LAST BLOCK: A SHORT SCREENPLAY

Written by
Anthony Than

1.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

A dimly lit room. The glow of a monitor flickers across a desk littered with empty cans, tangled cords, and a half-finished homework sheet.

ETHAN (17) sits hunched over the keyboard, eyes locked on the screen. Minecraft runs in windowed mode — his character is building something high above the clouds.

ON SCREEN:
A massive floating castle made of stone and glass towers over the void. Ethan's avatar, wearing a diamond helmet, places the final block.

>   ETHAN
> There. Perfect.

He leans back. The faint click of the mouse echoes in the silence.

>   MOM (O.S.)
> Lights out soon, Ethan. You've got school.

>   ETHAN
> (quietly)
> Yeah. In a minute.

He turns the volume down and zooms out. The castle stands alone in the sky — huge, flawless… empty.

>   ETHAN (V.O.)
> Everyone logged off hours ago.
> They said we'd finish together.
> But I guess "together" expires after dinner.

He presses ESC. The pause screen lingers. Then he clicks Save & Quit to Title.
The background music hums — soft, nostalgic.

He stares at the menu.
Singleplayer. Multiplayer. Options. Quit Game.

He moves the cursor up and down, like he's choosing between lives.

ETHAN (V.O.)
          Dad used to play with me.
          Said it was "our thing."
          Said I'd learn patience, creativity…
          Then work got busy. And I got older.
          Now I just build things he'll never see.

A notification ping interrupts — a Discord message pops up on screen.

                    "LIAM" (TEXT)
          hey you on the realm?

Ethan stares at it. Doesn't type back.

He clicks Singleplayer.
A world list appears: "Survival_2018," "Dad's World," "Skyfort_New."
He hovers over Dad's World. Last played: 1,432 days ago.

He double-clicks it.

2.

INT. BEDROOM – CONTINUOUS

The game loads slowly.
The old world appears — an oak cabin near a lake. Torches still burning.

Ethan's avatar stands by two signs nailed to a door:
"Ethan's Base"
"Dad's Room — No Creepers Allowed :)"

He doesn't move for a while. The Minecraft music — soft piano — fills the quiet.

                    ETHAN (V.O.)
          He said every build is a memory.
          Even the ugly ones.

He walks his character to a nearby mine. The torches have all gone out.
Cobwebs hang where rails used to be.

He starts placing new torches down the tunnel — one by one.

Light after light.

Then — he stops.
A small chest sits at the end of the corridor.

He opens it.

ON SCREEN:
Inside — a single iron pickaxe renamed: "For Ethan — Keep Digging."

Ethan stares.
His hand drops from the mouse.
He wipes at his face quickly, like it's just dust.

                    ETHAN (V.O.)
          Guess I will.

He places one last torch. The tunnel glows.
He saves and exits the world.

The title screen returns.
The music fades.

                    MOM (O.S.)
          Lights out, honey.

                    ETHAN
          Yeah...
          Just finished something.

He closes the laptop. The room goes dark.

FADE OUT.