

FAMILY BUSINESS  
By Craig Delahoy

EXT - AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We are outside AMANDA's apartment, and it is dark. We can see that there are lights on inside her apartment. Through a window we can see AMANDA walking around inside, cleaning up after her evening meal. She is wearing tracksuit pants and a sports polo top.

The camera moves closer to the window, around some bushes, trying to get a better look. We hear the sound of sticks cracking under foot. The sound attracts the attention of AMANDA, and we see her look to the window. The camera ducks down behind the bushes to avoid being seen. Obviously, the camera is someone's point-of-view.

When AMANDA turns away from the window, the camera comes back out from behind the bushes again.

INT - AMANDA'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

AMANDA is cleaning up after her evening meal. She is wearing tracksuit pants and a sports polo top, implying that she is somehow involved in sport.

She appears through a doorway into the kitchen, carrying salt and pepper shakers, and a dirty wine glass. She crosses the kitchen and places the salt and pepper into the pantry. From there she moves to the sink, and rinses out the wine glass, setting it upside down on the sink to drain.

She picks up a wet cloth and walks back to the doorway, but we are now startled to see another woman standing in the doorway when it was empty just a moment ago. AMANDA is shocked, frightened by the sudden appearance. The other woman is MIRANDA.

MIRANDA is unkempt, her hair a mess, clothes dirty and torn. She has a wild, uncontrolled look in her eyes.

MIRANDA

Yes, I'd love dinner and a drink,  
thank you.

AMANDA backs into the kitchen, breathless.

AMANDA

What ... when ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

But I thought you'd at least wait  
for me before you started. How  
rude. Sis.

AMANDA collects herself. The shock of seeing her sister now  
passed, she becomes angry, and stands her ground a little  
firmer.

AMANDA

Forgive me if I wasn't expecting  
you. I guess I figured that, even  
with good behaviour, I wouldn't be  
seeing you for at least another ...  
oooh ... five lifetimes.

MIRANDA steps into the kitchen. She enjoyed scaring her  
sister.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That was the sentence, wasn't it?  
Six life sentences?

MIRANDA smiles.

MIRANDA

Well, if my baby sister wasn't  
going to come and visit me ...

AMANDA walks past MIRANDA, back through the doorway.

INT - AMANDA'S APARTMENT, DINING/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

AMANDA enters the dining area and wipes down the dining table  
with the cloth she brought from the kitchen. Nearby we can  
see quite an array of sporting equipment. Tennis racquets,  
baseball bats, netballs, golf clubs, etc, are scattered about  
the room, ready for use.

AMANDA

Visit you? That's a laugh. I'm  
doing my best to pretend you never  
existed.

MIRANDA stands in the doorway.

MIRANDA

Never existed? Now you are being  
rude. How could you forget your big  
sister?

AMANDA stops and looks up at her sister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Forget you? Not a day goes by when I aren't painfully reminded of you. It's that damn name! If our last name had been Picasso people would ask me if I was related to the famous artist. Or maybe if it was Schubert they'd say, Oh like the wonderful composer? But no. When I introduce myself as Amanda Macbello, all I get is - oh are you related to Miranda Macbello, the infamous serial killer?

She returns to wiping the table, now very vigorous and energetic.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I should change my name to Smith.

MIRANDA steps into the room. She now has a glint of anger in her eyes.

MIRANDA

Oh I'm sorry. Am I now the more famous Macbello sister? What a pity. I wonder what it's like having to live in your sister's shadow.

AMANDA looks confused.

AMANDA

What the hell are you talking about?

MIRANDA

(Sarcastically)

Oooh look. Amanda just won another tournament. Oooh look. Amanda just shot another goal. Oooh look. Amanda got best and fairest again. Aren't you proud of your baby sister?

AMANDA

What ... ?

MIRANDA

I was the big sister. You were supposed to follow me. But no. You had to be the sporty one, get all the awards, all the applause. How terrible it must have been for you when I finally got my photo in the newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMANDA

I thought ...

MIRANDA picks up a tennis racquet, and plays with it as she steps toward AMANDA.

MIRANDA

How terrible when my throat cutting  
became more famous than your  
almighty first serve ...

AMANDA steps forward and wrenches the tennis racquet from MIRANDA. She turns away.

AMANDA

You bitch. I was always better  
known for my double-handed  
backhand.

With that, AMANDA turns rapidly, swings the tennis racquet and strikes MIRANDA with a strong and controlled double-handed backhand. It collects her fair in the face. MIRANDA spins, stunned, and falls to the floor.

AMANDA steps back, now a little shocked at what she just did. She glances at the racquet and sees blood and other organic matter on the strings. Stunned for a moment, she soon drops the racquet, and moves as if to step out of the room.

It is then that we hear MIRANDA moan softly. AMANDA stops. We see a moment of indecision. Should she help her sister? Then we see that she has made a decision. She steps back to the centre of the room, a determined look on her face.

She reaches for something, but we cannot see what. She composes herself, shrugging her shoulders, but we cannot see exactly what she is preparing herself for.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

And all that time you were away,  
you never saw how much I improved  
my golf swing.

Now we cut to a wide shot, and we can see AMANDA poised with a driver, ready to swing, with MIRANDA's head as the golf ball. She draws the golf club back and we ...

CUT TO BLACK

Optional: Behind the black screen we hear the sound of a golf club swinging. Optional-optional: followed by a sickening, wet sound.

THE END