

COOKED

by

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OVER BLACK:

RADIO (V.O.)

Temperatures are expected to reach the triple digits as early as noon today with a staggering high of 112. This continues the record-setting heat wave that has caused six isolated forest fires across three states.

FADE IN:

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

BARBARA, your average still-functioning senior citizen, sits in the driver's seat.

RADIO (V.O.)

Break out the wine coolers and highest SPF sunscreen you can find because it's gonna be another scorcher.

Barbara clicks off the radio. The time on the dash reads "11:07."

BARBARA

You're gonna love your new home.

She speaks to an unknown presence in the car.

BARBARA

I know it's only for the weekend, but you can bet your bottom dollar I'd keep you longer if I could.

Barbara glances in the rear-view mirror.

BARBARA

You might be the most precious thing I've ever seen in my life.

Barbara reaches over to the passenger seat and picks up DAVEY, her cute-as-a-button clouded tiger cat.

BARBARA

What do you have to say to that?

The cat snuggles against her chest.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

Barbara's green Cadillac pulls into the driveway. She steps out into the bright sunlight with Davey cradled in her arms.

INT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - DAY

KITCHEN

The digital clock on the microwave displays "5:13." REGGAE MUSIC plays softly from a small radio.

Barbara stands at the counter cutting the ends off a piece of roast beef. She sets the roast beef into a glass PYREX container and walks to the oven.

Barbara narrows her eyes, contemplating, then moves to the microwave instead.

Barbara opens the microwave door and sets the container inside.

The telephone RINGS.

Barbara, hands dirty, hurriedly runs to the paper towels.

Davey trots across the counter. He sniffs his way to the OPEN MICROWAVE and STICKS HIS HEAD IN.

Barbara trashes the paper towel and grabs the phone.

BARBARA
(to phone)
Hello? This is Barbara. Hello?
Hello?

Too late. She hangs up.

Barbara returns to the microwave and blindly shuts the door. She punches numbers, and the microwave SPRINGS TO LIFE.

Barbara walks to the sink. She carefully scrubs a kitchen knife and sets it BLADE-UP in the dishwasher.

The microwave BEEPS.

Barbara dries her hands on a dish towel and approaches the microwave. She opens the door and reaches inside--

--Barbara GASPS. She pulls her hands back.

BARBARA
Way too hot!

On the floor, Davey PURRS at Barbara's feet, unharmed. He weaves between her ankles. Barbara acknowledges him.

BARBARA
Looks like someone wants to dance.

Barbara cranks the radio's volume and picks the cat up. She holds Davey arms-length out in front of her and SWAYS with him back and forth...

...over the open dishwasher...

...over the exposed KNIFE.

The music BUILDS. Barbara tosses the cat into the air. Catches it. Tosses it higher. Catches it again.

Barbara, clueless, enjoys a laugh.

The telephone RINGS again.

Barbara looks at Davey in her hands.

BARBARA
Raincheck.

Barbara pecks Davey on the nose and sets the cat down on the floor. She clicks off the radio and grabs the cordless.

BARBARA
(to phone)
Hello?

JACOB (V.O.)
Hey, Mom, it's Jacob.

Barbara spins, smiling ear to ear.

BARBARA
Jacob! Honey, it's so good to hear from you!

JACOB (V.O.)
Geez, Mom, I just saw you this morning.

BARBARA
It's always good to hear from you, son.

JACOB (V.O.)
I was just checking in to see how
you enjoyed your first day with
your grandson.

Barbara's face drops.

BARBARA
What?

JACOB (V.O.)
Yeah, I tried calling a couple of
minutes ago but I guess you were
busy with the little guy. So did
you have a good day with him?

Barbara clutches the cordless to her chest and takes it with
her to the front door.

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Barbara walks down the driveway, almost in a trance.

JACOB (V.O.)
Mom? Are you still there?

Barbara stops at the back door of her Cadillac. She stares
at the back window. Her lips tighten. She falls to her
knees.

Inside the Cadillac, we can just barely see the outline of a
child's car seat.

Barbara's tightened lips part as the first SCREAM escapes
her.

BLACKOUT!

END.