

SCRIPT

Written by Soroush Aini

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CONTEXT

ALFA ACTA is a family-owned defense company and a sponsor of THE FINALS, a globally broadcast virtual combat game show. CEO Junior McJohnson prides himself on preserving the family legacy. His brother, Truck, feels his own contribution has gone unacknowledged.

After seeing ALFA ACTA's latest sponsorship campaign, Truck confronts Junior about the company's version of its history.

TRUCK

I saw the sponsorship, Junior. Big stage, huh?

JUNIOR

Can't complain.

TRUCK

Tradition meets lethality. That's the slogan now, right?

JUNIOR

Yeah... so?

TRUCK

Tradition, really?

JUNIOR

What do you want, Truck?

TRUCK

Oh, we're way past what I want, but fine, I want someone to say it, just once. The whole reason Dad built that first panic button was because of me. The turret in the hallway, me. I was 7 years old, and the whole house was redesigned because of me.

(beat)

And no one ever talks about it.

JUNIOR

That is not the origin story of this company.

TRUCK

Oh, come on! Mom couldn't keep plates on the shelf. Dad bolted the furniture to the floor and went, hey, maybe there's a market for this.

JUNIOR

You're simplifying decades of hard work and dedication.

TRUCK

I swear to— I'm simplifying?

JUNIOR

Yes!

TRUCK

No, no, no. Your entire brand identity came from trying to stop a child from breaking shit.

JUNIOR

Come on now...

TRUCK

Minimize risk, maximize firepower. That was Dad after I got past every single childproof lock in the house in one afternoon. He looked at Mom and said: That boy's outrun everything we got. We need more firepower.

JUNIOR

Oh my God, this again.

TRUCK

Now you've got this whole thing on a global stage, and nobody's ever once said, oh yeah, the kid who trashed everything. That's where it started.

JUNIOR

Because it's not a joke, it's a business with employees, contracts, a reputation.

TRUCK

And I'm just the guy who inspired it! My thick skull dented dad's truck so many times that you named a product after it. The Kranium 2000? That's me. That's literally my forehead.

(sigh)

And all I was left with was a nickname.

JUNIOR

...Are we done?

TRUCK

Just put my name somewhere.

JUNIOR

I can't do that, Truck...

TRUCK

And stop calling me that.