

THE BROTHERS DIM

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

On a Friday afternoon at the tail end of summer, two nerdy kids are walking to the mall. Jim, a short and stoic 13 year old boy with his head in the clouds and his grades in the grave, rambles to his slim and insecure best friend, Andrew, as they walk.

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 neighborhood bully.

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 Jim's 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 straight, turning 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, hanging his head 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 stopping himself. Instinctively, Jim tries to hide behind Andrew.

DERRICK

I went to the bike shop, actually. Picked up this shiny, crimson beauty.

Derrick runs his hand along the bicycle's frame, then immediately runs a rag over it to clean his fingerprints.

JIM

What, that faded, ugly bike?

Derrick starts pedaling faster, showing off his fancy bike. Jim picks up a brisk jog to catch up while Andrew doesn't even pretend to try to catch up.

DERRICK

Can't you use your imagination from those dumb games you two always play to see this as, like, a really cool mythical horse, or something?

Derrick makes some terrible horse neighing impressions.

JIM

You don't have an imagination, Derrick.

DERRICK

And you don't have a kick-ass bike.

JIM

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

DERRICK

In your imagination.

JIM

Hanging in my garage.

DERRICK

Bullshit.

JIM

You wish.

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)

See you Monday, losers!

As vanishes from sight, Andrew slowly catches up to 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. BIKE SHOP - LATER

Andrew and Jim stare into the store windows. The gravity of the situation hits them as they see the price tag.

JIM

(dazed)

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

The bike in the window is revealed with its accompanying price tag. It reads to be \$129.

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. That's your thing.

What about your lengthy 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 a duel, it's a strategic—

ANDREW

This is what I mean! Use that spirit and apply it to the real world.

JIM

Yeah, the same way you applied spirit 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 safe and inviting environment of the game castle lifts their spirits as they look to the walls full of "treasure".

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 tables are laid out with a vendor. Most are selling books, decks of special cards, or Knick Knacks. 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 waits for Andrew to say something. Andrew just stands there as if he might be able to blend in if he stays perfectly still.

VECTOR (CONT'D)
 Hello?

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 from anyone who had ever seen a display window at any arts and crafts shop.

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, leading me out into the Great Lame Plains of Pain and over the Barricade of Black Bugs. Once the Gates of Peppermint opened for me, and after a brief walk through the Stomping Grounds of Little Devils, destiny revealed 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. An oversized backpack with a large bright water bottle is slumped next to his legs.

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

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

JIM

(calling back)

Don't be such a pessimist,
Andrew! We need that money, we
need that bike.

ANDREW

I'm not a pessimist, I'm just being a realist. There's a million other ways—

JIM

You're not a realist, Andrew, you're a blaphemist! Now come over here and help me look!

ANDREW

Come back, Jim, you're not going to find it.

JIM

Andrew, look! 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 both confused and bemused by how little it took to cause Andrew to spring 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?

The two boys eagerly walk into the distance, Jim's enormous backpack weighing him down just slightly. The Brothers Dim have begun their great quest.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Jim and Andrew follow the stream of water closely until they see it to a sad, dwindling end. They stand there in the gutter, confused.

JIM

Huh. The map says the stream was supposed to empty into the Great Lake of Greenishwater.

ANDREW

Didn't you draw that map, Jim?

JIM

Yeah, but from what Vector said.

ANDREW

Did he say it emptied into the lake?

JIM

No, he just said he followed it to there.

ANDREW

Is it possible they aren't connected at all?

Jim and Andrew both look towards the house next to them almost instinctively. They both stare directly at a filthy birdbath on the front lawn. Jim slowly points over, almost as if he's ashamed to ask.

JIM

Does the water look greenish?

ANDREW

Well, it's certainly not blue.

JIM

Then that's it.

ANDREW

It's not really so great.

JIM

Not exactly.

ANDREW

Looks like shit.

JIM

Probably is.

Jim holds his map up in front of his face again like an obnoxious tourist.

JIM (CONT'D)

This means we're looking for... the Brook of Morewater. Hey, Andrew, you see any rivers?

ANDREW

No, but there's some more water
over there.

Andrew gestures across the street to a bathroom at the edge
of a park. A water fountain is mounted on the side, its pipes
leaking a small flow of water down towards the street.

Jim gasps and absentmindedly runs across the street. Andrew,
after looking both ways, follows suit.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What do we do?

JIM

Leap across it.

Andrew steps over it nonchalantly.

JIM (CONT'D)

No, Andrew, you have to LEAP over
it! Not step. Come back here, you
dumbass.

Andrew rolls his eyes and steps back.

Jim, now practically in a trance, poises to leap across. He
stares down as if it were a gushing river beneath him.

JIM (CONT'D)

Don't fall in!

Jim dramatically soars across the "brook". He looks back
expectantly at Andrew, who looks around to see if anyone is
watching, then steps over it with the slightest hint of a
hop.

JIM (CONT'D)

No, Andrew, go back.

Andrew steps back, rolling his eyes again.

ANDREW

Jim, it's just a line of water.

JIM

No, Andrew, it's the Brook of
Morewater!

ANDREW

It's not really a brook

Andrew laughs to himself and sighs.

JIM

You can do it! Don't be afraid!

Andrew continues to stand still uncomfortably on the other "bank" of the brook, in total disbelief that he's even dealing with this.

ANDREW

I'm not afraid, I just don't want to look stupid.

JIM

You're afraid to look stupid?

ANDREW

No, I just don't want to be stupid.

JIM

Are you calling me stupid?

ANDREW

No, it's just... it can just look kinda stupid.

JIM

Well, from my point of view, what you're doing right now looks kinda stupid.

ANDREW

Well, maybe you're just not seeing this from a realistic point of view.

JIM

Maybe you're just stupid.

Andrew chuckles, but almost seems to take it to heart as he looks down at the ground.

JIM (CONT'D)

Go on, then!

Without hesitation, Andrew leaps across with an elegance that puts Jim to shame. He lands, smiling, with only a slight hint of the cynicism remaining. A grin breaks across Jim's face.

JIM (CONT'D)

Next up, the Trail of Pebbles.

Jim and Andrew look down at their feet, where, either by fate or by crazy random happenstance, a pathway of pebbles stretches into a forest that isn't really so dark.

ANDREW
(sarcastically, but
playfully)
Next up, the Really Dark Forest?

Jim's face lights up.

JIM
You memorized the map?

ANDREW
No, I just guessed.

JIM
Maybe it isn't really that dark.

ANDREW
Maybe you're just not seeing this
from a creative point of view.

Jim smiles and the two boys walk into the forest, with Andrew in the lead.

INT. REALLY DARK FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Andrew walk through the forest. Jim takes a swig of his water bottle, now half empty.

ANDREW
So remind me, Jim, what was it
you were telling me about those
Digmagic X cards earlier?

JIM
Well, they basically rewrite all
the rules of the elements.

ANDREW
I thought it was just fire!

JIM
Which affects the strength of the
other elements as well.

ANDREW
Water douses fire, that should be
fine.

JIM
(laughing)
Not anymore it doesn't.

ANDREW
Dammit. I'm going to go bankrupt
for this game. It's not healthy.

JIM
Well, if we're lucky, we'll have
enough money for that once we're
done with... this.

ANDREW
You're going to have to cover
most of this, though. You kind of
got yourself into this whole
mess.

JIM
(guiltily)
I know, I know.

This guilty reminder causes the endlessly energetic Jim to deflate slightly. He stops briefly to adjust the heavy backpack on his shoulders— something that had never bothered him too much before.

ANDREW
(trying to change the
subject)
But, hey! We're having fun,
aren't we?

Jim nods while drinking from his water bottle.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Either way, we might want to pick
up the pace just a bit, because I
didn't bring a flashlight.

JIM
I brought two, along with spare
batteries.

ANDREW
I should have guessed.

JIM

Besides, I know it's "Really Dark" in here and all, but we haven't been out that long, have we?

ANDREW

Your water bottle's already half empty.

JIM

I'd say it's half full.

ANDREW

I'd say it's half full, but still err on the side of caution.

JIM

I'd say I have no idea what that means.

ANDREW

(smiling slightly)

It means don't be stupid.

JIM

It's still half full to me.

EXT. DEAD GRASS FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Andrew exit the forest and come upon a large field of dead grass.

JIM

Well, won't you look at that?
"The Great Lame Plains of Pain".

ANDREW

Kind of an oxymoron if you ask me.

JIM

I didn't ask you. And I'm not a moron.

ANDREW

Nah, you're just stupid.

Jim laughs and begins trudging through the dead grass, slowly. The backpack is causing him to hunch over.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Would you like me to take the backpack? Looks like it's starting to hurt.

JIM

Yeah, there's that "Pain" part. Don't worry, I've got it.

ANDREW

Here.

Jim obviously has not got it. Andrew takes the backpack and puts it on instead.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I've got your back.

JIM

(in pain)

No, you don't, and you should be glad.

ANDREW

Lives up to its namesake. Pretty lame. Pretty plain.

JIM

Not so great.

ANDREW

Not exactly.

Jim and Andrew reach the end of the field and find themselves in front of a tiny wooden fence. Andrew pulls out the map and reads off it.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

"Barricade of Black Bugs". Huh.

Jim and Andrew climb over it. Jim watches, confused, as Andrew turns around to closely examine the fence.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Yep, there's a black ant right here.

Andrew stands up and carries on his way.

JIM

Did you really doubt Vector?

ANDREW

He just didn't seem that honest.
I guess I'm just too cynical.

JIM

I don't know what that means.

ANDREW

You don't need to.

FADE TO:

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - MOMENTS LATER

Jim and Andrew stand at a railroad crossing, looking around.

ANDREW

(reading map)

Says here there's supposed to
be... the "Gates of Peppermint".

After a moment, Jim points up at the crossing gate.

JIM

That's a gate. And it looks like
peppermint.

ANDREW

Well, I'll be damned.

Andrew starts to walk towards the rails.

JIM

Hang on, Andrew! Vector said the
gates opened for him!

ANDREW

The gates are already open.

JIM

But did they open for you?

ANDREW

Touché.

JIM

Don't call me that, you know I'm
right.

Andrew and Jim wait around for a couples seconds awkwardly, watching the gates above them intently. Then, as luck would have it, they start to go down. The two boys stand perfectly still, watching with an unbreakable focus, as the train passes. They then watch in anticipation as the gates open for them.

Jim and Andrew both shrug it off and cross the rails.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jim and Andrew walk through the grassy knolls of a pretty and wooded park. Though very clean, it is eerily empty and foreboding. The two boys approach a large playground.

Andrew pulls out the map and looks at it.

ANDREW

Our final stop.

JIM

A stomping ground for little devils.

ANDREW

You memorized the map?

JIM

No, I just guessed.

ANDREW

You guessed "little devils"?

JIM

I was talking about the kids.

ANDREW

Oh.

JIM

At least they're not here right now.

ANDREW

So, what, we just have to make it to the Great Tree?

JIM

Not exactly. Vector said we first had to pass the—

Now at the foot of the playground, Jim and Andrew look up in horror. Atop the tallest spire is Derrick, inexplicably sitting on his red bicycle and gnawing away on a candy cigarette.

Jim and Andrew quickly duck behind a tree.

ANDREW

Shit. It's Derrick.

JIM

Look, Andrew. He's not wearing shoes.

Andrew looks back for a brief moment. Sure enough, Derrick is standing on his bike completely barefoot.

ANDREW

What the hell is he doing here?
Are any of his lackeys nearby?

JIM

And he called his bike a horse when he was talking to me earlier.

ANDREW

How did he even get his bike up there?

JIM

Andrew, don't you get it? He's the final enemy that Vector spoke of! He's the Shoeless Horseguy!

ANDREW

Shit! I'm not dealing with him.

JIM

Well, maybe we don't have to.

Jim and Andrew peer around the tree, heads stacked. They pop them back after a moment.

JIM (CONT'D)

The Great Tree. It's just past the playground. I can see it.

ANDREW

Do you see the relics?

JIM

I think so.

ANDREW

Oh, man.

JIM

Andrew, do you have an attack plan?

ANDREW

I'm not attacking.

JIM

Do you have an escape plan?

ANDREW

We're not escaping. We need those relics.

JIM

God dammit Andrew, do you have a plan for how to get past the guy?!

Andrew is taken aback by Jim's panicked outburst. He pokes his head around the tree for a second, then turns back to Jim.

ANDREW

There's a straight shot under the playground. If we dart across the open area, we can crawl beneath him and we can make it out in one piece.

JIM

Two pieces, I hope.

ANDREW

One piece each.

Andrew peeks around one final time. He looks back at Jim, gesturing for him to go.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Ready?

JIM

You're going first.

ANDREW

I'm not a leader, Jim, I'm just a planner.

JIM

Yeah, you came up with the plan, now you have to lead it. Go on.

Andrew hesitates.

JIM (CONT'D)

Dammit, Andrew, you're a natural born leader. Go on.

Andrew continues to hesitate.

JIM (CONT'D)

Andrew, I'm not giving back your Serpents and Strongholds silver deck until you—

Andrew darts around the tree and with perfect skill, flies across the open area and slides on under the playground. Jim sprints over clumsily after him, knocking his head on the platform while ducking under.

ANDREW

(whispering)

Careful, Jim. Quietly.

Jim and Andrew crawl very carefully beneath. As they pass under Derrick, they both look up at his bicycle looming above through the holes in the platform. Upon reaching the end of the tunnel, Andrew and Jim run out and around the tree in front of them, respectively.

JIM

Andrew, we did it!

ANDREW

Jim, look.

Andrew's eyes sparkle as he points down at the ground. The "relics" are waiting there— or, at least what he perceives to be the relics. A trashy pocket watch, large foreign coin, and skull and crossbones eraser are laid out, randomly scattered at different parts of the foot of the tree. The boys bend down and examine them.

JIM

The relics.

ANDREW

Derrick's going to be sorry he
ever messed with us.

A loud thud and bouncing of chains sounds behind the boys. They turn around to find Derrick, who has somehow gotten his bike down from the spire. He pulls out a candy cigarette and lights it, then throws it down on the ground and pours a huge cup of water over it.

In all his barefoot glory, Derrick dings his bike bell at the two boys as he stares on intimidatingly.

DERRICK

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

Jim stands up, pretending to be brave. Not a single fragment of the energy he previously had is visible.

JIM

(shaking)

What of it, biker boy?

Derrick smirks, noticing the shakiness of his voice. He stares at the three relics, all in Jim's hand.

DERRICK

What have you got there, buddy?

Jim doesn't even acknowledge the question, having a scripted and unrelated response.

JIM

(even shakier)

Derrick? More like... Dick. If
you remove a few letters. Because
you are that. Dick. That's what
you are.

DERRICK

Let me see.

Derrick spins his bike pedals backward as if he were revving a car, and begins to bike in a straight line towards Jim.

Much to Jim's surprise, Andrew leaps in front of him and approaches Derrick.

ANDREW

For your information, Derrick, we just completed a quest to find these relics.

DERRICK

Holy shit, the other brother speaks. I actually think I forgot your name.

ANDREW

That would be Andrew.

DERRICK

I was kidding, you dumbass. Take a joke. I was referencing your insignificance in the world.

ANDREW

Look, Derrick, why don't you just piss off and do something good with your life? Quit torturing my friend and grow up a little.

DERRICK

Torture? Oh, no, I'm not torturing him. It's all just fun and games.

Jim, having found renewed energy in Andrew, stands up and faces Derrick with no fear.

JIM

Derrick, you wouldn't know fun and games if it hit you in the goddamn head with the force of every punch you've ever thrown my way.

DERRICK

(mocking)

Oh no, are you ganging up on me?

ANDREW

No, Derrick. We'll actually be on our merry way now. Enjoy your miserable life.

JIM

Actually, I'm rather content to stay here. Derrick, I'd rather you bugger off and run back up the playground with your stupid little bike.

ANDREW

(hurriedly)

Agreed. Now, let's go, Jim.

Jim does not back off. He gets up in Derrick's face without a trace of fear in his eyes.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Come on, Jim.

DERRICK

(threateningly)

I can show you around up there if you'd like. It's one hell of a drop down to the floor below.

Derrick shoves Jim backwards a couple feet and advances further on his bike.

JIM

I don't give a shit how many bones I'd break if you threw me down that drop. I'm done giving into your twisted game. I'm done with your bullshit. It's not scary. It may hurt like hell, but it's pathetic, it's childish, and it's an absolute waste of your life force. Go on. Beat me up. Feel free to keep wasting your life away. Because when my bruises finally heal, they'll all be automatically sent right back to your guilty ass in a crisp package complete with a bow. And I won't care.

Derrick completely masks any sort of emotion he may have with a smug chuckle and grin.

DERRICK

Eat my shit.

JIM

I'd prefer a ham sandwich.

Derrick silences Jim by swinging the back of his bike around into his shins. Jim stumbles backward and falls into the mud below, dropping the items in his hands. Derrick turns his gaze to Andrew, then speeds right towards him. Andrew jumps backward and falls into the mud as well. Derrick laughs and dings his bell, biking off into the distance.

Jim and Andrew lay sprawled on the ground, covered in mud and filth. Andrew, horror struck, looks over at Jim. The three items are covered in mud and scraped beyond repair, and the watch is completely shattered and bent.

ANDREW

After all that effort... after
that whole journey, we...

Andrew, sitting down, drops his head into his hands. There is an uncomfortable silence. Jim, still filled with energy, doesn't know exactly what to say.

JIM

It's a pretty shitty pocket
watch, Andrew.

ANDREW

What?

JIM

And this coin is from New
Zealand. Probably not worth
anything.

ANDREW

Jim—

JIM

The skull eraser's pretty cool,
though.

ANDREW

What are you trying to say?

JIM

Andrew, no one was going to buy
this junk. Look at it. This crap
isn't going to cover the expense
of a full-sized bicycle.

ANDREW

This doesn't sound like the
creative and imaginative Jim I
know.

JIM

I know. But I guess this is the kind of thing you just have to be realistic about.

ANDREW

So I suppose we're just screwed on Monday, then.

JIM

Not necessarily.

ANDREW

Was all of this— this whole quest thing— I guess it was all just for nothing.

JIM

I don't know about that. Andrew, I've never seen you so alive before. And I haven't had this much fun in a while. I get the feeling you haven't, either.

Andrew, laughing just slightly, pulls the map out of the backpack pocket.

JIM (CONT'D)

So I guess we won't be selling anything at NerdKingdom, but—

ANDREW

Actually, Jim, I think we've still got a chance.

Andrew unravels the map and shows it to Jim.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Do you see how much detail you put into this map? It almost looks like you wanted to put in more.

JIM

I kind of did.

ANDREW

You easily could have if we didn't have it in our minds that we had to actually go out and find the crap Vector described.

JIM

What are you getting at?

ANDREW

I'd definitely buy this. If it weren't for the lackluster names, it would be such a creative and boundless world. I doubt I'm the only one who'd buy it, too. Your imagination is far more wild than Vector's.

JIM

So you think we should crank out as many of these maps as possible and sell them at NerdKingdom tomorrow morning?

ANDREW

Have you ever pulled an all-nighter, Jim?

FADE TO:

INT. NERDKINGDOM - DAY

Vector walks into the store, whistling. He sets up his stand and gets ready for customers. He turns over to the side and notices a large line of people in the corner of the store.

Vector stands up and pushes his way through to the front of the line, revealing Jim and Andrew, manning their own booth. A rack on the table holds various colorful maps.

ANDREW

Why, hello, sir!

JIM

Hello, Sir Vector!

Vector looks shocked and slightly confused. After a lengthy pause:

VECTOR

Did you make all of these?

JIM

We did, actually. All hand-made and unique.

VECTOR

Well... would you mind maybe sharing your... creative process with me... a little? Not that I intend to rip off your hard work or anything, but do you mind if I just look over some of these real quick?

ANDREW

Will you be making a purchase, Vector?

VECTOR

Well, not exactly.

ANDREW

We'd love to talk about it, but there is a fairly long line, so if you wouldn't mind waiting until the crowds die down...

VECTOR

(dejectedly)

I suppose I'll see you around.

Vector begins to make his way back toward his table.

JIM

Hang on, Vector! Before you go, here, take this.

Jim hands Vector the original map he made.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is the original map I made. Not quite as colorful or creative as the others, but I thought you might appreciate it.

VECTOR

It looks nice, but those names are pretty shitty.

ANDREW

I know. You created them.

VECTOR

What?

ANDREW

Have a nice day, sir.

JIM
Enjoy, Sir Vector.

INT. NERDKINGDOM - NIGHT

With the store closing down for the night, Jim and Andrew look through their earnings.

JIM
Well, we made one hundred and nine bucks. With what I already have saved and what you said you have saved... that should be more enough to cover the bike. But not the Digmagic X cards, unfortunately.

ANDREW
Come to think of it, though... why not?

JIM
What do you mean?

ANDREW
Why not buy the cards?

JIM
Because I need the bike.

ANDREW
But why do you even need the bike, Jim?

JIM
To one-up Derrick and put him in his place.

Andrew laughs.

ANDREW
Jim, you told him off last night. I don't imagine anyone else at the school has ever shown him up like that before. You really think a shiny red bicycle is going to do anything?

JIM
Well... no, not exactly.

ANDREW

Then why bother?

JIM

We might as well buy the bike to justify what we went through.

ANDREW

But you don't really want the bike, do you?

JIM

Nope.

ANDREW

Then what do you want?

A huge scheming smile breaks across Jim's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Derrick pulls up to the bike racks of a school on his crimson bicycle, chewing on a carrot. He locks it up and spits the carrot out on the ground next to him.

JIM (O.S.)

Yo, Derrick!

Derrick turns around to see Jim and Andrew riding up to him in sunglasses and on brightly colored scooters. Derrick attempts to maintain the same threatening persona as always.

DERRICK

I'm not seeing that red bike, Jimmy.

JIM

That's because I never had it, and never will.

ANDREW

We almost bought it, actually, with the money we had. But we bought these instead.

DERRICK

(grinning)

You screwed yourselves over.

JIM

Not exactly, because I quite like this thing.

ANDREW

Well, Derrick, we'd love to chat, but we've got places to be.

JIM

Like class.

ANDREW

Yes, like class.

JIM

I'd suggest you be on your way as well.

ANDREW

So long, Derrick.

DERRICK

(mocking)

Farewell, Andrew. And Jimmy boy.

JIM

Please, Derrick. You can call us "The Brothers Dim".

The Brothers Dim straighten their shades and scooter away down the halls.

THE END

BAZINGA!

KABOOM!

KABLAMMO!

AND A BIG FAT
OLD BAZINGA!

BAZONGA!