

TITLE

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FADE IN:

EXT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A well presented house. Nothing special.

MARVIN (O.S.)
Okay cool, we have a new team member.
Welcome FrankyDag90.

INT. BEDROOM

Curtains closed, door shut, the only light in the room illuminates from the plasma TV. Sitting one meter in front of the TV:

Marvin, 23, sports a novelty tee and footy shorts. A headset with a microphone wraps around his head.

Slumped in an office chair, eye's glued to the tele. Well involved in a first person shooter game.

MARVIN
(over the moon)
Hope you got your gaming gloves on
FrankyDag90. We're kicking ass. Only
two more kills without deaths and I
level up!

Marvin continues to play.. then STAMPS his feet.

MARVIN
(calm)
Be careful man. Shoot the enemy. Not
me.

He plays his game for a few more seconds. He puts his arms out to the side.

MARVIN
Are you for real Frank? Don't!

Marvin continues gaming.

MARVIN
What the hell?

Marvin tilts his head back in frustration. Takes a deep breath.

Back into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marvin moves his head in towards the TV. Concentrating.

He jumps back.

MARVIN
If you're gonna be a dick Frank, just
leave man.

He plays for a few more seconds.

MARVIN
BoyCott312, to your left!
(louder)
Your left!

Marvin JOLTS.

MARVIN
(quiet)
Dammit.

Back into it.

MARVIN
I'm not a god dam zombie!

Marvin rips the headset from his head and throws it to the ground.

MARVIN
Fuck.

Marvin stands up. Gathers himself. Puts head set back on.

MARVIN
(arguing)
What why? Why am I the cock sucker?
I'm just trying to win and you're
being a fucking jerk.

Marvin gets owned in game play.

Marvin stands up, knocking his chair over in the process.
SMASHING buttons.

He continues to play stood up. Losing his cool.

MARVIN
Fuck off Frank!

Marvin pegs his controller on the ground. He STAMPS it four times as he says --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN
(screams)
Stop-fucking-betraying-me!

A BANG on the door interrupts Marvin's freak out.

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
(through door)
Shut the fuck up Marvin!

Marvin takes his headset off, launches it against the wall.

MARVIN
Go away Mum!

Marvin flicks the light on in his room. Turns his bedroom upside down, inside out. Searching for another controller.

Nothing.

He opens the door, sticks his head out.

MARVIN
Mum.

No answer.

MARVIN
(louder)
Mum!

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
What?

MARVIN
Where's my other controller?

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
What?

MARVIN
(louder)
Where's my other controller?

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
I don't know, I haven't touched it!

MARVIN
You always say that!

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
I haven't touched your god damn controller!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN
You're always moving my shit!

Marvin SLAMS the door shut.

He searches his cupboard, under his bed, in his bed sheets.

On the floor, next to his bedside cabinet. He finds glorious controller number two.

Controller in hand, he sits back in his chair. He takes a deep breath.

MARVIN
(to himself)
One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten.

Back into it.

Marvin JOLTS in his chair.

MARVIN
Yes!

Marvin stands up.

MARVIN
Yes, keep attacking! Go, go, go!

He concentrates, hard. Taps the buttons as hard as he can.

MARVIN
Frank, what the,
(louder)
what the fuck are you doing?....
(louder)
Frank. Stop! No!

EXT. MARVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG LADY runs down the street with with her dog. Head phones plugged in each ear.

MARVIN (O.S.)
(from inside house,
screaming)
Fucking cunt!

She stops in her tracks, takes out her head phones. She hears Marvin. Disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN (O.S.)
 (from inside house)
 Fuck! Fuck you Frank. Eat a fucking
 dick!

The runner raises her eyebrow, shakes her head and runs off.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marvin's face - 500mm from the screen.

MARVIN
 You're losing points for the whole
 god damn team! We're gonna lose now
 and everyone's gonna be angry with
 me!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (through headset)
 Whatever Marv! It's just because you
 suck.

MARVIN
 I'm better than you! You just keep
 team killing me!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (through headset,
 laughing)
 You have like thirty one deaths. You
 suck. Get off our team.

MARVIN
 I only have that many deaths because
 you keep fucking stabbing me in the
 back!

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - NIGHT

Run down, bongs on the coffee table, nudie posters on the
 walls. On a couch next to an esky full of ice cold beers
 sits:

FRANK, 20s, skinny, eyes red as sin, ear piece in - playing
 the game. On his right:

THOMAS, 20s, chubby - packs himself a cone.

FRANK
 (to Thomas)
 This guy's going crazy man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both men laugh at Marvin's expense.

Thomas picks up a lighter and lights up. Like a pro, he annihilates his massive cone.

MARVIN (V.O.)
 (through T.V)
 Oh yeah, that's really fucking funny!
 We're gonna fucking lose because of
 you, you asshole!

Frank and Thomas both laugh.

FRANK
 (into ear piece)
 Yeah, nice one Marv328. We lost the
 game because of you.

MARVIN
 (through T.V)
 You're the reason we lost! Now my
 kill death ratio is fucked!

THOMAS
 (into Frank's ear
 piece, sarcastically)
 Oooohhh no!

Frank and Thomas laugh.

MARVIN
 (through T.V)
 It's not funny!

THOMAS
 Kids gotta chill man.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marvin stands in front of the T.V.

MARVIN
 You need to fuckin' chill! I'm gonna
 find you and make you pay!

INTERCUT with Frank's house.

Thomas swaps the bong with Thomas for the controller and ear piece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS
(into earpiece)
Hey Marv.

INTERCUT with Marvin's bedroom.

MARVIN
What?

INTERCUT with Frank's house.

THOMAS
(into earpiece)
How does it feel to suck at this
game.. and life?

INTERCUT with Marvin's bedroom.

MARVIN
How does it feel to be a low life
scumbag that probably lets his dog
suck peanut butter off his balls.

INTERCUT with Frank's house.

Frank and Thomas laugh.

INTERCUT with Marvin's bedroom.

MARVIN
Stop! Laughing! At! Me!

INTERCUT with Frank's house.

Frank and Thomas cry with laughter.

INT. MARVIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marvin THROWS his controller against the wall.

He PUNCHES the wall three time as hard as he can.

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
(through door)
That enough Marvin!

Marvin's mother tries to open the bedroom door but it's
locked.

BANG, BANG, BANG, on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
(through door)
Marvin! Open the door.

MARVIN
Go-away-mum!

FRANK (V.O.)
(through headset)
Oh no, you're in trouble Marv.

MARVIN
You think that's funny? Huh? You
think that's funny?

Frank and Thomas laugh through the head set.

MARVIN
Where are you!!

FRANK (V.O.)
(through headset)
Whatever nerd.

Marvin SMASHES his head set. Lost the plot.

MARVIN
(to himself)
Whatever nerd. Nerd, nerd, nerd,
nerd. I'll show you who's a fuckin'
nerd.

Marvin pulls his laptop from under his bed. Opens it.

MARVIN
(to himself)
That's really fuckin' funny, so
fuckin' funny. I've never fuckin'
laughed so fuckin' much in my entire
fuckin' life.

Marvin smashes the keys with his fingers.

MARVIN
(to himself)
So funny, you guys are hilarious.

Marvin looks deep into the screen.

MARVIN
Ah huh!

Marvin grabs a pen, jots down an address on his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN
 (writing the address)
 One two three fake street.

Marvin SLAMS the lap top shut. He paces the room back and forth.

MARVIN
 (to himself)
 Think your funny FrankyDag? No body's hard to find these days. You piece of shit.

Marvin pulls a show box from under his bed.

He pulls out a big black dildo, studies it. Throws it over his shoulder.

He pulls out another item. A 9mm pistol.

He gazes upon the pistol with sinister eyes.

He shoves the pistol down the back of his pants, grabs a roll of thick duct tape and puts it in a bum bag.

HALLWAY

Marvin, bum bag on, marches from his room, down the hallway to the front door.

MARVIN'S MUM (O.S.)
 Where are you going?

MARVIN
 To cool off!

MARVIN'S MUM
 Good!

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marvin approaches the power box.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Thomas and Frank play their game and smoke up a storm.

The power goes out.

THOMAS
 The fuck man?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Must be the circuit breaker again.
I'll get it.

Frank stands.

THOMAS
I need a smoke.

Thomas exits with Frank.

Marvin enters. Bum bag on. Gun in hand.

He pulls up a chair next to the TV. Sits. Waits.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE (POWER BOX)

Thomas and Frank throw their cigarettes away. Flick the circuit breaker. Power comes on.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM)

Thomas and Frank enter to Marvin sitting in their lounge room. Gun aimed at them.

FRANK
What the fuck? Who the fuck are you?

Marvin flicks his gun as if to say "sit the fuck down".

Frank and Thomas sit the fuck down. Panicking.

THOMAS
Look man, you can take -

MARVIN
Shut the fuck up. Which one of you is FrankyDag90?

Thomas looks at Frank. Frank sinks in his seat.

Marvin gets in Frank's face.

MARVIN
Not so funny now are ya Franky Boy?

FRANK
(about to implode)
How did you -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARVIN

- Who uses their real name for online gaming? And then poses in front of their 'new house' for a picture?

Marvin pulls out the duct tape. Passes it to Thomas.

MARVIN

Tie him up. And then yourself.

Thomas looks at Frank. Both terrified.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE (LOUNGE ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Thomas are both taped up. Mouths gagged.

Both shaking like a dog shitting razor blades.

Marvin stands over them. Waving gun from head to head.

MARVIN

Which one first?

FRANK

(under gag)

I'm sorry!

Marvin approaches the TV. He sees the PS4. Picks it up.

Marvin puts the PS4 on the table in front of Frank and Thomas.

MARVIN

You guys have caused me a lot of grief. This is the main perpetrator.

Marvin pets the PS4 as if it were a puppy. Crazy.

Both men watch over. Stuck between scared shitless and confused.

FRANK

(under gag)

Please!

Marvin picks the PS4 up. Puts his gun in it's rear end.

Both men begin to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marvin squirts the water pistol into the PS4. Destroying everything inside.

Marvin places the PS4 on the table. Water drips onto the floor. He stand, throws his water pistol at Frank and Thomas.

MARVIN
Clean yourselves up.

Marvin exits. Leaving Frank and Thomas bewildered.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END