

HOW DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS?

Written by

Christian Gentolia, Tate Hawver, and Nick Lundquist

1835 NW 5th Ave, Apt. 2
Gainesville, FL, 32603
(407)489-2178

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A PILLOW CASE is removed from RACHEL, who is sitting at a small folding table in a dingy basement. Also at the table are MARK and CHLOE. All three are zip tied by their wrists and ankles and have duct tape over their mouths.

LESTER enters her view, wearing a blue CAPE and holding a BOX CUTTER. He puts his finger to his lips and slowly waves the BOX CUTTER across the table. Grunting stops. He sits down at a dungeon master's blind. MANILLA FOLDERS taped together.

LESTER

You wake slowly then suddenly.
Footsteps in the camp, too many to
be your companion. You draw your
weapons before you leave your
tents, you know they'll have
theirs.

Lester stands and they start struggling again. He tears Rachel's tape off.

CHLOE

What the fuck are you doing?

Lester is unfazed by her confusion and anger, and continues his monologue.

LESTER

You confront the bandits loudly,
they brandish their weapons at you.

The other prisoners grunt, their mouths covered by tape. Lester walks up Mark and takes it off.

MARK

Let me go you fucking maniac!

RACHEL

Where are we?!

LESTER

Silence!

(Beat)

Roll for initiative.

Lester produces the D20 and forces it to Chloe's mouth. She spits it out reflexively and Lester inspects.

RACHEL

Ew.

LESTER

Nine.

CHLOE

What does that mean?

MARK

You better untie me right now or
I'll kick your fuckin' ass dude.

Lester speaks while holding the BOX CUTTER, motioning with it like a conductor.

LESTER

If you don't kill these bandits,
they'll kill you!

Lester rolls behind his blind.

LESTER (CONT'D)

You're barley faster than the
brigands. You attack first.

MARK

I'm not putting that thing in my
mouth.

LESTER

Yes you are.

Before Lester can put the die in his mouth, they are interrupted by Lester's phone ringing. He pauses, looks at it agitated and walks away to take the call. We hear muffled talking in the background.

RACHEL

Guys, we have to play the game.

CHLOE

What are you talking about?!

RACHEL

I don't see us getting out of here
any other way.

Lester returns from his call, and continues without skipping a beat. He pushes in Mark's mouth after some resistance, it is there for an instant. Lester appreciates the move.

LESTER

Well done, you've killed one of the
two bandits with your rapier!
You've been awarded his Spear of
Zanthar.

MARK
Woah really?

Mark visualizes what the spear would look like in his hands.

CHLOE
Can...I go next?

Lester turns to Rachel and brings the dice to her.

LESTER
Your turn.

Rachel spits out the D20, starting to understand the pattern. It lands on the number 2. Lester approaches.

LESTER (CONT'D)
A 2, what a shame. The bandit lands a crushing blow.

Lester takes the BOX CUTTER and places it against her temple, blade recoiled. He rolls behind the folder.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Looks like you survived.

Lester turns to the group who is mortified. He shows no reaction whatsoever. Chloe is visibly shaken.

MARK
Oh my god I'm gonna die.

LESTER
Not if you find the leader. Your camp is too far from a road for any ordinary bandits. Someone must want you dead.

RACHEL
What do we do? I mean- how could we stop him?

LESTER
You play the game.

MONTAGE:

-We jump through multiple hours of gameplay, all four are heavily invested in the game and genuinely. Quick cuts of lots of dice spitting and landing.

LESTER (CONT'D)
The troll falls hard leaving the ancient spear unguarded.

RACHEL
It's mine!

CHLOE
I killed it!

-Dice Spit

LESTER
Your attempt to pickpocket the
guard failed! It's going to be a
fight

-Lester is leading the game, standing over the board like a puppeteer. The camera spins around the increasingly motivated group. He has set the box cutter down for the first time.

LESTER (CONT'D)
You approach a brothel-

MARK
I want to go in!

-Lester smiles at the others excitement. Several more spit shots to show time passing.

RACHEL
I investigate the bookcase!

LESTER
There's a deep rumbling behind you
as you pull out the book. It's a
trap!

More Dice being spit. It's really the visual action that glues this montage together

MARK
I try to cut myself free from the
giant spider's web.

CHLOE
I grab the gold and flip the table!

MARK
I wrestle the idol out of its
claws!

RACHEL
I leap over the ravine before they
can reach me!

CHLOE
I dawn the cloak of envy!

MONTAGE END:

LESTER

The bandit leader is finally exposed, you can hear his henchmen approaching as you pull back the bow.

Lester grabs the BOX CUTTER

LESTER (CONT'D)

This roll will be critical!

The pair barely flinches.

RACHEL

Maybe you could untie me for it then?

After a moment of consideration, Lester nods. Rachel takes the die and heaves a deep breath. She rolls. Everyone leans in, desperate for the result. The die lands on a 16. Now they look to Lester for his reaction. He rolls behind the blind.

LESTER

...your arrow flies true.

CHLOE

Does this mean we can go?

A pause. Lester closes his book.

LESTER

Of course. This was a great session, guys.

He cuts Mark's ties. They're stunned.

MARK

Right... so we'll see you next week.

They walk out of the house. They look at each other.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

Rachel has already pulled out her phone and dials a number.

RACHEL

Hello, police?

END