

MILES

Wow! That's going to make it a real challenge for Doomshot. Presentation to the VC board is in three months...I hope the pressure doesn't get to her.

LONNY

Sounds like it already...did?

MILES

Okay. She can't lead the team anymore. Fine. We'll just hire someone else to finish it.

Bree slowly shuts her computer.

BREE

We *can't*.

MILES

Oh we can. And we will.

BREE

Miles...

(BEAT)

She's deleted the Doomshot files on the server. *All* of them. We don't even have the artwork.

MILES

Wait...what? That's crazy. Why would anyone do that?!

BREE

I...I don't know...She's clearly not in her right mind!

HANK

(whispers to Lonny)

I mean...she was working eighteen hour days.

MILES

Okay. The backup server. Fine.

Bree shakes her head.

BREE

She deleted those, too. There is no Doomshot. It's gone.

Miles gets *real* quiet. Paces. TENSION hangs thick. Then he slowly turns to the group. Holds back his RAGE.

MILES

This is what we are going to do. In three months time we will have a first person shooter to present to the VC guys. How? I have no idea. But it's going to happen or ALL of you are getting fired.

SHERYL

Mister Sugar, we have the other games.

MILES

You don't understand. If we can't show the vulture...I mean venture...capital board the demo of our *wildly impressive* shooter that I'm contractually obligated to show them by end of Q3...they will pull the funds for *all* of our games! You will all be fired. And I will only be known as the guy who created the game for people to crush stupid little sugar cubes on their stupid little phones...

Miles' eyes are maniacal as he taps his phone incessantly. He finally stops. Stares down his employees.

MILES (CONT'D)

There is no Racing game, there is no strategy game. There is only one game I care about...a first-person shooter. Why?! Because that's... what...sells! I want a new first-person shooter pitch by TOMORROW morning! Now get out there find me someone who can deliver me a game demo and not CRACK UNDER THE PRESSURE!

Miles collects his composure...trying not to crack himself. He slowly walks out of the room. The room falls into silence.

Bree sits back, in shock.