

"Stick of Joy" - Mythic Quest spec script (excerpt),
by Henrique Breia Szolnoky.

Full script available upon request. rderoteiro.com/en

[COLD OPEN] EXT. MQ PARKING GARAGE - DAY

IAN comes out of his sports car. He's dressed in his best casual-chic look - this is not a regular day at the office.

DAVID (O.S.)

Psst! Ian!

Ian sees DAVID, also looking well-dressed but with his unshakable pedestrian feel. David hides behind a PILLAR and beckons Ian over desperately.

Already bored, Ian goes to David, who grabs and pulls him into hiding too.

IAN

Hey, mind the clothes, would you?

DAVID

It's happened. She snapped.

IAN

(as in "I knew it")

Poppy?

David shakes his head. Off David's negative responses:

IAN (CONT'D)

Jo? Dana? The... other one? Carol?
The... dog lady? It's the dog lady,
isn't it. I knew all that squee was
meant to hide something.

David cowers in fear as they hear <METAL SQUEAKING>.

They see SUE push an OFFICE CHAIR with what looks like a BODY on it. She takes the chair to a DUMPSTER.

Ian sees right away that the "body" is the C.W. DUMMY (from S2), but David thinks it is an actual corpse.

Ian rolls his eyes and resumes his walk towards the elevator. David follows him, suspicious of Sue.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Sue. Need help?

SUE
 (cheerful)
 Hey yourself, Ian. I got this,
 thank you. Hello, David.

DAVID
 Hello.

Sue notices David's behaving strangely towards the dummy and makes light of the situation.

SUE
 Don't mind us!

She holds the dummy's hand and mimics a wave.

David shudders. The two men leave.

Sue lifts the dummy and throws it into the dumpster. It does have a sinister feel to it, even if we know the truth.

She wipes her hands clean when-- HONNNNKKKKK.

Sue is startled by a <CAR HORN>. She looks around and sees--
 --CAROL in her minivan, banging her head against the horn.

SUE (CONT'D)
 Huh. So she finally snapped.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES: MYTHIC QUEST

[ACT I] INT. IAN & POPPY'S OFFICE - DAY

POPPY, with clothes so old and unkempt they might as well be 10 y/o pajamas, is deep in her computer when Ian walks in with a GARMENT BAG.

IAN
 Poppy! I knew you wouldn't be ready.

POPPY
 How many times do I have to say?
 I'm NOT interested in your lame
 luau to find my animal soulmate or
 whatever.

IAN

You're definitely a dingo and that was weeks ago. Today is the Stick of Joy award, remember?

POPPY

Oh. Well, I don't DO awards.

IAN

That's my thing, and are you kidding? You love validation. Remember when that barista said your name sounds like a drug?

POPPY

(fondly reminisces)

Yeah.

IAN

So you'll come?

POPPY

It's just so lame. There's always some useless ranking of biggest or best or whatever dick of all time and here, let's shower the dicks with trophies! Whoever has the biggest budget has the biggest dick and can get the biggest masturbatory trophy of their wettest of dick dreams.

IAN

Can you stop saying "dick"--

POPPY

Dick off.

IAN

--and acknowledge that awards are for the players? I mean, WE get all the glory, but ultimately it's about them. We had an increase in player count with the nomination alone.

POPPY

I thought it was because of that nude mod we had to take down.

IAN

Come on, a nomination! It's something to be proud of.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

You'll get to look all those dicks
in the eye, knowing that mine--OURS
could be the biggest.

POPPY

That's disgusting. And I rest my
case.

IAN

There could be food...

POPPY

(interested)

Really?

(ref: her clothes)

Can I go like this?

Ian dumps the garment bag on Poppy's desk. She deflates.

INT. MQ COFFEE CORNER - DAY

Carol drinks coffee with Sue.

CAROL

I'm done. Carol is done. It's just
"resources", Sue! There's nothing
"human" about it anymore.

SUE

I know. It's a bummer.

BRAD and JO get coffee and snacks nearby. Carol's NOTEBOOK is
open on the table.

BRAD

Hey Carol. Life getting you down?

CAROL

Don't start or I'm gonna break a
mofo.

SUE

She's choosing a new writer to
replace Mr. Longbottom.

JO

Wait, we haven't had a writer since
C.W.? He died like two years ago.

BRAD

That proves we don't need one.

Carol turns her computer towards Brad and Jo. She plays a MYTHIC QUEST VIDEO in which a GOBLIN talks to a WARRIOR.

GOBLIN

(in the video)

My unicorn is missing. Can you fetch him? She could be in one of ten locations. I'll mark it on your map. Wait, first you have to find the map. Here's a partial map to find the full map. Good luck is for losers, but good luck! Loser.

BRAD

Okay, we need a writer ASAP.

CAROL

The listing is from months ago and I've been going through candidates forever. Now I have to narrow 98 excellent applications down to five TODAY. It means 93 more dreams to crush.

She shows them several PDF FILES on her screen.

JO

I'll crush them for you.

CAROL

Officially I can't let you do that. And I can't pay either, officially or otherwise.

JO

Their tears shall be my currency.

Off Carol's unconvinced look:

JO (CONT'D)

What? You need an assistant and David's not here. Getting a not-crappy short list shouldn't take too long.

CAROL

Girl, there were fifteen hundred and twenty-four applications. THIS IS THE SHORTLIST.

(breathes)

Please assist me.

JO
(excited)
OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!

Nearby, RACHEL is watching the conversation.

INT. MQ BULLPEN - AT THE SAME TIME

Rachel is indignant as she watches the group talk. DANA walks by, busily checking something on a TABLET.

RACHEL
I can't believe it. Can you? Can you believe it?

DANA
No, no I can't. What, exactly?

RACHEL
I was rejected ages ago and they didn't even read the sample. I could tell, it was hosted online. How can they reject writers without reading the writing? A writer can only be good or bad when their writing is read. No wonder they still haven't filled the job. Talk about the writing on the wall. THAT NO ONE READS.

DANA
Slow down. That's actually good news, maybe you still have a chance. Babe, they know you.

RACHEL
(insecure)
Is that a good thing?

DANA
Of course it is.

RACHEL
So you're saying I should reapply with my real name.

DANA
You applied under a pen name?

RACHEL
Well, yes. I wanted it to be fair, like a blind review or something. I used my mom's Thai name, for luck.

DANA

That's cute and also dumb. You chose a non-English name?

RACHEL

Was that wrong?

DANA

Look. Internal referral programs exist for a reason, Rach. Embrace your advantage, it's earned. Talk to Carol. Ask to be reconsidered.

Rachel looks at Carol, pondering.

INT. MQ COFFEE CORNER - CONTINUED

Back at the coffee corner, Carol, Sue, Brad and Jo continue.

BRAD

So you're saying that these candidates are all equally qualified? Any of them would be a good fit for the role? Excuse me, please.

Brad takes over the notebook, holds the CTRL button and selects random APPLICATION PDFs. Then he DELETES the bunch.

BRAD (CONT'D)

There. Now it's half.

JO

Ooh, bold.

CAROL

Are you insane? You can't do that.

BRAD

I didn't look at background, qualification, skills or gender. That's as fair as it can get.

Carol ponders for a moment.

CAROL

Meh. I'll take it.

SUE

I have another idea that may help.

JO

Who are you, again?

SUE
 You know me, silly. I'm Sue, MQ's
 community lead.

Jo just stares at her.

SUE (CONT'D)
 (concedes)
 Sue, from the basement?

JO
 (lights up in recognition)
 That's where I know you from.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Ian, David and Poppy (now dressed for the event) arrive.
 There's a small crowd, 90% MEN, mingling in the decorated
 lobby, which has posters, videos and game paraphernalia.

POPPY
 There's no food. LIAR.

IAN
 I honestly thought we'd have dinner
 before the ceremony.

DAVID
 You're thinking of the Throttle
 Totem award. The Stick of Joy
 doesn't have that many sponsors.
 But there's booze, thank God.

David snatches TWO DRINKS from a WAITER that walks by.

Ian and Poppy are indifferent to David's drinking. Still:

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Don't judge me, Montreal's been
 getting on my case about the budget
 and I think they're coming tonight.
 Not to mention that if Cold
 Alliance wins and not us--
 (sees someone)
 Oh shit, there they are.

David ducks out of sight and leaves.

POPPY
 "Throttle Totem"? "Stick of Joy"?
 Sponsors? Please, Ian, tell me more
 about how this is NOT dick-stroking
 fueled by funny money.

IAN

Come on, look around. This is exciting. At the very least, these "dicks" understand what you go through every day.

POPPY

I DID look around and no, they don't. Where are the rest of the women, Ian? WHERE. ARE. THE. WOMEN.

IAN

You're right. That's bad, but it's changing. For now, think of it as a family. You like some of them--

POPPY

WHO?

IAN

--you don't like others and you're strangely indifferent to the vast majority. Still, everybody is on the same epic road, heading towards--
-SHIT.

Ian sees himself face-to-face with a CONFIDENT MAN (65) who looks rich.

CONFIDENT MAN

Hello, Ian.

Poppy is amused by Ian's obvious discomfort. An awkward beat ensues between a now stoic Ian and the newcomer.

CONFIDENT MAN (CONT'D)

(to Poppy)

Where are my manners. You must be Poppy Li. I'm Ian, Ian's father.

Ian's father pronounces his own name as EEAN. Poppy shakes Eean's hand enthusiastically.

POPPY

(to Ian, having a blast)

Family, huh?

END OF ACT I