

Hunch!

By

Jasmine Barton

Copyright

jasminebarton321@gmail.com

FADE IN:

1 INT. BACKSTAGE, CLOSED STAGE CURTAIN - NOON - EARLY 1990'S

Dark. Quiet. A singular light shines onto a MAN and a WOMAN, standing staring at each other; the atmosphere awkward, tense - the man dressed to the nines in a suit, older, proud - the woman more casual, ageing, but still glamorous.

This is MATTHEW (late 40s) and TAYLOR (mid 40s). Believe it or not - they are husband and wife.

MATTHEW

Taylor-

TAYLOR

don't talk to me, Matthew

MATTHEW

I don't know what to say anymore. I'm sorry.

A beat.

TAYLOR

It's okay. You'll get what's coming to you in the end.

CREW MEMBER

(shouts)

Positions!

CREW MEMBER begins to count down from 10.

Matthew and Taylor stand together, arms linked, stiff.

CREW MEMBER

6!

MATTHEW

at least try and look like-

CREW MEMBER

5!

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

-you like me for the camera

CREW MEMBER

4!

TAYLOR  
You're just a fucking cun-

The curtain is pulled. Reveal:

2 INT. GAME SHOW STAGE SET - SECONDS LATER

The couple SWITCH - walk on stage, smiling, waving. The audience go wild. Neon lights, set pieces, bright colours.

Three SHOWGRILS walk past, waving also. All young girls, slim, beautiful, elegant. Taylor and Matthew smile at them, on cue.

MATTHEW  
welcome back to '*Hunch!*', the game show where you have 10 seconds and a selection of clues to use your hunch and guess what item is hiding behind our curtain of mystery! -

Show the curtain - neon arrow lights flash around it - two of the Showgirls stand and gesture towards the curtain, glittery dresses shining, charismatic, joyful. Audience cheering.

MATTHEW  
have you been playing along at home?  
We hope you have! Lets get back to it!

Matthew and Taylor separate, give each other a stiff smile. Matthew goes to give her a kiss on the cheek on cue, yet Taylor just walks away to her position. Matthew panics for a moment - *how embarrassing*. He looks at the audience, shrugs, laughs. They laugh along, accepting the 'joke'.

Taylor approaches the contestant - a young woman standing nervous on the stage, full of adrenaline.

TAYLOR  
before the break we left Jessica here with her last chance to win a place in the final! All she has to go is guess the last item hidden behind our curtain of mystery! Are you ready Jessica?

JESSICA  
(mumbling - excited, nervous)  
yes I'm ready Taylor!

TAYLOR  
alright sweetheart, here we go. Watch  
the board- your clues are about to  
appear!

SPLIT SHOT

Half the screen a close up of Jessica's nervous, concentrated face - the other half a board which flashes up 5 words: TRAVEL, HOLIDAY, MOVING, KIT, BELONGINGS.

TAYLOR  
5 guesses, your 10 seconds start...  
now!

Jessica starts guessing... frantic...

JESSICA  
plane!... um... handbag!

With each incorrect answer, a buzzer sound echoes through the studio.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
beach towel!... purse?

She pauses for a moment... 4 seconds left...

TAYLOR  
what's your hunch?!

JESSICA  
luggage!

TAYLOR  
luggage is correct!

The audience cheer. Jessica gives Taylor a hug. The Showgirls open the curtain to reveal the suitcases... they look full?

TAYLOR  
(to SHOWGIRL BRITNEY)  
Britney, can you open the case for me?

Confused looks are exchanged - this isn't on the script. Britney looks at Matthew, concerned, and opens the case. Inside is... some dirty boxers, a toothbrush, and... some weird sex stuff.

The audience mutter in confusion.

TAYLOR  
here is a suitcase filled with my  
husbands belongings!

CREW MEMBER holds up large sign reading: **LAUGH!**

The audience follow this instruction.

TAYLOR  
(into the camera)  
as many of you don't know, my husband  
recently cheated on me, and so I  
kicked him out-

Crew Member holds up '**LAUGH**' sign. The audience obeys.

Matthew turns red. The Showgirls are shocked. They stand still, waiting for what's to come, watching-

MATTHEW  
Taylor, what is happe-

TAYLOR  
Jessica's final task is to use her  
'hunch' once more and guess which of  
our wonderful, young, beautiful, *bitch*  
Showgirls Matthew cheated on me with

The audience GASP! Taylor pulls a REVELOVER from the inside of her blazer.

MATTHEW  
Taylor!...

He walks over to the three Showgirls who stand together, paralysed, eyes wide. He puts his hand out to Taylor.

TAYLOR  
(dark, serious)  
stay still.

The producers in the backstage room freak out.

The CAMERA MAN, following an instruction from his ear piece, goes to turn off the camera.

Taylor notices this. Points the gun directly at them.

TAYLOR  
you keep those fucking cameras rolling  
or I'll shoot!

He obeys, terrified.

TAYLOR  
(to Jessica)  
you know the rules by now don't you  
sweetheart?

JESSICA  
(terrified)  
ye-... ye- yes

TAYLOR  
excellent! 10 seconds to think of your  
answer. Use your hunch my lovely.  
Start the clock!

The clock does not start counting down.

TAYLOR  
*start the fucking clock or I'll kill  
her too!*

Taylor points the revolver at Jessica.

Crew Member holds up '**Laugh**' sign. Audience obeys.

Backstage, producers freak out. Out of panic, one of them starts the clock counting down. The other producers and crew turn to scream at them.

The clock starts:

MONTAGE :

- 10 seconds
- scared eyes flickering
- 9 seconds
- neon flashing lights
- 8 seconds
- Jessica heavy breathing
- 7 seconds
- showgirls crying

- 6 seconds
- Taylor clicking the revolver - aiming it at the showgirls and Matthew
- 5 seconds
- beating heart
- 4 seconds
- clicking clock
- 3 seconds
- feeling dizzy... flashing lights... shaking... fear...

Time is up.

TAYLOR  
(erratic)  
*what's your hunch?!*

JESSICA  
(cries out - pointing at Britney)  
*her!!*

BANG! - Britney falls to the floor.

Everyone in the room becomes hysterical. The audience flee, pushing each other - Jessica runs out of Taylor's grasp, the other two Showgirls stand still, crying, blood splattered.

Taylor drops the revolver, emotionless - a statue.

Matthew drops to the floor, clutching Britney, sobbing, face buried into the crook of her neck. Taylor sighs; amused? Upset? We aren't sure.

TAYLOR  
(to camera)  
it seems her hunch was right

**THE END.**