

# **Babysit This!**

Script for seven minute animation short.  
Slapstick and verbal play.

by

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INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tight shots of someone closing a door, taking off a coat, hanging up a scarf. CHELSEA(15) turns to find CHESTER(7) standing in the middle of the hallway, looking at her.

CHESTER

Are you my babysitter?

CHELSEA

That's right kid. Now keep it quiet and don't give me any trouble and we'll get on just fine.

CHESTER

What's your name?

CHELSEA

It's Chelsea. And you must be Chester. Are we done with the introductions now?

CHESTER

Is that your real hair colour?

Chelsea fingers her pink hair.

CHELSEA

Uhhh...just dont give me any trouble.

INT. LOUNGEROOM - NIGHT

Chelsea is sitting on the lounge, relaxed, a magazine propped up in front of her. Chester's head slowly slides into view over the couch behind her. His hand creeps over as though he is about to touch her on the shoulder. She turns suddenly and he disappears. Chelsea goes back to her magazine. Again, Chester pops his head up and starts reaching for Chelsea. She turns suddenly and he disappears once more. Chelsea goes back to her magazine, irritated. Again Chester's head pops up, but this time he is wearing a grotesque gorilla mask. Irritated, Chelsea turns to tell him off and gets a fright.

CHELSEA

AAAAGHGGG! Alright, come out from there you.

Chester stands facing Chelsea, still in his gorilla mask.

CHESTER

Ugh ugh. Gorilla want dinner. Gorilla hungry.

CHELSEA

Hungry huh? Well come with me and I'll see if we can find something for a hungry gorilla.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tight on a plate of broccoli. Unappetising. Chester (mask off) is sitting under a single down lamp casting harsh shadows over him as he sits alone at the table with the plate in front of him.

CHELSEA

Here you go. All the greens a growing gorilla needs.

CHESTER

What happened to my lasagne?

Chelsea is eating lasagne from a bowl. Bits fall from her stuffed chipmunk cheeks.

CHELSEA

(mouth full)

Gorillas are vegetarian.

CHESTER

Can I have a fork?

CHELSEA

Gorillas don't use cutlery. Their hands are too big.

Chester narrows his eyes. Chelsea matches his look.

CHELSEA

Mess with the best and I'll put YOU to the test. Enjoy your dinner, monkey boy.

Chester toys with his food. We can see him getting mad. Then he tosses his fork down, gets up and exits.

INT. LOUNGEROOM - NIGHT

Chelsea sits on the lounge, talking on the phone (landline).

CHELSEA

Uh huh, uh huh. Oh I kno-ow. That is so-o-o- cute! What? You think I look cute? Oh, you don't think I look cute.. You think that player is going to shoot. Are you watching basketball?

Cut to: Chester in the bedroom listening on the phone.

CHESTER

Chelsea, did that rash clear up yet?

CHELSEA

What? You get off the line right now you little brat or so help me... No not you Brad, I meant... Rash? No it's...

CHESTER

All red and itchy looking with green spots.

CHELSEA

Hey! My rash does not have green spots! I mean I don't have a rash! Quiet brat! No not you Brad, I didn't mean...

Brad hangs up the phone.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door slams open. Chelsea is standing in the doorway, furious, Chester still has the phone in his hand.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chelsea drags Chester along the hallway.

CHELSEA

Bathtime! Let's see if a little drowning can cool you off.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chelsea and Chester stand in the bathroom.

CHELSEA

Well? Do you usually have a bath with your clothes on?

Chester offscreen. Clothes fly around as Chelsea turns to turn on the water. When she turns back Chester is gone. Chelsea looks to the heavens and goes in pursuit.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chester runs down the hallway, dressed only in his tighty whiteys. Chelsea in pursuit.

CHELSEA

Oh, you are gonna get it!

Suddenly the lights cut out. We see Chelsea's eyes in the blackness.

CHELSEA

Chester?

In the darkness a TV turns on in one of the bedrooms.

TV NARRATOR (OS)  
 ... Vintage mystery theatre is  
 proud to present... The train  
 tracks of DOOM!

Chelsea looks down to find toy train tracks stretching off into the unlit house. In the background the TV plays an old horror movie with scary music.

CHELSEA  
 Chester?

TV HEROINE (OS)  
 Oh Brad, what can it mean, these  
 ghostly train tracks stretching off  
 into the distance?

Chelsea advances uncertainly down the hallway. She finds a chair blocking the hallway on which is sitting a scary looking clown doll. She starts to move it out of the way, then gets too scared. She leaves the doll and the chair there and edges around them to keep following the toy train tracks.

TV HEROINE (OS)  
 I...I don't know. What ever it is  
 it must be something...something  
 horrible or something mysterious.  
 Or possibly something horrible AND  
 mysterious. Or maybe something  
 that's mostly horrible and just a  
 litte bit mysterious.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chelsea advances into the guest bedroom, following the tracks. She is scared, breathing heavily, wide eyes etc. The music heads for a crescendo as we build tension.

TV HEROINE (OS)  
 Oh Brad! I'm scared. Hold me.

The tracks lead under the door of a closed closet door. Chelsea inches her way toward the door and slowly reaches out for the handle. She dreads what she will find on the other side. As the music peak hits the door bursts open and Chester in his gorilla mask bursts out, shouting. He is using a flashlight to underlight his features.

CHESTER  
 YAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

CHELSEA  
 EEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHH!!!!

Chelsea bolts from the room in terror. In the hallway she runs onto the chair with the clown doll. Chelsea, the chair and the doll go flying in a painful pratfall. Lying on the floor, Chelsea opens her eyes to find the chair lying over

her with the doll suspended scant centimetres from her face. She is face to face with the terrifying clown face doll. Cut to: Chelsea's POV on the clown face filling her vision.

CHELSEA  
YEEEEAAAAAGHHHH!

She backs away on her bottom and then gets up to run in terror. As soon as she hits her stride she runs full tilt onto the balcony railing and flips over. We hear her [SFX: falling impact] hit the floor downstairs.

Close on the TV as it turns off. Tight on Chester's hand turning on the light switch.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chelsea stumps up the stairs. The lights are now on so we can see that she has a huge lump on her forehead and she is a mess. She is breathing hard and containing her rage. Chester swaggers out. Pointing to himself he proclaims:

CHESTER  
Mess with the Chester, and you'll  
be represseder.

Chelsea loses her cool and lunges for Chester who dashes off.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The tap in the bathroom is still going. The tub is starting to overflow.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Chelsea has Chester backed up against the wall near the stairs. She is advancing menacingly.

CHESTER

Did you order something to drink?

CHELSEA  
What?

CHESTER  
Because your order is here.

Chelsea turns to see water pouring down the stairs.

CHELSEA  
The bathroom!

She turns to go, then turns back to Chester and points threateningly.

CHELSEA  
Don't you move.

Chester gives her an innocent smile. As soon as her back is turned he zips off.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chester picks up the phone.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chelsea comes back down from upstairs and sees that Chester is gone.

CHELSEA

Okay sunshine, you've got some...

The front door bursts open and a group of burly FIREFIGHTERS charge in, breaking stuff and trampling things. They are led by a FIRE CHIEF.

FIRE CHIEF

(shouting)

Hut, hut, hut. Move it, move it, move it! I want this place cleaned and cleared in two minutes!

Fire Chief stops to talk to Chelsea. The firefighters continue into the house and we hear [SFX: bangs, crashes, power tools] from OS.

FIRE CHIEF

Did you call in the fire alarm?

Chelsea is flabbergasted. She points to Chester. Chester, still in his undies, hair messed up, stands looking innocently at the fire Chief.

FIRE CHIEF

Where's the fire kid?

Chester holds up a crayon drawing of a fire. He looks stupid and drools a little.

CHELSEA

Oo-oh! You are gonna get it now!

Chester sticks a lollipop in his hair and makes puppy dog eyes.

FIRE CHIEF

(to Chelsea)

That's disgusting! Letting a poor little kid run around in that state. You make me sick!

CHELSEA

But...but...

FIRE CHIEF  
(menacingly))  
You know what we do with teenagers  
who call in false fire alarms?

Cowed, Chelsea shrinks back.

FIRE CHIEF  
Would you like to?

Chelsea shakes her head.

FIRE CHIEF  
It involves a very small box, a  
very big fire hose and a whole  
lotta water.

Chelsea is too terrified to speak, quaking and hysterical.  
Fire Chief casts one more look at Chester, then turns back  
to Chelsea.

FIRE CHIEF  
I'll be keeping my eyes on you. My  
eyes... on you.

Exit Fire chief and firemen, trampling.

FIRE CHIEF  
Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut!

Chelsea recovers herself.

CHESTER  
Mess with the...

CHELSEA  
Yeah, yeah. I've got one for you  
too. Put Chelsea to the test, DIE  
LIKE A PEST!

Chelsea lunges, Chester flees.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the house from outside. Loud noises, screams,  
flashes of light, crashes and explosions emanate from the  
windows. It looks like a running battle as Chester and  
Chelsea fight it out all around the house.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY- NIGHT

A series of slow pans show that the house is a battle  
ground. Overturned furniture, smashed ornaments, scorched  
walls. Fire flickers in the kitchen. On Chelsea, who is  
dirty and dishevelled, crouched on the ground, shell  
shocked. Chester is dressed for battle, with a head band and  
bandoliers over his undies and black smudges under his eyes.  
He crouches behind an overturned chair, poised to spring. He  
leaps out with a dart gun in each hand, pointing them right

at Chelsea.

CHESTER

YAAAHHHHH!

Chelsea takes one look at him and faints dead away, finished. Chester sags with disappointment now that his fun is over.

CHESTER'S MOTHER, accompanied by CHESTER'S FATHER open the front door. At the sound, Chelsea gets up and staggers out into the night, wailing.

CHELSEA

Waaaahhhhhhaaaaaaaahh!

CHESTER'S MOTHER

(to Chester's Father)

Honey, I just can't understand it.  
That's the third babysitter this  
month.

Chester, now in his pyjamas and with his hair combed, shrugs. He winks at the camera as we circle wipe out.

THE END