

So You Like to Play Games

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Draft
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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Large and luxurious. Well lit with all of the lights on.

MAGGIE (40) packs a suitcase that sits on a king-size bed.

Trevor (40) enters, points a semi-automatic handgun at her.

TREVOR

Aha!

MAGGIE

Aha, what?

TREVOR

I know what you're up to?

MAGGIE

What am I up to?

TREVOR

You just won the lottery and you're skipping out on me. Don't lie. I know the truth.

MAGGIE

You're crazy.

TREVOR

Oh, really. If I search that suitcase, you're telling me that I won't find a lottery ticket?

MAGGIE

Stay away from my suitcase.

TREVOR

I knew it!

MAGGIE

I wasn't leaving you. It was supposed to be a surprise.

TREVOR

Really?

Maggie presses her breasts together, forms a tight cleavage.

MAGGIE

Yes, really.

She approaches him.

TREVOR
You know I get weak when you do that.

MAGGIE
Do you, now?

She looks like she is about to kiss him when she grabs the gun from his hand and steps back, points it at him.

TREVOR
What are you doing?

MAGGIE
I'm leaving you. I know about your affair.

TREVOR
Affair? Are you mad?

MAGGIE
Am I? The proof is on your phone.
Give it to me.

He hands over his phone. She swipes through it, opens a picture of a well-endowed nude woman.

TREVOR
You're not going to find anything.

MAGGIE
Then what's this?

She shows him the picture.

TREVOR
That's Charlie Atwell.

MAGGIE
So that's her name.

TREVOR
She's a fetish model.

MAGGIE
You're having an affair with a fetish model?

TREVOR
In a way. She reminds me of you.

MAGGIE
Does she now?

He takes a step toward her.

TREVOR
Yes, she does.

He takes another step.

MAGGIE
Don't take another step or I'll
shoot.

TREVOR
I don't think so. The safety is on.

Maggie takes her eyes off her husband, looks at the gun.

He grabs it, points it at her.

TREVOR
I guess you didn't know that a Glock
doesn't have an external safety, did
you.

MAGGIE
Screw you.

He waves the gun toward a chair at the vanity.

TREVOR
Have a seat. I'm cashing you in.

She tosses his phone onto the bed, steps to the chair. Takes
a seat.

MAGGIE
You're what?

He grabs a curling iron from the vanity, ties her to the
chair with the cord.

TREVOR
I'm cashing you in, my dear. I know
you have a secret of your own.

MAGGIE
What?

TREVOR
You're a Russian spy stealing
submarine locations from his
Majesty's Navy. Your real name is
Svetlana.

MAGGIE
(Russian accent)
How did you find out?

TREVOR
I read a message on your computer.

MAGGIE
Very clever for an Anglosaksy

TREVOR
What did you call me?

He slaps her across the face. She gasps.

TREVOR
I hope that didn't hurt too much.

MAGGIE
(through gritted teeth)
I liked it.

Trevor lays the gun on the bed, rifles through her suitcase.

TREVOR
Where's that ticket?

Maggie unties herself and sneaks up on Trevor. She picks up the gun and points it at him, backs away.

MAGGIE
I know that you have a secret of your own. You've been plotting to assassinate a member of Parliament.

TREVOR
Just like that, all by myself?

MAGGIE
No, with a man named Elwood.

TREVOR
He's my bowling mate.

MAGGIE
Tell that to the police. Right now, get in the closet.

He sulks toward the closet, she follows. They stop at the door.

TREVOR
Don't do this. You know I'm claustrophobic.

MAGGIE
Open the door.

TREVOR
Please, I beg you.

MAGGIE
Open the door or I'll shoot.

His shaking hand grabs the door knob. He opens the door slowly.

He releases the door and smacks her hand. The gun flies across the room and lands on the carpeted floor a few metres away.

She is knocked to the floor when he rushes for the gun.

She grabs his ankle and trips him, crawls over top of him as he lays prone.

He grabs her hair, she bites his hand. He SCREAMS.

Once free, she pounces on the gun. With a pivot, she sticks it in his face.

He freezes.

TREVOR
Don't do anything rash.

MAGGIE
Back off. I'm calling the police.

He backs away and slowly rises to his feet.

She stands and carefully makes her way to the bed, keeps her focus on her husband.

She picks up his phone and dials.

TREVOR
When they get here, I'll tell them
your dirty secret.

MAGGIE
And what secret is that?

TREVOR
That you're a child molester. You left me all alone on our wedding night and spent the night with an under-aged lad.

MAGGIE
And who was that?

TREVOR
Pee-wee Herman.

Maggie breaks out in laughter.

MAGGIE
Is that the best you can come up
with?

TREVOR
Well, I'm running out of ideas. I'm
getting rather excited and it seems
all the blood has left one head and
is pooling up in the other. I can't
think anymore.

He looks down at his pants.

Maggie jumps onto Trevor, wraps her legs around him. They
kiss passionately as he lowers her to the bed. They remove
each others clothing. She shoves the suitcase off the bed.

MAGGIE
Do you mind if I hold the gun? I'm
really getting into this.

TREVOR
Sure. It's safe. There's no bullets
in the thing. I took out the clip.

While he kisses her neck, she points the gun at his
reflection in a mirror.

She pulls the trigger. The gun fires. The mirror shatters.

MAGGIE
You forgot about the one in the
chamber.

Trevor freezes, turns white as a sheet. He gasps for air.

TREVOR
One of us could have been killed!

Maggie radiates a huge grin.

MAGGIE
I know and I love it. You know how
much I love danger.

TREVOR
You're crazy.

MAGGIE
(Russian accent)
You know it, darlink. I wrecked the
mirror. I deserve to be spanked.

They resume their passionate activity.

FADE OUT

THE END