

# UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

by

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INT. LOCAL GAMES STORE

Learner and Love Interest stand around before the start of a local tournament chatting.

LEARNER

(beginning in middle of sentence)

-so after really working on my wavedashing I think I've finally got it down and I'm feeling really good about today.

Local Jerk walks over, butts into conversation

LOCAL JERK

Well maybe you'll finally be some competition then. I'm tired of constantly wrecking you scrubs with no challenge. Taking home first prize every week is getting to be a real bore.

LOVE INTEREST

(angry, terse)

You didn't seem bored last week when I took four easy stocks off you in our first round.

LOCAL JERK

(cocky, awful, just the worst)

Please. I let you have that round. You might as well go back to something you're good at. Have you tried...

He pauses, as if thinking.

LOCAL JERK

Cooking?

Local Jerk walks away looking smug.

LOVE INTEREST

(angry, hurt, biting back tears, under breath to Learner)

That sexist pig!

LEARNER

(outraged)

We have to beat him.

INT. LEARNER'S BASEMENT

Learner and Master sit side by side on the couch. On the (messy) coffee table is Learner's Gamecube controller. Master has a professional-looking messenger bag on the ground next to him.

MASTER

Where is the controller you use to practice?

Learner gestures to the controller on the table

LEARNER

It's a custom-built, hand painted controller made by this weird recluse in Taiwan. All the pros use them.

MASTER

Wrong answer.

Master pulls a cheap generic controller out of his bag.

MASTER

From now on you practice with this.

Learner takes the controller.

LEARNER

This thing is garbage.

LEARNER'S HANDS TESTING THE CONTROLLER

LEARNER

The buttons are sticky, the d-stick is off-center, and it's so light I feel like it'll float out of my hands. I'll lose more stocks to this piece of shit than I will to my opponents.

Takes the controller back from Learner.

MASTER

Allow me to demonstrate. Two stocks. You with your controller, me with mine.

SMASH BATTLE BEGINS

MASTER'S HANDS ON CHEAP CONTROLLER

LEARNER'S HANDS ON FANCY CONTROLLER

SMASH CHARACTERS FIGHTING

MASTER'S HANDS ON CONTROLLER

FIRST KO

LEARNER'S HANDS ON CONTROLLER

SECOND KO

BOTH SITTING ON COUCH

Learner is sweating and visibly invested in the game he just lost. Master is completely relaxed.

Learner tosses controller onto coffee table, slumps backwards.

Master hands Learner the cheap controller.

MASTER

For tonight, practice with that.  
You will be using it for tomorrow's  
lesson.

Master gets up, gathers bag, leaves.

EXT. MASTER'S HOME - MORNING

Learner, visibly tired, disheveled, unkempt, rings doorbell.  
Master, wearing pajamas and holding a coffee mug, answers.

MASTER

(concerned)  
Are you alright?

LEARNER

I've been practicing. I mastered  
all the combos.

MASTER

(sternly)  
Did you get any sleep?

LEARNER

A few hours.

MASTER

(disappointed)  
Have you eaten?

LEARNER

(ashamed)  
No.

MASTER

When did you last bathe?

LEARNER

I've been putting everything I have  
into my practice.

MASTER

You'll never win if you let your  
life fall apart.

LEARNER

But-

MASTER

Go home. Get some rest. Eat  
something. Take a shower. Come  
back tomorrow.

Master closes the door.