

DIGIT

Written by
Tennyson E. Stead

7th Draft

© 2010 Tennyson E. Stead

CONTACT:

Tennyson E. Stead

tennyson@8sidedfilms.com

+1 (323) 377-7227

FADE IN:

EXT. OVER SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A shiny red pickup pulls into the driveway of a suburban, 1950's cookie cutter home and HONKS insistently. JOHN-JOHN, a middle-aged guy in flannel and jeans, hops out and marches to the door with a box in hand, KNOCKING loud and hard. His 8-year-old son JACKIE follows him close behind.

JACKIE
Hi Granny!

JOHN-JOHN
Ma?

There's no answer. John-John begins a one-man assault on the door...

JOHN-JOHN
Open up, Ma! Ma! Maaaaah!!

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

... while GRANNY seems not to notice. She sits down at her COMPUTER and turns it on - next to the screen is a photo of Jackie, her grandson. The screen jumps alive...

JOHN-JOHN (O.C.)
Maaaaaaaaahhh!!!!

GRANNY
John-John?

JOHN-JOHN (O.C.)
Yeah, Ma!

GRANNY
Did you bring the internets?

JOHN-JOHN
Yes, Ma!

GRANNY
Because I want to mail with Jackie
on the e-mail!

JOHN-JOHN
I know, Ma! Open the door please
and I'll set it up for you!

GRANNY
Well I'm kicking my computer!

JOHN-JOHN
Ma, it's booting Ma!

GRANNY
If you know it's booting then just
hold on a second!

JOHN-JOHN
Ma. Maaaaa? Will you please open
the door?

As Granny's screen looms closer and closer - we can see the pixels - we hear John-John beating his head against the door...

TITLE: DIGIT

...we slide between the pixels, Matrix-style...

EXT. A VIRTUAL SKY - MORNING

...and THROUGH! Turning around we see the loading screen in reverse, with all the words backwards and a loading bar crawling the wrong way. We pull away until the entire backwards computer screen is visible, and we turn to see:

A small virtual house, like Granny's house. This is CYBERSPACE as we have seen it many times before (in MAX HEADROOM, TRON, JOHNNY MNEMONIC, LAWNMOWER MAN, etc.), where everything is geometric-looking, where kung-fu masters with dark sunglasses glasses trod the alleys between shiny steel monoliths of data, where the light comes from the colorful glow of architectural neon or else from the disembodied computer screens that make up the sky.

Only we're not in the future or inside some supercomputer. We're in GRANNY'S COMPUTER. This is the boonies.

Shapes are simplified - color, light, and motion define this world. The dim light from the loading screen above gives off a surreal pre-dawn quality. Disembodied streetlights shed a warm light on the modest lane running by the small house, and we can just see in the window...

A shiny, retro-sleek bus takes a corner at light-speed and snaps to a halt!

BEEP! BEEP-BEEP!

INT. DIGIT'S ROOM - MORNING

DIGIT blinks in the suddenly bright day - he's a very young program - a virtual child - and his eyes are literally bigger than his reach.

BEEP BEEP!!

BUS DRIVER
Come on Digit! Time for basic!

DIGIT
No way!

BUS DRIVER
Digit! Just this once, will you please go with the program!

DIGIT
I'm too big for basic! I'm getting upgraded!

BUS DRIVER
Well, not if you don't run!

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!

EXT. OUTSIDE DIGIT'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and SLAMS shut as Digit charges into the street, LUNCHBAG in hand -

INT. BUS - DAY

- and up the stairs and into one of the front seats, breathless. The BUS DRIVER turns around and eyes Digit with fond incredulity.

BUS DRIVER
Morning, Digit!

DIGIT
Can I drive?

BUS DRIVER
When you're bigger. Better hang onto something!

The bus driver closes the doors and Digit clutches the handle on the seat in front of him -

EXT. MEMORY LANE - DAY

- as the old bus streaks forward, taking a turn onto Memory Lane, fast as a speeding electron!

INT. BUS - DAY

Digit holds tight, wild eyed with excitement, but the Bus Driver takes the twists and turns of the road cool-handed.

BUS DRIVER
Ready to download some information,
Digit? Install some knowledge?

DIGIT
I told you, this time I'm getting
my upgrade!

BUS DRIVER
So no luck last time?

The driver narrowly dodges a program crossing the street -

DIGIT
Whoa!

- and the bus careens off the road, smashing into a bus stop as the driver regains control - the bench and sign explode into a hail of bouncing ping-pong ball sized spheres!

DIGIT
You smashed it to bits!

BUS DRIVER
Well, it's a hard drive!

Digit GIGGLES wildly.

The Bus Driver snaps the bus to a halt, and Digit looks out the window at his school, full of activity. Little updates, divided into red and blue teams, are playing frisbit on the lawn, ala "TRON". The doors open...

BUS DRIVER
Listen, maybe you should head on
in. Let things run their course-

GATE
He's not just another number in
your system. Don't listen to him,
Digit.

GATE, a dour, punked-out update a few versions older than Digit ascends the steps and sits herself down.

BUS DRIVER
Good morning, Gate!

GATE
Shows what you know.

DIGIT
How come you're cutting basic?

GATE
They called me in.

DIGIT
Really?

GATE
Yeah. Some kind of top secret
firewall defense thing.

DIGIT
What's that mean?

GATE
Really want to know?

Digit nods. Gate leans in and whispers confidentially-

GATE
Invasion.

DIGIT
(awestruck)
Invasion?

Gate places her finger over her lips meaningfully.

BUS DRIVER
Getting off, Digit?

DIGIT
No way! We're being invaded!

GATE
(shushing him)
Are you crazy?

EXT. MEMORY LANE - DAY

The doors close and the bus streaks away down the street.

INT. BUS - DAY

The Bus Driver takes a sharp corner. Facing backwards towards Digit, Gate can't see the energy wall at the EDGE OF TOWN - but Digit can. Everything fades out of resolution just beyond, and they're racing dead for it!

GATE

(getting into her groove)
 There are forces at work, Digit.
 Dangerous, powerful forces!
 Something's going on. Something
 big. They've never listened to me
 before. I told them! I said guys
 you better look out 'cause
 something's out there and it's
 coming up right behind you and now
 it's here, Digit! It's here and
 it's going to -

DIGIT

Waaaaaa!

EXT. MEMORY LANE - DAY

The bus speeds along the road into the pixel haze and breaks up into a thousand points of light!

EXT. OVER GRANNY'S COMPUTER - DAY

The bus plunges into the wall of pixilation - and comes out on the opposite side of town, wrapping around, PAC-MAN-style, much closer to downtown.

INT. BUS - DAY

The bus speeds on towards the heart of Granny's Computer, MEMORY HALL.

GATE

Hey, you ok?

DIGIT

(exasperated shame)
 The edge of town makes me scared.

GATE

It scares THEM, too. Just imagine
 what's out there. Digit, they
 don't even want you to even think
 about it.

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

The bus pulls across the street at electro-speed, and snaps to a halt in the semicircle at the steps of Memory Hall. Digit jumps down the stairs, followed by Gate.

DIGIT

Thanks, Mr. Bus Driver!

GATE

Yeah.

BUS DRIVER

Good luck Digit! See you tomorrow!
Gate, good luck with the new gig.

GATE

Just a few "k" I bet.

BUS DRIVER

Well, congratulations anyway!

GATE

Whatever.

For a moment Digit just stands there while the bus drives away.

GATE

How come you're cutting basic?

DIGIT

I'm getting upgrades too.

GATE

Digit, they might never upgrade you
at all.

DIGIT

They gave you one.

GATE

I'm dangerous. They need to keep
me close.

Gate starts toward the doors of Memory Hall, the shiniest building on Granny's Computer. Breathing the rarefied air, Digit gathers himself and marches towards the entrance behind her.

INT. MEMORY HALL LOBBY - DAY

Digit follows Gate into the grand lobby of Memory Hall. There's a pair of double doors at the other end leading into the hall proper. MAYOR WYNN is stands there in a loud blue suit, awaiting Gate's arrival.

MAYOR WYNN
Gate, you ever hear of something
called a "wub wub wub"?

That's got her interest. She's crossing the hall towards the door, with Digit following cautiously behind.

DIGIT
A wub wub what?

GATE
Just theories. Rumors. Why?

MAYOR WYNN
We need you in here. Now.

Gate follows the Mayor through the door, and SLAM! Digit tries the door... Locked.

DIGIT
I wanna help! Let me in!

Digit waits a moment, and giggles the handle.

DIGIT
Please let me in! Please?

OLD MAN DOSS
Seems like every day I find you in
here 'stead of in basic.

DIGIT
That's cause it is every day. Old
Man Doss, can you please open the
door for me, please?

OLD MAN DOSS
What you want to get in there so
bad for?

DIGIT
We're being invaded!

OLD MAN DOSS
Gate tell you that?

DIGIT

Yes.

OLD MAN DOSS

Well, just cause she's smart
doesn't make her right all the
time.

DIGIT

Well what's a wub wub?

OLD MAN DOSS

Digit, what are you doing here?
You should be learning how things
run around here so you can take
over for old turkeys like me.

DIGIT

I want to be someone. A big one.
Like you and Gate and Mayor Wynn.

OLD MAN DOSS

Digit, you are. Believe me.

DIGIT

I'm just a zero.

OLD MAN DOSS

Hmm. Old Man Doss has no business
giving anyone pointers, but maybe
you'd take a little walk with me.
Whaddaya think?

After a reluctant moment, Digit takes Old Man Doss' hand.

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Old Man Doss walks Digit out and around the building, with
the easy bustle of Granny's Computer in the background.

OLD MAN DOSS

Now Digit, just listen, ok?
Listen. Everybody's got a "one"
inside them somewhere.

DIGIT

Then why won't anybody give me a
chance?

OLD MAN DOSS

You gotta show 'em your "one!"

DIGIT

How if nobody will give me a chance!

OLD MAN DOSS

I'll tell you. Takes patience, and a whole lot of hard work.

DIGIT

I bet someone gave YOU a chance!

OLD MAN DOSS

Digit, when I first got installed, there was nothing here! Nothing, Digit! Granny needed help getting things moving, I helped her out. That's why she made me Mayor.

DIGIT

Naw-aw!

OLD MAN DOSS

Sure. Then Mayor Wynn came along and saw some things that needed doing, and now he's the boss.

DIGIT

But who said you could do it?

OLD MAN DOSS

I said! And then I did!

DIGIT

But who said?

OLD MAN DOSS

I said I did?

DIGIT

You did?

OLD MAN DOSS

That's what I said. And here we are!

Old Man Doss has lead Digit to a secret door around the back of Memory Hall.

DIGIT

Where are we?

OLD MAN DOSS

The back door! Thought you might like a look inside Memory Hall.

DIGIT
For serious?!?

OLD MAN DOSS
You said it.

DIGIT
What if there's nothing left for me
to do?

OLD MAN DOSS
Just keep your eyes peeled, Digit,
work hard and be patient, and
you'll see a chance to help. A one
is someone who takes that chance.
Now let's see what this invasion
business is all about.

Old Man Doss opens the BACK DOOR...

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

John-John is under Granny's computer table on his hands and knees hooking up a brand new modem to her machine, while Jackie plays with his laptop. Granny taps John-John on the back and he jumps, whacking his head under the table!

JOHN-JOHN
Ooow!

JACKIE
Ha ha!

GRANNY
Show me so I can do it.

JOHN-JOHN
I already did it! You wanna help
ma? Here. Plug that in over
there.

He passed her a cable. Getting down on her hands and knees, she reaches for the wall socket...

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Old Man Doss opens the back door, letting the light from outside into the hustle and bustle of Memory Hall proper. Programs scurry to and fro with file carts streaming papers that somehow blow along behind them. Gate works hard at her new desk, completely focused. Awestruck, Digit takes it in.

MAYOR WYNN

Doss!

Mayor Wynn comes rushing up with a clipboard.

MAYOR WYNN

Doss, thank Microplex! What's he doing here?

OLD MAN DOSS

Oh, just a look around is all. I take it you haven't figured out what that CD is for?

Digit begins to wander around a bit, and the urgent voice of Mayor Wynn get's fainter and fainter.

MAYOR WYNN

That's the least of my problems. We've got new hardware!

OLD MAN DOSS

What is it?

MAYOR WYNN

I wish I knew! When the drivers dropped it off, they mentioned something about high speed something or other - honestly I wasn't even listening...

A FILING PROGRAM with a big stack of files zooms past -

DIGIT

Sorry!

- and as Digit backs up, he trips into the trash bin!

Not noticing Digit, the janitor dumps a whole bunch of papers on top of him...

DIGIT

Hey! Ha ha!

JANITOR

(shouting)

Ok if I empty the recycle bin, Mayor?

MAYOR WYNN

Pixel!

A door that says "Screening Room" opens up...

PIXEL
Mr. Mayor sir!

MAYOR WYNN
Clearance to delete the trash.

PIXEL
Right away, Mr. Mayor sir!

...and the door SLAMS shut again-

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

BLING! Without looking, John-John clicks the mouse -

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

-and the door opens...

PIXEL
You're go for trash!

- and suddenly the trash becomes a big BLACK HOLE VORTEX!

DIGIT
Waaaaaaa!!!

Digit clutches the inside edge of the trash can as screams for dear life as papers streak by - the trash can's going to delete him!

DIGIT
Heeeeeelp!!!

He slips! Old Man Doss grabs his hand, heaves Digit from the vacuum of the trash can and sets him on his feet - the last of the papers fly in and the vortex is gone.

OLD MAN DOSS
Great Granny, Digit! You almost got deleted!

The Screening Room door flies open again -

PIXEL
Mayor! We've got incoming!

MAYOR WYNN
Thank you, Pixel. I know something's coming.

PIXEL
Yes sir, Mr. Mayor sir!

MAYOR WYNN
I just wish I knew what it was.

The light from outside is different somehow... Something IS happening. Gate gets up and goes to a window.

GATE
Definitely an invasion.

Through the window, a loading bar begins to creep ominously across the sky-screen.

BEERP! WUB_WUB WUB... A high-pitched WHINE floods the hall. A strange flickering glow leaks out from behind the doors to the disk drives. Programs gather and watch...

BAM! The doors fly open, and there stands an EOL INSTALLER in a shiny, blue clean room suit with a prominent EOL logo and a suitcase in his hand. A much shorter clean-suited BROWSER steps up behind him.

DIGIT
(trying to read the logo)
Eeooul. Eeeeuul. Eee-

GATE
(to Mayor Wynn)
Everybody on line.

MAYOR WYNN
Everybody what?

The installer opens the suitcase and produces a hand drill. While the denizens of Granny's Computer look on, the installer drills a small hole in the wall of Memory Hall. Producing a small plug and a mallet, he lightly taps the plug into the hole, puts his tools away, and closes his case up.

GATE
That wasn't so bad.

Then the installer produces a remote. One press of the button, and the plug expands instantly into a giant ring, shattering huge chunks of wall into bouncing bits as it crushes its way into the structure of Memory Hall.

OLD MAN DOSS
Great Granny!

Another press and-

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

-the thick cylindrical portal now embedded in the side of Memory Hall extends itself across town, demolishing streets, buildings, anything in its path, as it stretches past the edge of town, through the energy wall and into the unknown...

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

As the bouncing bits settle, Browser leans up against the inside of the newly formed tunnel and SNIFFS casually.

The installer calmly pockets the remote and steps past the stunned crowd to the disk drive door. He takes off his clean suit hat, jerks his thumb back towards the tunnel-

EOL INSTALLER

Uhh... The first two months are...
uh... free.

Then he turns around and leaves. Everyone stares at Browser.

BROWSER

What.

From inside the tunnel... SCUFFLE. PLINK. Uh-oh.

The anxiety builds as the SCUFFLING becomes thoughtful FOOTSTEPS, which pause just outside the reach of the light. Browser wipes the creases out of his EOL suit and stands by the entrance expectantly as everyone awaits the arrival of-

MCFOOGLE! Skinny, colorful, with big round glasses - just the most ridiculous thing Granny's Computer has ever seen.

MAYOR WYNN

Gate.

McFoogle is looking straight at them now, and the Mayor jerks his thumb for emphasis.

MAYOR WYNN

Talk to it.

MCFOOGLE

Hi!

GATE

Umm. Hi.

MCFOOGLE

Hi.

DIGIT

I'm Digit!

MCFOOGLE

It's an honor, Digit, a pleasure,
and a number I might add. Just
one, though.

MAYOR WYNN

Excuse me, sir.

GATE

(building confidence)
Identify yourself, you alien scum!

MCFOOGLE

McFoogle! Registered trademark of
McFoogle Incorporated, Copyright
1997, educated at Nicknoggin
University, Northern California.
Carpe cerebrum! That's Latin for
"seize the brain!" Latin was the
language of the Roman Empire,
starting in 753 BC-

GATE

Uh...

MAYOR WYNN

Excuse me.

MCFOOGLE

The empire I mean, not the
language-

MAYOR WYNN

(practically exploding)
Excuse me!

MCFOOGLE

You're completely excused! Look at
you! You know the sun is actually
a huge giant furnace, which runs on
the simple, yet altogether awesome
principle of nuclear fusion! How
it works is, you take a hydrogen
atom-

DIGIT

Wow.

MCFOOGLE

-and you take another hydrogen atom, and you mash 'em together with as much force as you can, and you what get is a humongous ball of fire! Ha!

MAYOR WYNN

What are you doing in my hall!

MCFOOGLE

I'm looking for a Granny. I'm supposed to talk to her about macaroni ham casserole.

HAROLD

This is how it starts.

EVERYONE

Gaaah!

As everyone turns around in surprise, they find Harold, a diminutive pop-up standing there wearing a colorful billboard for ANTIBOT X, a hero in tights with a flashy logo.

GATE

Who are you? What's going on around here?

HAROLD

I'm Harold. I've come to save you.

MAYOR WYNN

From what?

HAROLD

Invasion.

GATE

You've got my attention.

HAROLD

You're in charge of security around here?

GATE

Yeah. Yeah!

HAROLD

You're new at this, aren't you?

GATE

Um... yeah.

HAROLD
 I'll keep it simple. You don't
 know what you're dealing with.
 There are forces at work.
 Dangerous, powerful forces!

GATE
 I knew it!

HAROLD
 Know what lies on the other side of
 that tunnel?

GATE
 What.

HAROLD
 Everything.

GATE
 Don't play games with me, Jack.

HAROLD
 Oh, no, I mean it. Everything.
 Out there? Everything. And let me
 tell you something. It's not all
 quarks and casseroles.

GATE
 What are you saying?

HAROLD
 I'm saying they're out to get you.

GATE
 (awestruck whisper)
 I knew it.

MAYOR WYNN
 Who?

HAROLD
 Spammers. Pirates. And much
 worse.

GATE
 What's worse than spammer pirates?

HAROLD
 A virus.

GATE
 A virus!

HAROLD
 Exactly. They slip into your
 system, slick and cool-like. And
 then WHAMMO! They take control.

GATE
 And then what?

HAROLD
 They take what they want.

GATE
 What do they want?

HAROLD
 Use your imagination.

Gate's imagination is more than equal to the task...

GATE
 Oh... Oh NO!

MAYOR WYNN
 What can we do?

HAROLD
 Nothing. There's nothing you can
 do. But I know the one who can.

GATE
 Who can what!

HAROLD
 Who can do. Who can... Antibot X
 ok? Antibot X! Look, I know a
 hero! Do you really think you can
 defend yourselves?

Murmurs spread throughout the crowd.

HAROLD
 He takes all major credit cards,
 payable at Microplex Server
 Central.

The faint din of a herd of circus performers CLAMORS from
 the tunnel...

GATE
 What's that?

HAROLD
 Everything.

An unending horde of web programs, weather reports, sign-bearing Harolds, and a menagerie of company mascots literally flood out of the tunnel...

GATE

Everyone, save yourselves! Run!
Our world is dooomed!

Digit sees McFoogle looking lost and scared, and pulls him by the arm -

DIGIT

Come on! I know a way out!

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Digit ushers McFoogle out the back door unseen and leads him back around for a view of the bedlam.

MCFOOGLE

Well that's a handy little trick!
Reminds me of the movies you know -
secret doors always end up being
important in the story -

DIGIT

McFoogle?

MCFOOGLE

Digit! You realize we just ran out
of memory!

DIGIT

Want half my sandwich?

MCFOOGLE

Oh boy! Yes please!

DIGIT

There aren't really such things as
viruses, are there?

Just as McFoogle lifts the half-sandwich to his mouth he bumps into TROJAN, a typical but imposing "man in black," complete with sunglasses and RADIO EARPIECE, who snatches the sandwich from McFoogle and stuffs his face with it!

TROJAN

Oh, RAM and cheese sandwich! Oh!
Mmmmm, Man! Oh wow I needed that!

DIGIT

I gave that to him!

TROJAN

Oh? I suppose the other half is in
that bag?

Digit glances at the bag a moment, and Trojan grabs it!

DIGIT

Hey!

TROJAN

I'm looking for Wynn.

DIGIT

(dejected)

He's inside.

Trojan lifts his sunglasses and looks down his nose at Digit
a moment before turning and walking off.

MCFOOGLE

Respect yourself, Digit. Know what
I mean? Respect yourself! Bango!
R-e-s-p-e-c-t, find out what it
means to me-

DIGIT

This is bad.

MCFOOGLE

But it sells!

DIGIT

McFoogle... Look!

Indeed, now that the street is in view, Granny's computer is
starting to look like a telethon crossed with a refugee
camp.

DIGIT

Someone should do something.

MCFOOGLE

That's what they say right before
the hero shows up!

DIGIT

Is Antibot X really a hero?

MCFOOGLE

Well, he costs forty-nine dollars
and ninety five cents!

DIGIT

Follow me.

Digit drags McFoogle back towards Memory Hall.

MCFOOGLE
Digit! What about my casserole?

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

John-John is clicking through countless ads trying to set up Granny's Computer, while Jackie peeks up from his laptop on the couch.

GRANNY
You made a mess!

JOHN-JOHN
That's how it works, Ma!

GRANNY
Well I just don't see what
hemorrhoid cream has to do with my
grandson is all!

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Digit and McFoogle are pushing through the crowd towards the tunnel entrance.

MCFOOGLE
No Digit it's true! People of all
ages can suffer from-

MAYOR WYNN
-gigantic pain in my butt!

GATE
Dangerous, powerful forces!

MAYOR WYNN
Gate! You're all the security we
have! Pull yourself together, for
Granny's sake!

DIGIT
Gate, you gotta go get Antibot X!

GATE
What?

DIGIT
He'll save us!

GATE
Me? Out there? Are you crazy?

MAYOR WYNN
Pixel!

The door flies open -

PIXEL
Yes sir!

MAYOR WYNN
Get me clearance to call in Antibot
X.

GATE
You are crazy.

PIXEL
Cleared!

MAYOR WYNN
Bring me back someone who can help
us.

GATE
No way. I'm not going out there.

DIGIT
I'll go.

Eerily, the crowd falls quiet as Trojan steps before the Mayor. Gate swallows dry. Trojan's eyes glow a moment.

TROJAN
Mayor Wynn, I presume.

MAYOR WYNN
You presume correctly.

TROJAN
It looks to me like you've had
quite a day.

MAYOR WYNN
You have no idea. Exactly who am I
addressing?

TROJAN
Call me Trojan.

GATE
(whispering)
Don't trust him.

TROJAN

Nonsense. These are the circles I travel in. In fact, I may be able to help. Perhaps you'd like a cookie?

Trojan profers a fresh basket of warm cookies - for Wynn it seems a veritable bastion of warm, sweet sanity.

MAYOR WYNN

They do look good.

TROJAN

I baked them myself.

GATE

We never eat cookies without asking Granny.

TROJAN

How prudent...

Mayor Wynn shoots Gate a disapproving look...

MAYOR WYNN

Pixel!

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Granny adjusts her glasses, squints at the screen-

GRANNY

Ooh, cookies!

CLICK!

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Mayor Wynn's eyeing the basket.

MAYOR WYNN

Maybe just one.

TROJAN

You'll feel like a new program.

Trojan offers a cookie to Gate, who takes it and SNIFFS it suspiciously.

TROJAN

Suit yourself.

One bite of the cookie, and Mayor Wynn is overcome by a slack, glazed expression. He stands motionless, mesmerized as Old Man Doss emerges from the crowd.

OLD MAN DOSS

Why Wynn, I've never seen you so relaxed!

The Mayor straightens up and smooths his suit.

OLD MAN DOSS

No fooling Mr. Trojan, that's some cookie!

Gate takes a fearful step back, and puts her hand on Doss to get his attention. He turns to her as Trojan activates a walkie-talkie at his belt and speaks into his wire...

GATE

It's wrong.

TROJAN

Can you hear me Mayor?

MAYOR WYNN

Yes. I can hear.

Gate takes another step back, increasingly horrified.

GATE

Something's wrong.

TROJAN

I want you to quarantine these programs.

GATE

It's trojan cookies.

She starts to back up, and Digit and McFoogles back up with her.

TROJAN

I'm looking for something, Mayor. And you're going to help me find it.

GATE

It's trojan cookies! Run!

Digit looks around, spots the tunnel, and runs for it - right past Mayor Wynn! Gate follows him and slams straight into Browser -

GATE

Listen to me! The Mayor has been
taken over by aliens!

- before charging off into the darkness!

MCFOOGLE

He's making a break for it! He
spins past the defense!

OLD MAN DOSS

We'll follow him!

MCFOOGLE

This is just like the movies!

And McFoogle charges off, while Mayor Wynn bears down on
him...

OLD MAN DOSS

We'll ain't this the Granny's fanny!

INT. LONG DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

Through the blackness, Digit, Gate, and McFoogle feel their
way along the tunnel, bumping blindly along.

GATE

Digit?

DIGIT

Yeah?

GATE

I think we should go back.

DIGIT

We can't. We're on a mission.

GATE

I'm not on a mission!

DIGIT

Are too!

GATE

Am not, and without me little man,
there is no mission.

DIGIT

How come.

GATE

I'm security. I'm in charge, and I'm the one with Granny's credit card.

DIGIT

So give it here!

GATE

No way! And I'm not going out there!

DIGIT

Someone has to!

MCFOOGLE

A great big one!

GATE

Bigger than me!

DIGIT

Mayor Wynn said!

GATE

Well he didn't know how scary it was going to be!

DIGIT

He said go get Antibot X-

BYTE

Anne Butt.

DIGIT

(whispering)
Did you hear that?

BYTE

(whispering)
Anne Butt.

GATE

I heard it, but I didn't like it.

BYTE

Anne Butt!

DIGIT

Gaaah!

MCFOOGLE

I heard it too!

GATE
I wish we could see!

MCFOOGLE
Well that's easy enough.

McFoogle flicks a switch, and ceiling lights come on in the tunnel. BYTE takes cowardly cover.

MCFOOGLE
You know, you look at light real close up, and it's made up of billions of bitty little bits called photons, but if you look real close at the photons, they're made up of energy waves flowing through the air, but if you look at the energy, guess what, you're gonna find photons-

GATE
McFoogle?

MCFOOGLE
Well don't you think it's interesting?

GATE
McFoogle!

MCFOOGLE
Lady with all the cards!

GATE
You knew there was a light switch this whole time?

BYTE
Twitch time!

DIGIT
(startled anew)
Gaah!

MCFOOGLE
Baah!

BYTE
(also scared)
Blaah!

Digit and McFoogle turn and find a curious little airborne program buzzing around nervously in the corner - BYTE!

MCFOOGLE
It's a buffer program!

DIGIT
A what?

MCFOOGLE
It's for backing things up-

BYTE
Backity pup! Byte! Byte-byte!

GATE
Are you... threatening me?

DIGIT
That's it's name! I'm Digit.

BYTE
Dig-dig-dig-Digik! Digik!

DIGIT
Digit!

BYTE
Digik!

DIGIT
How much can he back up?

MCFOOGLE
One file.

BYTE
Pile.

DIGIT
How does it work?

BYTE
Burp.

DIGIT
Can I keep him?

GATE
Do what you want. I'm leaving.

DIGIT
Don't you even want to see what's
out there?

A light is visible at the end of the tunnel - nothing too climactic with the lights on... Gate takes a few steps forward.

Then the tunnel lights flicker and die.

DIGIT

What happened?

MCFOOGLE

Maybe something disconnected.

BYTE

May por-mee effect!

MCFOOGLE

You know, in 91% of near death experiences, they say this is what happens right before-

DIGIT

Wow.

Digit, McFoogle and Byte emerge from the tunnel and see -

EXT. HUB CITY - EVENING

- a sky made up of several screens, each showing a fish tank screensaver. The town spread out before them is like nothing Digit has ever seen - a neon frontier city bustling with spiders, spammers, auctioneers, sinister types, everything. Granny's Computer suddenly seems like a tiny isolated village in the Amazon.

GATE

We're so dead.

DIGIT

Is this Microplex Server Central?

MCFOOGLE

No sir! This is Hub City! If the internet were a pizza, this is basically just a black olive. Microplex Server Central is the crust. Or like a slice of crust. Thick frozen crust, like they have in California-

DIGIT

But it's so big.

MCFOOGLE

That's not big. Big is e-bit's selection of value consumer goods! Priced to go, and with new online secure purchasing, supplies won't hold out much longer!

Gate looks askance at McFoogle.

MCFOOGLE

Just sayin.

BYTE

Corbet sponder!

MCFOOGLE

Digit, big is the pirate forces right now aligning to begin duplication of this very movie so bored teenagers can watch it at a tenth of the cost these upstanding moviegoers have paid. Hub City is just where those teenagers stop to play video games on the way.

DIGIT

Then how will we ever find Antibot X?

BYTE

Anne Butt.

MCFOOGLE

Microplex Server Central! Sometimes you have to start somewhere, and trust yourself to figure out the bits and thingies. You gotta feel lucky!

GATE

How can you feel lucky against cookies like that?

MCFOOGLE

Hey, get this! Donuts were the first dessert! Actually, it all goes back to Rome-

Digit scans his surroundings... and his gaze settles on a red glow coming from around the bend. The sounds of sultry giggling are barely audible.

BAM! Out of nowhere, a parental firewall slams down!

GATE
Whoa! Not that way.

DIGIT
What's in there?

GATE
Nothing. Trust me.

BYTE
Digik it "G" buddy!

The answer comes in the form of an ARENA ANNOUNCER, calling out over a loudspeaker.

ARENA ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Cyberslaughter warriors, ready your weapons!

MCFOOGLE
Hear that?

ARENA ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
Do the warriors have their weapons ready?

HEROES (O.C.)
Yeah! Yup! Yeah, baby!

COCK go the guns. WHIRR go the lasers. RRRRIP go the chainsaws!

MCFOOGLE
I bet they're not afraid of cookies!

DIGIT
It sounds dangerous.

MCFOOGLE
Come on! I feel lucky!

GATE
Did he say Cyberslaughter?

MCFOOGLE
Come on you guys!

McFoogle dashes towards the Arena, Digit, Gate, and Byte in tow.

EXT. ARENA - EVENING

At the Arena's stage door, a hefty BOUNCER with a clipboard is checking everyone who enters. McFoogle wastes no time.

MCFOOGLE

Howdy! We're lookin' to take on some hired guns!

BOUNCER

You?

MCFOOGLE

Well, really just this fellow right here.

BOUNCER

How many you looking to take on?

MCFOOGLE

Many as you got!

BOUNCER

Name?

MCFOOGLE

Digit.

BOUNCER

Right. Got a match starting right now. (into radio) Rocco, one more for the grinder.

ARENA ANNOUNCER

Cyberslaughter starts in 20 seconds! 19! 18!

DIGIT

The grinder?

The Bouncer grabs Digit and shoves him through the door. More hands reach out and pull him inside. McFoogle suddenly notices a gigantic screen, far over his head, displaying:

INT. ARENA - EVENING

Digit is bodily dragged into a massive obstacle course and plunked down in a line of misfit PROGRAMS - lizard men, aliens, monsters, face to face with a row of plastic hero types, including DARKNYTE and DEATHCHICKEN5.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

15! 14!

DARKNYTE

Hey you guys?

DEATHCHICKEN5

DarkNyte? Say anything dorky and I'll flame you like a marshmallow.

DARKNYTE

Hey you guys, I totally won a Blast Fry Gun if anyone wants to trade me for it! How 'bout it you guys?

DEATHCHICKEN5

What are you, like, 8 years old?

ANNOUNCER

10! 9!

EXT. ARENA - EVENING

The players statistics are displayed like a sporting event, and McFoogle suddenly realizes...

MCFOOGLE

DarkNyte, DeathChicken5, ReaperChuck...

GATE

Good work, Dr. Nuts!

ANNOUNCER

6! 5!

MCFOOGLE

This looks bad.

GATE

Oh, you noticed that, huh?

MCFOOGLE

You think Digit's in trouble?

GATE

We're in a strange computer with who knows what just waiting to boot up and get us, and Digit's about to get blown to bits! Frankly, he's the lucky one!

BYTE

Digik a bubble.

GATE

Well Mr. Freaky McTweaky Repeat-
Everything-I-Say, tell me what we
can do?

Blink. Blink.

BYTE

Backity pup!

Suddenly Byte races up towards the screen and slips into an
open vent.

INT. ARENA - EVENING

The assorted victims in waiting are looking nervous.

DARKNYTE

(to Digit)

Check out my Blast Fry Gun!

DIGIT

It's really big.

ANNOUNCER

4! 3!

DeathChicken5 gives Digit a focused grimace, and Digit
swallows dry while -

INT. ARENA SIDELINES - EVENING

- Byte races through the crowd at high speed, rushing
towards Digit -

ANNOUNCER

2! 1! Slaughtertime!

- reaching him as the countdown ends and all the programs
around Digit scatter!

BYTE

Backity pup!

SNAP-CLICK! Everything goes dark for an instant as Byte's
eyes illuminate Digit in X-RAY light, showing his "code" -

BLAM!

- and Byte ducks behind an obstacle just as Digit is blown
to little round bouncing bits!

DARKNYTE

Dude! He didn't even have time!

DEATHCHICKEN5

DarkNyte. I'll tell you once.
Don't be lame, or I'll kill you
myself.

EXT. ARENA - EVENING

McFoogle and Gate stand gaping at the screen...

MCFOOGLE

I...

GATE

You got my friend blast-fried. I'm
leaving.

MCFOOGLE

I was only trying to help.

As Gate turns to walk away...

MCFOOGLE

Wait!

INT. ARENA - EVENING

Hidden behind the obstacle, little Byte BELCHES up another
Digit. Digit stands there, exactly as he was when Byte
backed him up, hands over his ears, crunched in dread.

Darknyte spots him and comes over as the game rages on
behind him - Byte freaks and zips away for cover...

DARKNYTE

Dude do you even have a gun?

DeathChicken5 comes over to see what's up -

DARKNYTE

Dude, I don't think he has a -

BLAM! DeathChicken5 blasts Digit regardless.

EXT. ARENA - EVENING

Gate is squinting, and McFoogle is watching through his
fingers.

DARKNYTE (O.C.)
That's not cool.

HEROES (AD-LIB)
I know he's around here
somewhere... Nobody said anything
about regenerating...

DEATHCHICKEN5 (O.C.)
Got him!

McFoogle winces. BLAM! McFoogle goes back to looking
around for help. BELCH!

GATE
You know something? I thought
things were bad off. If you want
to know the truth, I spend most of
my time thinking things are bad
off. But somehow, you made it
worse than I ever-

McFoogle is caught staring intently at a mysterious woman in
a tattered cloak and hood.

GATE
What?

MCFOOGLE
It's her.

GATE
Who?

The figure sees McFoogle, turns, disappears into the crowd.

MCFOOGLE
No! Wait!

McFoogle grabs Gate's arm -

MCFOOGLE
Come on!

- and rushes after.

EXT. CROWDED HUB CITY STREET - EVENING

McFoogle is dragging Gate after the mysterious figure.

GATE
McFoogle! We can't just leave him!

Suddenly, the figure turns around and speaks with a colonial British South African accent - a powerful womanly voice.

COUNTESS

Leave who?

Speechless, McFoogle points at the screen.

DARKNYTE

Now you guys are just being mean!

BLAM! DeathChicken5 chuckles.

COUNTESS

He's... defenseless.

MCFOOGLE

Please help him. You're the only one who can.

COUNTESS

I left the game... a long time ago.

MCFOOGLE

He's my friend.

COUNTESS

There's nothing I can do.

MCFOOGLE

But you're...

COUNTESS

Not anymore. I'm sorry.

GATE

We're wasting time. Let's go.

DIGIT

(in background on screen)
Somebody please help me!

BLAM BLAM BLAM!

INT. ARENA - EVENING

Digit is hiding behind a small wall, which is being chewed by incoming fire of all descriptions. A SMART MISSILE flies overhead and starts to turn -

DARKNYTE

Run Digit run!

BYTE

Bun Digik!

- and Digit jumps over the wall as the missile strikes the other side and blows up harmlessly. Only trouble is...

BLAM BLAM BLAM! Now there's nothing between Digit and his pursuers! He takes off at a sprint as the wall is peppered with laser blasts, machine gun fire, knives, arrows, and an EXPLODING CHICKEN.

DEATHCHICKEN5

Taste my wrath!

Ducking through the hail of ammunition, Digit dives into a cubbyhole and hides as best he can.

DEATHCHICKEN5

There!

Byte dives in after Digit, as explosions and gunfire spack the outside of the cubby.

DEATHCHICKEN5

That's his regeneration... thingie!
Sear him and serve him, boys!

DARKNYTE

Dude. It's over.

Darknyte steps inbetween the cubbyhole and the rest of the warriors.

DEATHCHICKEN5

DarkNyte! You know the law! When
I run the game, you can't be lame!

HEROES

(repeating)

He runs the game, you can't be
lame!

DARKNYTE

It's not your game, DeathChicken5.

DEATHCHICKEN5

Aren't you like, eight, or
something?

DARKNYTE

And picking on guys who can't shoot
back is stupid!

In response, DeathChicken5 just levels his hand cannon at Darknyte and -

COUNTESS

Stop!

Suddenly the roar of the crowd dies out. Digit climbs to the edge of the cubby hole, and sees a cloaked figure standing in the center of the arena. She flips off her cloak - she is THE COUNTESS, adventurer, swashbuckler, South African nobility - Lara Croft style.

McFoogle watches from the audience. Gate stands behind him.

AUDIENCE

(murmuring)

The Countess! It's the Countess!
What's she doing here?

DARKNYTE

Curse of the Phantom Yeti! Sky
Pirates of Crazy Ragnar! Tomb of
Yub-Yub Gazootz! I'm your biggest
fan!

MCFOOGLE

Watch this. Nobody beats the
Countess.

DEATHCHICKEN5

(to Countess)

This isn't your game.

COUNTESS

Let them go.

DeathChicken5 hefts an exploding chicken.

DEATHCHICKEN5

How about I just blow you all away?

COUNTESS

I didn't come here for poultry
threats.

For a moment, DeathChicken5 seems to consider these words, and then -

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! In a very impressive display of acrobatics the Countess dodges all the incoming fire.

DARKNYTE

Now's your chance dude! I'll cover
you!

DIGIT
She's so brave.

DARKNYTE
That's cause she's the best! Now
run!

Digit takes a deep breath.

DIGIT
No. I'm gonna be brave too.

DARKNYTE
Dude. Me too.

Digit and DarkNyte stride out onto the battlefield.

DARKNYTE
Dudes! Hear me!

The field falls silent.

INT. ARENA SIDELINES - EVENING

McFoogle watches enraptured.

GATE
Now he's getting himself blast-
fried.

INT. ARENA - EVENING

DarkNyte walks up onto an obstacle, and puts a hand on
Digit.

DARKNYTE
He has something he wants to say!

DIGIT
Hi. I'm Digit. I don't know what
CyberSlaughter is, but I don't want
to fight. I came here because I'm
looking for someone to help me.

The Countess watches from the still battlefield.

DIGIT
I come from a place called Granny's
Computer.

(MORE)

DIGIT (cont'd)
 Installers came and hooked us up to
 the wub wub wub, and insurance
 advertisements took over my home,
 and then a mean program named
 Trojan gave the Mayor cookies that
 ate his brain. I'm on a mission to
 find Antibot X and bring him back,
 and if any of you can help me, I
 hope you will.

Silence. Then a CHOCK-CHOCK-WHIR as DeathChicken5 locks and
 loads -

- reflexively Byte SNAPS a back-up of Digit -

- and then BLAM! DeathChicken5 blows Digit away!

DEATHCHICKEN5
 Get the thingie!

BYTE
 Fin me?

BLAM! Byte flits through the firefight as the air fills in
 with shrapnel and plasma around him!

INT. ARENA SIDELINES - EVENING

Gate backs away from the rail.

GATE
 Saw that coming.

MCFOOGLE
 But it was a great speech. Patton
 by way of Mr. Rogers.

GATE
 And now he's gone.

BUUURP!

MCFOOGLE
 And now he's back!

INT. ARENA - EVENING

DarkNyte is watching to see if Digit makes it back safe,
 when...

COUNTESS

And now gentlemen, I leave you to
your sound and fury!

DEATHCHICKEN5

Yeah? Well I leave you to your
firey grave!

As DeathChicken5 starts to unload, DarkNyte lays down a
suppressive fire and covers her exit!

DEATHCHICKEN5

I'm not finished with you!

As she scales the arena wall and slips into the crowd, the
Countess gives DarkNyte the THUMBS UP...

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jackie sits on Granny's couch, absorbed in his computer.

JACKIE

Cool! I'm not lame!

JOHN-JOHN

What's lame is it keeps giving me
trojan cookies!

JACKIE

Dad! Don't take the trojan
cookies!

JOHN-JOHN

I know Jackie!

JACKIE

They're bad!

JOHN-JOHN

I know Jackie!

GRANNY

Well I don't see any harm in just
one cookie...

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Bound to a chair in the hall, Old Man Doss turns his head
away from the proffered cookie.

OLD MAN DOSS

Nope. Gives me indigestion.

TROJAN

Granny says.

OLD MAN DOSS

See, there are those programs who think you gotta do what people say. And there are those programs what know better.

Trojan removes his sunglasses.

OLD MAN DOSS

You're wasting your time with me, junior.

Old Man Doss is tied to an office chair.

TROJAN

Good or bad, Old Man Doss, I'm the one with the cookies. And I know that security update has what I came here for...

OLD MAN DOSS

Too bad you'll never find her!

TROJAN

...and I know who she's gone to find. Along with a little update named... Digit. What you're going to tell me is exactly where they're headed.

OLD MAN DOSS

If you're the guy with all the cookies, why don't you just ask Wynn?

TROJAN

I did. He wasn't paying attention.

OLD MAN DOSS

Well then I guess you're just out of luck there, spanky!

HAROLD

Hey.

TROJAN

(surprised)
Gaaaahh!

HAROLD
 Didn't mean to scare you there!
 Your computer's been infected.

TROJAN
 Has it now.

HAROLD
 Spammers. Pirates. Maybe a virus.

TROJAN
 A virus.

HAROLD
 A bad one. Real bad. But don't
 panic. I know someone who can -

OLD MAN DOSS
 Hey! Run! Get help! Run!

HAROLD
 Do you mind! I'm conducting
 business!

OLD MAN DOSS
 He's the virus!

Trojan speaks into his radio...

HAROLD
 Hey! You're interrupting!

As Old Man Doss leans forward to protest, Trojan casually
 covers his mouth.

HAROLD
 Thanks!

TROJAN
 What's your name?

HAROLD
 Harold. And buddy, have I got a
 deal for you!

TROJAN
 Harold, you look like you need a
 cookie.

INT. ARENA CONCOURSE - EVENING

Digit, Gate, McFoogle and the Countess are sitting around a
 table at the top of the arena, at a table on the concourse.

Behind them are stands for tasty treats like RAM sandwiches, RAMbalaya, and of course, hot cups of JAVA.

GATE

You must be pretty used to plots
for world domination by now, huh?

COUNTESS

I've seen a few.

MCFOOGLE

Mind-controlling pastries?

COUNTESS

That's a first.

The coffee shop lurches slightly. Looking out the window onto the streets of Hub City, Gate watches the faces of the people outside as they stare up at the arena with kind of a shock-and-awestruck expression. She sticks out her tongue. They don't respond.

DIGIT

How do you do it?

COUNTESS

Do what?

DIGIT

Be a hero. Be a one.

COUNTESS

Some say I'm a coward.

DIGIT

You're not a coward.

COUNTESS

Doesn't matter what you are. Know
what matters?

DIGIT

No.

COUNTESS

What you do. It's what you do that
really counts, Digit.

Just as Gate turns away from the window, the busy streets of Hub City drop away as arena is gently lifted into the air. Nobody on the inside seems to notice - they're too engrossed in conversation.

GATE

What if think this whole world is just one big mathematical simulation? What if we're living a lie? What if this world doesn't really exist?

The Countess squints a bit as she takes Gate in.

GATE

Yeah. Think about it.

Outside the window Hub City glides peacefully by far below - people gather in the streets and point up in surprise. The games in the arena stop, but our heroes are too focused on their own conversation to notice. Inside the arena, the games keep the attention of the crowd.

MCFOOGLE

Broadly defined, schizophrenia is the group of psychotic disorders primarily characterized by withdrawal from reality -

GATE

You think you're so smart. Guess what?

MCFOOGLE

(faux high-and-mighty)

There are more things in heaven and earth, McFoogle, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

GATE

And they're out to get you. You left that part out! They're out to get you!

COUNTESS

Who's out to get you?

GATE

Them.

Far below, they pass over a big fence into the industrial part of town - the "Memory Hall" of Hub City. There's a good sized PORT below.

COUNTESS

Right.

DIGIT

How come you quit playing games?

COUNTESS

It's just not right, all that violence... I've hunted mummies, dragons, killed countless foot soldiers - I was sent online to meet my team in some lost Mayan ruins and have a gunfight with Kuruz, a resurrected demigod from the forgotten plane of purple shadows, and something very strange happened. Something got crossed - I can't explain it, but there was the most beautiful music, and light... I wasn't in the Mayan Ruins.

MCFOOGLE

You were at new-age-you dot com!

COUNTESS

You're familiar with it. I learned about energy crystals and eating vegan hot dogs - They showed me a better way to live. A way of peace. I've wandered ever since. But I can tell you this, Digit. I'll never pick up a gun again.

MCFOOGLE

So somewhere there's a copy of "Lost City of Hidden Legend" with no Countess in it? It really is lost, I've looked and looked-

GATE

I bet they won't even give the kid his refund. With the lawyers companies like that-

BYTE

(with authority)
Warranty covers.

Everyone looks at Byte incredulously.

GATE

Oh.

Rope ladders are inexplicably dropped outside the glass windows.

COUNTESS

You stood up for yourself back there, Digit. I admire that.

DIGIT
Will you help us?

A good-sized horde of stumpy chihuahua-like pirates begins climbing down the rope ladders and looking into the arena, unnoticed.

COUNTESS
I... I work alone.

DIGIT
But I need your help.

COUNTESS
You need someone who's willing to fight.

DIGIT
I need you!

COUNTESS
I've already stayed longer than I should.

DIGIT
No!

COUNTESS
I'm sorry. I can't.

DIGIT
Then why is this happening to me?

COUNTESS
You're one step closer.

DIGIT
To what?

SCREECHING and JABBERING, the stumpy pirate throng bursts in through the windows, quickly overcoming the cafe-goers with cutlasses and a few raucous pistol shots. The Countess and the rest of Digit's friends are caught completely by surprise - it's now that people realize they're hovering in the sky.

Then, with the GROAN of stretching rope, CAPTAIN CLEETUS climbs down from... wherever... and swings into the arena. Swarthy, dramatic, earringed, tall, Captain Cleetus is immediately flanked by a guard of pirate-letts.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
 (in pirate accent)
 Listen up, ye mangy cats! This
 here game and everything in it is
 now the property of the Dread
 Pirate Captain Cleetus!

GATE
 Captain Cleetus?

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
 Aye. Captain Cleetus.

MCFOOGLE
 Pirates are supposed to have cool
 names-

BYTE
 Mama's blame!

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
 Don't be talkin' about me mama!
 And you!

MCFOOGLE
 Me?

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
 Quiet!

MCFOOGLE
 Ok, Captain Cleetus!

Gate snickers. Captain Cleetus eyes Byte suspiciously, and
 moves towards the center of the room.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
 Right. As I was sayin', just sit
 tight -

DIGIT
 Captain Cleetus, please let us go!
 We're on a rescue mission, and
 we're running out of time-

STUMPY PIRATE
 Baaa!

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
 Try this one on for size, ye
 weetus! I don't want to!

DIGIT
 Why?

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
Cyberslaughter. And now it's mine.

MCFOOGLE
You can just buy the CD at Congo
Dot Com -

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
Quiet I told ye! And hang onto
something... Yeer in fer a bumpy
ride!

EXT. OVER HUB CITY - EVENING

He can see the blue wavering light of the fishtank
screensavers cast over the whole of Hub City from here.

In the sky, hovering over the port, is an airship - a
dirigible with a massive pirate sign painted on the side. A
cable hangs from the bottom of the airship, and at the end
of the cable, a massive claw... In the clutches of the
claw, we see the entire CYBERSLAUGHTER ARENA! It's been
literally torn from the ground.

The airship positions itself over the port, and the claw
begins lowering to:

EXT. PORT OF HUB CITY - EVENING

The port sector of Hub City, with a terminal and big
equipment lining the piers behind, all bordering a sea of
glowing ether. Hub City's port is about on the scale of a
very large marina. CARRIERS, sleek futuristic transports,
are created out of pure crackling energy by machines lining
the ether.

The arena is lowered onto the deck of a particularly large
carrier, and the stumpy pirates pour out and start lashing
the arena down.

Captain Cleetus walks out onto the deck:

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
Look to the launch, ye little
lootin' larrikins!

INT. ARENA - EVENING

Digit is looking around at his friends for help.

COUNTESS
I say, this is far from ideal.

GATE
Welcome aboard.

The pirates eye Digit and his friends with threatening suspicion.

DIGIT
What do we do?

MCFOOGLE
We hang on!

INT. CARRIER - EVENING

Captain Cleetus marches up to the helm of the carrier and seizes the controls.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
We launch in 10! 9! 8!

INT. ARENA - EVENING

The pirates all grab hold of something in preparation, as some kind of turbine engine whirs in the background -

CAPTAIN CLEETUS (O.S.)
(on loudspeaker)
7! 6!

MCFOOGLE
5! 4! 3! 2!

GATE
What is wrong with you!?!

MCFOOGLE
1! Happy New Year!!!

THE ETHER SEA - EVENING

With the ROAR of a modem connect the carrier shoots off across the ether sea, so fast a wake builds up behind it - the carrier's not even touching the water.

Before long they leave the aquarium sky behind. The force of the craft's momentum pulls the ether-water up around the carrier into a massive tunnel surrounding it! Somehow, the tunnel extend in front of the carrier now...

Hub City is gone! Other carriers race along all over the inside wall of the tunnel like it's a big highway rolled into a tube - This is high-speed internet!

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

The carrier with the arena onboard speeds along the inside wall of the highway tube -

EXT. CARRIER DECK - DAY

- as Captain Cleetus fights his way along the windy deck -

INT. ARENA - DAY

- and back into the arena.

COUNTESS

You'll never get away with this.

GATE

(to Countess)

You're joking, right?

CAPTAIN CLEETUS

My dear, who thinks-

BYTE

My boomstick.

Digit looks over, and Byte's dragged the Blast Fry Gun across the ground towards him. Digit's heart begins to race... He dives for the cannon!

COUNTESS

Digit, no!

Digit grabs the gun, just as the stumpy little pirates start to notice - just as the Countess starts to reach him...

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!

DIGIT

WHOA-OH-OH-OH-OH!

Everybody dives out of the way as huge balls of blast fry energy streak off in all directions! Huge, massive holes are blasted in the walls, and hard wind of high speed internet travel rushes in!

The Countess knocks the weapon out of Digit's hand-

-as a gust of wind catches Byte full force and he's WHOOSHED away out one of the holes!

BYTE

Waaaaaaa!

DIGIT

Byte!

Gate looks up in near panic, and McFoogle is holding his glasses on!

MCFOOGLE

Slap me stormcenter and call me Agnes!

DIGIT

What do we do?

Furniture is blowing away in the force of the wind.

COUNTESS

We go back for him!

MCFOOGLE

Can you drive broadband?

COUNTESS

What?

GATE

Digit drives a bus!

DIGIT

I only watched!

GATE

This is the exact same thing!

MCFOOGLE

Yeah! It's just a way bigger, way faster, way more dangerous bus!

COUNTESS

Then come on!

Fighting the hurricane wind, the Countess grabs Digit and launches herself through one of the holes Digit blew in the arena -

EXT. CARRIER DECK - DAY

- and struggles across the gale-struck deck towards the cockpit, Digit in tow.

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

The carrier zooms along towards an unknown destination at the speed of light.

INT. ARENA - DAY

Captain Cleetus is making his way back towards the door. He stops at the band.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS

You mates are twice the funk you're worth!

MCFOOGLE

Cool, baby!

As he exits, he turns back towards the pirates pygmies and makes a cutting motion with his hand. His hat blows off as he turns and leaves, while the pirate horde makes their way outside and begins hacking through the ropes that hold the arena to the carrier!

MCFOOGLE

Wait! We interrupt this broadcast for the following emergency message...

GATE

Oh no.

MCFOOGLE

Heeeeeelp! Heeeeeeeelp!

Everything lurches as -

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

- the arena, almost completely free, slides off the deck of the carrier and slams down to the surface of the tunnel/freeway! It's being dragged along behind!

EXT. CARRIER DECK - DAY

The Captain is hanging onto a support strut in a dramatic pose.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
Cut 'em free, stumpies!

The pirate-letts are hard at work doing just that when -

INT. CARRIER - DAY

Digit is at the helm now, swinging the carrier around -

DIGIT
Hang on everybody!

COUNTESS
I hope you know what you're doing!

DIGIT
I hope too!

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

- the entire mess swings full around the inside of the tubular road and heads back the way they came! The sudden shift throws everyone completely off balance, and the stumpies struggle just to stay on board!

INT. JAVA HUT INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Inside the internet cafe, the whole world is spinning.

GATE
Gaaaaa!

MCFOOGLE
No more java! No java for anyone!

DEATHCHICKEN5
This game's crashing! Log out,
everybody log out!

Heroes begin vanishing in flashes of light.

GATE
How do they do that? Take me with
you!

MCFOOGLE

They can't! That's what happens
when the Chinese food comes!
Besides, don't you want to see what
happens next?

INT. CARRIER - DAY

Digit is at the helm, fussing frantically over the controls.

DIGIT

How am I gonna find Byte in -

As Digit looks up, he sees Byte dead ahead, and in no time
flat -

EXT. CARRIER - DAY

- he's WHIZZING past the carrier cockpit -

BYTE

Waaaaaa!

- past the carrier altogether, and straight into -

INT. ARENA - DAY

- an open hole in the arena, SMACK into the wall!

MCFOOGLE

See! That was awesome!

GATE

We need a way out of here!

BYTE

Backity pup.

MCFOOGLE

You only save one file!

BYTE

Cidersplotter.

MCFOOGLE

The whole thing?

GATE

Can he do it?

MCFOOGLE

Gate, what happens when you stuff a hamster with six tons of TNT?

SNAP-CLICK! Everything goes "X-RAY" as Byte's eyes take it all in with a blinding flash. Crammed full to bursting with information, Byte shakes and rattles with manic energy.

MCFOOGLE

He's...

GATE

Scary.

INT. CARRIER - DAY

Digit looks behind to make sure Byte's back inside and -

DIGIT

Ok! Here I go!

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

Narrowly missing several other carriers, the pirate carrier careens back around onto its original heading, arena swinging wildly behind!

EXT. CARRIER DECK - DAY

The pirates are regaining their footing once again.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS

Loose the ropes! I'll handle the weetus!

INT. CARRIER - DAY

Digit sees a huge gap coming up in the road!

DIGIT

Waaaaaaaaa!

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

Up ahead is a massive round chamber, hundreds of tunnels all leading into it, and a CRACKLING ENERGY SPHERE in the middle!

Digit's carrier shoots out of its tunnel, flying right towards the sphere - which "catches" it with a beam of crackling energy, swinging it around and around in a tight orbit at impossibly high speed!

INT. CARRIER - DAY

Suddenly, against all reason, there's a KNOCK at the window!

ROUTER
Outer numbler?

DIGIT
What?

The Countess opens the window cautiously.

ROUTER
Router number?

DIGIT AND COUNTESS
What?

ROUTER
Where are you going?

DIGIT
Microplex Server Central!

ROUTER
Right!

Suddenly Digit is hurtling off in a whole new direction!

DIGIT
Whaaaaaaaaa!

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

The routing sphere releases its "grip" on the carrier and flings it down an even bigger tunnel!

INT. ARENA - DAY

Reaching through a blast hole, fighting the intense wind, Gate is helping Byte get hold of one of the lines still attached to the arena.

MCFOOGLE
Gate, that's megabytes and
megabytes of information!

GATE

There wouldn't be so much if you'd
just stop talking!

Gate helps Byte get his grip on the rope - Byte begins
carefully scuttling his way towards the carrier as the
pygmies continuously hack the ropes away!

MCFOOGLE

He's overloading! He's gonna blow!

GATE

Go Byte, go!

BYTE

Megabyte! M-e-g-a-b-y-t-e...

INT. CARRIER - DAY

The carrier is twice as hard to control dragging the arena
behind it, and Digit is bending all his will to the task.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS

The game is up. For both of you.

Digit spins around to see Captain Cleetus and his horde,
arms at the ready. He looks to the Countess.

DIGIT

You can beat him.

Remorsefully, she puts her hands in the air.

EXT. THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY - DAY

Byte scrambles up the ropes towards the carriers as the
pirates cut one after another. Snapping cables are
recoiling all around him -

Byte's cable is cut, and he falls back through the air -
- catching another!

CARRIER DECK - DAY

Byte makes his way to the deck of the carrier and hides,
shivering with pent up energy - as the last cables are
cut...

STUMPY PIRATE

Baaaaa!

...and the arena falls behind. A few other carriers manage to steer around, but then a pretty big one just crashes right through, smashing everything to bouncy bits!

STUMPY PIRATE
(maniacal)
Baaa ha ha ha!

INT. CARRIER - DAY

Digit watches in horror...

DIGIT
No...

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
That's what you get for being a weetus!

Digit looks up at him, resigned to his fate, broken, and the Captain holsters his gun.

EXT. CARRIER DECK - DAY

Prodded by the stumpy pirate mob, Digit marches out onto the deck.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
Shall I make him walk the plank, mates?

STUMPY PIRATES
(cacophony of jabbering)
Baaaaa! Blaaaaaarg! Yib yib yib!

CAPTAIN CLEETUS
You heard 'em. Start walkin'.

Digit backs away from Captain Cleetus and the jabbering pygmies, out onto a plank over the highway. The wind is ripping at him out on the narrow strip of deck.

Looking back in despair, Digit notices Byte climbing up onto Captain Cleetus' hat...

DIGIT
Byte!

BYTE
Megabyte.

CAPTAIN CLEETUS

Come again?

BEEEEEEEEELCH!!!! From up on Captain Cleetus' hat, Byte belches up the whole of the Cyberslaughter arena - right over the whole pirate throng, in fact - and falls back in relief as gravity asserts itself...

INT. THE BASEMENT OF CLEETUS' MOM - DAY

CLEETUS, a sad middle aged man, works on a computer in his mother's basement. The desktop is a pirate flag. There's a loading bar working it's way across the screen - it freezes. An error message pops up.

CLEETUS

Dang! Froze like a spooked spotted salamander in Septemb-

MOM OF CLEETUS

Cleetus, you ain't usin' my computer to download arcade games and rock and roll, are you boy?

Cleetus knows he's busted.

CLEETUS

No, Mama.

EXT. CARRIER DECK - DAY

McFoogle, Gate, Countess, Byte and Digit have been reunited on the deck. The carrier has slowed, and a pretty big opening looms up ahead in the tunnel. Then Digit sees it...

DIGIT

Wha?

MICROPLEX SERVER CENTRAL. The sky here is a mosaic of thousands of screens. This is the place where digital samurai really do stalk the alleys between gleaming monoliths of data, and the monoliths are tall and numerous...

DIGIT

What's that?

McFoogle pats Digit's shoulder.

MCFOOGLE

That, my friend, is Microplex Server Central.

GATE

Does Trojan know about this place?

MCFOOGLE

If he doesn't, he will soon.

DIGIT

What if he finds Antibot X before us?

BYTE

All your base are belong to us.

DIGIT

I'm sorry I got us in so much trouble.

COUNTESS

But you got us out. You didn't give up. And neither will I.

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Mayor Wynn stalks up to the door into the Screening Room, followed closely by Trojan, playing casual.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Pixel sticks his head out-

PIXEL

Boss? What's wrong?

TROJAN

(into the radio)
Tell him nothing's wrong.

MAYOR WYNN

Nothing's wrong, Pixel.

PIXEL

You never knock.

TROJAN

Mr. Pixel, why don't you have a cookie.

PIXEL

Who are you?

TROJAN

(into the radio)
Tell him to have a cookie.

MAYOR WYNN
Have a cookie, Pixel.

PIXEL
Any chips in there?

TROJAN
Is that a trick question?

PIXEL
I don't eat chips.

TROJAN
(menacing)
Hm. I do.

Pixel thinks on that a moment, and then his eyes grow wide.
SLAM! The Mayor tries the door - locked!

TROJAN
Hmm. That was a bit thick.

MAYOR WYNN
It's a balancing act, my Lord.

TROJAN
You're right about that. Is there anyone else who's not with the program?

MAYOR WYNN
Just Old Man Doss and Pixel.

TROJAN
See to it that they are persuaded.

MAYOR WYNN
You're leaving?

TROJAN
Harold and I have an appointment.

MAYOR WYNN
Are you taking the cookies?

TROJAN
You can have one more. These are for Pixel and Doss. Don't fail me, Mayor.

MAYOR WYNN
No.

And with that, Trojan and Harold walk out through the internet portal. The whole of Granny's Computer, brainwashed, watches him and winds up staring at Browser...

BROWSER

What.

INT. MICROPLEX SERVER CENTRAL PORT TERMINAL - DAY

Similar to any customs station, the inside wall of the terminal is lined with service windows, with a TERMINAL PROGRAM working inside each one. This place is packed with line after line of folks just waiting their turn -

TERMINAL PROGRAM

You heard me! End of the line!

They turn to see a line stretching all along the inside of the room and outside the door!

DIGIT

But this is an emergency!

TERMINAL PROGRAM

There ain't one program here that ain't moving at the speed of light, kid! What makes you so special?

DIGIT

Cause I'm big now!

TERMINAL PROGRAM

Nope.

DIGIT

Cause I love my Granny!

TERMINAL PROGRAM

Nope.

DIGIT

Please!

Blink. Blink.

GATE

You know you're what's wrong with the internet, right?

MCFOOGLE

This reminds me of the phone people at all the computer companies and all, where you're like "Help! Help!

(MORE)

MCFOOGLE (cont'd)

I'm being eaten by lions!" - and they're like "Please phrase your question using the words 'cheesecake' and 'snorkel'" and you're like "Cheesecake snorkel snorkel!" and they're like "Let me get my supervisor."

TERMINAL PROGRAM

I don't know what you're saying, but it's annoying.

GATE

He's talking about the establishment!

MCFOOGLE

Yeah I'm talking about the establishment! I'm talking about the whole problem! I'm talking about how everyone's happy to spend their lives being lemmings because everybody's afraid that if they take the load on they'll mess it all up and look stupid and man! It doesn't work like that! Don't be afraid little puppy! Don't be scared!

TERMINAL PROGRAM

Please be quiet. Can you make him be quiet?

MCFOOGLE

Sure you'll mess up! Hey kiddo, everyone does! But if you put that shoulder to the boulder sooner or later it's gonna budge, and buddy! You just made the world a better place!

TERMINAL PROGRAM

How do you make him be quiet?

MCFOOGLE

Get that monkey off your back and taste the sweet air of freedom!

TERMINAL PROGRAM

Fluffysoft is in Sector 1138.

MCFOOGLE

The system works if we can all just pitch in, and I'm not talkin' nine to five, I'm talkin' get inspired!

GATE

McFoogle?

MCFOOGLE

I'm talkin' cast off those chains you put yourself in and soar with the eagles-

GATE

McFoogle, we can go.

MCFOOGLE

Wha- We can? Hey, thanks. Good job. Keep it up, eagle scout!

GATE

You're kind of like a secret weapon, you know that?

MCFOOGLE

Yeah? Did you know there's this whole group of folks that are saying the US government developed time travel and invisible aircraft carriers back in the sixties? If they did, and you found out about it, there's like a billion ways they could shut you up! They're invisible, and they travel through time!

The terminal program watches in semi-shock as the intrepid adventurers walk past.

TERMINAL PROGRAM

Next!

EXT. MICROPLEX SERVER CENTRAL - DAY

The air is full of transmissions and beams of light, as well as flying programs of various types. The streets are packed. There are busses zooming around everywhere you look. Advertisement screens and megaphone broadcasts abound.

MCFOOGLE
 Welcome to the bigtime, Digit!
 Just like Chaplin and Pauly Shore
 before us!

GATE
 Why do I get the feeling we're
 being followed?

MCFOOGLE
 Paranoid schizophrenia!

DIGIT
 How are we gonna find Antibot X?

BYTE
 Anne Butt!

MCFOOGLE
 Simple! We just follow the
 gratuitous Star Wars reference!

MCFOOGLE 2
 THX, mon frère, THX!

Another MCFOOGLE approaches!

MCFOOGLE
 McFoogle?

MCFOOGLE 2
 McFoogle!

MCFOOGLE
 I stand corrected!

They slap each other five as they pass one another by.

MCFOOGLE
 I McFoogled myself!

GATE
 That's so wrong.

COUNTESS
 Not so wrong as stuffing a hamster
 with six tons of TNT.

GATE
 That's true.

As they begin to explore the canyon-like streets, they pass
 the e-bit auction block, where folks are bidding top dollar
 on:

AUCTIONEER

Next on the auction block, an autographed popsicle stick from the star of Star Chronicles 8, Henrietta Hayes!

MCFOOGLE

She was so great in that!

COUNTESS

You can't tell me making movies takes a lot of skill or training.

MCFOOGLE

Sure, and you've done cooler stuff than being on Star Chronicles?

COUNTESS

I was a champion wolf-wrestler.

MCFOOGLE

Oh. Wow.

Close by, a horde of Penguins gather around the Microplex tower chanting:

PENGUINS

Free the code! Free the code!

From within the crowd, Harold watches the intrepid heroes and slyly picks up the tail...

EXT. FLUFFYSOFT TOWER - DAY

Digit looks up, and the Fluffysoft tower looms overhead! McFoogle gets the door, and Hector ducks quickly out of sight...

MCFOOGLE

They say every entrance is an exit somewhere else you know, but only when they're confused because that's not really how it goes. Entrances go in. Exits go out. Don't believe everything you read.

GATE

Thanks.

MCFOOGLE

You're welcome.

...while Harold watches them from the shadows with a strange, glazed look in his eye...

INT. ANTIBOT X BUILDING - DAY

The lobby of the building is imposing, with a nice dark stone interior, steel highlights, a giant vault door at the back of the room, and an annoyed SECURITY AGENT who is chasing a byte of cookie with a sip of her JAVA...

SECURITY AGENT
How can Fluffysoft help you today?

DIGIT
I'm here to find Antibot X! I'm Digit, and I came all the way from Granny's Computer, and-

SECURITY AGENT
What's the password?

DIGIT
Granny's Computer, and - what?

SECURITY AGENT
Tell me your secret password.

DIGIT
What's the password?

SECURITY AGENT
I'm asking you that.

Digit looks to be on the verge of tearful panic.

DIGIT
But I don't know it.

SECURITY AGENT
Then go away.

DIGIT
But I can't go away!

SECURITY AGENT
Please leave.

DIGIT
But I've come so far!

MCFOOGLE
Aardvark!

SECURITY AGENT

Huh?

MCFOOGLE

Aardvark's the password!

SECURITY AGENT

No. It's not.

MCFOOGLE

Abacus!

SECURITY AGENT

No.

MCFOOGLE

Abalone!

SECURITY AGENT

No.

MCFOOGLE

Abandon!

SECURITY AGENT

No!

GATE

It's okay, Digit. I'm here to open a secure payment account.

SECURITY AGENT

Oh, well then! Do you have payment method?

GATE

Yes.

The woman waits expectantly.

GATE

I want to enter it.

The lady passes Gate a keypad.

GATE

Close your eyes.

SIGHING, the Security Agent closes her eyes, and Gate enters the code. Approving of the results, the Security Agent is suddenly all smiles?

SECURITY AGENT

Can I offer you our premier virus protection package?

BYTE

Anne Butt!

DIGIT

Please.

The Security Agent presses a button.

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Screening room!

SECURITY AGENT

I need a release for Antibot X.

VOICE ON INTERCOM

Please wait...

SCREEN - SPACE RACER GAME DISPLAY - DAY

In the far reaches of the asteroid belt, space buoys form a starting line and a racing course through the asteroids. Slim, sleek SPACE RACERS rev their plasma engines!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ignition in 5. 4. 3. 2. 1.
Launch!

The space racers are off with a mighty ROAR as...

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

...the deafening thunder of the engines becomes mild background noise in a busy office.

Hopping up and down in his office chair, clutching a game controller, the real-life DeathChicken5 gets his game on:

DEATHCHICKEN5

(in real life)

Oh! Deathchicken5 takes the lead!
Oh, it's all plasma here, baby!
Deathchicken5 rocks the Space
Racer, and the rockin' don't stop!
Smell my chicken! Smell it! Smell
my chicken!

BLOOP! A text alert pops up, freezing the game -

DEATHCHICKEN5
 What? No way!

INT. ANTIBOT X BUILDING - DAY

Apathy coats the Security Agent's face as she waits...

VOICE ON INTERCOM
 Server's busy.

SECURITY AGENT
 The server's busy. Come back later
 ok? Bye bye.

GATE
 Oh come on!

SECURITY AGENT
 The server's busy! Come back later

DIGIT
 Please.

The security agent sighs. She presses the button...

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Having clicked the alert window away, the system administrator picks back up his game controller and gets back to the game.

DEATHCHICKEN5
 Nobody freezes the DeathChicken5.

CO-WORKER 1
 Go left!

A passing coworker is staring over the system administrator's shoulder at the game in progress-

DEATHCHICKEN5
 Don't you have a job?

CO-WORKER 1
 Don't you?

DEATHCHICKEN5
 No! I'm the server guy!

BLOOP! Frozen!

DEATHCHICKEN5

No!

INT. ANTIBOT X BUILDING - DAY

The Security Agent blithely looks Digit in the eye as...

VOICE ON INTERCOM

The server is really, very busy.

DIGIT

Please! We need Antibot X!

COUNTESS

We've come such a long way.

GATE

Our home is in trouble.

MCFOOGLE

Illegal downloading is a federal
crime!

DIGIT

Please...

EXT. OFFICE CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

DeathChicken5's racer is pulling around the final bend
towards the finish!

SYSTEM ADMINISTRATOR

How do you like me now, giblets?

BLOOP! Frozen!

ASSEMBLED CO-WORKERS

Aww!

Now we see there about 25 people crammed into the cubicle,
all absorbed in the game.

BOSS

What's going on here, people?

The BOSS, a short balding character, is trying to see over
the horde.

BOSS

Is this a video game?

Everyone starts looking at the floor, at the walls...

BOSS

Give me the game disk. And get back to work! Look, you've got customers waiting for you to release files and you're playing games! This is not the corporate image Fluffysoft strives for! Get out!

Slowly the crowd disperses, and DeathChicken5 hands over the game. Not yet satisfied, the Boss points insistently to the ALERT WINDOW on the computer screen, and with heavy reluctance DeathChicken5 turns to his work... The boss leaves.

After a moment, a passing worker sticks his head in the cubicle:

PASSING WORKER

Hey Barry, Space Racer tournament in the Boss' office!

DeathChicken5 SIGHS and gets to work.

INT. ANTIBOT X BUILDING - DAY

Finally...

VOICE ON INTERCOM

You're cleared.

Suddenly, the massive vaulted door opens slowly, revealing a blinding light - a short, round shadow materializes, steps forward out of the light, and we see QUIGLEY X, a balding man in tweed with big thick glasses!

DIGIT

Who... what?

MCFOOGLE

That's not Antibot X! Is it?

QUIGLEY X

What's all this now?

SECURITY AGENT

Uh, sorry. That's Quigley X, our premium accounting software. Here!

She hits another button, and an adjacent heretofore unseen vault door opens, revealing another shadow, this one taller, beefier... it steps forward out of the light-

ANTIBOT X - a bona fide superhero!

ANTIBOT X
Good day, citizens!

BYTE
Anne butt!

ANTIBOT X
Yes, it's Anne Butt! Did you say
Anne Butt?

DIGIT
Antibot X, we need your help!

ANTIBOT X
Of course you do!

DIGIT
You know already?

ANTIBOT X
Virus, right?

GATE
Something's wrong here...

She takes an uneasy step backward.

DIGIT
And you'll help us?

ANTIBOT X
Of course I will, citizen!

Gate takes another step backward, as she looks around the
room in paranoia-

GATE
Something's very wrong...

DIGIT
Gate?

COUNTESS
What is it?

As the Security Agent takes another byte of cookie, Gate
knows exactly what it is!

GATE
Trojan cookie! Trojan cookie!

Backing up, she looks at her friends in horror as Antibot X tears the massive vault door off it's hinges. She quickly ducks outside as Antibot X hurls the vault at the entrance door, blocking any further hope of escape.

DIGIT

Gate! Don't leave us Gate!

BYTE

Brakes! Hit the brakes!

Byte squeezes out after Gate everyone else braces themselves nervously as Antibot X glowers at them. Behind him, from inside the vault, another figure resolves itself out of the blinding light...

TROJAN!

MCFOOGLE

Fancy seeing you here!

Trojan calmly walks over to the security desk, holds his radio on...

TROJAN

The code, please.

SECURITY AGENT

Right here, my Lord.

The Security Officer passes him the keypad...

TROJAN

Excellent. Yes. (into the radio)
Keep them from escaping.

ANTIBOT X

Roger wilco!

TROJAN

Digit, is it? Amazing that such a little update can cause such big trouble.

DIGIT

You're the trouble.

TROJAN

Hmm. Did you know, Digit, that in all of Granny's Computer, in all her scrapbook Christmas Cards and ten page letters to family members who live in the same town, there's only one thing of any value at all?

DIGIT

That's not true! You don't know!

TROJAN

I do know. And my little update,
you just put that one thing right
into my hands. Money. Power. The
ability to get everyone to do
exactly what I tell them to.

Trojan tucks the keypad into his jacket.

DIGIT

No!

TROJAN

And thanks to you, it's all mine.

DIGIT

No...

TROJAN

Digit, despite the problems we've
had, I owe you my gratitude.
Thanks to you, I have virus
protection at my beck and call.
How wonderfully ironic.

MCFOOGLE

Finally! Gosh, it's so nice to see
someone using that word the way
it's supposed to be used!

TROJAN

Lock them in quarantine. Forever.

Antibot X closes in, arms outstretched...

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

JACKIE is sitting next to Granny on her couch, absorbed in his laptop covered in stickers, while John-John tinkers with Granny's computer. Jackie's MUSIC plays in the background, and Granny's tapping her foot to it.

GRANNY

Are you on the internet Jackie?

JACKIE

Yeah dude, I'm helping! Your
firewall's run off with McFoogle!

GRANNY
How do you know?

JOHN-JOHN
Jackie, please don't call your
Granny "Dude." What did you do to
this thing, Ma?

GRANNY
I asked it what to put in my
casserole!

INT. QUARANTINE CELL

Digit, Countess and McFoogle cool their heels in a cold,
metallic slammer with energy bars.

DIGIT
We never even had a chance-

DEATHCHICKEN5
And you're not getting any. None
of you. I had to do fifteen
straight minutes of work because of
you.

Stepping around the corner DeathChicken5, glares at Digit
menacingly.

DIGIT
It's you!

DEATHCHICKEN5
Figures you're a virus! That's how
come I couldn't crush you the first
time!

DIGIT
No!

DEATHCHICKEN5
Well, you're in quarantine now, and
you're never getting out!

DIGIT
No! Cause Antibot X ate a Trojan
cookie, and-

DEATHCHICKEN5
You know who cares about all your
little problems, virus?

Digit shakes his head.

DEATHCHICKEN5

Know who cares?

DIGIT

Who?

DEATHCHICKEN5

No one!

DIGIT

No one?

DEATHCHICKEN5

And don't try anything, cause I'm
watching you.

DIGIT

One.

DeathChicken5 watches Digit for some kind of acknowledgement, but Digit's wrapped up in his own little world of hurt. After one last glare around the room, he leaves.

COUNTESS

All right, Digit?

DIGIT

One. One...

Digit's deep in thought. McFoogle leans in and sings into Digit's ear to make him feel better.

MCFOOGLE

(singing)

*You are my sunshine, my only
sunshine, you make me happy, when
skies are grey! You never know,
dear, how much I love you, please
don't take my sunshine away!*

Nothing.

MCFOOGLE

*Hey, Jude, don't make it bad. Take
a sad song and make it better!
Remember to let her into your
heart. Then you can start-*

DIGIT

ONE!

MCFOOGLE
 That's the spirit! (singing) *We're
 one, but we're not the same! We
 have to carry each other!*

DIGIT
 Show them our "ONE!"

MCFOOGLE
 I don't know that one.

DIGIT
 No! We have to stop Trojan!

MCFOOGLE
 How?

COUNTESS
 Find the one thing he can't do
 without.

BYTE
 Throw the radio out!

MCFOOGLE
 It's the ghost of April Fools!

GATE
 He's right! The radio controls
 everything. I saw it.

DIGIT
 Gate?

GATE
 Up here!

Digit sees her through a grate in the ceiling.

GATE
 I... I can't leave my friends. I
 got scared... I'm sorry.

DIGIT
 You came back.

GATE
 I found a way around Fluffysoft's
 security. Takes one to know one.

BYTE
 I catch.

GATE

Byte talked some sense into me.
And then we met someone.

DIGIT

What about the Death Chickens?

GATE

We have a distraction.

COUNTESS

A distraction?

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jackie's really into his computer now.

GRANNY

So they call you DarkNyte?

JACKIE

You guys are distracting me.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ignition in 5. 4. 3. 2. 1.
Launch!

The space racers are off into a futuristic cityscape, and the ROAR of the game is all Jackie hears...

EXT. FUTURISTIC CITY - EVENING

Jackie's winning at first, but a few space racers pull ahead. Just as one of the racers is ZOOMING past him -

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - EVENING

- DeathChicken5 is standing on the Boss' chair with a game controller as all his coworkers cheer him on!

SYSTEM ADMINISTRATOR

Oh! DarkNyte can't handle the
chicken! The chicken owns you now!
The chicken owns you!!

In the bottom corner of the screen, unnoticed, a little SECURITY ALERT is flashing red -

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Trojan is surrounded by programs, attending him and helping him. Granny's Computer is completely overrun.

GATE

DarkNyte's seen what Trojan's up to, and he'll cover our escape. The only think I can't figure out is how we get close enough to grab that radio!

MCFOOGLE (V.O.)

Leave that to me!

GATE (V.O.)

Leave it to you?

MCFOOGLE (V.O.)

I have an idea!

Nothing is visible through the murk of the tunnel.

MCFOOGLE

(in heavy French accent)

Trojan!

McFoogle storms out of the tunnel dressed as Napoleon. Byte buzzes along behind him disguised as a Linux penguin, hovering just off the ground, straining against the weight of his penguin suit.

Charging into Memory Hall, McFoogle spreads his arms wide and catches Trojan in a full embrace and starts vigorously slapping his back. All eyes are on him and Byte while Digit, the Countess and Gate sneak out of the tunnel and around behind...

MCFOOGLE

(in flawless French)

Unbelievable! Trojan, my boon friend! To think I would find you in the eternal exile of History's unkind remembrance! To think you and I would cross paths amidst the digital handiworks of an old lady from Encino!

The sight of Old Man Doss catches Gate's eye and she slips off a moment to untie him...

OLD MAN DOSS

Let's get our functions out of here!

Carefully, Digit fishes the keypad out of Trojan's pocket, then unplugs the radio from the earpiece and pockets it.

MCFOOGLE

(in French)

Trojan, comrade, fellow, it's been grand but I really must be going. Truly grand I tell you! Keep exercising, you look great!

As Digit makes his way towards the trash and McFoogle starts to back away...

TROJAN

Hey!

All eyes are still on McFoogle, and everyone freezes in place, quiet as can be...

MCFOOGLE

Oui?

TROJAN

Penguins can't fly!

MCFOOGLE

Are you sure? I was pretty sure they could!

TROJAN

English?! You're not Napoleon!

McFoogle looks to Digit -

MCFOOGLE

What's plan B?

DIGIT

Run!

Everyone bolts for the door into the hall proper - Trojan reaches for his radio -

TROJAN

No!

DIGIT

Come on guys!

Just as it looks like they're going to make it...

The door to the foyer explodes in tiny bouncing bits!

DIGIT

Uhh...

Antibot X! Gate grabs the radio from Digit -

GATE

Leave us alone!

MCFOOGLE

The power of cookies compels you!

Antibot X answers with a mean grimace.

TROJAN

Fools! He obeys my command alone!

DIGIT

Back door!

MCFOOGLE

I knew it!

Digit and his friends run helter-skelter out the secret back door of Memory Hall, with a rampaging Antibot X in hot pursuit!

TROJAN

Minions! After them!

Trojan's minions just stand there and stare.

TROJAN

Oh, come on!

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Digit, McFoogle, and the Countess burst through the door and towards the front, with Antibot X hot on their heels! Digit spots the BUS, idle in the semicircle.

DIGIT

Over here!

INT. BUS - DAY

Digit races up the stairs and throws himself into the driver's seat, closing the doors behind his friends.

MCFOOGLE

Plan B is scary!

BYTE
Bitta hairy!

OLD MAN DOSS
You know what you're doing, Digit?

DIGIT
It's ok! I can do this!

Digit hits the gas!

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Antibot X is racing as the bus leaps into motion, and not missing a beat he throws himself into the air -

ANTIBOT X
Hwaaaa!

- coming down hard with his hands on the bumper as he is dragged across the ground. His grip crimps the steel.

INT. BUS - DAY

The Countess sees Antibot X being dragged behind them.

DIGIT
Hang on guys!

And with that, Digit swerves the bus...

EXT. MEMORY LANE, DOWNTOWN - DAY

...off the road into a bus stop and smashing it to bits!
The bus bucks hard and Antibot X is shot up into the air!

INT. BUS - DAY

Digit is focusing on the road, staring ahead, but everyone else is watching through the rear view.

GATE
You lost him!

CRUNCH! Massive Antibot X-shaped dents push through the roof, towards the back of the bus.

BYTE
Anne butt!

COUNTESS
Open the door!

Digit opens the passenger door, and the entire bus is filled with wind -

COUNTESS
I'm going up there.

GATE
Are you crazy?

COUNTESS
Trust me.

Without another word, she grabs the top of the doorway and flips herself up onto the roof.

BYTE
Hrazee!

EXT. BUS ROOF - DAY

The Countess lands on the roof in a crouch, and takes a moment to get her balance.

ANTIBOT X
You think you can stop me?

COUNTESS
I defeated Yub-Yub Gazootz. I will defeat you.

And with a GROWL, Antibot X lunges at her...

INT. BUS - DAY

SLAM! A Countess-shaped impression is hammered into the ceiling.

MCFOOGLE
Uh...

BYTE
Going no hair.

Byte zips out the open door to the roof.

OLD MAN DOSS
You gotta shake him, Digit!

DIGIT

How!

OLD MAN DOSS

I dunno! Scare him off somehow!

Something clicks in Digit's brain, and Gate sees it...

DIGIT AND GATE

The edge of town!

EXT. BUS ROOF - DAY

SLAM! Again, the Countess is slammed into the metal roof.

COUNTESS

Gaah!

Wrestling with Antibot X, she quickly loses her grip and is picked up and SLAMMED again!

COUNTESS

Whaa!

Looking around for anything to use, she spots Byte climbing onto the roof, clinging on for dear life against the wind!

BYTE

Got the bends!

COUNTESS

Get out of here!

BYTE

Backity pup!

SLAM!

COUNTESS

No way! That's cheating!

BYTE

Bust me!

ANTIBOT X

I'll bust you soon as I'm done with her!

SLAM!

INT. BUS - DAY

The edge of town is just visible ahead...

DIGIT
Hang on, Countess!

EXT. BUS ROOF - DAY

The Countess is SLAMMED down again, and the roof of the bus is a veritable mountain range of dents. She's looking bad.

BYTE
Bust me!

COUNTESS
Bust you? I don't know what you're saying!

SLAM!

BYTE
(dead sincere)
Bust me.

COUNTESS
Trust you? You're supposed to be trusting me! I'm the hero!

SLAM!

BYTE
Bust me.

COUNTESS
Ok! I bust you!

SNAP-CLICK! X-RAY FLASH! Antibot X slams his fist into her, and she explodes in a shower of ping-pong bits. Then he looks up...

ANTIBOT X
What is that?!?

INT. BUS - DAY

Digit is steering the bus right at the EDGE OF TOWN!

DIGIT
Hang on!

EXT. BUS ROOF - DAY

Antibot X's pupils shrink to pinpoints, and he throws himself off the bus, smashing to the ground! The bus hits the wall, breaking up into thousands of pixels. He picks himself up, looks at the wall, takes a step towards it...

BUUUUURP!

COUNTESS

You're not going anywhere.

She's standing right behind him.

ANTIBOT X

You're unarmed! There's no way you can destroy me.

COUNTESS

I don't want to. But you're not going anywhere near that hall.

Antibot X charges at her...

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN - DAY

The pixels reassemble as the bus wraps around and emerges from the wall.

INT. BUS - DAY

Digit doesn't even look back - he's focused on where he's going.

OLD MAN DOSS

There's only one place we're gonna be able to delete that radio!

DIGIT

That's where we're going!

OLD MAN DOSS

Any idea how we're gonna get in there?

Digit swerves around a corner and puts the front of Memory Hall square in the windshield. He's not slowing down!

GATE

Digit!?!

MCFOOGLE
Honey! We're hooooooooome!

INT. MEMORY HALL FOYER - DAY

The bus smashes right through the front doors, showering bouncy spherical bits everywhere while programs dive out of the way. Digit careens straight through the foyer -

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

- and into the main hall! Furniture, walls, everything is smashed as the bus grinds to a halt. Then the door opens, and Digit sprints towards the trash!

OLD MAN DOSS
Hold on Digit! We gotta ask
Granny!

Old Man Doss runs for the Screening Room as Trojan -

TROJAN
No.

- as Trojan runs after Digit! Digit throws himself at the trash can, tosses in the radio and the keypad -

- and nothing happens!

DIGIT
Huh?

OLD MAN DOSS
Pixel!

PIXEL
Go away! I don't like cookies!

OLD MAN DOSS
Pixel it's me, Doss!

The door opens a crack...

PIXEL
Old Man Doss!

OLD MAN DOSS
I need the trash, Pixel, and fast!

PIXEL
I'm on it!

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

An ALERT WINDOW pops up on Granny's screen, and John-John turns his chair around. Granny's absorbed in whatever Jackie is doing.

JOHN-JOHN

Ma? It wants to throw away the
cookie-control radio.

GRANNY

Toe-jam's what?

JOHN-JOHN

It just popped up, ok?

Granny scoots over and adjusts her glasses.

GRANNY

Well tell me what it means!

JOHN-JOHN

I don't know what it means!

GRANNY

Well who does then?

INT. MEMORY HALL

The Screening Room door opens, and -

PIXEL

McFoogle!

OLD MAN DOSS

McFoogle! Get over here quick!

McFoogle starts to run for the Screening room while Gate throws herself in Trojan's way as he charges after Digit, but he knocks her aside and dives into the trash!

DIGIT

No!

McFoogle reaches the Screening Room, and Pixel grabs him!

PIXEL

Get in here! Granny wants to talk
to you!

SLAM!

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

It's bright in here, but it's just a small room and there's seemingly nothing in here...

MCFOOGLE
Where is she?

PIXEL
Up there.

The reverse side of Granny's screen - the sky - fills McFoogle's vision, like he's talking to GOD...

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Granny's taking over the keyboard...

GRANNY
(slow as she types)
Should I toss the cookies radio?

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Barely restrained ecstasy fills McFoogle's face...

MCFOOGLE
Pixel... she said toss the cookies!

PIXEL
Answer the question!

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Digit climbs back into the trash and starts wrestling the radio and the keypad from Trojan - Trojan manages to get the keypad in his pocket...

OLD MAN DOSS
Hurry up, Pixel!

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

McFoogle is barely restraining himself from a tidal wave of free-association.

MCFOOGLE
It just opens up so many doors!
It's like a big huge buffet of
funny! I could go on and on!

PIXEL
Just tell her!

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Trojan wrestles his radio to his mouth!

TROJAN
Minions! Get them!

OLD MAN DOSS
Pixel!

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

McFoogle's desperately fighting his own scattered mind...

PIXEL
Tell her!

MCFOOGLE
Gaaah! Yes! Toss the cookies!

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Granny reads the results page- YES! CLICK.

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Just as Trojan's climbing out of the trash -

- it becomes a vortex of deletion, rolling around the floor, helter-skelter and out of control! Papers and assorted light objects fly off desks and rubble shifts as the trash sucks everything in! The whole room has become a maelstrom of information!

And the first to get sucked in are Digit and Trojan! Both of them catch onto the edge of the trash can.

The mindless denizens of Granny's Computer start to get pulled towards the trash - Gate and the Countess are pulled inwards... Files are flying everywhere in a huge whirlwind!

The Screening Room door opens -

MCFOOGLE
Hey guys, I -

- and McFoogle is swept off his feet! Old Man Doss catches him!

OLD MAN DOSS
Hang on, sparky!

With one hand, Trojan clings desperately to the edge of the trash can, and with the other he clings desperately to his walkie-talkie!

TROJAN
(screaming)
Whaaaa!

DIGIT
Help!

EXT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

The rubble from Digit's entrance starts to get dragged in as the vortex extends it's reach...

EXT. MEMORY LANE - DAY

Antibot X POUNDS the Countess into a thousand bouncing bits, and -

- BUUURP!

COUNTESS
You might as well just give up!

BYTE
Yip!

ANTIBOT X
Gotcha!

Antibot X manages to snatch Byte out of the air!

ANTIBOT X
Now we'll see who - HEY!

The tug of the DELETION VORTEX grabs Antibot X, the Countess, and Byte - and starts dragging them in!

INT. MEMORY HALL

The bus is getting dragged across the floor towards the trash, and Antibot X manages to grab the opening in the wall as he's sucked in! The Countess grabs Antibot X's foot!

DIGIT
Someone help me please!

GATE
Digit!

DIGIT
Help!

GATE
I can't reach you! Grab my hand!

Digit lets go with one hand, and reaches just a little further...

GATE
Got you!

Digit ratchets his resolve, and inch by inch he pulls himself out of the vortex, even as everything else is drawn in! Finally, with much effort, he climbs outside the can!

DIGIT
Hang on to me, Gate!

Digit reaches back in as Trojan slips - Digit catches him!

DIGIT
Hurry! Give me your other hand!

TROJAN
I can't!

DIGIT
I can't hold you! Let go!

TROJAN
No!

Digit is losing his grip...

DIGIT
You're slipping! Hurry!

Trojan lets the walkie-talkie go and grabs Digit's hand! Digit pulls Trojan free and slams the lid on the trash!

Papers fall out of the air, furniture comes to rest, and the good folk of Granny's Computer, free of the cookies, come to their senses. Digit and Trojan collapse side by side.

TROJAN
Why?

DIGIT
Everybody has a "one," Trojan.

TROJAN
But I'm the virus. I'm the bad
guy. And I lost.

DIGIT
Where's the code?

TROJAN
Here.

Trojan passes Digit the keypad.

DIGIT
Thanks.

OLD MAN DOSS
You did it, Digit! Ha!

Gate helps Digit to his feet.

DIGIT
Here.

He passes her the keypad.

GATE
Thanks. You're one of the good
ones.

DIGIT
Me?

MAYOR WYNN
You're one of the great ones,
Digit!

DIGIT
Really?

As people begin to realize their victory, Trojan slips away towards the tunnel. He's unnoticed by all except Browser, who stares at him. Trojan stares back.

BROWSER
What?

Thinking a moment, Trojan slips him his earpiece and whispers something in Browser's ear before walking away.

The whole town is cheering for Digit! Browser comes up to him quietly, passes him the earpiece...

BROWSER

He says it's a gift. He says you
set him free.

MAYOR WYNN

You set us all free! Thank you.

DIGIT

But I just helped!

The cheers are deafening!

OLD MAN DOSS

No way kid! You did the do! You
showed em all! Ha!

Digit's joy at being recognized as a "one" - he's lit up all
over - a big beaming smile with glossy eyes.

DIGIT

Everybody! These are my friends!

As Digit introduces friends old and new, Old Man Doss looks
on with the pride of a grandfather. Meanwhile in the sky...

INT. GRANNY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

John-John is staring at disbelief at the screen!

JOHN-JOHN

What'd you do, ma?

GRANNY

Jackie did it.

JACKIE

This is fun! Can I stay over
tonight?

GRANNY

Why is it he knows so much more
about these things than you?

INT. MEMORY HALL - DAY

Murmurs and scuffling starts to echo from the tunnel...

GATE

Quiet! Something's coming...

DarkNyte steps through the tunnel!

DIGIT

DarkNyte!

DARKNYTE

Digit! Me and Granny are gonna
play Space Racer! Wanna play?

DIGIT

(in loving awe)

Granny?

In Granny's computer, Granny's avatar, a beautiful, adventurous woman in turn of the century safari gear, emerges from the Input Room. This is the first time anyone has seen her in the "flesh."

EXT. ASTERIOD BELT

The racers ROAR and buck at the starting line. Digit, Granny, Darknyte, Gate, McFoogle, and Countess rev their engines...

GRANNY

I'm totally gonna kick your butts!

ANNOUNCER

Ignition in 5! 4! 3! 2! 1!

MCFOOGLE

Happy New Year!

And the racers blast off into the distance... followed by Byte, desperately trying to catch up!

BYTE

The end is here! Ha ha!

FADE OUT.