

Beginning Cutscene - Hide-and-Seek
Revised

by

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INT. ASTOR ESTATE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's raining outside. The living room is lit only by the watery light and the roaring fire in the grate. The ASTOR CHILDREN are spread throughout the room, trying to entertain themselves.

TANAS (17) whittles a stick by the window. DARA (15) reads by the fire, and FILO (13) sketches BRUSICA (10) and MARKUS (7) as Markus picks through a complicated song on the piano in the corner.

Dara glowers over the top of her book at Markus and Brusica as they both begin pounding out chords of a duet.

DARA
Do you two mind?

MARKUS
Mama said I was to practice, so I practice.

Dara raises an eyebrow and goes back to her book, grumbling.

DARA
Do you have to be so loud about it?

Markus looks over his shoulder and sticks his tongue out, BANGING on the piano. Brusica and Filo giggle. Dara continues muttering under her breath. A beat passes before Markus stands up and faces the room, arm akimbo.

MARKUS
I'm bored.

TANAS
You were just playing the piano-

DARA
Like Mama told you to.

MARKUS
Yeah, but now I'm bored because you're boring. Let's do something.

FILO
Like what?

MARKUS
(thoughtful)
Hide and seek?

He looks from one sibling to the other. When none respond, he huffs and flops to the floor.

MARKUS CONT'D

If we don't play something I'll die!
And then Mama and Papa will be sad you
let me die.

The boys laugh. Dara rolls her eyes, but closes her book.

DARA

Alright, let's play hide and seek. Why
not?

Markus jumps up with a WHOOP and runs to the middle of the room.

DARA CONT'D

So long as I'm not-

BRUSICA

Youngest is It!

MARKUS

Hey! Why do I always have to be It?

FILO

I was It last time.

DARA

Oh, for the love of-

TANAS

(exasperated)

Brusica, you're It.

BRUSICA

Why?

TANAS

Because you're the youngest to say
'It' first.

Brusica scowls, then smiles.

BRUSICA

Okay! I like being It.

TANAS

Right. So... Last person found wins.
First person found is the next It.

MARKUS

Do we have to stay in the same place?

TANAS

No. It's better to move around. But

you gotta be sneaky.

Markus nods at his brother. With everyone ready, Brusica shuts her eyes and begins counting.

BRUSICA

One, two, three... How far am I counting to?

FILO

Ninety-seven and three quarters.

BRUSICA

That's not a real number, Filo.

FILO

Is too.

BRUSICA

Oh. One, two, three, four, five...

As she counts, the others hurry out of the room.

END