

GIBBS

No, absolutely not. You've had enough time with it already. You look like you haven't been sleeping and that's extremely dangerous. My cousin stayed in time-freeze for a whole week once. He still hasn't reappeared out of the time loop.

CHARLIE

He's still in the loop?!

GIBBS

Still in the loop.

CHARLIE

Whoa whoa whoa. Please, Gibbs. I promise I'll be careful!

PANIC starts to build on Charlie's face.

GIBBS

I'm afraid the answer is no. Sorry, Charlie.

Gibbs turns to leave. Charlie searches for words. ANXIETY.

CHARLIE

Gibbs, listen. My father was a dreamer. An English teacher that tried his *whole adult life* to write "The Great American Novel" in his spare time. But he never did it. His time ran out. He developed early-onset dementia and has been on Chapter 39 of his novel for almost a decade now. He failed because he didn't make the time when he had the chance!

Tears well up in Charlie's eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm about to turn 30 years old. I've got a stack of unfinished games in my closet. I'm a game designer that's never made a game people actually played. And I'm terrified that I never will. This is my chance and it won't come back around again. I *have* to finish this game. Because if I don't...I'll have failed at the one thing I want the most.

Charlie clinches his fists. A single tear escapes his eye.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I know making a video game may seem trivial but for me...it's all I've ever wanted. All I've ever been good at. I *have* to finish this. For myself...for my dad who never got the chance. And for my mom who *always* believed I could do it. Gibbs...please.

Gibbs' eyes mist as well.

GIBBS

Geez man. You really went for it with the mom stuff, didn't you?