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**INT. SUGAR QUBE BOARDROOM - DAY**

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SUGAR QUBE logo on the wall. Five Production Managers sit silent around a conference table. LONNY slurps his coffee.

Bree on her laptop. Pops some ADVIL. Checks her email. Leans close to the screen, reads, she reacts in SHOCK. FREEZES.

BREE  
(quietly to herself)  
Oh...noooo....

The double doors swing wide and the big boss, MILES SUGAR (42, big hair and swag) BURSTS in, full of manic energy.

MILES  
Alright! Milestones! Let's hear em!

Miles leans on the end of the table, leg cocked up on a chair.

Bree's HAND OVER HER MOUTH in dismay. Stares at her screen.

LONNY  
Well...so...Sugar Crush Four is on track for our summer...

MILES  
Nope. What else?

Bree connects to the Sugar Qube server on the laptop. PANICKED as she begins to navigate to a folder: *Doomshot*

Patty slides some new art across the table.

PATTY  
Sugar Crush art has some new iterations.

Miles slides the art right back at Patty.

MILES  
Nope. Noooo. No! I don't want to hear about that. This company is going Triple-A. I want to hear about the FUTURE! Our expansion titles! Milestones. Go!

LONNY  
Um...Rally Racers has six of ten levels in beta.

MILES

Great! Our strategy title, talk to me.

Bree's face drops in terror as the folder opens....EMPTY!

HANK

Castle Conquerors is in pre-Beta working on bugs and artwork.

MILES

That is exceeeelent news.  
Bree...Bree Cheese...tell me about my baby...the game we are all here for...the one that's going to put us on the MAP! Where we at with the Doomshot demo?!

An awkward silence. No reply from the wide-eyed Bree as she continues to check other windows on the server. Frantic!

MILES (CONT'D)

Bree-oncé. Doomshot. Hit me with it.

BREE

(hesitant)

Miles...something happened. It seems like Raven had a....nervous breakdown last night maybe? I think she's in a facility of some kind.

MILES

Raven. Raven. Raven. She work here?

SHERYL

Raven is the creative director on Doomshot. She's managed the entire team for the past six months.

MILES

Riiiiight...oh that's terrible.

The rest of the employees nod in agreement.

MILES(CONT'D)

So she can just finish it remote.

SHERYL

Those places are technology-free.  
(Beat) ...I've heard.

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.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING**

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Shower turns off. Foot steps out of the shower. It's Charlie.

Charlie looks at the towel rack. EMPTY. He looks at the pile of WET TOWELS on the floor. Hanging by the sink, a LONE HAND TOWEL. Charlie SIGHS.