

THE LAN PARTY

Written by

R. Pettifer

Richard Pettifer
(03) 9329 0710
rpettifer@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

INT. GAME ROOM (DINETH'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

A bare room in the inner suburbs of Melbourne, Australia. Three young men are playing a computer game on their desktop PC's. They sit at a circular desk, each faces inwards and no-one can see the other's screen. The only noise is the constant clicking of mouses, and the occasional sound effect from the game. It is 11:00pm - they have been there for one hour.

DINETH sits to the right of shot. He is 25 and Indian. He is an earnest man from a large family, who emigrated when he was young. He is heavily built, more so than Morpheus (who compensates for this with bravado). Dineth is a gamer because his otherwise earnest nature does not lend itself to making friends easily. Within the game, he thinks of himself as a leader.

MORPHEUS, 24, sits in the middle. He is a country boy, grown weedy and unhealthy from too much gaming. He treats both his gaming and his real life with a sense of masculine bravado. He plays games for the competition. He is a smart arse.

TIMMY, 26, sits to the left of shot. He is a tall, white, awkward guy with no friends in the real world. Gaming brings him out of his shell, and he is at home amongst the other gamers. Of the three he is the most skilled gamer, though he would never say this. He wears a t-shirt that says 'Howard Hater', typical of his passive aggressive nature.

They are playing the game WarCraft 3. It is early days in the game, and their eyes are still awake and aware - though the first signs of fatigue are starting to set in.

TIMMY

What next?

MORPHEUS

I say we go after the Zurg.

DINETH

The Zurg are too strong. It's better to knock off the Protoss now because they'll get tougher later on. Are you ready to attack, Timmy?

TIMMY

I'm just upgrading to level three ground weapons. 2 minutes.

DINETH

Okay. I'll come meet you.

Morpheus looks over at Timmy. Timmy doesn't return his gaze. He turns back to Dineth.

MORPHEUS

Okay. We'll attack your beloved Protoss. But if they fuck us up I'll rip off your balls and feed them to Moses.

Morpheus uses his mouth to snap at an imaginary object. He howls like a dog.

Dineth snorts in derision.

Dineth's sister, JAYANTI, 18, enters. She is small and pretty, with big eyes and long black hair tied in a ponytail. She is carrying three glasses of lemonade on a tray.

The boys stop their conversation on her entry. Otherwise there is no reaction or acknowledgement.

Jayanti circles the table and puts a glass next to each guy as they continue to play. As she pauses to leave, she looks quickly at Morpheus. Morpheus gives her a sneaky smile, which Jayanti returns meekly, glancing nervously at her brother. Timmy notices this exchange, but Dineth is too involved in the game. She leaves quickly, closing the door behind her.

DINETH

Ready for attack? Morpheus do you have Blizzard yet?

MORPHEUS

(still smiling)

Yes.

DINETH

Timmy, how are you?

As Timmy is about to respond, a message comes up on his screen from Morpheus. It says: "MORPHEUS: I FUCKED HER LAST NIGHT". Timmy is shocked.

DINETH

Timmy?

TIMMY

...Er... yeah, good to go.

DINETH

(Impatient)

What have you got?

Timmy looks at Morpheus with an 'are you serious?' look on his face. Morpheus is confirming the fact with a sneaky smile.

TIMMY

Some... Dragoons and... Archers.

DINETH

(Matter of fact)

You're supposed to build Dwarves to go with my Blood Angels.

MORPHEUS

He can build what he wants fucktard.
Let's go.

Dineth looks annoyed about this, but says nothing.

Timmy types a reply to Morpheus. It says "TIMMY: 4 REAL?"

Morpheus reads the message and then looks over at Timmy smiling. He gives a slight nod, and begins typing.

Timmy receives another message: "I got her drunk and owned her. It was beautiful. Don't tell the Towelie."

Timmy reads the message, and looks at Morpheus, frightened. Morpheus grins.

DINETH

Okay. I'll go in first with my level 26 Barbarian. Timmy, you give flanking support. Morpheus, you're air support and rear guard. Watch out for Ogre-Magi casting polymorph spells. Ready?

TIMMY

Ready.

DINETH

Ready Fag.

Many sound effects are heard as they head into battle. They are all concentrating on the game. They begin to win.

DINETH

Set to arrow formation.

The mouse-clicking and typing becomes more rapid.

DINETH

Timmy, how are we looking from the side?

TIMMY

I'm sustaining damage but we're holding up. They have a lot of Minotaurs but my mana shield is taking care of them.

DINETH

Morpheus, is that a white centaur dragon I see?

MORPHEUS

Yeah, but I'm on it.

The continue to play. There is a series of louder explosions in the game.

TIMMY

Hell yes.

MORPHEUS

p00nd.

DINETH

(In a Chinese accent)

All your base are belong to us.

The explosions gradually die down.

MORPHEUS

Dineth, can you hook us up some
Doritos or something?

DINETH

I'll get Jayanti to bring us some.

MORPHEUS

(grinning)

Awesome. You're lucky to have a girl
like that.

Dineth looks at Morpheus passively. Morpheus fires Timmy a
knowing look. Timmy looks at Dineth in fear.

DINETH

(nonplussed)

Yes.

They return their focus to the game.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. GAME ROOM (DINETH'S HOUSE) - EARLY MORNING

It is 2:00am, three hours later. The boys are at their
computers and little has changed. They look a little more
pale and haggard, and there are remnants of Doritoes
packets and empty glasses on the table. A silence
dominates the room, interrupted by the clicking of mouses
and occasional typing.

Dineth looks much the same as he did 3 hours ago, except
any semblance of awareness has gone from his eyes. He
stares at the computer screen in a trance, mindlessly
clicking his mouse button. Occasionally he picks his
nose.

Morpheus is looking tired and trying to concentrate. He isn't smiling anymore - he's completely focused.

Timmy is uncomfortable. Every now and again he contorts his face and adjusts seating position, glancing around the room.

TIMMY

I need a shit.

MORPHEUS

We're not pausing bitch.

DINETH

You know the rules.

Timmy continues playing uncomfortably.

TIMMY

Fuck. I can't hold it in.

MORPHEUS

You're always the one! Don't eat so many fucking Doritos!

DINETH

Can it wait another hour? If can take their Jade Falcons in this attack we'll have penetrated their defenses.

Timmy contorts his face again. Clearly it can't wait another hour.

TIMMY

I gotta go. Sorry.

MORPHEUS

Fuck you're lame.

DINETH

Plug in the laptop then.

Timmy pulls up a laptop from under the table. He switches it on. There is an agonizing wait as it starts up, and

his face keeps changing expression as he continues to play the game. The others ignore him.

Timmy picks up the laptop and, not taking his eyes from the screen, exits the room slowly. He trails the network cord behind him.

MORPHEUS

Hurry the fuck up. I'm sick of playing with such noobs.

Timmy glances back at Morpheus, before exiting backwards. He continues to play the game as he exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM (DINETH'S HOUSE) - EARLY MORNING

Timmy enters the bathroom holding the laptop, turns the light on and closes the door. It's a 1970's-built room, with brown and pale green décor. There is a toilet, a shower and a washing machine, and other useless junk.

He puts the computer on top of the toilet and drops his pants, not taking his eyes from the screen or his finger from the touchpad. Awkwardly, he maneuvers himself into sitting position. The cord keeps getting in the way, and it takes him some time, but finally he sits with the laptop on his knees and his pants around his ankles.

Timmy begins to shit. His face remains a picture of concentration, occasionally broken by a contortion as he passes some serious Doritos.

The sound effects from the game - wood being sawn, gold being cashed etc. - continue as Timmy shits. Timmy's bodily functions begin to blend into the sound effects from the game.

Although he is letting his body do its work, he is clearly completely immersed in the game.

TIMMY

Come on... come on...

Timmy farts and this is followed by a plop and a sigh of relief. The laptop makes a sound effect - a character saying "Job's done".

Timmy looks at his screen in curiosity. Morpheus has written him a message. It says "MORPHEUS: HELP".

Timmy hesitates for a second, then continues playing.

A crash is heard from the other room.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
(alarmed)

Shit!

Timmy pulls up his pants and runs out of the bathroom, leaving his laptop behind.

FADE OUT:
FADE IN:

INT. GAME ROOM (DINETH'S HOUSE) - EARLY MORNING

Timmy stands in the doorway to the room, watching in horror.

Morpheus lies on the ground facing Timmy. His face is bloodied and scratched horribly. His eye has turned purple and is closed over like a boxer. His body is bruised and his clothes are badly torn.

Dineth stands over him holding a keyboard raised above his head. He has the feverish and wild look of a killer. There is blood on his hands and on the keyboard.

Together they look like Reubens' 'Cain Slaying Abel' (1609) - a picture of primal violence.

Timmy pauses for a moment, stunned. Dineth looks at him in a trance. Morpheus lifts his head and, sensing Timmy's there, groggily looks in his direction.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
Holy shit...

Jayanti enters from the kitchen, innocently holding a tray with three glasses of lemonade. She sees Dineth first and gasps in shock. She sees Morpheus on the ground her face contorts in horror. She is about to burst into tears.

Suddenly, her face softens.

JAYANTI
(inquisitive, to Timmy)
So you guys have a spare computer
now?

The killer spark slowly fades from Dineth's eyes. Timmy and Dineth look at each other. They look back at Jayanti.

CUT TO:

INT. GAME ROOM (DINETH'S HOUSE) - EARLY MORNING

It is an hour later. Timmy, Dineth, and Jayanti sit at the desktop computers playing WarCraft 3. Jayanti uses the bloody keyboard.

JAYANTI
Ownage... ownage... yes! We fucken
killed those motherfuckers!

TIMMY
Alright!

DINETH
Hell yeah!

The Flaming Lips 'Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots' begins to play as they high five in slow motion. Jayanti cries tears of joy. The two boys grin ecstatically.

Morpheus lies in the corner in a pool of blood. He occasionally twitches in horrible pain.

FADE TO BLACK.