

NARRATOR

And so the Gods answered her wish... by smiting down her young sibling in a car crash.

A shadow puppet of little Tilly on a bicycle gets hit by a car.

AGNES

NO!

Fade to black.

NARRATOR

But fear not, Adventurers, this isn't the story of that particular tragedy. No, this is the story of how Agnes the Average learned to finally fight and kill monsters.

Projection: **SHE KILLS MONSTERS**

Projection: One Year Later...

CHUCK, a geekster teen, rocks out to headphones as he sweeps the floor of gaming store.

CHUCK

(Singing to himself)

Soy un perdedor. I'm a loser baby, so why don't you kill -

Cheerleader AGNES pokes his shoulder!

CHUCK

(startled)

WHOA, WHAT IN THE HADES!

AGNES

Hi. I'm looking for a Chuck Biggs.

CHUCK

You're looking at him. But my hommies just call me DM Biggs cause, you know, I'm "big" where it counts.

(clarifies)

As in MY BRAIN! So what can I do for you?

AGNES

Someone told me you were an expert on Dungeons and Dragons.

CHUCK

Are we talking first or second edition? PSYCHE! It doesn't matter which cause my D&D IQ is all that and a bag of chips!

AGNES

(hands him a notebook)

Well, I have this thingy. I'm not quite sure what it is.

Chuck and Agnes

Chuck and Agnes

CHUCK
(leafs through pages)
Well, this is clearly a homespun module.

AGNES
Cool, and that is?

CHUCK
It's like a map for a D&D game. An adventure. And this one looks like it's written for one to two players at entry level skills and power designations with -
(something stops him)
Yo, hold up. Where'd you get this?

AGNES
It's my sister's.

CHUCK
Your sister is Tillius the Paladin?

AGNES
Who?

CHUCK
Tilly Evans.

AGNES
You knew her?

CHUCK
Of course I knew her. Every player here in Athens has been on a campaign with the great Tillius.

AGNES
So can you help me figure out what it all means?

CHUCK
Wait. What do you want to do with this exactly?

AGNES
Well, Chuck. It's a game, right? I want to play it.

Cut to...

VERA (17) enters. She's also a cheerleader, but not happy about it.

VERA
The fact that I let you convince me to cheerlead makes me hate you. The fact that I actually enjoy it makes me hate me even worse.

AGNES
As if.