

# FULLNAGE



Episode 101  
"Pilot"

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**TIME LEFT ON CLOCK: 0:07s**

**SCORE: 14 - 14**

**INT. STADIUM - NIGHT**

**WILLIAM STETSON (17)** catches his breath. He's in a full electric SABRE KIT. Fencing mask pulled up, a single curl of light hair glued by sweat to his forehead.

His eyes, consumed by a deep indecipherable fervor, locked with his opponent's -- **ALEKSANDR "SASHA" SUH (18)**.

They're on opposite ends of an elevated metallic piste, the only illuminated part of the whole arena.

The stands are full. Hundreds of fans, teammates, former opponents- all falling out of focus, equally irrelevant to this moment.

The next seven seconds.

REFEREE (O.S.)

*En Garde!*

Aleksandr reaches to pull his mask down, he pauses-

Will is communicating something with his eyes. It's personal. Something we can't understand.

Yet.

**OFF HIS LOOK, MATCH CUT TO --**

Will's same eyes.

The complex passion replaced by an intense, seething focus.

His whole body is on top of someone. He's using his weight to CRUSH them. PINNING them to a hard rubber floor.

He clenches his teeth in a mouth guard.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

A high school wrestling meet.

**SUPER: 6 MONTHS EARLIER**

Will leans into his own left forearm, COMPACTING his competitor's windpipe.

His opponent, **GALLAGHER (17)**, chokes out an involuntary wet wheeze. He starts flailing, trying to break free --

-- his elbow slams into Will's stomach (!!)

Will, still on top, swings his right fist in retaliation, **BEATING IN** Gallagher's face.

He gets in a few good hits before the ref **RIPS** him away.

Will's teammates rush off the bench and grab him, holding him back. **COACH VARGAS (40s)** gets in his face.

VARGAS

What the **FUCK** was that Stetson!?

WILL

He started it!

Gallagher staggers to his feet, hand covering his nose, BLOOD leaks through the cracks between his fingers.

GALLAGHER

You're a fucking psycho!!

Will tears one arm free and **LUNGES** past his coach- swinging at Gallagher.

Gallagher stumbles back, dodging, but he **LOSES HIS BALANCE**. He **FALLS**, into the scorer's table, toppling it over.

### INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATER

Coach Vargas has Will backed up against a row of lockers.

VARGAS

...unwarranted and absolutely unacceptable.

WILL

Seriously? Were you paying any fucking attention?

Will is muscular, leaner than he is buff, and tall- a head above his coach.

VARGAS

Oh, is that it? You threw a tantrum cause you needed attention?

WILL

Come on-

VARGAS

We were all watching Stetson- and good thing too, or that kid would be in an ambulance right now!

WILL

Good thing? You don't know him-

VARGAS

Sure I do! He's the same as any other New Trier prick right?

(shaking his head)

I should have known- you're not worth the trouble.

WILL

What's that supposed to mean?

Will tries to make himself big. Arms out to his sides, chest forward. He steps to his coach. Vargas sighs.

VARGAS

It means you're off the team.

(then)

And put your arms down. Your pits smell like a fucking litter box.

Mic drop. He walks off, conversation over.

WILL

You can't do that!

Vargas doesn't turn back. He leaves Will alone, fuming.

WILL

FUCK!

Will's hands tighten. He turns toward the row of lockers, cocks his arm back, and SWINGS--

### **EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Will massages a newly bruised fist. He's still alone, waiting outside the school gym.

A jet black Mercedes pulls in front of him, HYPERPOP blasting so loud you can hear it through the rolled up windows.

### **INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS**

The driver is **ALINA MATERO** (17) -- dark hair, clean girl aesthetic, currently very pissed off.