ALL REAL BATTLE ROYALE

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INT. ARENA - DAY

We see a group of scraggily, mostly white and young, males all in prison jumpsuits chained up to a wall. In front of them are mannequins wearing bullet proof vests, helmets and holding guns, knifes, and all sorts of grenades. The men are asleep, but one slowly wakes up. When he groans his collar comes alive with light and chirps.

COLLAR
Player 1 online.

PLAYER 1
(groggy)
What the fuck?

He gets up and so do some of the others, their collars coming to life as they grumble and curse as they wake up from whatever sedative was used on them.

PLAYER 1 (CONT'D)
Hello?

PLAYER 2
What's going on?

PLAYER 1
I don't fucking know.

PLAYER 3
Where am I?

He notices the chain around his neck.

PLAYER 3 (CONT'D)
Where am I!

All the other players are starting to wake up and activate their collars.

COLLAR (V.O.)
Player 9 online, player 10 online, player 11 online, player 12 online...

The collars continue now at a steady rate as more and more of the players wake up with the counter topping out at 50. Some get angry and curse and shout at one another. Most are just confused. Then suddenly a projection of the PRESIDENT lights up on the wall behind them. The players have to turn around and uncomfortably look up at him. His gaze however is firmly on the camera.

PRESIDENT
My fellow Americans, Today, I stand before you with a heavy heart and a solemn duty. We find ourselves in unprecedented times, facing challenges that test not only our resolve but also our humanity. As your President, it is my duty to lead this nation with courage and conviction, even in the darkest of hours.

The players curse and jeer at the projection of the President.

PLAYER 3
Hey, I voted for you asshole! Let me out!

PRESIDENT
We stand on the brink of a battle unlike any other. A battle that will test not only physical strength but also inner resolve. In the arena before you lies a lesson...

The players look around at the arena space.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
and several students desperately in need of schooling.

The players look at their collars and then at the weapons.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
But let me be clear: while you may be criminals, you are still Americans. You are still citizens of this great nation, and you still deserve to be treated with dignity. That is why, despite the circumstances that have brought us here today, I stand before you not as your warden, but as your Commander-in-Chief.

PLAYER 1
Fuck you!

PRESIDENT
I know that many of you may feel fear, uncertainty, and perhaps even anger at the situation you find yourselves in. And I understand that. But I urge you to channel those emotions into something greater. Into courage. Into determination. Into the unyielding spirit of the American people. For in this arena, you are not just fighting for yourselves. You are fighting for your fellow Americans who hate you. You are fighting for the families you have taken from and you are fighting for the country that is tired of feeding and housing you despite knowing exactly what you are. So, as you step into that arena, remember who you are. Remember what you stand for. And remember that no matter what happens, you are not alone. The counter over my head indicates just how many hostiles are left. The doors of the bunker you are all in will not open until the counter hits zero. You people know what to do...what you do best. It's my greatest honor as President of the United States to announce the commencement of the very first All Real Battler Royale.

The chains come undone on all the collars at once. The game is on.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
We are with you. The entire nation is with you. And together, we will sit back and watch. May God bless you, and may God bless the United States of America.

Blood splatters across the wall that the President's projection is on as a player has already grabbed a rifle from one of the mannequins and fires at the other players who are either scrambling for cover or for weapons of their own.

We see the counter showing how many hostiles are left continue to tick down.

INT. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The players are in the full swing of it now as they battle in a bunker done up to look like a shopping mall, school, grocery store? It's hard to say what exactly, maybe a little of all of them.

The players are merciless and look composed as they gun each other down, that is until a few of them get in close enough to fight hand to hand. Once the guns are out of their hands, they fight like children, pulling hair, poking eyes, and kicking groins.

Two players round a corner and point their guns at each other. They're in a stand off

PLAYER 4
Truce?

PLAYER 5
(nods)
Truce.

They both then shoot each other at the same time.

Another player goes through the halls like a manic child shooting everyone he sees and smiling ear to ear.

PLAYER 6
Get some bitches! Yeah, you little bitches can't kill me! I'm unkillable-

He is shot and flees. As the adrenaline wears off, he falls to the ground.

PLAYER 6 (CONT'D)
No, no, no, oh god, oh god, oh god, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't. Stop...stop...I'll make it stop.

He shoots himself. The counter goes down. It's now at 25.

The President's projection appears again.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
You patriots are half way there. Keep it up.

His visage is riddled with bullets as soon as it appears.

We see more players fight and die. Plenty of ignoble death and kills all around.

One wounded player begs another to kill him, but he just won't to toy with him.

PLAYER 7
What are you waiting for? Do it!

He just laughs at him.

PLAYER 7 (CONT'D)
Do it!

INT. ARENA - LATER

Both the players are dead now as we see that there are now a lot more corpses.

The counter is down to single digits as the last 4 players play a game of cat and mouse. One player hides in a corner. Another plays dead next to some dead bodies, but can't seem to decide on a position. And others stalk the halls slowly and a fourth just stand and stares at the counter, which displays four hostiles.

PLAYER 8
Wait? That doesn't make sense-

He is shot by another Player. 3 hostiles left.

The President's projection comes onto the screen.

PRESIDENT
3 players left. We're in the homestretch now America.

The last 3 players collars start beeping. This alerts the one active player to the one playing dead. He eliminates him and moves on towards the sound of the corner camper.

The corner camper refuses to move as he believes he can hold out. He's starting to shake as the beeping of the other, more active, player approaches. He stops once he gets close.

PLAYER 9
Come on man, I know you're there...come out...

PLAYER 10
Fuck you!

PLAYER 9
Don't be a pussy. Come out.

PLAYER 10
Fuck you! Make me!

PLAYER 9
Ok.

He throws a grenade into the corner. Player 10 pisses himself right before it goes off.

INT. ARENA MAIN AREA - DAY

Player 9 celebrates by shooting in the air and screaming like he just won the super bowl as he comes back to the Arena entrance.

The bunker doors to leave remain shut and the counter right above them that says how many hostiles are left is now at one.

Player 9 finally realizes the game isn't over.

PLAYER 9
What the hell, who's left? I killed them all! Who's fucking left, I'll find them and I'll kill them! Who's left!

He keeps screaming at the counter.

PLAYER 9
Who's left!

He shoots the counter to no avail. He has a psychotic breakdown and starts firing at the corpses, mannequins, whatever he can to let his rage out.

INT. ARENA MAIN AREA - LATER

He looks defeated on the ground staring up at the counter saying 1 hostile left. He finally shoots himself.

The counter goes to zero and the arena lights up like a game show as the President's face projects over the now bloody arena.

PRESIDENT
We have a winner America! Gabe Madison, the perpetrator of the Clark High School massacre is the victor of the very first ALL REAL Battle Royale!

Canned cheers and applause play overhead as a spotlight shines down on Gabe's slumped over corpse.

PRESIDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Aren't we happy for him folks. Aren't we happy for them all. What a great game! What a great FIRST game. And we got more coming folks-

We pan over all a hall way of dead players as the President's words echo through the arena...

PRESIDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
America's got plenty of criminals like these ones, so we'll have plenty use of games like these. Thank you for watching the first ever ALL REAL Battle Royale and God Bless America.

THE END.