

"FINALE"

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT CASTLE-NIGHT

Rain pours as two men meet on the edge of a castle wall. One man is BARON, a massive, over-grown, beast; he wields a broadsword. Baron stands in front of DECKER, a much younger, more modern-looking foe; Decker holds a futuristic gun.

BARON

Here we are, father. It has all come down to this moment.

DECKER

You may defeat me, Baron, but you will never rule the Realms. You have forgotten about my paratypes.

BARON

Your paratypes are dead. *This* is the end of your line.

Decker seems disturbed by this news, but the battle must happen.

DECKER

What a time to be alive,  
huh?(Gulps)...Bring your worst.

Baron advances with his sword. Decker fires a laser and misses. Baron slays Decker with one powerful stroke. Lightning blisters the sky.

BARON

Goodbye, father.

Baron strikes a pose of victory, but he does not see the Old Man, GREYSCARE who approaches behind him...

With a vengeful strike, Greyscare jams an axe into Baron's neck.

GREYSCARE

Good try, Son, but *this* is only the beginning.

Baron falls to the ground, dead.

#### GREYSCARE

What a time to be...ALIVE!

Greyscare raises his axe in victory as lightning flashes once more...

A bombastic symphony, that is the THEME to the show we are watching, rages over the extensive credits...

During the credits we see stills of all the Main Characters and the actor's name that portrays them...

Through these credits we are quickly introduced to the main cast: RYAN MATTHEWS (Craeter), NORA NICHOLS (Lila), British thespian CHARLES HEMLOCK (Greyscare), CARMEN VALENTINA (The Moon Queen), comedian PAUL ANDERSON (Decker), 17 year old pop-star JUSTIN PIPER (Hotfoot, First Child Of the Mist), and former wrestler/turned actor BLAKE "THE BEEF" ROGERS (BARON)...

As the cast cycles through, a computer arrow flashes across the screen...

The arrow clicks on an EXTRAS ICON at the bottom of the screen...

We are taken to a screen that reads: "THE FEED."

#### INT. TALKBACK ROOM- NIGHT

The room is lit by candles and studio lights. Propped upon two uncomfortable-looking chairs are the producers of "The Feed." Their names MARK ARTHUR AND BRANDON STONE appear on the screen below them...

The Feed is a global phenomenon in the vain of/ a combination of such shows as Game Of Thrones and Lost. The show is the centerpiece of the MOMENT-TO-MOMENT NETWORK'S programming (M2M for short)...

Both men are in their early 30's. Mark is clean cut, Brandon sports a trendy beard. Brandon begins the discussion.

#### BRANDON

When we began season twelve, we were looking for the best possible way to shape

our events and our characters so that they would earn the ending we've all been waiting for.

MARK

The ending you, our loyal fans, having been anticipating since the first moment, of the first scene, of the first episode, of the first season.

BRANDON

Perhaps, even, since M. James S. Martinique first put ink to page.

MARK

Let me tell you folks; we have our ending.

BRANDON

We are proud to announce that next summer we will end The Feed with one final chapter--

MARK

One for the ages!

BRANDON

With a three hour finale event. An ending twelve years in the making. An ending that only one man knows...M. James?

PAN TO- A third uncomfortable chair. An overweight, shaggy-bearded, monocle-wearing man sits. This is M. James S. Martinique; very much a George R.R. Martin look-alike.

M.JAMES

Hello, Fellow Dreamers! I hope tonight's cliff-hanger left you thirsty for more, you can't always trust these Hollywood types. But what you *can* trust is that *my* ending to The Feed is going to knock your socks off.

M. James lifts his bare feet to the screen.



PRICE

You two have this?

MARK

Well-

BRANDON

We have this.

PRICE

He told you the ending?

MARK

Weell-

BRANDON

He told us everything, Mr. Price.

Mark leans back in his chair and whispers to Brandon.

MARK

(Whisper)What the fuck are you doing?

BRANDON

(Whispers)Lying.

PRICE

Okay, boys, when do we start production on the finale?

MARK

Weeell-

BRANDON

As soon as feasibly possible.

PRICE

Wait, wait, what's this "feasibly" all about?

A Pause. Mark takes a deep breath.

MARK

W-

Brandon shoots him an angry glance. He motions for Mark to not say what he is about to say. Mark scrambles to come up with a response.

MARK

Lo-gis-tics?

BRANDON

Exactly, logistics.

PRICE

Logistics, hm.

MARK, BRANDON, PRICE

(All Unsure Of The Others)Logistics!

Another Pause.

PRICE

Better get to work. I'll let Meg know to keep everyone on hold for the moment. Hopefully those overpaid clowns don't burn down the damn island while they're waiting. Do what you gotta do, boys. You haven't let me down yet. But no more delays, alright?

BRANDON

Yes, sir.

PRICE

Good luck.

Price extends his hand, encouraging the guys to shake it. Mark and Brandon awkwardly stand up and walk all the way to the other end of the table and shake Price's hand. They begin to leave the room.

PRICE

Oh and boys!

Mark and Brandon nervously turn to face their boss.

PRICE

(Quietly)What happens at the end?

Brandon starts fake laughing. Mark joins in.

BRANDON

Ooooooh, Houston(Pronounced like the city)-

PRICE

Houston(Pronounced like the street).

BRANDON

You sly fox. We *could* tell you the ending-

MARK

We could?

BRANDON

(To Mark)But we *won't*. Because-

Mark catches back on.

MARK

Because..We wouldn't want to spoil the surprise.

Price's face goes from angry, to a full smile.

PRICE

Very good, a steel trap, the two of you. Keep it that way.

MARK

The secret is safe with us, Houston(Same mistake).

Mark and Brandon leave.

PRICE

(Yells After Them) Houston(Same Correction). Why can't anyone get that right?



INT. M2M HQ- NIGHT

Brandon and Mark casually cruise through the office. As they pass a series of desks, every other employee stops what they are doing and stares at them silently...

While they are mostly unaware of what is going on around them; Mark and Brandon try to keep their conversation quiet.

BRANDON

Whew. Can't believe we pulled that off.

MARK

Pulled what off? If anything you made things soooo much worse.

BRANDON

I have no clue what you are so worried about? It's just a TV show, a fad, these things come and go all the time. Even if we screw it up, nobody's gonna remember.

MARK

Are you insane?! Did you see the finale of Seinfeld? The outcry for David Chase's head after Sopranos went dark for thirty seconds? Whatever the hell happened at the end of Lost? This show is bigger than any of those. Brandon, if we screw this up, there won't be a corner of this Earth where we will be safe...Let alone any other jobs-

BRANDON

You're telling me Larry, Chase, and J.J. couldn't survive one bad episode? They're all doing great. You're blowing this whole thing way out proportion.

Mark has noticed the stares of their fellow employees.

MARK

Oh yeah?

BRANDON

Completely.

Mark stops walking while Brandon continues. Mark reaches onto the desk next to him and pulls a pin from an employee's pin cushion. He reaches out and lets the pin drop..

CLOSE ON- PIN. The pin hits the ground and causes an EXAGGERATED THUD.

Brandon stops in his tracks and turns around. Mark stands in front of an entire, silent, eager office of employees.

BRANDON

Ahem!

Everyone immediately returns to work. The office fills with SOUND again.

MARK

See?

BRANDON

Drink?

MARK

Abso-fucking-lutely.

INT. CLUB- NIGHT

Mark and Brandon sit at a private table that overlooks a trendy nightclub. The DJ is bumping loud music as beautiful people dance across an expansive dance floor.

MARK

Did we really have to come here?

BRANDON

I'm sorry, did you suddenly stop hating the VIP lounge of the hottest club, full of the hottest women, in all of New York City? Missy?!

MISSY a perky, gorgeous, late 20's cocktail server skips

over to Brandon and Mark's table.

MISSY

Hey there guys, you're here early. Slow day at the office?

MARK

Not really.

MISSY

I'm kidding, I can't believe the news. M. James croaked! That suuuucks.

BRANDON

He was a genius, scholar amongst men, all that crap. Can we get a bottle of Anejo, two glasses?

MISSY

Sure thing. I'm gonna take good care of you two.

BRANDON

Thank you.

MISSY

Just like you finally took care of that bastard Baron.

BRANDON

Excuse me?

MARK

Oh, no.

MISSY

Especially after he killed his own Dad and his entire family; Lila was, like, such a sweetheart. Still not sure if I liked her more as Decker's Mother or Hotfoot's father. I guess maybe I liked both Paratype's equally.

BRNADON

Lila was a guy?

Mark kicks Brandon.

MISSY

Um, yeah, we found that out like ten seasons ago, duh...Sorry, what was that you wanted?

Brandon and Mark stare at her. The music pauses and the DJ takes the mic.

DJ

Just want to shout out to my boys Brandon and Mark in da V-I-Peeee! What up, kids? Can't wait to see dat finale, yo! Dis one's for you!

The DJ starts playing a remixed, house version of the FEED THEME MUSIC. The dance floor goes crazy.

MISSY

This track is so sick, right?!

Mark puts his head in his hands.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT- NIGHT

The two men have left the club. They sit at a nice restaurant. As they wait for their server, Mark notices a cute, mid-20's girl, DEBBIE, sitting alone at the table next to them. The girl stares at her cell phone. Brandon stares at the menu.

BRANDON

I guess if we're not gonna party, at least we can get a decent meal.

MARK

I don't think I have an appetite.

The SERVER walks over.

SERVER

Good evening gentlemen. Do you have any questions about our menu tonight?

BRANDON

Yes, actually. I'm going pesca-poultry-paleo right now, so-

SERVER

Not to worry, sir. We cater to sixty individual diets here.

BRANDON

Hmm. About this quail egg, are there any substitutions?

Mark notices a mid-20's man, RICK, approach the table the cute girl is sitting at. She checks her phone to confirm that he is her online date.

SERVER

As in you do not want the egg?

BRANDON

As in I don't want a *quail* egg, per se. What are my other bird options?

The Server and Brandon continue a muted, but ridiculous series of questions. Mark focuses on the date next to him...

Rick reaches the table.

RICK

Hi...(Checks Phone)Debbie?

DEBBIE

(Checks Her Phone)Rick?

RICK

Good to finally meet you face to face.

Rick leans in for a hug, maybe a kiss, but Debbie stops him.

DEBBIE

Before we go any further...Have you seen the last episode of The Feed yet? I can't handle anyone spoiling it for me.

RICK

The Feed? I don't watch that crap---

Debbie stands up, slaps Rick hard across the face and storms out. Rick looks completely shocked and confused, he hangs his head and walks out.

RICK

Why does this keep happening?! Damn you Feed!

Mark turns to Brandon.

BRANDON

(To Server) Look I'm not saying I don't want the crab cakes. I just want to know if the crabs led a fulfilling life. Is that really too much to ask?

SERVER

I assure you, sir---

BRANDON

Yes, you can taste it!

Mark tugs on Brandon's sleeve.

MARK

We're going.

INT- COCKTAIL LOUNGE- NIGHT

Mark and Brandon enter "APERTIF" a stuffy but trendy cocktail lounge. The bar is packed with hipsters: man buns, knitters, there's even a bicycle valet at the front door.

BRANDON

She slapped him?

MARK

And then she just left.

BRANDON

Was she cute?

MARK

On a scale of one to Lisa?

BRANDON

There's nothing wrong with a married man admiring another woman.

MARK

There is when you plan on admiring her with your penis.

BRANDON

Healthy, casual, affairs are what make successful marriages work. You'd know that if---

MARK

If what?

There is a sense of tension, of challenge, Brandon drops the subject.

BRANDON

Forget it. There's two seats at the bar.

The guys take the last two seats at the busy bar. The BARTENDER comes up to them with an expressionless face.

BARTENDER

Yes?

BRANDON

We'll have a look at the cocktail list.

The Bartender hands them a cocktail list and a pen and paper.

BARTENDER

Write down what you want. I'll get around to it.

The Pretentious Bartender walks off with a loud "SIGH."

BRANDON

Let's see.

CLOSE ON- Cocktail Menu. Every drink on the five page menu is named after something to do with "The Feed."

Names include: "Lila's Blood, The Moon Queen, Sir Craeter's Revenge, Children of the Mist, The Flight of the Oblivion, The Army of The Sea, The Black Affair, Baron's Sword, The Paratype, etc."

Mark and Brandon's faces melt as they flip over each new page. They look a little more closely and notice that the hipsters who surround them are decked out in The Feed shirts, tattoos, even one of the girls that is knitting holds up her work, it is a shawl that reads: "Team Lila."

Mark notices a TV in the corner of the bar with a big sign taped to it that reads: "The Feed Use Only!"

INT- DIVE BAR- NIGHT

Mark and Brandon take one more shot at finding an escape from the world of The Feed fans. They sit at the dirtiest, darkest, most violent bar in New York.

MARK

We should have just come here in the first place.

BRANDON

No, Mark, nobody should ever come here, not for any reason, ever. (Holds up Pint Glass) There are literally bloody prints on my glass.

MARK

That's just lipstick.



BRANDON

Nobody coming in here is wearing lipstick.  
(Sniffs) I doubt most of them are wearing  
deodorant.

MARK

At least we're not constantly being  
reminded of how insanely screwed we are.

BRANDON

Pleeeeeease. I already know how to fix this  
whole situation.

MARK

How?

BRANDON

We leave it up to *the fans*, buddy.

MARK

What do *the fans* know about writing a five  
hundred million dollar, three hour TV  
movie?

BRANDON

They know the show. Do you know anything  
about the show?

MARK

I stopped paying attention around season  
two. M James really started phoning it in,  
in my opinion.

BRANDON

And we both know that I've never seen a  
single episode. But the *faaaaans*, Mark,  
the fans know *everything!*

MARK

And how do you plan on talking to them?  
They're mostly nerds that live in their  
nerd parents' basements.

A GLASS SHATTERS behind them. We here a series of SHOUTS. Mark and Brandon turn around. Two BIKER'S are facing off with knives and broken bottles.

BIKER 1

Come on, shithead, make my day!

BIKER 2

Take back what you said.

BIKER 1

Make me.

Biker 2 slices Biker 1 on the arm.

BIKER 1

Son of a---

BIKER 2

Take it back. Decker was the hero of that show and you know it!

BIKER 1

Decker was a bitch.

The two men lunge at each other. They fall to the ground as blood and teeth go flying...

Mark and Brandon watch the entire scene. They are deflated by the fact that they have no escape.

MARK

Like I said...They're *mostly* nerds.

Biker 2 breaks a chair over Biker 1's back. Biker 1 falls to the ground, possibly lifeless. Biker 2 lifts a broken bottle in the air.

BIKER 2

All hail Baron The Bull!

Biker 2 proceeds to do the ritual made famous by his favorite character. He stomps his feet twice with each leg and lets out a blood-curdling cry.

BIKER 2

MOOOOO! What a time to be alive!

Biker 2 notices Brandon and Mark.

BIKER 2

Heeeey! Hey, I know you two.

BRANDON

(To Mark)Run, run, run, run.

Brandon and Mark scramble off their bar stools and bolt out of the bar.

EXT. GREAT MONGOOSE ISLAND- MORNING

In the middle of the Caribbean Sea sits a scarcely populated, resort island. "Great Mongoose" is the common name for the little, green rock, and this is where The Feed is primarily shot. A typical afternoon rain storm is accompanied by sunny skies.

INT. MEG'S APT- MORNING

In a little bungalow a cell phone rings. We HEAR A WOMAN "MOAN." Then a hand reaches over and picks up the phone...

It is the hand of MEG JANSON a tough, stressed-out, woman in her 30's. Meg is the Production Manager on The Feed. Next to her lies her assistant/girlfriend SANDRA, they are both a mess after a standard night of island debauchery.

MEG

Yeah? No I haven't heard any news. The WI-Fi's been out and these roaming charges...Wait, what? He is? They are?...

Meg quickly sits up in bed. Her face has gone pale.

MEG (CONT'D)

Shit!...Shit, shit, shitty, shit, shit.

INT. GREAT MONGOOSE CONFERENCE ROOM- MORNING

The Primary Cast for The Feed slowly makes their way into the conference room. Meg stands in the front, accompanied by Sandra. She chugs coffee as she is clearly anxious...

Blake "The Beef" is not among them.

MEG

Alright, alright, get your asses in seats.  
Is everyone here?

Paul, the Cast Clown, raises his hand.

MEG

Yes, Paul?

NORA

(To Paul) Don't.

PAUL

Where's The Beef?

NORA

Dammit.

Paul winks at Nora, she flips him off. He reaches back and gets a high five from Justin.

JUSTIN

Good one, P.A.

CHARLES

Such children.

JUSTIN

Suck my dick, old man.

CARMEN

Maldita sea la madre que te pario. (Damn  
the mother fucking bitch who gave birth to  
you)

RYAN

Damn, Carmen!

JUSTIN

Ooooh, *Spanish*, too bad I don't speak that  
crap.

RYAN

Didn't you have a number one hit in Spanish?

JUSTIN

All auto-tune, bro.

A LOUD THUDDING comes from outside. Blake arrives at the doorway. His face is red and he huffs and puffs as he enters the room.

JUSTIN

There's the beef!

Justin attempts to get a high five from Paul. But Blake gives them both a menacing stare. Paul pulls his hand away.

BLAKE

Name's Blake, you little shit.

PAUL

Way to go, Piper.

JUSTIN

Hey!

MEG

Everyone shut up! Blake, take a seat.

BLAKE

Sorry I'm late, Meg. I was at Yoga. They don't let you look at your phone. Bad for focusing your chi.

Paul bursts out in restrained laughter. Blake GRUMBLES then grabs a Feed coffee mug and launches it at Paul.

PAUL

Shit.

The mug hits Paul's face and knocks him off his chair.

CHARLES

Bravo!

BLAKE

(To Meg) Proceed.

MEG

Um, thanks? Thank you all for getting up. I know we were supposed to be prepping to shoot the finale, but I have some pretty terrible news to deliver. M. James S. Martinique is...well, he's dead.

The cast begins to MURMUR.

MEG

Calm down, calm down. We have a plan. We are still going to be on schedule...basically.

CARMEN

What possible plan could you have?

RYAN

How do you shoot a finale without an ending?

MEG

I assure you, Mark and Brandon are going to figure this whole thing out. Me and, more importantly, the studio—

CHARLES

The studio and I, my dear.

MEG

Whatever. We need you to be patient. This could take some time.

JUSTIN

What do you mean, *some time*?

NORA

How long do you plan on keeping us down here?

Paul raises his hand and waves it.

PAUL

Can I go?

MEG

I'm not sure how long.

Paul waves his hand more.

PAUL

But I'm dead. Can I go?

MEG

No.

BLAKE

I'm dead too.

MEG

Nobody is leaving! Besides, I'm pretty sure you've all died at least once.

FULL CAST

True. Fair enough. She has a point. She's right. I died?

MEG

The simple fact is, we're all stuck here. Even the extras.

CUT TO:

INT. EXTRA HOLDING- MORNING

A bleak tent loaded with fold-out chairs and port-o-potties acts as holding for dozens of quiet, unassuming, EXTRAS. Full of smiles and excitement, they patiently await the start of their day.

EXTRA 1

You guys, we're all gonna be on The Feed!  
The extras collectively MOO.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT MONGOOSE CONFERENCE ROOM- MORNING

Meg looks over at Sandra.

MEG (CONT'D)

Remind me to tell them about all this  
later..

Sandra nods and writes down the note on her tablet.

MEG (CONT'D)

Oh, and we should probably inform the  
crew.

CUT TO:

INT. ISLAND SET- MORNING

An assorted group of tough and gruff looking men and women  
stand in a circle on the set of The Feed. This is THE CREW.  
They are surrounded by tools and half built set pieces...

They collectively shot-gun a beer to start their day.  
Everyone throws their cans down at the same time and stomps  
on them.

CREW

Breakfast!

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT MONGOOSE CONFERENCE ROOM- MORNING

Sandra makes another note.

MEG (CONT'D)

For now, you all are on extended vacation.  
But you cannot leave the island, and for  
my sake guys, please at least *try* to  
behave yourselves.



CHARLES

(Stares at Justin)Ahem.

JUSTIN

What?!

NORA

Excuse my lack of confidence, but M. James was the *only* person who knew the ending. If he's dead, who could the studio possibly find that knows as much about the show as he did?

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE- DAY

Brandon and Mark sit at conjoined desks in a make-shift office, in an abandoned warehouse, on the outskirts of New York They have invited a handful of super fans to help them with their cause. Notepads, coffee, and tablets sit in front of them, construction equipment sits behind them, and a camera sits in between...

BRANDON

Okay, Fan number one. Come in.

The "office" door opens and in walks FAN #1. He, like the many Fans waiting in the hallway, is a super geek. He wears a The Feed t-shirt, carries a toy sword, and has a cape.

FAN 1

Hey guys. It is such an honor to meet you. Where are we? Is this where you build the sets?

BRANDON

Um, sure. (Whispers to Mark) Is that a cape?

Mark, wide-eyed, nods back.

BRANDON

Please, have a seat. What we are doing today is making a short documentary—

MARK

To go with the Finale.

BRANDON

We're offering you, the fans, a chance to tell us all about The Feed.

MARK

What you liked, what you didn't like, your favorite characters, your favorite moments---

BRANDON

The plot.

FAN 1

The plot?

MARK

The plot...through *your* eyes. You're entire viewing experience.

BRANDON

From beginning to end...in detail.

MARK

If you feel up to it, why not even tell us how you would end the show.

FAN 1

But you already have an ending...right?

MARK

Oh, no, we do, I mean, of course we have *the* ending.

BRANDON

A great ending, tremendous, I'd even say it's the greatest ending in the history of endings. Wouldn't you agree Mark?

MARK

(Very Fake) Totally agree, Brandon!  
Everything's fine!...Now get started!

FAN 1

Ooooookay. Well, the way I saw it was The  
Feed began with a family of scientists---

MONTAGE: "THE FANS"

We cut from Fan to Fan as they describe the basic plot and  
key moments of The Feed.

FAN 1

There's Tom Decker, his wife Lila, and  
their two kids Barry and Christian.  
Together, they use Dekker's invention-

FAN 2

A quantum computer to try and deconstruct  
their bodies and reform themselves in the  
past.

FAN 3

Time travel...In theory-

FAN 4

The problem is, the theory doesn't work-

FAN 1

And instead of traveling to the past, they  
travel into their past lives. Suddenly,  
Lila is a man and she's in a relationship  
with one of her sons, who is now a full,  
grown, woman-

FAN 2

And she's pregnant-

FAN 3

With Christian's child...Of course, he's not  
Christian anymore. He's Craeter, Prince of  
the Five Realms!

FAN 4

The family freaks out and travels back to their time, but they accidentally leave Christian behind—

FAN 1

But once they get back, nothing's the same. The quantum computer has become sentient and sees all time lines as one moment. It begins randomly switching the family members between their past lives with the present ones—

FAN 2

Then Craeter, as revenge for being left behind, destroys the computer which opens a wormhole—

FAN 1

The Feed.

FAN 2

That allows every character's past, present, and future lives to co-exist at one place, in one neutral time—

FAN 3

All on one island.

FAN 4

The different versions of each character are called the Paratypes.

FAN 1

And they all hate each other.

FAN 2

The future paratypes are the coolest. They have lasers and come from the moon.

FAN 3

The Moon Queen and her people? They got

nothing on the ancient ones. They're called the Children of the Mist. They're a bunch of badass, telepathic kids, led by Hotfoot.

FAN 4

Justin Piper is sooo dreamy as Hotfoot.

FAN 1

Justin Piper ruined the show.

FAN 2

So everyone is trapped together, fighting for their survival, for their timelines-

FAN 3

The Moon People join forces with the Army of the Sea, who are led by Greyscare, one of Decker's paratypes, and unleash absolute hell-

FAN 4

They're just lasering the shit out of everyone. While riding on Krakens!

FAN 2

What a time to be alive, right?!

FAN 1

That's when Decker convinces the Moon Queen, and her lover Baron the Bull, who used to be Barry, that he can set all the time lines straight-

FAN 2

Yeah, whatever's left of them.

FAN 3

And the idiots believe him!

FAN 4

So at the end of season eleven Decker

builds a new quantum computer, but instead of setting the timelines straight, the new computer self-destructs in the Moon Queen's palace, severely injuring her, and killing all her followers—

FAN 1

The Army of the Sea, the Dragon Riders, The Cyborgs, and most of the Children of the Mist...all dead.

FAN 3

But Baron lives, and he spends all of season twelve seeking revenge on Decker and all of his paratypes—

FAN 4

And just when Baron thinks he's killed them all—

FAN 1

Boom! Greyscale sneaks up from behind and plunges a sword through Baron's evil heart. And *that* is where we left off gentlemen.

FAN 4

The only question that remains is...how does it end?

Fan 1 sits back in geeky confidence...

There is a moment of silence as Mark, and more so, Brandon process the weight, the scope, the pure insanity of the show that they are now tasked with finishing...

Brandon finally loses his unwavering cool.

BRANDON

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Brandon stands up, and with bare fists, he starts demolishing the paper-thin walls that surround them. The entire fake-office comes crashing down...

Mark notices that Fan 1 is shocked. Brandon continues to

tear the office apart.

MARK

(Deadpan) He's just doing a reenactment.

BRANDON

Past lives?!

Brandon drops kicks the desks and splits them apart.

MARK

That's...um...that's all part of the creative process.

BRANDON

Moon people?!!!

The office is in ruin. Brandon crawls into a corner and begins to cry.

MARK

You can go now.

Mark walks up to the weeping Brandon.

MARK

(Gently) Okay, buddy, I need you to keep it together just a *little* bit better than you are right now.

BRANDON

What are we supposed to do?

Mark slumps down next to Brandon.

MARK

I have no damn idea, but we're gonna figure this out...together; Brandon and Mark.

BRANDON

Against the entire world?

Brandon and Mark's phones both BEEP at the same time. They

both stare in fear at their phones. They have received a text.

CLOSE ON- Phones. The text reads a very familiar slogan:  
"WHAT A TIME TO BE ALIVE!"

The text is from M. James S. Martinique.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS