

YOUR TURN

Written by

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INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

RORY GREEN, 40s, wrapped up for a winter's night, so too is his wife, NATALIE, 40s.

RORY
So, we shouldn't be too late.

AMY HIGGINS, late teens, radiant smile, nods.

NATALIE
And you have our numbers?

Amy holds up her phone, shows Natalie her UBER SITTER app screen.

AMY
Yep, it all goes into the app when you book.

Rory can't help himself...

RORY
Great app, love it... and we don't pay you directly, is that right?

Amy nods.

Natalie looks at her watch, Rory spots the subtle nudge.

RORY
Great, well, we'll be off then.

Rory and Natalie do an awkward shuffle, parents not wanting to leave their children with a stranger.

NATALIE
Anything at all, just call.

AMY
Will do, but it'll be fine.

Rory and Natalie shut the door behind them.

Amy's smile fades into a boredom.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Amy sits in the armchair staring blankly at the TV.

Boisterous shouts, furniture scraping come from another room.

BRAD, 12, bustles into the room, quickly followed by HANNAH, 10, who lines up behind her brother, hiding.

BRAD
Can we play a game?

Amy looks up, live pauses the TV show.

AMY
What?

Hannah whispers into Brad's ear.

BRAD
Hannah said, it's Friday and we
always play games.

Amy sighs.

AMY
What sort?

Brad runs to the large cabinet next to the TV, Hannah stares at her feet and waits.

He pulls the doors open to reveal a vast array of board games, everything from Checkers to Monopoly, Battleships to Hungry Hippos.

BRAD
These sort.

AMY
Okay, which one?

Hannah joins her brother and whispers again.

BRAD
Hannah said, you can choose.

Amy smiles despite herself.

AMY
Why, thank you Hannah.

She shuffles off her seat and joins the kids in front of the vast array of games.

AMY
Hmm, let me see.

She starts to run her finger along the boxes, pulling out a box or two to read the descriptions.

Her eyes light up.

AMY
This one.

She pulls a small, scruffy box out from the bottom corner.

INSERT: Board game, Urban Myth.

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD
Really?

AMY
Yep, why?

BRAD
It's dead boring.

Hannah nods furiously.

AMY
Well how about this one first and
then one of you can choose one?

Hannah whispers to her brother again. He nods.

BRAD
Deal.

They sit down in the middle of the room and start the game.
Brad and Hannah play as a team against Amy.

Brad throws the dice and moves their counter.

AMY
Okay, first question...

She picks a card from the deck.

AMY
Remember, True or Myth... Did
Hitler really only have one --

She stops, blushes profusely.

BRAD
What?

AMY
Silly question, I'll get a better
one.

She takes the next card.

AMY
If you put a tooth in Coke
overnight will it dissolve?

Hannah whispers in Brad's ear.

BRAD
True, Mum, said so.

Amy shakes her head.

AMY
Nope, not true, my turn.

Brad scowls, Hannah pulls his arm.

BRAD
No fair, the questions are wrong.

Amy laughs.

AMY
The **answers**, are whatever the game
says they are.

She rolls and moves her counter six spaces.

BRAD
You are always six feet from a rat,
true or myth?

Amy laughs.

AMY
Myth, but I still hate the plague
carrying little fur balls.

Brad nods as Amy picks up the dice and rolls again, six.

BRAD
Did a babysitter in Illinois cook a
baby in a microwave?

Hannah makes an odd sickly noise.

AMY
Not all of them are as nice as me,
But, no, Myth.

Brad checks the answer and nods.

Amy rolls another six.

BRAD

Did a babysitter really get killed
by a maniac who called her on the
phone to tell her he'd killed the
kids?

Amy's phone rings.

She jumps, goes white and carefully extracts the cellphone
from her pocket.

AMY

Er, hello?

NATALIE (V.O.)

Only me, everything okay?

AMY

(relieved)

Yes, all fine, we're just playing a
game or two.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Great, they do love their games,
careful though they're really,
really, sore losers.

Amy looks at Hannah, shy and quiet.

AMY

Okay, I'll watch out for that.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Great, we'll see you in a couple of
hours then.

AMY

'Kay, bye then.

She puts the phone down.

AMY

And no that's a Myth.

She shakes the dice before Brad can answer, six.

Brad and Hannah looks suspiciously at Amy.

BRAD

Six again?

Amy shrugs with a smile.

BRAD
(sulking)
Did a 16 year old babysitter become
the world youngest serial killer
when she murdered five people?

Amy stares at Brad.

AMY
Is that really a really, real
question?

He nods, Hannah giggles.

Amy looks over at Brad, he has the card at an odd angle, she
can see the answer.

She feigns a yawn and looks round, diversionary tactic to get
a good look at the card.

She ponders for effect...

AMY
Well, er, yes I guess so, true.

Brad slams the card back down, Hannah pounds her fist on the
carpet in frustration.

BRAD
No fair.

Amy laughs, mocking.

AMY
Guess I'm just brilliant at this
game.

Hannah whispers to Brad again. He grins.

AMY
What'd she say?

BRAD
Oh, nothing. Your turn, again.

Amy rolls the dice, not much of a role and suspiciously
another six.

BRAD
Did the babysitter --

AMY
(voice raised)
Enough already, with the babysitter
crap.

Brad and Hannah recoil as if slapped.

BRAD
It's only a game.

AMY
A really dull game.

Amy can see she's upset the kids.

AMY
Say, why don't we play something
else.

Brad looks to Hannah, she nods.

BRAD
Okay, what next?

Amy gets up and heads for the kitchen.

AMY
Up to you two.

She leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amy grabs herself a beer from the fridge.

Sound of movement from the lounge.

AMY
Hey, what are you two up to in
there?

She takes her beer and goes to investigate.

INT. LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Brad has moved a chair into the middle of the room.

Amy is intrigued.

AMY
What we playing?

Hannah appears from behind, kicks her in the back of the knees.

Amy grunts and drops to a kneeling position, beer flying everywhere.

Hannah slips a noose over her head and whispers in her ear.

HANNAH
Hangman, you cheating bitch.

She pulls the rope tight.

FADE OUT.

THE END