GATE ATTENDANT (O.S.)

We're pleased to announce that we will now start boarding for flight A4180, direct service to Orlando. We have a full flight today so we kindly ask you to please double check your boarding group and wait to be called so we can get everyone on the plane as efficiently as possible. Thank you.

Pete averts his gaze from the phone to the papers in his other hand.

INSERT -- BOARDING PASS

It reads in bold print "Boarding Group A."

BACK TO SCENE

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

First we will start with our priority advantage premiere members.

Several men and women pass Pete to enter the jetway. Pete looks back to his phone.

INSERT -- PHONE

Pete moves from the facebook feed showing Kim and the young girl to his text messages. He scrolls through his contact list until he gets to a small picture of the same young girl's face. The name beside the picture is Emery. He clicks on the contact and their previous conversation loads on the screen. It reads:

"Emery - You're not coming?"

"Pete - I'm sorry. Long story. I'll make it up to you."

"Pete - Promise!"

"Pete - Em?"

He then types "About to board. Just wanted to say good luck. I'll call later." He hits send.

BACK TO SCENE

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Now we will start boarding our
priority advantage select members.

Several more men and women pass by and enter the jetway.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Now may we ask any passengers with
special needs or medical issues who
need assistance boarding to come
forward.

Several passengers in wheel chairs are assisted past Pete and down the jetway.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

It's now our pleasure to welcome
any active military service members
for boarding.

Several men and women, some in military dress, walk past Pete and down the jetway.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Now we will begin boarding
passengers with approved service
animals.

A middle-aged woman carrying a small dog in a crate walks by. Behind her, a young man walks a medium sized dog on a leash. Pete's hidden frustration starts to show.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Now those passengers with approved emotional support animals.

PETE

(under breath)
Oh for fuck's sake.

A young woman walks up with a tiny dog strapped to her chest in a modified baby carrier. The dog yips at Pete as they pass. Behind her an elderly man walks by, an exotic bird on perched on his shoulder. Pete is taken aback and slyly looks around him to see if anyone else shares his sentiment.

GATE ATTENDANT

Now we ask that anyone traveling with small children come forward for boarding.

A line of families begin to shuttle past Pete and down the jetway, the once crowded gate area now sparsely littered with passengers still waiting their turn. Pete grows more frustrated as each family passes.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Thank you for your patience everyone.

The video screen behind the attendant changes from the words "preliminary boarding" to "Group A" as an audible ding is heard over the INTERCOM

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

We now will start boarding group A passengers.
(beat)
Group A passengers at this time only please.

As Pete gathers his belongings and moves towards the jetway, he notices the small amount of passengers left to board. Two passengers arrive at the jetway ahead of him and hand their boarding passes to the attendant. As Pete approaches the attendant, the phone on the wall behind her rings.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, please hold here for just one moment.

She answers the phone.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes?

(beat)

Ok.

(beat)

Ok.

(beat)

No problem.

She hangs up the phone, then picks up the handset for intercom device in front of her.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Attention passengers still waiting to board, I do apologize, but we just got word that the overhead compartments are now full. Anything unable to fit beneath the seat in front of you will now need to be checked here at the gate.

Audible groans are heard from the small crowd left. The attendant hangs up the intercom then returns her attention to Pete, noticing his wheeled carry-on.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Sorry about that sir. Now let's see if we can get that checked for you.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Pete walks down the cabin aisle to the realization there are limited seats open. He stops to assess his options. To the left is an empty middle seat situated between two large men, both pouring into the middle seat's space. Two rows behind them is an open aisle seat, but with twin 10 year old boys playing handheld video games in the middle and window seats, each boy periodically punching the other to annoy and taunt. Pete then notices a row with empty aisle and middle seats further down to his right. A middle-aged woman sits by the window. As he walks toward the row it becomes evident that the aisle seat is occupied a small crate containing a dog. Pete stops.

PETE

(to himself)

Shit.

Pete looks to continue further down the aisle.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Sir, this one is open.

Pete stops. She's motioning to the seat between her and the dog.

PETE
Is that your dog?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN
Oh yes. But we prefer not to sit
next to each other.

A defeated Pete sighs, pauses, and takes the seat between dog and woman. He puts his shoulder bag under the seat in front of him, then looks at his phone.

INSERT -- PHONE

Pete navigates to the text message app and sees there's still no response from Emery. He then puts the phone into airplane mode.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete sits back in his seat and closes his eyes. He opens them again and looks to his right. The dog stares at him from the crate.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

A green light signifying an active baggage carousel reflects off of Pete's face, which is once again looking down at his phone. Passersby grab luggage from the moving carousel.

INSERT -- PHONE

Pete turns off airplane mode and the phone searches for a cellular network. Once it's connected, no new text messages appear.

BACK TO SCENE

The green glow on Pete's face shifts to red, along with a loud buzzer sound and the stoppage of the carousel.

PETE
Goddammit.

INT. RENTAL CAR GARAGE - DAY

RENTAL CAR AGENT -- early 20s male -- slowly walks around an innocuous compact sedan, studiously looking it over, clipboard in hand. Pete follows close behind, the points to an area on the car.

PETE

Did you get that one, by the mirror?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Yep.

They continue walking.

PETE

Oh, wait, there. On the bumper.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Oh, yeah. Good catch.

Rental Car Agent writes a note on his clipboard. He then opens the door and gets into the driver's seat. He looks closely at the dashboard and writes something else on the clipboard. He gets out of the car.

RENTAL CAR AGENT (CONT'D)

Alright Mr. McNally, I think you're all good.

Pete sits down in the driver's seat. Rental Car Agent hand him the clipboard.

RENTAL CAR AGENT (CONT'D)

I just need you to sign here, and initial here, here, and here.

Pete looks down at the document on the clipboard.

PETE

I don't see any note about the smoke smell.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

The what?

PETE

The car, it smells like someone hwas smoking in here.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

I'm sorry Mr. McNally, I didn't smell any--

PETE

It's a little faint, yeah. But
it's there.

(beat)

C'mere, see for yourself.

Rental Car Agent reluctantly bends over and lowers his head
into the car, only inches from Pete's face.

PETE (CONT'D)

Ya see?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

I. I still don't sme--

PETE

Oh it's there. I have an acute
nose for it. Both parents, 2 packs
a day growing up. Our clothes
reeked of cigarettes.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

All of our vehicles go through a
comprehensive cleaning after every
rental.

PETE

Smell it again.

Rental Car Agent looks at Pete confused.

PETE (CONT'D)

Go on.

(beat)

Close your eyes, give it another
try.

Rental Car Agent slowly closes his eyes, pauses, then takes a
deep nasal breath in.

PETE (CONT'D)

Eh?

(beat)

Eh?

Rental Car Agent's face slowly morphs from a look of doubt to
affirmation.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Yeah.

(beat)

Yeah, I think I got it now.

PETE

Right?

RENTAL CAR AGENT

I'm so sorry. I'll add it to the list.

Rental Car Agent takes the clipboard back from Pete as he backs his head out of the car. He writes another note on the clipboard.

PETE

I just didn't want to get dinged for that when I brought it back.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Oh no, no problem at all. I'm glad you pointed it out.

Pete closes the car door. Rental Car Agent hands the clipboard back to Pete through the open window. He signs the document and hands it back.

RENTAL CAR AGENT (CONT'D)

Well Mr. McNally, looks like you're all set. Anything else I can do for you before you're on your way?

Pete starts the car up and fidgets with the radio dials.

PETE

No, I think I'm all good.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Great. We hope you enjoy your stay in the greater Orlando area.

PETE

Thanks again.

Rental Car Agent walks back inside the building as Pete settles on a radio station. He then reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out a pack of cigarettes and matches. He lights one up, takes a big drag, then pulls out of the garage.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is abuzz with the activity of a younger contingent, mostly in the 15-25 year old range. Some are in costume of the sci-fi variety.

Many head in the direction of a grand set of escalators, where a banner hangs high above, reading "Orlando Chamber of Commerce and Monster Energy Drink presents Legion League World Championships." To the right of the escalators is the conference check-in area, where Pete speaks to TAMYRA -- early 20s female, glasses, wearing a retro Legend of Zelda t-shirt underneath an unbuttoned flannel shirt.

TAMYRA

Here are your credentials for the weekend.

She hands Pete some laminated credentials attached to a lanyard.

INSERT -- CREDENTIALS

Credentials read "Peter McNally, PRESS. Access level 4."

BACK TO SCENE

TAMYRA (CONT'D)

Be sure to not lose this. It gets you into all of your scheduled events and approved areas.

She then pulls out a small map from under the table.

TAMYRA (CONT'D)

Here is the layout of the conference. At the top of the escalators is the main concourse, where you'll find all the sponsor tables and demo areas. The gamer lounges are on the left. And at the end of the hall are the competition rooms. If you head up now you could probably catch the end of morning pre-lims.

PETE

Where can I get a drink around here?

TAMYRA

Um, probably the grille on the other side of the lobby? But I don't think they open until 11:30.

Pete looks at watch.

INSERT -- WATCH

Watch reads 10:41.

BACK TO SCENE

PETE

Pre-lims it is then.

Pete puts the lanyard around his neck then proceeds up the escalator.

INT. HOTEL CONVENTION AREA - DAY

Pete's travel up the escalator slowly reveals the source of the activity from the lobby. Booths line the perimeter of the grand hallway, featuring game demonstrations, esport celebrity meet and greets, and sponsors promoting items like custom computer builds, peripherals, gamer themed clothing, and all sorts of over the counter stimulants with crazy names like "Brain Fuel" and "Hyper Juice." Pete makes his way through the chaos in the direction of the competition rooms at the end of the hall. He notices in his periphery a familiar face walking past and he suddenly stops.

PETE

Excuse me.

FURYANNA STONE -- early 20s female, slender, long electric purple hair, braided, with a bright orange streak running its length, intertwined throughout the braid -- stops and faces Pete. She's imposing, gruff demeanor, wearing a futuristic military style form fitting spacesuit, with two futuristic guns on each hip.

PETE (CONT'D)

Do you mind?

Pete has his phone out and motions to her for a picture. Furyanna walks towards him and poses for a selfie, never breaking character. Pete snaps a quick picture and checks it for quality.

PETE (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

Pete barely gets the words out before Furyanna walks away back in the direction she was heading. Pete turns his attention back to his phone.

INSERT -- PHONE

Pete sends the picture to Emery, with the caption "Look who I just saw."

BACK TO SCENE

As he puts his phone back in his pocket, Pete's approached by MILLE GRAMMOND -- mid-40s woman, dressed in Target chic -- who hands him a pamphlet.

INSERT -- PAMPHLET

"MISSING" in big bold letters at the top. Directly below is a picture of a rotund 10 year old boy, smiling. The words below the picture read "Ricky Grammond, last seen on 11/22/18 at LegionFest 2018, Hilton Garden Inn - Newark, NJ. D.O.B. 04/11/09. Help us find our little Ricky." Contact information for the authorities follows.

BACK TO SCENE

MILLE

You're a reporter?

Pete looks up to see her tired and distraught face.

PETE

Sort of.

MILLE

Your pass. It says "Press" on it.

She points to the pass hanging from his neck.

PETE

Yeah, that. Well I am here to cover the event. Why do you --

MILLE

That's my boy. There.

She points to pamphlet.

MILLE (CONT'D)

He disappeared from one of these things 6 months ago. Stepfather and him were at lunch. Went to the bathroom and never came back.

(beat)

He was real into this game and the online community.

(beat)

Been coming to all of these meet-ups ever since to see if anyone knows anything. No one wants to talk about it though. Like he was never part of their group.

PETE
I'm sorry to hear about your son
ma'am. I'm not sure what I can --

MILLE
Can you ask them?

PETE
Who?

MILLE
All of them.

She motions to all of the people moving around the hallway.
Pete pauses for a moment.

PETE
I'm sor --

MILLE
Please?
(beat)
He's so helpless, so innocent.

Pete takes a moment to form his response. Mille just stares
at him hopelessly.

PETE
Sure, ma'am. I'll ask around.

He folds the pamphlet in half and puts it in his blazer's
inner pocket. A look of relief washes over Mille's face. Then
she goes back to trying to hand out pamphlets to other
passersby, all of whom ignore her plea as if she was like any
other random booth vendor hawking coupons for their wares.
Pete watches her futile effort for a moment, then begins back
in the direction of the competitions.

He makes it to the end of the hall, where three ballrooms are
named "Executive, Royal, and Grand." To the right is a long
hallway that leads to the restrooms. To the left is another
long hallway, this one roped off to prevent people walking
through. A small sign attached to the rope has a mysterious
insignia printed on it. 17 stars form a circle around what
looks like a shield with an unrecognizable glyph in its
center. Beyond the rope, off in the distance is an elevator
where a lone security guard stands. Pete notices the sign and
the guard, then proceeds into the ballroom.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

The grand ballroom houses the main competitive event of the
Legion League World Championships.

Dozens of rows of seats lead up to a giant stage at the end of the room. Attendance is small for the preliminary round. On the stage are eight competitors, split into two teams of four, seated behind long folding tables. Each participant is wearing a VR headset and large headphones. Both hands operate dual joystick controllers on the table in front of them.

Above each team is an enormous LED screen, displaying the game action for the audience. In the game, players man and operate robotic vehicles in a battle to the death. Onscreen title overlays provide game stats. Players are identified only by their gamertag.

Team DomiN8tionSkwad is made up of Ravage69, SoulCrusha, Androgenius, and ShadoeX. Team N00bRaperz is made up of PerkZo69, 69PEN15, GhostfaceSkrilla, and S!xN!ne. N00bRaperz is winning by a wide margin. It is clear that GhostfaceSkrilla is the premiere talent in this group with his point total dwarfing the rest of the players on each team.

To the side of the stage is a smaller folding table where the announcing duo of JAXON -- 20s -- and RUHAN -- late teens -- delivers play-by-play to the audience and over an internet livestream.

JAXSON

I gotta say, I knew the Raperz were heavy favorites going into this tournament, but I didn't think it would be this easy for them.

RUHAN

Yeah Jax, this has truly been an impressive performance team-wide. But one team member has been downright dominant of the DomiN8tionSkwad.

INSERT -- GAME

Two robots fight on screen. One, identified as GhostfaceSkrilla, picks up the other, identified as ShadoeX, and slams it to the ground where it explodes spectacularly. The onscreen graphic shows GhostfaceSkrilla's point count increase.

BACK TO SCENE

RUHAN (CONT'D)

GhostfaceSkrilla, Legion League's resident bad-boy.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA -- 20s, curly hair, wearing a heavily branded track outfit and a headband -- lets out a primal roar in unison with a powerful fist pump.

A soothing female voice is heard through the arena soundsystem.

FEMALE VOICE

Round ends in 10... 9... 8...

The sporadic crowd joins in.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

In the game, the four robotic avatars of the N00bRaperz team dance around the destroyed remnants of SoulCrusha. A loud horn sounds.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

N00bRaperz are victorious.

(beat)

That concludes our preliminary round. The next stage of the Legion League World Championship will commence at fourteen hundred hours.

GhostfaceSkrilla rips off his VR headset and jumps up onto the table, where he starts firing double middle-fingers over at the opposing team.

JAXSON (O.S.)

Well the N00bRaperz left no doubts and cruised through the preliminary round.

GhostfaceSkrilla chugs a tall can of energy drink, then slams the empty can down on the table once finished. Still facing the opposing team, he starts repeatedly motioning to his crotch by slamming his hands down on his thighs in an arrow formation.

JAXSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're signing off for now, but join us again at two, when the real fun starts.

INT. HOTEL GRILLE - DAY

Pete sits at the bar. The dining area is filled with customers, but the bar area is sparse. BARTENDER -- 30s male -- finishes up with a customer and turns to Pete.

BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

Pete looks over the drink list.

PETE
Hm. I think.
(beat)
Are there any specials?

BARTENDER
There is a limited edition cocktail
for the convention. A shot of
tequila, two shots of fireball, 3
shots of 5 hour energy, and a dash
of bitters.

PETE
What do you call it?

BARTENDER
Satan's Anus.

PETE
Why?

BARTENDER
It delivers a good kick when going
down, but an even worse one on its
way out.

PETE
People order this?

BARTENDER
It's quite popular actually.

PETE
I'll just go with a bourbon rocks.

BARTENDER
Can do.

The bartender walks away to pour the drink.

TAMYRA
The chaos upstairs driving you to
drink already?

Pete notices Tamyra sitting at the end of the bar, eating
lunch.

PETE

The morning travel drove me there.
Whatever that is up there is just
keeping me there.

TAMYRA

It's not that bad, is it?

PETE

No, I'm exaggerating. It's not what
I expected though.

TAMYRA

What did you expect?

PETE

Don't know actually. Just got off
to a rough start. All this got
thrown at me last minute and I'm
missing something important because
of it.

He pulls out his phone mid-sentence to check his text
messages again. Tamyra notices the lock screen on Pete's
phone before he goes to unlock it. It's a full screen
picture of Emery's face.

TAMYRA

She the something important?

Pete stares at the lock screen for a moment, then unlocks his
phone.

PETE

Yeah.
(beat)
Funny too because she's really into
all of this stuff. She'd love it
here.

He sees the last sent message, his selfie with Furyanna
Stone, is still unanswered. He clicks on the selfie to make
it full-screen, then turns his phone to Tamyra.

PETE (CONT'D)

What's this character's name?

Before she fully squints to see the phone clearer she
recognizes the woman.

TAMYRA

That's Furyanna Stone.

PETE

I think that's the one I see my daughter play with a lot.

TAMYRA

Yeah, she's a total badass. The girls love her.

PETE

Anything else you can think of to do or see here that might be impressive to a thirteen year old girl?

TAMYRA

Sure, let's see. There's uh --

The loud synchronized chant of a small group of young males interrupts the conversation. Team N00bRaperz enters the bar area with a small entourage in tow. GhostfaceSkrilla is in the lead and sidles up to the bar in the space between Pete and Tamyra.

GHOSTFACE SKRILLA

A round of anus's for the team, on me.

He slams his credential down on the bar as a form of payment. The bartender looks down at it.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry, but those are only good in the convention areas.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA

That's not what I was told.

BARTENDER

Sorry, but you were told wrong then.

GhostfaceSkrilla notices Tamyra sitting a few feet away.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA

What the fuck Myra?

TAMYRA

Dude, don't what the fuck me. I told where your pass works. This place doesn't revolve around you like you think it does.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA

All those people out there?

He motions to the people in the lobby heading toward the escalators.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA (CONT'D)
They're here to see me.

PETE
Ha.

GhostfaceSkriila turns around to see the source of laughter.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA
Something funny?

PETE
No, nothing. Was clearing my throat.

GhostfaceSkriila looks on at Pete in disdain.

PETE (CONT'D)
Look, I'm trying to have a quiet drink and the lady was just trying to eat her lunch in peace. I know you guys want to celebrate, but could I recommend somewhere else?

Teammate S!xN!ne -- 19, male -- steps in.

S!X N!NE
We have to be at the meet and greet in 15 minutes anyway. Let's just bail. We'll hang in the lounge afterwards.

GhostfaceSkriila looks down at Pete's credential and sees the word PRESS.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA
You here for a story?
(beat)
I am the story. So don't fucking cross me or I'll have your credentials removed --

He looks down one more time to see the name on Pete's credential.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA (CONT'D)
Pete!
(beat)
And Myra --

GhostfaceSkrila turns his attention back to Myra. As his back is fully turned from Pete, Pete's arm slyly slides over GhostfaceSkrila's credential still sitting on the bar.

GHOSTFACESKRILLA (CONT'D)

My room needs restocking.

S!xN!ne Pulls at GhostfaceSkrila's shirt.

S!X N!NE

C'mon G.

The group slowly moves out of the bar. The chanting resumes.

TAMYRA

(to herself)
We'll get right on that.

PETE

Holy shit, who let the 80s movie bully into the competition? You know that asshole?

TAMYRA

Eh, a pretty harmless asshole, mostly. Unfortunately he is right in that he's the biggest name here. So it'll probably make your job easier to observe from afar.

Tamyra pushes her empty plate away and takes one last sip of water before signing her lunch bill. She gets up to leave.

TAMYRA (CONT'D)

Well Mr. McNally I have to get back to work. One more piece of advice. I know you don't wanna be, but you're here. Take advantage of it.

Pete looks at her appreciatively. Tamyra walks away and motions to the bartender as she passes by.

TAMYRA (CONT'D)

Put Mr. McNally's drink of the league account.

BARTENDER

Sure Myra.

PETE

Thanks!

As Tamyra fully exits the bar Pete slowly slides his arm back revealing GhostfaceSkrilla's credential.

INSERT -- CREDENTIAL

The credential reads "Chad Granger - PARTICIPANT. Access Level V.I.P." Below the V.I.P. designation is a circular holographic sticker that illuminates an embedded logo in certain angles in the light. The logo is the same symbol Pete saw at the roped off area earlier.

PETE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Let's go take advantage, Chad.

Pete downs the last sip of bourbon, puts his glass on the bar, Chad's credential in his jacket pocket, then leaves.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - DAY

Pete approaches the sign with the insignia on it. He looks down the hall to see the lone elevator. The guard is no longer there. He takes a quick look back into the convention floor to see if anyone notices him. When he's convinced no one does, he slips into the hallway and walks up to the elevator.

There are no buttons on the outside of the elevator, but there is a panel for keycard access. Pete removes Chad's credential from his jacket and slowly waves it in front of the panel. It lights up green and the elevator doors open. Pete takes one look back to see if anyone is there, then steps onto the elevator. The doors close behind him.

INT. LEGION LEAGUE V.I.P. EXPERIENCE ROOM - DAY

The elevator doors open to an large empty and brightly-lit circular room, which is on the top floor of the hotel. Windows dot the perimeter and look out on the greater Orlando area. In between the windows are doors to adjoining rooms. The main room is furnished with comfortable looking couches, and easy listening music plays overhead. Pete looks confused. He steps out of the elevator.

SECURITY GUARD
Need your pass sir.

Pete now notices a security guard sitting his post to his left, previously unseen from inside the elevator.

PETE
What is this --

SECURITY GUARD
Pass sir.

Pete shows the Chad Granger credential. The security guard scans it on a handheld device.

INSERT -- HANDHELD DEVICE

Device reads "APPROVED: CHAD GRANGER."

BACK TO SCENE

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You can have a seat right over there sir.

The security guard points towards the center of the room. Pete slowly backs away and sits down on a couch. After he is out of earshot, the security guard motions to a communication device on his lapel.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(into lapel device)
He's here.

Pete looks at some magazines spread out on a nearby coffee table. At first he thinks they're gaming related as he recognizes some of the characters he saw on the convention floor below. But upon further inspection these magazines look like they're referring to real people and creatures and real stories. Pete starts to get a little uncomfortable being the only one in the room. He gets up and starts to walk in the direction of the elevator where the security guard is still stationed.

PETE

You know what? I'll just come back later. I should probably --

MYSTERY FIGURE

Mr. Granger, we'd like to speak to you for a moment.

Pete turns around and sees MYSTERY FIGURE -- generic late 40s male -- standing in front of the open door of one of the adjoining rooms.

MYSTERY FIGURE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You're not in any trouble. We have a proposition I think you should hear.

Pete takes a moment to collect himself, then walks over to Mystery Figure. Pete follows him through the door. There are no windows in the adjoining room. As soon as Pete steps fully in, the door behind him slams shut. Pete quickly turns around to look at the door.

MYSTERY FIGURE (CONT'D)

I suggest you may want to close
your eyes.

On Pete's face, confusion takes over for concern.

PETE

What?

Pete whips back around to look at Mystery Figure, who is now holding a futuristic hand gun looking device at his head. Mystery Figure pulls the trigger.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LEGION RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Pete opens his eyes. He's sitting in a white recliner in the middle of an all white room, no apparent windows or doors. He gets to his feet slowly. He hears a faint hum off in the distance and turns to investigate.

PETE

Hello?

The room remains silent, but the hum grows slightly louder as he walks away from the chair. He doesn't make it too far before he crashes into what appears to be an invisible wall. After gaining his composure he feels around the invisible wall like a mime. A small circle section of the wall begins to light up blue when Pete's hand hovers over it. Pete puts his hand on the blue light and presses down with force, turning the light orange. When he releases his hand, the wall makes a quick swooshing sound and becomes transparent, revealing a floor to ceiling length window overlooking a futuristic alien metropolis. Building tops disappear in the clouds. Vehicles fly past the window in a blur, the skies in the background filled with flying vehicles of all shapes and sizes. Three planetary bodies can be seen above the horizon.

As Pete steps back from the window in shock, a now visible door slides open to his left. In walks Mystery Figure. Mystery figure notices the open window shades and starts barking unintelligible commands at Pete. He then closes the shades with the same action Pete opened them with. The room is once again completely white with no doors and windows. Mystery Figure starts talking to Pete again, still in some unintelligible language. Mystery Figure stops talking as Pete expresses more confusion. Mystery Figure then reaches up to Pete's ear where a holographic disc appears, hovering in air. Mystery Figure turns it like a dial and it beeps as it goes.

MYSTERY FIGURE

There, that should do it.

Pete recognizes the English language.

MYSTERY FIGURE (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. I do that all of
the time.

Pete looks at Mystery Figure dumbfounded.

MYSTERY FIGURE (CONT'D)

Hi Mr. Granger, I'm Gary.

PETE

Gary?

GARY

Sorry about the rough trip.

PETE

Trip?

(beat)

Where are we?

GARY

Welcome to the Legion of Planets.