

The Brothers Dim Draft 1

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

On a mild-mannered late Friday afternoon at the tail end of summer, two nerdy kids are waddling to the mall in a suburban American neighborhood. JIM, a short and stoic 13 year old boy with his head in the clouds and his grades in the grave, carelessly rambles to his shy and insecure best friend, ANDREW.

JIM

Hey, Andrew! Have you seen the new Digmagic X cards? Dude they are totally gonna change up the meta.

Andrew, who has been previously staring at the ground blankly, snaps to attention.

ANDREW

Wait, really? Are we gonna need to make a new deck? I can't possibly afford that on top of the WizStorm board I already need.

A beat while Jim ponders this possibility.

JIM

Well, I don't know... the new meta is supposed to change fire attacks by, like, 30%. So... that doesn't change things that much, right?

Andrew laughs, much to Jim's surprise. Jim looks down for a moment only to begin laughing along with Andrew.

ANDREW

(sharply)

30%! Are you stupid? That changes the whole game! We are going need to make a whole new strategy— Andrew is cut off guard as a large figure suddenly pulls up next to them on a shiny red bicycle, treating it with the pride and arrogance of a wealthy Bugatti collector. It is DERRICK, the slightly elder neighborhood bully, who finds great pleasure in bullying the two misfits.

DERRICK

Well, well, well, if it isn't the Brothers Dim.

Andrew sighs annoyingly while Jim ferociously engages and challenges the dim-witted giant.

JIM

We're not brothers, you tin-headed oaf.

Andrew pulls Jims arm nervously.

ANDREW

Jim lets just keep walking.

DERRICK

Yeah, listen to your girlfriend, shorty.

Brief beat as Derrick awaits a reaction. Then:

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Going over to your friend's house to play more of your little fantasy games?

Jim stands up strait and turns to face Derrick.

JIM

For your information, Derrick, we were on our way to the rendezvous platform for the great powers of the twelve dimensions.

Half of a smug grin appears on Derrick's face.

ANDREW  
(impatiently)  
We're just going to mall,  
Derrick.

DERRICK  
The mall?

JIM  
Yeah, what of it, biker boy?

DERRICK  
(mockingly)  
The "great powers of the twelve  
dimensions".

JIM  
We intend to exchange our  
domestic currency to harness the  
universal powers of their  
interstellar—

ANDREW  
We're going to NerdKingdom.

JIM  
Where a grand convention is being  
held, with expert vendors,  
including knights from the empire  
of GeeKastle— Andrew sighs, his  
face full of insecurities and  
embarrassment as he looks to the  
ground.

ANDREW  
Thanks, Jim.

DERRICK  
(laughing)  
I was at the mall the other day.  
Not wasting my time at your  
little nerd place, of course.

JIM  
Stuffing your face at Taco  
Tavern, I presume.

Derrick begins to lunge towards Jim for a split moment before catching himself. Instinctively, Jim tries to hide behind Andrew, who isn't taking any effort to protect Jim in this quarrel.

DERRICK

I went to Unchained Wheelies,  
actually. Picked up this shiny,  
crimson beaut.

Derrick runs his hand along the bicycle frame gently, then  
takes a rag out and cleans his fingerprints vigorously.

JIM

What, that faded, ugly bike?

Derrick starts pedaling faster, showing off his fancy bike.  
Jim picks up a brisk jog to catch up as Andrew lags behind,  
dragging his feet.

DERRICK

You can't use your wild  
imagination from those useless  
games to see a large, mythical  
horse or something?

JIM

You don't have an imagination,  
Derrick.

DERRICK

And you don't have a shiny, red  
bike, do you, Slimmy Jimmy?

JIM

(proudly, but  
obviously fibbing)  
I've got one twice as fantastical  
hanging in my garage.

DERRICK

(intimidating)  
Prove it. Monday.

JIM

You're on.

DERRICK

You'd better not be pulling my  
leg.

JIM

I never pull legs. And not your  
hairy ones.

DERRICK

You'll be sorry if you are.

Derrick leans in, and Jim's facade of bravery melts away.

JIM

We won't be, will we, Andrew?

Jim turns to find Andrew still slinking behind, slowly. Derrick laughs and snaps his bike with purpose, causing Jim to jump in fright. He bikes off down the road.

DERRICK

(passing Andrew)

You too, Drew!

As Derrick vanishes in the distance, Andrew, looking slightly out of it, catches up with Jim.

JIM

Hey Andrew, do you happen to have a nice bike?

ANDREW

(confused)

Nice?... no..

JIM

Does your dad?

ANDREW

(irritated)

Jim, what is it?

JIM

Oh, nothing, just that Derrick's going to pummel us into the dirt if I don't one-up his fancy bike on Monday.

Andrew angrily raises his voice at Jim

ANDREW

Jim...Please tell me you didn't make another brainless bet with that guy again.

JIM

Not exactly...

Andrew drops his head into his hands, frustrated.

JIM (CONT'D)

But we're gonna get it right this time, Andrew! We're gonna show him!

ANDREW

Jim, you know how this always ends for both of us! Think before you speak, man, I can't save your ass every time.

JIM

Cool down, Andrew, I've got this. Look, I'll just grab a half-decent bike at the mall while we're there. It can't possibly cost that much.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCHAINED WHEELIES - LATER

Andrew and Jim stare straight through the window of an off-screen store, agape. The cruel reality of real-world economics has just hit them like a brick.

JIM

(dazed)

Well, maybe the ones inside don't cost as much.

The large bike in the window is revealed, along with its accompanying price tag. It reads to be \$179.

ANDREW

I don't think we have much of a choice here.

JIM

I can't afford this. I doubt I've got any more money than you have

ANDREW

Jim, I've only got 20 dollars!

JIM

Like I said...

Andrew hangs his head in despair.

JIM (CONT'D)

Let's just continue to  
NerdKingdom, Andrew.

Jim begins walking away from the store window.

ANDREW

Jim, you've only got two and a  
half days to do this.

JIM

The store closes in two hours.  
Let's go, Andrew.

Andrew starts walking, catching up with Jim.

ANDREW

Look, you have to start thinking  
about—

JIM

(dejectedly)

I don't think, Andrew. I can't  
think. That's your thing. I can't  
think.

ANDREW

Except for your rant this morning  
about my fatal misplay in  
Strongholds and Serpents.

JIM

That's different.

ANDREW

Sure it is.

JIM

You can't heal for three moves  
after you've been stricken by the  
Curse of the Warteyes. The damage  
of the attack is parallel to the  
time—

ANDREW

This is what I'm talking about!  
Take that enthusiasm and apply it  
to the real world.



JIM

Yeah, the same way you applied  
this enthusiasm to help me stand  
up to Derrick.

ANDREW

That's different.

JIM

Sure it is.

EXT. NERDKINGDOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Andrew enter the store in low spirits. The vast walls  
and shelves of treasure immediately restore their joy through  
distraction. It is a temporary slice of remedy as all time  
seems to freeze when they step through the doors.

ANDREW

So, divide and conquer?

JIM

As usual.

ANDREW

You take the left side, I'll  
browse the right.

JIM

Let's do it.

Jim and Andrew split up to begin their methodical browsing.  
Jim turns back almost immediately.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hang on, let's go check out the  
vendors first.

ANDREW

They'll be here through Sunday.

JIM

(alluding to the  
money issue)  
Yeah, but we might not.

ANDREW

Alright.

Jim and Andrew make their way to the back of the store, where six folding tables are laid out, each with a vendor. Most are selling books, decks of special cards, or similar game features. Nobody is lined up. Each vendor, looking bored and tired, has a clear jar of cash collected— none of which are particularly full.

The two boys are not impressed.

JIM

This is pretty lame.

ANDREW

I'll say.

JIM

Even when compared to the one in March.

ANDREW

And this is only the first day?

A seventh table is revealed. It is manned by VECTOR, a pompous and charming businessman in his mid to late twenties. There is an alarmingly long line for his table. His cash jar is overflowing, being contained in a shallow bin hastily placed beneath.

Jim and Andrew gaze in awe from across the room.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Well, that would explain it.

JIM

How much money do you suppose is in there?

ANDREW

No idea. I'd say probably two hundred bucks. At least Jim looks at Andrew knowingly. After a moment, Andrew looks back, returning a gaze of the same intensity, if not more.

From behind the counter, Vector professionally completes another successful transaction with a customer.

VECTOR

That will be twelve dollars.  
Thank you very much, have a nice day.

The customer exits line, revealing Jim and Andrew, standing with stupid and expectant looks on their faces. They say nothing.

Beat.

VECTOR (CONT'D)

Hello.

JIM

Hi!

Another brief beat. Then:

VECTOR

(confusedly)

May I help you?

JIM

(pointing down)

What are these things?

VECTOR

Custom relics as an add-on for a  
Stronghold and Serpents quest.

Jim and Andrew look through the physical game pieces Vector is selling at his stand. They are fairly high quality and well-crafted objects, but nothing that would typically warrant such a reaction.

JIM

Cool! Where did you find these?

VECTOR

(skeptically)

Will you be making a purchase  
today?

JIM

(matter-of-factly)

Nope!

A very short-lived silence.

ANDREW

Probably not.

Jim looks at Andrew. Andrew smiles awkwardly at Vector. Jim smiles and turns back to Vector. Vector is puzzled.

An uncomfortable silence.

VECTOR

What is it you—

JIM

Could you tell us how you  
collected these?

ANDREW

Or obtained them?

JIM

Or both?

VECTOR

Sure, but there's a line of  
people waiting. So if you  
wouldn't mind coming back after  
the store's closed?...

JIM

Sure.

ANDREW

Thank you.

Vector nods, smiling. No reaction. Vector nods sideways,  
gesturing them out of line.

Jim and Andrew figure it out and leave line.

JIM

Yes.

ANDREW

Thank you.

JIM

Thank you.

ANDREW

Thank you very much!

JIM

Yes.

VECTOR

(almost as if it were  
a question)  
Have a nice day.

Vector greets the next customer in line as Jim and Andrew go back to perusing the aisles.

FADE TO:

EXT. NERDKINGDOM - LATER

An employee at the store turns the sign around from "open" to "closed". The lights are dimmed.

Vector steps out of the store, holding a large duffel bag at his side. He turns and begins walking down the now abandoned mall hallways.

JIM (O.S.)

Hello. Sir?

Vector turns around. His duffel bag swings to the side, revealing Jim and Andrew, standing behind him awkwardly, plastered with the same dopey and cute-yet-punchable smiles.

VECTOR

Jesus!

JIM

Sir.

ANDREW

Excuse us, sir.

VECTOR

(impatiently)

You can call me Vector.

ANDREW

Thanks, Vector.

JIM

Thank you, Sir Vector.

VECTOR

So... how may I help you?

Andrew stands awkwardly and shyly to the side, smiling blankly, while Jim speaks.

JIM

How did you find the relics you were selling?

VECTOR

I made them.

JIM

No, I'm talking about the relics,  
not the books.

VECTOR

Yes...?

JIM

Where did you find them?

Realizing Jim isn't entirely grounded in reality, Vector gives in and humors them— somewhat insultingly.

He puts down his duffel bag and begins gesturing and speaking sarcastically, with blatant exaggeration— which goes right over the boys' heads.

VECTOR

(entirely impromptu)

Well, I went on a journey— a  
quest. Right? Right. I first had  
to follow the Stream of...  
Dihydrogen Monoxide all the way  
to... the Great Lake of...  
Greenishwater...

Jim has pulled out a notepad and is furiously transcribing. Seeing this, Vector continues down this path, pompously.

VECTOR (CONT'D)

At which point I leapt over the  
Brook of Morewater and followed  
the Trail of Pebbles to the  
Really Dark Forest, whereupon I  
had to choose the right path of  
three, leading me through the  
Great Lame Plains of Pain and  
over the Barricade of Black Bugs.  
After a brief walk through the  
Stomping Grounds of Little  
Devils, the Gates of Peppermint  
opened, revealing the final  
enemy— the... Shoeless...  
Horseguy.

JIM

(without looking up  
from his notes)

Then?

VECTOR

Then I found the relics scattered  
at the foot of the Great Tree.

Jim's eyes widen with childish delight.

VECTOR (CONT'D)

Is that all?

JIM

Yes.

ANDREW

Yes, sir.

VECTOR

Vector.

Vector nods and leaves, walking with more than purpose.

JIM

Yes, Sir Vector.

ANDREW

Thank you, Vector.

A brief silence as they stare off at where Vector had been.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Why do I feel like he didn't mean  
any of that?

JIM

You free tomorrow?

ANDREW

Tomorrow? Yes.

JIM

Eight o'clock. Tomorrow morning.  
Your house.

ANDREW

What?

JIM

The quest. We'll start at your  
house.

ANDREW

You actually believed that guy?

Jim makes his way to the exit.

JIM  
See you then, Andrew!

ANDREW  
We don't have any idea where  
we're going!

JIM  
(pointing to notepad)  
I've got it, I'll make a map! See  
you then, Andrew!

ANDREW  
(perplexed)  
Good night, Jim.

Jim leaves as Andrew stands in the empty mall, confused.

As he stares, a fist can be heard rapping against a window.

JIM (V.O.)  
Andrew? Andrew!

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DAY

The off-screen fist continues to bang on the window. Andrew, lying in bed, groggily opens his eyes and sits up in bed.

JIM (O.S.)  
Andrew! Andrew!

Andrew turns to see Jim staring in his window and banging on it. He quickly gets up and opens the window to silence the racket.

ANDREW  
What?

JIM  
It's 8:23! We're late! Come on,  
let's go!

Andrew begrudgingly nods and slams the window shut.

CUT TO:



EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew opens the door and steps outside, where Jim is expectantly sitting on the porch and bouncing his legs in anticipation.

ANDREW

So, what was it first?

Without hesitation, Jim whips out a map he has drawn and colored in detail.

JIM

(reading)

First we have to... follow the  
Stream of Dihydrogen Monoxide.

ANDREW

(sleepy and somewhat  
irritable)

The what?

JIM

The stream.

ANDREW

(dubiously)

Of Dihydrogen Monoxide.

JIM

Well? Divide and conquer?

ANDREW

Maybe?

Jim begins walking down the driveway as Andrew stands, confused.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Jim, there isn't exactly water  
anywhere near us, do you really  
expect—

JIM

Andrew! I found it!

Jim, on his hands and knees in the gutter, beckons to Andrew, who walks over reluctantly. Jim is pointing downward at a narrow yet defined stream of runoff water.

The two boys stare down as the stream stretches down the street in the distance like the Yellow Brick Road. Andrew's eyes are sparkling with a sense of wonderment. Jim is ecstatic, and a tad bemused by how easily and quickly Andrew has sprung back to himself.

Despite the obvious rapid current downhill, Jim picks up a leaf— one that is very obviously far too large for the stream— and places it in the water, where it doesn't move. Andrew snips off the end and sets it free.

JIM (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Andrew sighs and follows Jim

ANDREW

Here we go.

EXT. SCARY FOREST - NIGHT

It's dark and stormy.