

Peepa, World's Worst Babysitter

PEEPA is laying down on a wealthy looking couch, asleep wearing an oversized pink sweater. A bowl of spilled popcorn is all over her. An episode of *Love Island* plays on the large plasma screen TV. She's in the middle of a babysitting gig. It's an easy one. The four children are fast asleep, and the children's rich-ass parents are likely on their way back from dinner in their Range Rover with a crisp hundred dollar bill to give PEEPA upon arrival. All of a sudden, she hears a loud shouting noise coming from the children's bedroom. PEEPA bolts awake.

PEEPA

(still groggy)
Stop shouting!

PEEPA produces a dab pen from her bra and begins to rip it aggressively. Suddenly, the landline rings on the kitchen counter. PEEPA gets off the couch and answers the phone.

PEEPA

Johnson Residence.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Good evening.

PEEPA

Who is this?

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

You tell me.

PEEPA

... I think you have the wrong number. Good night.

PEEPA hangs up the phone and sits back on the couch, she rips her dab pen aggressively. The phone rings once again. PEEPA is annoyed. She crosses over to the phone and answers it once again.

PEEPA

Hello?

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Hi.

PEEPA

You again? Look, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson aren't home right now- try calling back in an hour.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

But I wanna talk to you, Peepa.

PEEPA

How do you know my name?

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

You're Peepa Bolittle! Everybody knows you, student body president, captain of the volleyball team, honor roll.

PEEPA

So you've memorized my resume?

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

What can I say, you're a very impressive young lady.

PEEPA

(laughing at first)

Why thank you. Steve is that you? God you're such a creep.

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

I wouldn't be so quick to throw out insults if I were you.

PEEPA

Jeez- what's that supposed to mean?

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

It means you should probably stop acting like such a little bitch!

PEEPA

(scoffs)
Rude!

PEEPA hangs up the phone, starts talking to herself under her breath.

PEEPA

-motherfucker thinks he can call me a bitch, I'm no fuckin' bitch. Fuck that guy! Creepy ass dude...

The phone rings again. PEEPA jumps. She groans, then answers the call.

PEEPA

Listen here, asshole-

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

No, you listen to ME you ditzzy broad or I'm gonna carve you up like a christmas ham!

PEEPA

Ugh, freak! What do you want from me?!

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

I wanna see what you'd look like with a meat cleaver between your eyes. It'd be a shame to get blood all over that pretty pink sweater.

PEEPA has a total face crack. She realizes someone can see her. She starts looking around the living room.

PEEPA

(hyperventilating)
OH okay- ummm I really should be going-

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Maybe now would be a good time to check on the children- wouldn't want the Johnson's to dock your pay!

She bolts upstairs and opens the door to the kids room. The beds are empty.

PEEPA

Where'd they go? Kids?! Kids! (into the telephone) What the fuck have you done with them?

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Let's play a game. If you can find the children in the next minute, I'll let you live.

PEEPA

(she's freaking out)

The Johnson's are gonna be home any minute! And I'm pretty sure they keep a shotgun somewhere in this house- FUCK I shouldn't have told you that- and Mr. Johnson is buff- like MMA buff and he'll kick your ass, you skeevy perv!

VOICE ON TELEPHONE

Your time starts now! 60, 59, 58, 57, 56, 55...

The VOICE ON TELEPHONE starts counting down from 60. PEEPA is frantically searching the house. She opens every door- the kitchen, the master bedroom, the bathroom. She throws every couch cushion across the room, desperate. She opens a trunk, an armoire, she even looks under the rug. But to no avail. She starts pulling books off the shelves in a last ditch effort to find some sort of secret passageway. During all her frantic attempts, she fails to notice a dark cloaked figure making their way into the kitchen.

CLOAKED FIGURE

5, 4, 3, 2, 1... Time's Up.

PEEPA turns to face the kitchen. The cloaked figure removes their hood to reveal a sheep's head. PEEPA lets out a blood-curdling scream. The cloaked figure proceeds to open the fridge to reveal the dismembered heads of four children, hanging by strings. PEEPA screams once again, and starts to run up the stairs. But the cloaked figure is one step ahead of her. They chuck a throwing knife at her and it sticks in her neck.

PEEPA is bleeding profusely, leaving large dark red stains on the stairs as she runs up them. The cloaked figure follows. She realizes that she's still holding the phone and she begins to dial 911.

VOICE OF 911 OPERATOR

911, what is your emergency?

Due to the large gash on her neck, her words sound gurgled. She trips and falls (classic).

PEEPA

I'm at 4012 Rockmeadow road- I'm being attacked by a sheep. I-

But it's too late. The cloaked figure has caught up to her. They snatch the phone from her and end the call. PEEPA is then stabbed several times in the chest until dead. When the job is finished, the CLOAKED FIGURE cuts off PEEPA's foot, takes it and swiftly exits out the patio door.

Time passes- about thirty seconds, then we hear the sound of the key finding its way into the front door lock. The Johnsons are home.

MS. JOHNSON

Peepa! We're home. Gosh, dinner was just fabulou-

MS. JOHNSON takes in the grisly sight around her and lets out a shriek.

BLACKOUT