

THE GAMEBOIZ

THE PHWEROTS

S01E00: PILOT/ HARRY'S "UNALIVED"

Written by

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Based on a story idea by

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FADE IN:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A group of guys sit in a custom made studio, the rear wall has a neon sign brightly shining "The GameboiZ". In front of the sign sits ANDY PARKER (30's, the sensible one) who operates a mixing desk, Andy looks frustrated he sighs and speaks to the others.

ANDY

Hey, anyone heard from Harry?

On the other side of the mixing desk sits, DAN BLEENE (late 20's, has a taste for the grunge look) and LEWIS HAMMER (mid to late 20's, is the polo shirt and khakis type), Dan looks to Andy, he knows what it is.

DAN

I don't think he's coming.

LEWIS

Oh no, he's definitely not coming.

ANDY

Ah come on guy's, don't be like that, have a bit of faith. It's the second anniversary episode, he won't want to miss that.

In a corner of the room, CHARLIE TRIP, (mid 20's, the loud mouth) sits at a laptop, opposite him is BENSON ADAMS (mid 20's, the gym bro). Charlie looks over to Andy and the guys.

CHARLIE

Have you even spoken to Harry properly lately? It's like everything's gone to his head. Especially since he got that "crypto money".

ANDY

Didn't I send you two out on a snack run ten minutes ago?

BENSON

Yeah, but then we went down a rabbit hole of conspiracy theories.

CHARLIE

Cause you wanted some backup notes for the show.

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Andy runs his hands through his hair, he takes in a deep breath to fight the oncoming rush of stress.

ANDY

So, no host. What are we supposed to do then?

DAN

Well, we're here.

ANDY

Yeah, but you know how precious Harry is. He won't upload the show.

(mimics Harry)

"I am the show, anything else is inferior!"

CHARLIE

Damn Andy, that was spot on Harry.

Andy takes his phone from his pocket, he checks his watch and stands.

ANDY

Alright, I'm gonna go give him a call. Be ready to record when I get back, boys.

DAN

Sure we will.

Andy leaves. The others look amongst themselves unsure of what to do.

DAN (CONT'D)

FC 25 then anyone?

The lads all agree, Lewis picks a remote from the recording table and turns on the T.V on the wall behind him, where an Xbox fires up.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Andy exits a remodelled shipping container, turned into spacious recording studio, out in the back of an allotment. He holds his phone to his ear, it rings twice before it clicks and someone answers.

HARRY (O.S.)

What's up loserino?

ANDY

Harry! Where the fuck are you?
We're supposed to be recording the
2nd anniversary episode.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Harry sits on a pile of logs, he's wearing full camouflaged combat gear with helmet, goggles and utility belt. As he talks on the phone, he rubs at his thigh, every once in a while wincing like he's hit an exposed nerve, he speaks with a cocky, better than you tone.

HARRY

Relax, we'll record it tomorrow

We INTERCUT between Harry and Andy.

ANDY

Harry, what the fuck? We all agreed today as we all have a busy week? Me and the lads have work tomorrow.

HARRY

And I don't have a busy week?

ANDY

No one's saying that Harry. But you don't have to worry about making a living lik--

Harry hangs up the phone.

HARRY

Yeah, that was a boring conversation!

Harry puts his phone away, he jumps from the log pile adjusting his attire on landing, he brings round his air soft, modified assault rifle, from his back then locks and loads before he addresses a crowd stood in front of him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Alright bitches. Who's ready to air soft?!

The crowd, a mix of teenagers, stare back at Harry, they don't look so keen.

CROWD MEMBER (1)

Hey, is that modified?

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HARRY

Not your concern you ferret looking little fucker. Anyway, the rules are simple, last man standing is the winner, we have 60 seconds to scatter, you all understand?

We MONTAGE as Harry takes out the team one, by one, stalking some, jumping out of nowhere on others, with each shot it's clear his gun is more over powered than the other's. Harry relishes this. With the last man, Harry waits, laying in the thick brush, he watches as the lone, weary survivor, cautiously steps into the clearing ahead.

Harry takes aim in the bushes, he looks down his scope, ready to take aim, his finger clenches the trigger, but short of pulling it, he stops. A sly smirk takes over Harry, he takes a grenade from one of the pouches on his belt. He carefully pulls the pin.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(to self)

Let's see how you like some paint?

Harry raises the grenade, he goes to throw it but at the last minute he notices something off, he brings the grenade into his eye line, an alarmed look takes over Harry as his finger slips from the trigger and it clicks.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Wait, that's not pa-

The grenade explodes, taking Harry and the bush he's hiding in with it.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE GAMEBOIZ

FADE IN:

INT. CREMATORIUM - DAY

A FUNERAL HOST stands at the foot of a coffin, there's few flowers around. The host proceeds with a speech.

FUNERAL HOST

Harry was a "one of a kind guy"

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Only Andy who sits deep in thought, Benson, Dan, Lewis and Charlie sit in the crematorium, they look bored, but they do their best to try and be supportive as they whisper amongst each other.

CHARLIE
(whispers)
One of a kind prick.

DAN
Dude, not the time.

MIKE
He makes a point though Dan,
I mean who takes a live
grenade to air-soft?

FUNERAL HOST (O.S.)
He loved air soft and he
loved collecting weapons,
often joking he was preparing
for the apocalypse.

LEWIS
I mean, who takes a live grenade
anywhere, period!

The funeral host clears their throat, this catches the guys attention.

FUNERAL HOST
I can hear you all you know, no one
else is here.

ANDY
Sorry. I mean if you want to wrap
it up, we're cool with that. Save
yourself some time.

FUNERAL HOST
Well -- a - as per Harry's request,
we now have an acapella group
performing his favorite song as
he's lowered.

A barbershop quartet steps out from the side, they gather centre in front of the casket and start to perform Styx's "come sail away"

BENSON
Hey Andy, bet this makes you have
that kooky feeling of "being next"
huh?

ANDY
Fuck off Benson! He was younger
than you.

(MORE)

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ANDY (CONT'D)

It could happen to anyone at
anytime and with the way you drink
those energy drinks --

(nods)

-- yeh, you know what I'm talking
about.

Andy looks to the off key performance, he winces and knows
he's had enough.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I think I'm about done
here.

DAN

Pint?

ANDY

Or five. This is fucking awful.

The guys all get up and leave, they look back to see their
"friends" casket being lowered, they turn back and leave.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S BAR - DAY.

Benson, Dan, Lewis, Charlie and Andy sit around a table in a
"classic" looking British pub, they tap their pints of beer
together before taking a sip.

BENSON

I'm surprised his mum didn't turn
up.

ANDY

Really? Don't you know? When he
made his money, he brought his mums
house for her and then he had her
sectioned under the mental health
act.

BENSON

He did what?

ANDY

Yeah, Harry was a real piece of
shit.

LEWIS

So, why did we hang out with him
again?

DAN

He had the studio and the equipment
to make a podcast.

LEWIS

That can't have been the only
reason though, right?

DAN

Go ahead, list one good thing
Harry's done or said --

Dan holds his half full pint up, he looks at it and turns
back to Charlie.

DAN (CONT'D)

-- I'll give you till I've supped
this to think of something and go!

Dan starts to slowly neck his beer back, the other guys all
struggle to think of anything. Dan finishes his beer, he
wipes his mouth and burps.

DAN (CONT'D)

Yup didn't think so. Who wants
another?

The guys all nod, Dan gets up and goes off to the bar.

ANDY

Wow, not a thing. That does make me
feel a little bad, also a little
sad. But fuck, he was offish, rude,
blunt - my God the list just goes
on.

Dan approaches the bar, RAY (50's, listening kind) approaches
Dan from the other side of the bar.

RAY

Danny! Same again?

DAN

Yes please Ray, better put some
shots with that too.

RAY

Alright. So what's the deal with
the suits, you all off to court
today or something?

DAN

Nah man, you know Harry?

RAY

The weirdo that sometimes comes in,
gives off Patrick Bateman vibes?

DAN

Aye, that's the one. He blew
himself up in an air soft accident.

Ray gives Dan a puzzled look, Dan hands over a note to pay.

DAN (CONT'D)

I know right! Leaves more questions
than answers, doesn't it?

MARISSA ALAN, (late 20's) enters the bar, she looks out of
place dressed in a formal, professional attire, carrying an
old leather briefcase in one arm, she looks around the venue
for someone, clocking the table of black suited men across
the bar. As she walks across, Marissa catches Andy's
attention, for a moment he is in awe of her, Lewis catches
notice as Marissa approaches the table.

LEWIS

Guys seriously, who ordered a
stripper? It's a wake for fucks
sakes, show some class.

Marissa dead eyes Lewis, she takes in a deep breath and
introduces herself to the group, with a calm, pleasant tone.

MARISSA

Hey, I represent Maximus Jerome, a
law company, I'm your friend
Harry's solicitor.

CHARLIE

Friend is a really strong word here
lady.

MARISSA

Yes well either way, we have some
business to discuss.

Marissa takes a card out of the top pocket of her suit and
lays it out on the table.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

If you could arrange an appointment
with my office we can all meet at
your earliest convenience.

Andy picks up the card, he eyes it over before speaking.

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ANDY

Look, I am sorry about my friend's here --
(checks card)
-- Marissa, you know how these things go.

MARISSA

Yes, well. If you could book that appointment then we can get this all over with can't we.

Marissa leaves as Dan returns to the table with a tray of drinks.

DAN

Now then, what was that about like?

LEWIS

Some solicitor, we have to go to a meeting about Harry's stuff.

CHARLIE

Yeah, no thanks. He ain't leaving us nothing good. So I am out.

ANDY

Well, it's Harry so who knows.

Andy takes his shot back, he winces, recoiling at the rancid taste.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Well boys here's to the end of the Gameboiz podcast, may it rest in peace on the internet ether.

The lads all tap glasses and cheer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLICITOR'S BUILDING - DAY

The sun shines outside of a busy inner city street, the law firm in the middle of a terrace of buildings, it's glass, modern exterior shines the reflection of the sun down to the street below it.

MARISSA (O.S.)

Gentlemen thank you for meeting me here. Though I thought there was five of you?

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INT. SOLICITOR'S BUILDING - MARISSA'S OFFICE

Andy, Lewis and Dan sit on the opposite side of a desk to Marissa, she sits in comfort in a leather chair, whilst the room itself is quite bland with no windows, more akin to a store room.

LEWIS

Yeah the other two kind of didn't care, but here we are. So what is this all about?

MARISSA

Well, as you know. Harry was a unique guy and well --

Marissa turns on the television behind her, the image is a paused video of Harry giving an intimidating glare to the camera.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

-- He recorded this will a short while ago.

Andy, Lewis and Dan all recoil.

LEWIS

Why does it feel like he's glaring into my soul?

Marissa resumes the video.

HARRY

Hello, this is the last will and testament of Harry Trevors --

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HARRY'S OFFICE.

Harry sits behind his desk, he cleans the components of a 9mm Pistol, as he addresses the camera.

HARRY

I guess the day has come and I am dead. Though, I got to admit, I thought it would be one of you losers first, probably Andy, he is getting old after all.

INT. SOLICITOR'S BUILDING - MARISSA'S OFFICE

Andy looks annoyed at this statement.

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MIKE
I'm fucking 30! What's
everyone's problem?

HARRY O.S.)
Anyway, I digress --

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HARRY'S OFFICE.

Harry clicks a piece of the 9 mm back together as he continues.

HARRY
If you came, which I'm guessing is probably Andy, Lewis and Dan, just know I had a small amount of respect for you, --

Harry cocks the pistol.

HARRY (CONT'D)
-- The others well they just annoyed me. And so I am leaving you with the keys to the kingdom, the studio, the equipment and the trademark on the "Gameboiz" name.

Harry looks down the barrel checking the gun is clean.

INT. SOLICITOR'S BUILDING - MARISSA'S OFFICE

Lewis, Andy and Dan sit open mouthed, glued to the video.

DAN
He did what now like?

ANDY
Which part?

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - HARRY'S OFFICE.

Harry starts to load bullets into the magazine of the 9mm, he continues to keep his eye contact on the camera.

HARRY
Now, it all sounds like a dream cause I know cryptobigwig made it big, but well, yeah there's a few catches, which is where, the lovely solicitor, Miss. Alan comes in with the explanation.

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Harry twirls the gun around his finger, he slips and it goes off shooting him in the leg, leaving a smouldering, smoking mess. A horrified look takes over Harry.

ANDY (O.S.)

Harry! You alright mate?

HARRY TREVORS

No!

Harry fumbles and turns the camera off, the screen goes black.

INT. SOLICITOR'S BUILDING - MARISSA'S OFFICE

DAN

Wasn't that like six months ago?

ANDY

Yup, silly bugger blew a hole through one side of his leg to the other.

LEWIS

But he's left us the studio and equipment?

MARISSA

Yes --

The guys all have a moment of wide eyed delight, but Marissa's tone turns a little more reluctant.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

-- he has, to the three of you. However, in the last six months Harry found himself in some financial difficulty, he owes the bank some money, which they have taken against his property --

The wide eyed delight turns to confusion.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

-- But, he owes more.

ANDY

But he'd made tons on the crypto market.

MARISSA

Yes, but he'd lost a substantial sub betting on a "meme" coin pump and dump. Anyway, I hate to be the bearer of bad news but Harry owes in the region of £75,000.00 Which could be taken through the studio and equipment assets.

DAN

So, we don't have a studio?

MARISSA

If you can pay the outstanding balance within the allotted 30 days then yeah you do have a studio.

ANDY

Okay, so we just buy new equipment and do the show somewhere else. I'm sure that Ray has a spare room at the pub we can use.

MARISSA

Well, normally you'd be fine to do that, but that's why Harry trademarked the show, he has -- had ownership, which he bundled with the studio.

ANDY

So that means what now?

MARISSA

It means you can podcast sure, but you couldn't be The Gameboiz, you would have to start from scratch --

Marissa looks down at the open file on her desk as she pauses and offers an A4 sheet to Andy.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

-- But as you can see on this breakdown, in the two years of podcasting, ad revenue from overseas listening has ranked up nearly £125,000.00, projections for this year are double that.

LEWIS

Come again?

ANDY

So why aren't you using that to pay the outstanding debt?

MARISSA

Because that amount is tied to your brand, which is an asset and not a person.

ANDY

Fuck!

Andy leans his head back, he lets out a big sigh.

ANDY (CONT'D)

So let me get this straight. We have a business worth over £200,000. The bank is taking it unless we can cover a £75,000.00 Debt.

MARISSA

Correct. You the smart one?

ANDY

I didn't mistake you as a stripper when we first met, so I'd say I know a thing or two?

DAN

You two wanna get a room or something?

ANDY

Oi.

The door to Marissa's office opens and EVAN pops his head around, the door, he looks at the three men and then over to Marissa.

EVAN

Marissa, I need you to dig those files out of archives. I know you like to play solicitor, but as a first year, I'd like you to do your job please.

MARISSA

Yes sir.

Evan closes the doors. Marissa looks to the guys downbeat, Andy attempts to cut the icy atmosphere.

ANDY

Wow, he's a dick.

LEWIS

Wait a minute, first year? Are you a student?

MARISSA

No, I am a first year solicitor.

Marissa stands, she gathers some files from a draw in her desk.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Harry was my first and only client, so now I have to go and do the same bullshit a receptionist does to earn my wage. So if you guys don't mind.

Marissa walks to the door, she opens it waving her arm out to lead the way for Dan, Andy and Lewis. The guys stand and leave with Andy at the back, he turns back and sympathetically smiles at Marissa.

ANDY

Look, I really appreciate your time. Is there any advice you can offer?

MARISSA

The money is there in the podcast. I might even go as far as to say it's good. But, you can't do it again until this debt is paid.

Marissa gives Andy a thick padded envelope.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

All the relevant paperwork is there. The debt needs to be paid within 30 days. Good luck --

ANDY

Andy, Andy Parker.

Andy walks down the hallway to catch up with his friends, he stops for a moment and turns back to look at Marissa.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Hey, maybe next time we meet, I'll bring you a coffee?

MARISSA

Who said there needs to be a next time?

ANDY

I dunno, I get a feeling about these things. Besides if I can make the money, I might need a solicitor. Anyway, nice to meet you Miss. Alan.

Andy turns and catches up with his friends. Marissa watches him leave, she scoffs a laugh to herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY.

Andy reads through the paperwork, whilst Dan stands on the edge of the stand smoking, Lewis watches Andy, waiting for a response.

ANDY

Well, we were the Oompa Loompa's whilst Willy Wonka took the credit for the show. He's made money through sponsorships, advertising and listener count all the while telling us we were building a steady base of a couple of hundred.

DAN

Oh, that is fucked.

ANDY

Yup, we could of been living off this making the podcast full time, each with about a 30-40k take home.

LEWIS

That's double what I make now!

ANDY

Yup.

DAN

So how do we make the money to get it back up and running?

A CHARMING MAN, in a black suit, carrying a black briefcase approaches the dire looking trio, he politely smiles as he stops just ahead of them.

LEWIS

Can we help you?

CHARMING MAN

Hello gentlemen, you look like you could do with some fun.

The man puts his briefcase on the ground, he reaches into his pocket and takes out two different colored envelopes holding one in each hand, holding them up to the trio.

CHARMING MAN (CONT'D)

Could I interest you in a game? You can win some money.

Dan, Andy and Lewis look at each other, they consider the proposal for a brief moment before Andy turns back to the man.

ANDY

Jog on you fruity weirdo!

The man puts the envelopes back in his suit and walks on taking his briefcase with him.

LEWIS

(shakes head)

There's some weird people out there!

ANDY

Shall we ring the others, let them know what's what?

DAN

May as well, maybe Tweedledee and Tweedle dumbass will have an idea.

LEWIS

Dan, that's the most optimistic I've ever seen you.

Lewis gets up, he taps Andy on the shoulder, who's now reading the notes again, Andy looks up.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

C'mon let's get a taxi before any more surrealists crawl out the woodwork.

Andy puts the papers away, he follows Dan and Lewis down the street with a troubled look.

FLASH TO:

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EXT. ALLOTMENTS - DAY - TWO YEARS AGO.

Harry walks with Andy across an allotment field.

ANDY

Why have you dragged me out here
Harry. I am supposed to be at work
you know.

HARRY

I know. But, I have been thinking
Jackass and I need your input.

ANDY

That's dangerous. So, what is it?
Fruit farming?

HARRY

What? No, stop and look.

Andy stops, he looks at a rusted shipping container in front
of him.

ANDY

Harry, I ain't human trafficking
mate.

HARRY

What? No! Imagine, we convert it to
a studio, me, you and the others we
make it a place to do a podcast.

ANDY

A podcast?

HARRY

Yes. A podcast, we've been toying
with it for ages and well cause I
pulled that money out, I reckon we
should go for it.

ANDY

Again, a podcast?

HARRY

Yes! Look Andy, I know I don't have
the charm that Dan and Lewis do, or
the technical know how like you,
but together, we could be something
great.

ANDY

I do game designs Harry, what do I
know about podcasting?

HARRY

(dismissive)

Game developing, pft, give over, you finished that game ages ago. You're just too scared to put it out there and besides what do any of them know? I just have a feeling. We can do it in our spare time. Talk gaming, the world, conspiracies and make it banter. It will work.

ANDY

Wow, Harry say what you feel. Anyway, I thought you hated the other guys.

HARRY

It's not that I hate them. I just don't respect them. Not like you!

Harry offers his hand out.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So? What do you say?

ANDY

You've already bought this haven't you?

HARRY

Yes, I bought two containers and the land it sits on, I have decorators coming next week.

ANDY

Well, I'd be a dick if I didn't offer my assistance wouldn't I?

Andy takes Harry's hand and shakes it.

FLASH TO:

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM.

Andy lays on the sofa of his upper class looking apartment, he sits deep in thought staring at his phone screen, reading the comments on the podcast website. On the floor, Lewis, Dan, Charlie and Benson talk on the floor around him, they play Xbox and have a discussion.

CHARLIE

I got an idea.

DAN

We're not selling organs.

CHARLIE

How about the bikini car wash idea.

LEWIS

Sure go on then, get yourself outside with a bucket then?

CHARLIE

Roger that.

Charlie gets up and leaves, the others all look amongst each other.

DAN

Is he serious?

LEWIS

Even if he is, where does he have a bikini to hand?

Benson sits scrolling the internet on his laptop, he see's something and rushes to get the guys attention.

BENSON

Hey! They're doing a free for all, winner takes all pro-gamer contest, thirty grand cash pot.

LEWIS

Okay, I have a few problems with this.

BENSON

Which are?

LEWIS

One, thirty grand isn't even the whole amount, it's barely half.

BENSON

And two?

LEWIS

We're not pro level gamer's you fucking moron.

BENSON

Who says we're not?

DAN

What's the current score lads.

BENSON
Six nil to them.

LEWIS
Thank you.

BENSON
Come on Andy, back us up here mate!

Andy snaps out of his concentrative look, he answers almost passive.

ANDY
Yeah, sounds good, we should do it.

Charlie stands in the doorway, he has a bucket full of soapy water and a bikini, he leans against the door giving Andy an uncertain look.

CHARLIE
Wait, did you just agree with Benson?

ANDY
At this point what else can we do?

CHARLIE
How about you mortgage this gaff?
It's a nice place, probably worth a few bob.

LEWIS
CHARLIE! Why don't you fuckoff and clean cars, make us that money?

CHARLIE
Roger that!

Charlie leaves. Andy sits up on the couch, he gives the idea a thought.

DAN
You're not seriously considering a mortgage are you?

ANDY
What? No, but I might have an idea!

Andy gets up and leaves. Dan, Benson and Lewis, sit puzzled.

BENSON
What's going on with Andy? He's been a bit off since the funeral.

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DAN

I think it's hit him a bit harder than the rest of us.

LEWIS

Yeah, Harry was his friend since his gaming design days, they had a different level of friendship to the rest of us.

DAN

What you mean is Andy kept Harry in check.

LEWIS

Yeah, exactly.

EXT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy exits the lobby of his upmarket, luxury apartment complex, he stops and puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights up, he takes a pull having a moment to think until a voice calls out and startles him.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I thought you had quit.

Andy looks over to Charlie, who stands on a pedestrian walkway, holding a sponge and his bucket of water.

ANDY

Dude, you know cars ain't coming this way, car parks round the back of the building.

CHARLIE

Oh - oh, that makes sense.

Charlie strolls off, leaving Andy staring with one brow raised.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXCALIBUR GAMES - DAY

Excalibur games is a large glass building, with it's logo lit up on the one side and a motion screen advertising a tactical game "KREM LORDS SAGA IX" on the other.

GREYSON REID (O.S.)

Well, Well, Well, here's a face I'd never thought I'd see again. What's it been 8 years now?

INT. GREYSON REID'S OFFICE - DAY

GREYSON REID, (Late 30's, executive type) sits across from Andy in his glamorous office, posters of his games line the wall, the units around the glass walls, filled with awards. Greyson sits with his feet up on his desk.

ANDY

Yeah, something like that, Greyson. I see you're doing well.

GREYSON REID

Well, I wouldn't have gotten all this without "Krem Lords Saga" and I wouldn't of gotten that without you. Bruh, this could of been you here, instead you cashed on out.

ANDY

And I get by with my residuals, so I'm happy.

GREYSON REID

So why are you here then Andy Parker?

ANDY

This.

Andy reaches into his jacket pocket, he takes out a thumb drive and slides it across the table. Greyson looks down at the thumb drive, he raises a brow, but pretends he's only half interested.

GREYSON REID

And this is?

ANDY

Your next big award winner.

Greyson picks up the thumb drive, he eyes it between his thumb and forefinger before sitting forward and putting the drive into his computer, the screen comes to life, a start menu for a game called "RED FORCE" loads up, with a glorious, fly through space. Greyson is impressed.

GREYSON REID

I see you've been busy, Andy.

ANDY

You could say that. Look, I know you have been wanting the M.M.O.R.P.G arena for a while, this here is your chance.

GREYSON REID

How does it work?

ANDY

You're a pilot, you grow a crew of other players and you go from planet to planet, some good, some bad, some you can buy and some you can invade.

GREYSON REID

And it's capable of Massive Multiplayer Online? How would it sustain?

ANDY

128 players, console compatible, micro transactions a thing of the past as we would directly product place within the game.

GREYSON REID

And you've been working on this?

ANDY

Meh, well, I took a break for a while, I finished it two years back. It needs work but that would be a dedicated team.

GREYSON REID

So why now?

ANDY

Well, I have an opportunity. I don't want to miss out on, so I could do with some floating money. I am willing to outright sell this to you, same as KremLord.

GREYSON REID

Give me some time to think about it. How long do you need?

ANDY

I got a 14 day window here.

Greyson removes the drive, he holds it in the air.

THE GAMEBOIZ - HARRY'S "UNALIVED" 1st Draft

GREYSON REID
Can you leave this with me?

ANDY
Sure, just don't be stealing it. I
have another copy you know.

Andy stands he shakes Greyson's hand and leaves the office,
Andy half smiles he thinks he's got this.

GREYSON REID
Oh, I forgot to say Tara will be
thrilled you stopped by.

Andy stops, he knows this is not good news, his face is
alarmed but turns to surprise as he turns back to Greyson.

ANDY
T- Tara, she's still here.

GREYSON REID
Oh yeah and we're married now, have
been for nearly 7 years.

ANDY
Well, you too are great together.

GREYSON REID
Yeah, I like to think we are. Even
greater since she told me about you
two the night before you left the
company.

ANDY
Ah- well, th- that was so, so long
ago and I ah -

GREYSON REID
(cuts in)
Look, it's water under the bridge.
Especially with all the profits I
make from Krem Lord. Anyways, I'll
be in touch.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S BAR - DAY

Andy sits at the bar, he rests an arm on his head as he looks
down into a pint, he looks depressed. Dan enters the bar
looking for him, he approaches Andy.

DAN

Hey man, everything okay?

ANDY

Yup, just commiserating.

DAN

Commiserating what?

ANDY

I went to sell the game today at Excalibur, met up with my old boss.

DAN

Wow. You didn't want to ask us first?

Ray approaches Andy and Dan.

ANDY

Ah it's not like that. We need the podcast. I need the podcast --

(to Ray)

-- Same again Ray and one for Dan too.

Ray nods and starts to pour some pints. Andy finishes his pint of lager, he takes in a deep breath, thinking back to a bad moment.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I didn't tell you what happened in the games industry did I?

DAN

No, what happened?

ANDY

I met this girl, we hooked up, she had a fiance, I didn't know. Sold him the Krem lord rights and I left, cause when she told me I couldn't look him in the eye.

DAN

Ouch.

ANDY

Yeah, well, turns out he knew. He low balled me on the games rights. He now also has a copy of my new game in his office he can pick to pieces and butcher without paying me a penny.

DAN

Double ouch.

Ray brings back the pints to the bar, placing them down in front of Dan and Andy.

ANDY

Yeah --

Andy raises his pint glass.

ANDY (CONT'D)

-- Here's to the death of five years work.

DAN

We always got the competition.

ANDY

(laughs)

Okay, yeah, we got that. Sure. Say, where's the others?

DAN

Benson and Lewis are asking Benson's parents to front him the cash on loan.

ANDY

Reckon they'll do it.

DAN

I think we have more chance of a slight frost in hell mate.

ANDY

And what about Charlie?

DAN

Yeah, we need to go bail him out of the nick. They thought he was soliciting.

ANDY

Of course.

Andy gets off the stool, he takes his wallet out and leaves a £20 note on the bar.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(to Dan)

Best go get him out then?

Dan and Andy leave the bar. 27 Ritchie "Stonian" Johnston

DAN

Yeah, but we can walk there's no rush.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE O2 STADIUM - DAY

Crowds gather to enter the O2 arena, it's busy, vendors are on the street selling cheap wares to unsuspecting buyers.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Here we are, the first, free for all winner takes all Call of Duty showdown of 2025 here in the city of Leeds.

INT. THE O2 STADIUM

A chanting crowd sits around an arena split into two sections, each section filled with consoles, ready to go to war. The arena is packed.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

In the first round we will have 12 simultaneous matches consisting of 192 players, the winners of each will compete in the quarter final, remember only one can win that £30,000 cash prize! Ladies and Gentlebeans place your bets on the winner!

INT. DRESSING ROOM.

Andy, Benson and Lewis sit on a sofa, Dan stands by an open fire exit, his hands shake as he attempts to smoke a cigarette. Andy's phone rings, he takes it from his pocket and answers.

ANDY

Hello Andy Parker speaking --

Andy stands and walks to the open exit, he holds the mouthpiece as he addresses the guys.

ANDY (CONT'D)

-- guys I'll be back in five minutes.

(to phone)

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

-- I'm back sorry about that, has
it gone through?

Andy passes Dan, Charlie enters passing Andy and Dan, he
holds a duffel bag.

CHARLIE

Where's he going?

DAN

Important phone call.

CHARLIE

Oh.

BENSON

I- I can't do this sorry gentlemen,
I - I got to go!

Dan and Lewis stop Benson as he attempts to make a dash for
it. Dan slaps Benson round the face.

DAN

Get a grip man, we came this far
didn't we?

BENSON

Thanks, sorry. I needed that.

A STAGE MANAGER enters the room.

STAGE MANAGER

Fella's you are up in five, be
ready!

The stage manager leaves. Charlie takes out a shirt from one
of the bags, he holds it up to the guys.

CHARLIE

What do you think?

BENSON

You fucking idiot, we can't use
those shirts, Harry trademarked the
name didn't he?

CHARLIE

Oh fuck. I- I forgot.

LEWIS

You had one job Charlie, it was
supposed to say "The BoiZ"!

CHARLIE

Yeah, well, unfortunately, I was told that one was taken.

Andy enters, his mood is light, he seems in a good place.

DAN

Andy, Charlie fucked up the shirt.

Andy looks at the shirt, he nods and shrugs.

ANDY

I don't see anything wrong with it.

BENSON

How about the name?

ANDY

I think it's perfect. Hurry up and get them on, cause I didn't just pay £75,000.00 For us not use them.

LEWIS

Wait what? You sold your game?

ANDY

No. I mortgaged my flat. So, come on what we waiting for?

Andy puts his hand out to the center.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Remember the plan fellas, we each play our carousel, win and help each other to the end! We win cause we're the fucking GAMEBOIZ are we not?

The others put their hand into the centre.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh and recording is this Saturday. No excuses.

We QUICK CUT, the guys putting on their new shirts, a black purple polo with "THE GAMEBOIZ" written on the back. They all nod at each other, bold, confident, content as they walk towards the bright light of the beaconing arena.

ANDY (V.O.)

I would love to tell you that we won that day, but alas, we lost --

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Andy sits at his desk, he's happy the bright neon light shimmering behind him again as he talks into the microphone.

ANDY
-- First round knockout.

Across from him is Lewis and Dan, they sit at their microphones with their headphones on.

DAN
But, it could of been worse.

LEWIS
Yeah it could of been televised.

ANDY
So, that is the story of how we took a month to get back on the air. But here we are back again and yes I am your new host Andy Parker, to end this one, I'd like to thank my hosts Dan and Lewis.

DAN
Oi, Oi!

LEWIS
Oi, Oi

ANDY
My researchers, Benson and Charlie.

Benson and Charlie sit in their corner, they lean into their suspended microphones.

CHARLIE
Yeah, have a great week, don't er-er.

ANDY
No one say improvise, see why we don't give him lines folks?

CHARLIE
Cool play it cool players.

There's a gentle knock on the glass door, Marissa stands on the other side waving to Andy, with some paperwork in her hand. The guys continue with their show acknowledging her with their facial expressions.

BENSON
Fucking hell, Yeah, alright have a good one folks and yeah, don't be a Charlie.

ANDY

So on that note, I'd also like to thank our new solicitor Ms. Alans for making this all possible and play a song for Harry, cause also without him we wouldn't be "The Gameboiz" we'll be back next week. So don't forget to tell your friends! Harry if you're listening up there mate, this ones for you!

Andy turns the faders down on the mixing desk, the light behind him starts to dim and the song "COME SAIL AWAY by STYX plays as we --

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.