

A Song of Role Playing and Pizza Rolls

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Draft 3

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INT. GAMEROOM - NIGHT

The sound of heavy rain hits outside a window pane. A flash of lightning illuminates the room, with the roll of thunder not far behind.

GARY BEADLE (20) speaks passionately as his three friends, FRANKLIN, REGGIE, and LILY (all 20's) listen intently. The group are all wearing LARPing attire.

GARY

With the potion of valiance having not yet worn off, my short sword attack forever vanquished the cruel Barbarians back to the Lands of Chaos!

The group cheer on Gary's irrational confidence.

GARY (cont'd)

Victory aside, doth thee know the most wondrous part of battle?

LILY

...Pray tell! What could be better than triumph, Sir Ironhide?

GARY

The entire duel was witnessed by Gwendolyn the Pure!

The boys gasp. Reggie adjusts his posture and crosses his legs. Lily rolls her eyes and picks up her phone waiting for the discussion to move on.

REGGIE

Did the maiden lay her faire lips upon thee, Sir Ironhide?

GARY

Lips? Ha! I do thee one better, Lord Reggie of Orange County! I laid thine own eyes upon her...bountiful bosom!

The boys giggle and celebrate Gary's accomplishment. Lily shakes her head in frustrated disbelief.

ALISTAR (O.S.)

...War ain't about wenches, boys.

The boys stop giggling, Lily looks up and over at ALISTAR THE VENGEFUL, 40, a medieval warrior with the scars of battle on his face and a key made of bone around his neck.

Alistar sits just away from the group chomping on a turkey leg and slurping a cup of mead.

ALISTAR

It's about survival. It's about punishment. It's about the look in your enemy's eye right before you take their life.

The friends eerily look at each other in disbelief. Gary is not impressed.

GARY

Have you ever slain a horde of barbarians, Alistar the Vengeful?

ALISTAR

Barbarians? No.

Gary arrogantly smirks to his friends. Alistar takes a chug of his mead.

ALISTAR (cont'd)

...Cannibals, however...

LILY

Whoa. Cannibals?

ALISTAR

The soulless creatures ambushed me. Tortured me. I can still smell the rotting stench of flesh on their breath.

Alistar takes a bite of his turkey leg and tosses it. The whole group leans in with intrigue.

REGGIE

Perilous! How doth thee escape?

ALISTAR

I grated the skin off my wrist to slip out of the shackles.

Franklin gulps. Reggie looks away. Gary is hooked. Alistar casually recalls.

ALISTAR (cont'd)

On that occasion, I ripped the cannibal's throat out with my

bloodsoaked hands. I remember ALISTAR (CONT'D)

sticking my fist down his slippery gullet and retrieving this key.

Alistar holds up the a key tied around his neck made of bone.

GARY
The Key of the Soul Eaters!

LILY
You killed the Cannibal King?!

The group is star struck by the rare item.

ALISTAR
Aye.

Alistar rips the necklace off, and he flicks the key towards the group. Gary catches it.

ALISTAR (cont'd)
But no relic or faire maiden could quench my thirst for vengeance. Cruel irony is the cannibal desire to eat me, but in the end. I eat the cannibal. The men. The women. And, especially the children.

Alistar has a thousand yard stare. Thunder roars outside; the group look horrified.

Suddenly, the bedroom door is opened. A beam of light cuts through the room.

MOM (O.S.)
Who wants pizza rolls?

ALISTAR
(raising his drink)
Aye!

CUT TO BLACK