

Virtual Vigilante

By

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FADE IN ON:

INT. DARK EMPTY STAGE

An excited, SKINNY TEEN strolls into view.

The AR-15 strapped snugly around his torso seems thicker than his arms. Probably weighs more than him, too.

Spotlights lance out, illuminate TARGETS along the wall. The teen play-shoots, makes PEW-PEW noises. Until...

An ACTIVIST with a sign strolls by: "Defund the Police!" The teen squeals like a girl, ducks.

Oblivious, the activist continues to march. Reaching the other end of the stage, they walk off.

Just as our NARRATOR enters. Dressed in a corporate suit, with the arms ripped off and a bandana wrapped around his head (bluetooth earpiece tucked in) - he gives off a hybrid Rambo-Wall Street vibe.

The teen stops cringing. Straightens up.

NARRATOR

Hey there, little guy. Enjoying your brand new toy?

The teen nods eagerly, cradles his AR-15 with pride.

NARRATOR

But after that new weapon smell wears off - you're not quite sure what to use it for next. Right?

The teen hangs his head: sulks.

The narrator grins, whips out a VIRTUAL REALITY VISOR.

NARRATOR

Why don't you try *this* on for size?

The teen takes the tech gingerly. Turns it over in questioning hands.

NARRATOR

That's our patented virtual reality danger detection headset, with new Rittenhouse self-defense AI. So easy, any high schooler can use it! Slip it on, let it guide you - and experience the American Freedom it brings.

You think Facebook's Metaverse is rad -
wait'll you lock and load this!

The teen nods, puts the visor on.

The narrator whips out an EMT KIT on a strap.

NARRATOR

Safe travels, kid. Don't forget to pack
your lunch!

The Narrator flicks a switch on the side of the visor -
transporting the teen magically into...

EXT. URBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

The teen Ohs and Ahs. Holds his hand up to his face,
reaches out to touch a nearby FIRE EXTINGUISHER on the
sidewalk. It seems so real!

Picking it up, he starts walking...

And quickly encounters a burly CIVILIAN MILITIA,
congregating under a TREE. Some wear camo. Others sport
"Proud Boy" tees.

They're all armed, too. Waving their weapons, they strike
various sniper poses, crouch.

One points an AR-15 directly at the teen.

POV VISOR

Through the lens, everything's stylized like a video
game. Readouts scroll. Lights blink.

GREEN TEXT beeps over the Proud Boy aiming the gun.

"No danger detected."

Two militia-men join the Proud Boy in a group-hug. They
flash the teen White Supremacy "OK" signs.

STREET

Reassured, the teen relaxes. Putting down the fire
extinguisher, he skips merrily over to the group.

And shows off his new weapon, proud.

To demonstrate the tensile strength of his AR's strap, he
loops it around a tree branch, knocks out pull-ups.

The men CLAP.

One admires his gun. Pantomimes "let me see." The teen hands it over, beaming.

Hearing a sudden CHEER, he swings around. And sees:

EXT. CVS STORE

A few African American men loiter outside. Legally armed, they carry CVS shopping bags, goof around.

POV VISOR

The visor flashes RED TEXT WITH ARROWS over their heads:

"Shoplifter Danger Detected. Do not alert. Start Shooting Rounds."

EXT. CVS STORE

The teen reaches for his rifle... remembers he left it behind.

He runs back to the militia, grabs his gun.

But by the time he returns, the "suspicious" CVS customers are gone.

STREET

The teen droops. Bummer.

He digs into the EMT kit, and extracts: Ammo. Loads his AR-15 while he pouts.

Magically, air ripples. The Narrator reappears.

He walks over to the teen, paternally pats his head (angling around the visor with care).

NARRATOR

Don't fret it, big guy. With our easy to carry patented system, your adventures won't be limited to just one shot! You'll travel to new states, and meet lots of exciting people. Social situations will seem awkward no more!

The Narrator vanishes, just as...

A parade of PROTESTORS march past. More signs wave:

"Black Lives Matter, Say His Name, Defund the Police."

Reading the last, the teen gulps.

But - thinking it over - he perks up and runs into the crowd. Rifle pointed at waist level.

People scream and duck/dive out of his way.

One chucks a PLASTIC BAG at him. The teen glances up as it arcs through air.

POV VISOR

The visor zeroes a BULLSEYE on the bag. RED TEXT FLASHES:

"Metal chain detected. Four bullets recommended to neutralize!"

The teen lets loose with a full volley of shots, BLASTS it to smithereens.

The visor feed scrolls, BEEPS:

"Excellent shooting. 50 points! Calling 911 not advisable. Recommended next maneuver - flee the scene.

STREET

The teen starts running. Behind him, a man yells:

MAN (O.S.)

Hey! There was people near that bag! What the fuck you doin', guy?

The teen pants, swings around. Spots a MAN IN YELLOW PANTS - standing on a CAR.

POV VISOR

The visor flashes ID options over the man's head:

A) Looter, B) Pedophile, C) Arsonist (pick one excuse.)

STREET

The teen raises his rifle, takes aim. A little girl's SCREAM stops him in his tracks.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, that man's got a gun!

The teen turns towards the voice, confronts:

A troop of shocked GIRL SCOUTS.

POV VISOR

The visor flashes: Hostile mob.

The teen looks back and forth at angry little faces. His heart beat amplified in the visor's speakers.

A digital BULLSEYE zeroes in on various objects the girl scouts hold.

Most are cookie boxes. Thin Mints. Do-Si-Dos. Samoas (that last one flickers: danger unsure.)

But one pigtailed girl cradles a SKATEBOARD. The Visor wails an alarm:

"Lethal danger detected. Shoot now!!"

Everything BLACKS OUT. BLAM BLAM BLAM!

STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The teen strolls through a horrified, stunned CROWD. His gun smokes. Tattered Girl scout sashes flutter down. As he approaches, people recoil.

TEEN

Hey, all's cool. I'm going to the cops.

TWO OFFICERS approach. Sipping coffee and munching donuts, they spot the teen and wave.

COP ONE

'Sup man. Keep up the good work.

COP TWO

We appreciate you guys. We really do.

They fist bump the teen, continue on.

The teen grins - digging every minute. As the world fades away to...

POV VISOR

Game over. Play again?

INT. DARK EMPTY STAGE

The teen's gone. But the narrator's back; alone onstage. He addresses the audience, slick sales grin on his face.

NARRATOR

See how easy that was? A lot smoother
than Dylan Roof, no? Buy our Rittenhouse
AI now, and every day can be an adventure
for you, too!

Small text scrolls fast across the bottom of the screen.

"AR-15 not included. Straw man purchases sold
separately."

Then in bold face letters:

"Brought to you by Cyberdyne Skynet. What could possibly
go wrong?"

FINAL FADE OUT: