DEAD KIDS PLAYING

WRITTEN BY
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Timmy (8) plays on the swing. His mother is sitting to his younger brother who is crying in his pushchair. As well as feeding her son, she is also on the phone.

MUM
I don’t know Tony. Maybe if you were around you could understand how difficult this actually is.

Timmy attempts to get as high as possible on the swing.

TIMMY
MUM!

MUM
The fact is Tony, you can’t complain. He will talk about whoever he wants, that will be the people around him.

He goes higher, as his mom takes the phone from one ear to the other.

MUM
I have to go, Tyler is playing up.

BEAT
Call me when you’ve learned to grow up.

TIMMY
MUM!!

She puts the phone down.

Timmy throws his body into going higher.

MUM places her hand on the cheek of her youngest son she smiles.

Timmy tries his hardest to get higher on the swing.

TIMMY
Mum! Look how high I am!

MUM looks into the eyes of her youngest; she blows him a kiss and turns around to Timmy.

MUM
Not too high Timmy!

She turns back to her youngest. Life runs from her face, her soul disappears. He hearts stops beating. She screams.

Timmy jumps off the swing as he has reached the peak height. He lands on his feet.

TIMMY
Mum!

MUM’s head is being torn apart by her youngest son. His body locked in the
buggy. She puts her hands on each side trying to force her head away from the grasp of her youngest.

TIMMY walks slowly towards the buggy, her scream gets louder. TIMMY stands static. In shock at what he is seeing.

He notices in the background more kids running towards him.

TIMMY
HELP!!

His heart starts to race as his Mums body goes limp.

The kids running towards him get closer.

His Mums body falls out the pushchair. Leaving his younger brother staring at him. However, this is no longer his younger brother. He is a ZOMBIE. He smiles to Timmy, however, this isn’t a happy emotion. More of a reaction that is stuck on his face, permanently.

TIMMY
NO! MUM!

Timmy looks up to the kids running towards him

TIMMY
Help!

He stops shouting for help though as he notices the kids are also, Zombies. They race towards Timmy, likes Predators chasing their prey.

Timmy looks at his surroundings. The park. His younger brother thrashes his body in the buggy, attempting to force his way out. He screams at Timmy.

Timmy turns around and runs into the direction of the sand pit, he runs over and jumps through the sand. The kids run to the fence and stop, they attempt to climb over.

Timmy jumps down a ditch. He sits silently. He closes his eyes.

TIMMY
(MURMURING)
MUMMY

When he opens them, he is greeted by another child. A small boy, his eyes are wide open, he has the same smiling expression on his face, as his younger brother. Timmy screams. The small boy does the same scream. He leaps for Timmy. Timmy jumps to the left, just as the small boy lunges for him. Timmy gets up and runs away. Quickly followed by the young boy. Timmy screams for help, as he does he trips and the boys jumps on him. His dead emotionless face inches away from Timmy’s.

The boys grabs at Timmy’s hair, he lifts his head up and the boy opens his mouth. Timmy closes his eyes.

Timmy feels his head drop back to the ground. The little Zombie boy screams.
Timmy opens his eyes. The Zombie stands in pain screaming. Timmy turns left to see a young girl standing above him holding a toy plastic gun. The zombie boy has a foam bullet in his chest. The zombie boy falls back. His body falls to the ground, his expression fades away.

Timmy stands up

TIMMY
Who are you?

The young girl looks up at him

GIRL
My name is Amy

Amy (7) turns away and walks up to another young boy (8), his name is Brook.

AMY
Where were you? You were supposed to have My back!

Brook looks over to Timmy

BROOK
Never mind that Amy. We can’t have another person join us, we won’t survive with another Pair of legs

Timmy stands forward

TIMMY
WHATS GOING ON!?

Amy looks at him, and back to Brook.

AMY
He comes if he likes. But he is not my Responsibility, just like you’re not my Responsibility. If you get caught, I Leave you with them! We’re all adults Here

Amy walks away

TIMMY
Will you talk to me!?

Brook walks up to him

BROOK
They’re ZOMBIES. You’re not. They eat humans, You’re a human. Do you understand this?

Timmy nods

BROOK
I could go into exposition of this, tell you
The scientific logic about how humans turn into Zombies, but we don’t have the time. Ok? We keep walking because they...

He points over to the zombies and his younger brother

BROOK
... WILL GET IN!

BEAT
Walk!

Brook walks away,

TIMMY
Do I have time to tell you about my Mum?

BROOK
NO! You’re not the first one to lose
A parent in the last few hours

Brook walks away. Timmy looks back at the zombie kids trying to get through the fence. More importantly, he looks at his younger brother, still smiling, trying his hardest to get out of the buggy. He drops his head and follows Amy and Brook.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK
CUT TO

EXT. PARK. EVENING

Timmy, Amy and Brook sit inside a wooden play house. Brook takes off his bag. He opens it, pulls out two small bottles of cherry pop. He hands one over to Amy. Timmy looks, waiting for his turn.

BROOK
Your responsibility. You need to find your Own food and drinks.

Amy opens her bottle, takes a long swig. Timmy drops his head, she hands her bottle over. Timmy smiles and takes a sip. Brook isn’t impressed.

BROOK
You were the one saying about responsibilities!

AMY
And you were the one saying you would be my Back up.

Brook doesn’t respond. He returns to his bag. He pulls out two chocolate bars and three lollipops. He hands over a lollypop to Timmy and Amy.

TIMMY
Thank you

BROOK
Apparently we’re a charity now, so get used to it.

Amy shakes her head

AMY
What defence do we have left?

Brook looks into his bag. He pulls out:

Two water pistols
Two small plastic guns that shoot foam bullets
A small bag of water bombs
Three small foam tennis balls
Amy drops her head

AMY
That’s not enough

BROOK
I know, whatever you find, use as a weapon, We need to ration these from now on.

Timmy rests his head on the floor. He sucks on his lollypop. Amy looks at him.

AMY
We need to sleep

Brook nods

BROOK
I’ll stay awake

Brook looks down at Timmy, as if waiting for some voluntary offer to stay awake. However he doesn’t respond, instead, he starts thinking of his family. He closes his eyes in an attempt to numb the pain.

BROOK
Just me then. Ok, I’ll wake you if we get any trouble

AMY
Thanks Brook

Brook looks out the window

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT. PLAYHOUSE. MORNING

Brook sits looking out the window. He smiles, uncharacteristically pessimistic.

BROOK
I think you guys should wake up

He looks down at Amy and Timmy still asleep

He nudges them

BROOK

GUYS!

Amy and Timmy raise their heads in unison

BROOK

We have company

Amy and Timmy sit up and look out the window. Seven Zombie kids stand opposite the play house, including Timmy’s younger brother.

BROOK

I told you they would get in, I think

They want breakfast

TIMMY

Tyler

AMY

Sorry?

TIMMY

My younger brother, he’s on the far right

Amy and Brook look at each other. Confidence lost.

BROOK

Ok, plan. See that climbing frame?

He points out

BROOK

We take them there. You two climb up. Make them follow you. And when we have Them in one place we attack. We time this To perfection, and we’ll be fine

AMY

What you going to do

BROOK

Not be found, I will have your back

Amy looks at him

BROOK

This time, I promise

Amy smiles and nods her head

AMY
You promised

She leaves the play house, with water pistol and plastic gun in hand.

BROOK
That’s not your brother,

Timmy looks at his younger brother.

BROOK
Timmy!

He turns to brook

Timmy smiles, he picks up the remaining plastic guns and foam tennis balls, which he stuffs in his pocket

TIMMY
I'll see you on the other side

Timmy walks out the play house. He eyes stay on his younger brother. He notices something red in one of trees. He slowly falls out of position and walks over to the tree

AMY
Timmy! Get back in position

Brook watches Timmy leave his position

He walks over to the tree. The zombie kids turn with his movements. He reaches into the tree and pulls out a red foam baseball bat. He slowly returns to position.

TIMMY
I like baseball

Amy smiles. In an instant, Timmy launches one of the red foam tennis balls into one of the zombies. Within a split second, going in opposite directions. The zombies also split, equally, following Amy and Timmy. Timmy’s younger brother chases after him. They make the journey to the climbing frame seem easy, the zombie kids always two steps behind them. They jump on the climbing frame.

Brook walks out the play house. He increases his pace until he is sprinting towards the climbing frame.

Amy feels her foot being held by one of the zombies. The young zombie girl smiles at Amy. Amy looks up to see Brook sprinting towards them. Timmy looks down to Amy, they make eye contact. Timmy strikes one of the zombies with the baseball bat. They nod in unison.

TIMMY
NOW!!

They unleash a barrage of water, foam bullets and foam tennis balls. The zombie kids turn as they have nowhere to hide. As they turn, Brook unleashes the water balloons. They get caught in the middle of the manic action.
Timmy and Amy laugh. They are clearly having fun.

Timmy’s younger brother turns and heads back up the climbing frame towards Timmy. Timmy raises his plastic gun; put his finger on the trigger. He prepares to pull, until he looks into his brother’s eyes. His hand goes numb. His younger brother places his hand on Timmy’s foot, and pulls down. He smiles

AMY
Timmy! Shoot!

Timmy returns the smile

BROOK
He’s not your brother Timmy!!

Brook pulls out a water balloon. And throws it at Timmy’s younger brother. It smashes into his back, knocking him down immediately. Within an instant, the action is over. Timmy breathes, as he attempts to regain stability. He makes his way back down.

TIMMY
I’m Sorry,

Amy looks for something to say

Brook looks at him

BROOK
I told you I had your back.

Timmy nods.

BROOK
Now, we have to leave. They know we’re here. This park is no longer safe

AMY
I’ll get your bag

Amy walks back to the playhouse

BROOK
Come Timmy, we need to find some where to stay

Brook walks off, he notices that Timmy isn’t following

BROOK
Timmy?

TIMMY
I’m staying, for now

Timmy looks off across the park

Brooks looks too
BROOK
Your mum?

Timmy nods, Brook shakes his head

BROOK
Your responsibility

TIMMY
My responsibility. I have this

He lifts up his bat.

BROOK
Very well

Brook turns and walks off.

EXT. PLAYHOUSE. DAY

Brook walks up the playhouse just as Amy walks out with the bag.

AMY
Where’s Timmy?

BROOK
He’s staying

Amy reacts puzzled

AMY
What!? And you let him?!

Amy goes to run past him but he grabs her arm

BROOK
He’s not ready, he needs to be alone

Amy takes her arm back

AMY
He won’t last the hour

Brook nods

BROOK
He needs his mum

EXT. PARK, SWINGS. DAY

Timmy walks up to the swings where his mum is lying. He pushes away the empty buggy and sits next to her. For the first time, he starts to cry. He breaks down.
Timmy sits holding his mum’s hand. He picks up Timmy’s bottle and teddy.

He closes her eyes. Letting her rest in peace. As the dust settles on what was an action packed afternoon, the consequences are now beginning to take place.

Timmy has lost his mum and younger brother. He looks around the park. He is alone. Left with the memories of his mum and younger brother. The emotion hits peak as Timmy lays his head on his mum’s lifeless chest. Just as he used to do when he was a baby.

CUT TO BLACK