**Good game**

Written by:

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**PERSONS:**

**1. Miloš, speaking Serbian, 25 years**

**2. Hamato, speaking Japanese, 25 years**

**3. Miloš's mom, speaking Serbian, 50 years**

**4. Miloš's dad, speaking Serbian, 55 years**

**5. Godfather, doesn’t speak, 55 years**

**6. Godmother, doesn’t speak, 53 years**

**7. Godson, doesn’t speak, 10 years**

**8. Hamato's older colleagues, speaking Japanese, 55 years**

**9. Hamato's boss, speaking Japanese, 45 years**

**10. Vlada, doesn’t speak, 25 years**

1. **ent./ Miloš's livingroom / night**

TV OFF. *Kolo*. Picture on a screen shows people dancing *kolo*. **Mom** (blue floral summer dress, sandals, a cigarette ih her hand), **Dad** (heavy glasses, disheveled hair, unbuttoned white shirt, black pants with unbuttoned belt, gray socks), **Godfather** (gray hair, unbuttoned blue shirt, blue pants with unbuttoned belt), **Godmother** (red floral summer dress, sandals, big golden earrings, a cigarette ih her hand) dancing *kolo* in front of a TV. REFRAIN of a song. Dad and godfather fall on their knees and hug each other with eyes closed. They go into a trance and raise three fingers up. Mom inhales a smoke and goes to the table uninterested. Godmother inhales a smoke and sits. **Godson** is sitting at the table eating soup. **Miloš** (black T-shirt with Ctrl+C/Ctrl+V print, track suit and slippers) sitting in front of the kitchen table, staring ahead, with mouth half-open, clicking a fork with his fingers. Godfather approaches him and hits him at the back. Miloš jerks abruptly.

Godson is sitting at the table, eating pork meat and cabbage sallad. SONG. Godfather is knealing with arms in the air and three fingers up, eyes closed. Miloš is sitting in a green armchair watching TV with a reflection over his face. Dad approaches and kisses godfather. Miloš blinks. Godson grins with a mouth full of food. Mom serves a plate for Miloš.

Mom:

Want some *sarma*?

Miloš shakes his head. Without moving the rest of the body, he shifts his glance to a wall clock.

Mom (off):

Son, I’ll go just for a little bit…

The clock shows three to eight (adjust the time with Belgrade-Japan/Tokio logic). Godson rises from the table, cleaning his hands on himself and leaves. Miloš with his fingers slowly clicks over the handrail of the armchair. The big hand moves a minute. Miloš's pupils collect themselves, he starts to click faster. The big hand moves another minute. Miloš rises his eyebrows, clicking faster with his fingers. The clock strikes full hour. Miloš strikes the handrail with his hand, gets up and leaves to his room. Godson looks after him, all smeared with a cake.

1. **ent. / Miloš's room / night**

Miloš abruptly opens the door of the room (with stretched sofa and unmade sheets, closet on the opposite side, big window across the table, chairs). Sitting at the computer (muddy lcd screen, opened housing with illuminated coolers by the table, (placed) on the top of it stands a small black modem with big cable sticking out of it, his LED diodes glowing green) is Mom (red velvet house dress, gray slippers on her feet, a cigar in her hand) leaned on the table, one hand shaking the ashes, other clicking mouse. Miloš starts to grab the mouse over her. Mom is blocking him with her hand that holds the cigar. Smoke gets in Miloš's eyes.

Miloš:

C'mon, I gotta work...

Mom:

Um, no... Here, here... Why, what're you doing? You can’t work on *slava*.

Miloš circles around her, trying to pick her up from a chair, she resists.

Miloš:

Work! Mom, work! I have to work...

Miloš pulls her left hand with a cigarette in it. Smoke gets in his eyes. She slowly arises without looking away from the screen. She is holding her left hand on a mouse.

Mom:

Oh, well, here, here...

Miloš:

Hmm...Is there something to eat?

Mom puts one card over the other on the screen, ‘Game over’ appears. Mom stands up and angrily puts her hands in the air.

Mom:

Great! Now I lost! It's because you interfere! Eat! When I offer, no one wants it, and then: “Is there something to eat?” Yes there is! And does anyone ask how? You don’t give a…

Mom leaving furiously. Miloš sits with a smile. He clicks on StarCraft2 icon.

1. **ent. / office in Tokyo/ daytime**

Hamato (hairgel, blue shirt with white stripes buttoned up to his neck, light red tie, dark blue pants and black shoes) sitting at the computer, smothered. Filling out the lists.

Boss (off):

Efficiency. Efficient. We must be efficient.

Hamato scrolls down the endless lists. Secretly looks at the corner of the screen. There stands 14.58.

Boss (off):

If the twelve of us filled 95% yesterday...

Hamato quickly shitfs the look from the corner of the screen to the text at the centre, scrolling faster and faster. In the corner stands 14.59.

Boss (off):

...tommorrow the eleven of us must fill out 100%.

Hamato raises his eyebrows, scrolls til the end. He looks at the corner of the screen. It says 15.00.

Boss (off):

So we should wish him happy retirement... During a break.

Hamato nervously taps his fingers on the mouse. He bows to the older colleagues that leave for a break. Hamato looks after them and waits a moment to see if all of them are gone. He returns his view to a screen. He opens million folders and finds the Starcraft icon. He smiles with relief. Raises the finger to click the mouse.

Boss:

Hamato...

Boss stands next to him. Hamato reflexivelly clicks the mouse. He looks at the screen. There is a busy cursor running. He looks at his boss.

Boss:

You didn't go to a break, Hamato... That is not good, Hamato.

Hamato bows looking at the cursor, then to the boss.

Hamato:

Efficiency by efficiency not good.

Boss:

Hmm... It's OK, Hamato, work on it. Stay now, we'll be needing you here.

Hamato bows down. Boss leaves. StarCraft loads.

1. **montage sequence – crackin’ necks**

1. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš cracking neck.

2. ent./ StarCraft

StarCraft is loading.

3. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato cracking fingers.

4. ent./ StarCraft

StarCraft has loaded.

5. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš sends a message to Hamato: “GL”.

6. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato sends to Miloš: “U2”.

7. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš looks over the screen clicking a mouse.

8. ent./ StarCraft

Worker units are flying, buildings are made.

9. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato looks over the screen clicking a mouse.

10. ent./ StarCraft

Worker units are flying, buildings are made, units are built.

11. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš sends a message: “Ready?”

12. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato sends a message: “Hit me”.

1. **ent./ Miloš’s room/ night**

Mom opening the door with her leg. She’s carrying a server with food in her hands.

Mom:

Here is a meal for mom’s little baby… retard.

Miloš doesn’t pay attention and plays a game. Mom starts to serve him food all over the table, putting it around his arms.

Mom:

You just eat and play games, my son. Mom will do the cooking, the laundry, god forbid for her to play something herself.

Miloš:

Mom, wait! Dont…

Mom puts him the plate over the keyboard and dissapears.

Mom:

Waiting, waiting… for someone to come, to take me away…

Miloš gives up, stretches himself and moves away from the table. Mom picks up the plate and puts the cloth over the keyboard, with knife and fork beside it.

Mom (turning to the door):

Did you hear me?! You’ll be taking me to Seychelles, I’m waiting! Do you know the jungle out there?

Miloš with mouth open looks over mom’s arms at the screen. Hamato’s units are destroying his base.

Mom:

Oh, one of these days when I get mad…

Mom leaves with the server. Door closes. Miloš jumps, quickly moves away food from the table putting it all around the room. He knocks down a glass of Coke.

Miloš:

Fuck!

Coke spills, he clumsily wipes it with newspapers, Coke keeps spilling down from the table. Miloš puts the keyboard over it, sits and angrily starts to click.

Miloš:

Aaah!

1. **ent. / office in Tokyo/ daytime**

Hamato laughs loudly.

Hamato:

Buahahaha! Burn, baby, burn!

OFFICE DOOR. Hamato abruptly stops laughing. He clicks Alt+Tab and quickly uplifts the list, typing some rubbish over it.

Colleague 1:

Humble young man. Working even on a break.

Colleagues pass him.

Colleague 2:

I doubt it…

Hamato quickly lifts StarCraft, looking at Miloš destroying his base. Than quickly lowers it. Colleagues slowly leave/go.

Colleagues:

Did you see the picture of girlfriend on his desk? We couldn’t do that in our time. It’s all they think about these days.

Hamato looks at the picture of a japanese girl on the desk. He looks at the door slowly closing.

OFFICE DOOR. Hamato brings himself into a screen, lifts StarCraft and furiously starts clicking. Picture of a girl falls down.

1. **ent./ Miloš’s room/ night**

Miloš clicks angrily. Hamato’s base collapses. Coke drips onto the modem. Miloš laughs loudly.

Miloš:

Drill, haha, drill!

Coke drips. Flash. “No connection” caption flies across the screen. Miloš throws himself on the floor. He takes modem, it flashes again. Miloš drops it.

Miloš:

No, no, no, no, no…

He opens the window, looks up.

Miloš:

No, no, no, no, no…

Miloš rushes out of the room.

1. **ent./ building hall/ night**

Miloš quickly runs up the stairs.

Miloš:

No, no, no, no…

He stands in front of a door, rings a doorbell and knocks angrily. Sleepy **Vlada** opens.

Miloš:

No, no, no, no… The net, Vlada! The net!

1. **ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime**

Hamato throws the tie as a cloak, corrects himself and acts like a japanese general.

Hamato:

Imagawa says he has 40,000 soldiers? Ha! He’s lying! He has only 35,000. Either you win with me or watch me win myself!

**10. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night**

Miloš drags in a cable through the window, lingers it over the room and plugs it in the computer. Sleepy Vlada appears at the door.

Miloš:

Can’t sleep? That’s right, man, just sit, drink a Coke...

He pours a Coke to sleepy Vlada.

Miloš:

…watch a gameplay and chill. Go, ours!

He goes to the computer. Godson is sitting at the computer and with a sandwitch ih his hands goes for a mouse. Miloš grabs his hand, throws him out of the room and closes the door.

Miloš:

C’mon…

Mom opens the door and threatens him.

Mom (angrily):

You know what?! You are such a jerk, Miloš, the guests…

Miloš closes the door. Continues to play.

**11. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime**

Hamato (unbuttoned shirt with a tie around his head) dangles with one arm in the air with a picture of a girl. With the other hand he commands to the units.

Hamato:

To crush an enemy, no matter how strong.

Skype files across the screen with a caption “boss” on it. He almost falls down from the chair. He takes off the tie from his head, buttons his shirt, skips half of the buttons. At the screen Miloš’s marines go for/on? a base. Hamato clumsily ties a tie, one hand tightening it, the other putting on a mouse. He tightens up the tie, turns on Skype.

Boss:

Hamato!

Hamato reflexively tightens up the tie and starts to choke/suffocate, but doesn’t change the expression on his face.

Boss:

Hamato, the right time to step out is now! We need an efficient carrying of packages to the cafeteria! Now! There’s a box at the back of my office, bring it! Now!

He listens to him and nods. He interrupts the conversation. With both hands panically disuntangles the tie. Takes it off of his neck. Breathes deeply.

Hamato:

Swears on japanese.

Hamato runs over the office. He finds a box. He looks at the screen seeing his base being crushed down.

Hamato:

Minimum of strength, maximum of efficiency.

He runs out with the box.

**12. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night**

Miloš salutes with one hand while destroying Hamato’s units with the other. He imitates Serbian general.

Miloš:

Heroes! We are erased from the composition (of the unit) sacrificed for the honor! Do not worry about lives of yours, they exist no more! Ahead to the glory!

Vlada is sitting on the bed with his head leaned back and sleeping, with a glass of Coke in his hand. Miloš turns toward the door. There’s godson eating kulen, watching him. Miloš closes the door.

**13. ent./ jazz bar in Tokyo/ daytime**

Jazz bar downstairs. A long bar with dimmed lights and tables at his end. Workers over the tables with glasses ih their hands sitting peacefully and waiting quetly, looking in one spot. Boss standing leaned on the bar, glancing intermittently to his watch, then the door.

Bartender passes the bottle to the glass, boss nodds, bartender pours. Boss raises his glass. Workers exchange confused looks. Boss drinks a sip. All workers raises their glasses. Boss turns around at the noise. Workers put down the glases on the table. Boss looks over the bar to a monitor with prices. He turns around and thoughtfully nods his head. Boss drinks in one gulp. Workers to the same. They put the glasses down and everybody’s happy.

Hamato runs into the bar with a package in his hand. As he opens the door, they all stand up to attention. Boss frowns and steps forth to him. Hamato gives him the present. Boss turns his head toward the stage with an old man sitting there (nice, gray haired, with moustaches, in black suit, white shirt, bow tie, with white socks and thongs on his legs). An old man is too serious, correcting his bow tie. Hamato is panting and swallows. He slowly turns toward the stage. An old man follows his moves.

Hamato slowly climbs the stage. He hands the package to the old man watching him in the eye. The old man doesn’t move. Boss nods his head. Hamato doesn’t understand. Workers behind boss’s back show him with their hands to bend. Hamato shruggs. Boss looks at him angrily and nods his head down. Hamato kneals in front od the old man uncertainly, hands him the present, looking at him. The old man follows him with his look, still doesn’t taking the present. Hamato lowers his head and raises his hands. The old man takes the present and puts it onto his lap. Hamato is bent, looking at the door behind him. The old man slowly starts to unwrap the present, to untie the ribbon. Hamato is sweating, looking at his watch. The old man bends the decorative ribbon and slowly lowers it to his lap.

Hamato:

...slowly.

Boss gives a threatening caugh. The old man is looking at them. He makes a pause, then continues, taking the paper off the box. Hamato puts his hands to the floor and puts them in a race position. The old man opens the box. Hamato looks at the door. The old man puts his hand into the box. Hamato slowly rises. The old man lightens up. Hamato lightens up. The old man with a rapid movement takes an iPhone out of the box and uplifts it high above him. Boss starts with a speech. Babbling.

Boss:

It’s a big day for a big company to see off such a big man. This humble present for fifty years…

Hamato runs through the door. Boss looks after him, angrily squinting. The old man plays Fruit Slasher on the phone with a great smile on his face.

**14. ent. /Miloš’s room/ night**

Miloš jumps out of his chair. He turns to the window and falls onto his knees. He’s celebrating.

Miloš:

That’s right, heroes!

Vlada is sleeping on the bed in the laying position still holding the glass of Coke. DAD AND GODFATHER ARE SINGING. MOM IS GATHERING THE DISHES. Godmother is sleeping. Miloš is jumping all over the room. He turns towards the computer heading to it. Mom is sitting at the computer searching over the Games menu. Miloš grabs the door and opens it widely.

Mom:

For God’s sake, woman, go to sleep!

Mom:

You’re not gonna tell me when will I go to sleep! I don’t care, you go sleep with dad, I’ll just turn over one more game…

Miloš pushes the chair with a leg and Mom runs out of his room with a mouse in her hand. She lets it go. Miloš slams the door and catches it in flight. He takes Vlada, who persistently keeps Coke from spilling and puts him to sit leaning on the door. Vlada leans and closes his eyes. Mom slams at the door.

Mom:

Miloš!!!

Miloš looks at Vlada.

Miloš:

Block here.

Miloš kneels in front of the screen. SLAMMING AT THE DOOR.

Dad:

Miloš, open the door, you idiot! To throw away your mother, are you nuts?! Where should I sleep now? Hey, jerk!

Mom:

So c’mon now! Tell him, when you’re a man! My heart breaks! So break in!

Dad:

Hey, open the door!

Miloš calms down and takes a deep breath, looking at the clock. Minute till nine.

Dad (off):

Godfather! Wake up! Come and help!

**15. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime**

Hamato removes the confetti from himself. FOOTSTEPS IN THE DISTANCE. He looks at the clock. Minute till four. He takes a deep breath.

**16. montage sequence – the last game**

1. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš clicking abnormally fast. Dad slamming at the door. Vlada’s head bumping.

2. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato clicking abnormally fast.

3. ent./ office in Tokyo-stairs/ daytime

Colleagues climbing the stairs.

4. ent./ StarCraft

Miloš attacking with artillery, Hamato toasting with lasers.

5. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Dad running a hand through the door.

6. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Colleagues approaching the office.

7. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš yelling at the screen.

8. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato yelling at the screen.

9. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Room door opening.

10. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Office door opening.

11. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Vlada lies down on a bed with a smile.

12. ent./ StarCraft

Caption – GAME OVER

13. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night

Miloš calmly returning to his chair with a GAME OVER reflection on his face.

14. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime

Hamato returning to his chair with a GAME OVER reflection on his face.

**17. ent./ Miloš’s room/ night**

DAD AND GODFATHER jumping to Miloš toppling him to the floor. Vlada peacefully sleeping. A glass of Coke on the floor shaking. Godson chewing.

**18. ent./ office in Tokyo/ daytime**

Hamato (unbuttoned shirt, sweating, rugged) raises his look toward the door. He looks at his colleagues. A caption on screens:

**Miloš – Good game.**

**Hamato – Good game.**

**THE END**